

# Sister Mary Jane's Top Note - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Sister Mary Jane's Top Note.

Words by F. Bowyer. Music by Ivan Caryll.

Some people have the money, and others have the brains,  
But lots would like to have a voice like Sister Mary Jane's;  
Your Patti and Albani in the rear must take a sent,  
For penetrating quality you'll find it hard to beat;  
Some say it's a soprano, but we're not quite sure of that,  
She's one top note, a beauty, like the shrieking of a cat;  
It's known to all the neighbors who reside around our way,  
And when they think Jane's going to sing, they to each other say:

Refrain.

Sit back! hold tight! Mary's going to sing!  
She's going to try again to crack her throat!  
It stops the birds a-singing, and it sets the bells a-ringing,  
Sister Mary Jane's top note!

She joined a class for singing, but she never said a word  
About her only top note, such a thing they never heard;  
She let it go one evening And the organist, poor man,  
Went flying through the window, and away like mad he ran.  
It twisted an the organ-pipes, and the boy who blew the wind  
Got jammed into the bellows hole, and left his boots behind,  
But Mary sat so saintly, for the poor girl didn't know,  
She cleared her throat to sing again, hot ev'ry one said "Wo!"-Ref.

She sang at the Aquarium, and all the people fled,  
The manager went 'round and found that all the fish were dead;  
The band, nor the conductor, never since a word have spoke,  
They're all quite deaf, and out of work, with their tympanums broke,  
It don't hurt Sister Mary, for she likes it, it appears,  
But when we think she's going to chirp, we all stop up our ears;  
If a train is slow in starting, she will give a little cough,  
Bang! goes Mary's top note, And they all say, "Now we're off!" --Refrain.

They stopped poor Mary singing, when the neighbors all could hear,  
So she took the train to Southend, just to practice on the pier;  
She cleared her throat-then let it go with wonderful effect,  
The machines all dropped to pieces and the pleasure-boats got wrecked.  
It tore the sails to ribbins, and the sea-gulls couldn't quack,  
The tide went out, and people say it's never coming back.  
When Mary goes to Southend now, the folks keep off the pier.  
The niggers only sing one song, and this is what you hear:-Refrain.