

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## It's Sister Jenny's Turn to Throw the Bomb

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In an anarchist's garret, so lowly and so mean  
Oh, smell the pungent odor of nitro-glycerine.  
They're busy making fuses, and filling cans with nails  
And the little Slavic children set up this mournful wail.  
Oh, its Sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb;  
The last one it was thrown by Brother Thom.  
Poor Mamma's aim is bad and the Copskys all know Dad,  
So it's Sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb.

Sister Jenny took the bomb and started off.  
"Oh, mind you now," said Mamma, "to blow up Templehoff."  
And so the party waited, while the dawn turned into day,  
And the little Slavic children set up this mournful lay  
Oh it's Brother Ivanovitch's turn to throw the bomb.  
Sister Jenny's gone the way of Brother Thom;  
Poor Mamma's aim is bad and the Copsky's all know Dad,  
So it's Brother Ivanovitch's turn to throw the bomb.  
JY