Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers

(Hermann E. Darewski and R.P. Weston)

Sister Susie's sewing in the kitchen on a Singer,
There's miles and miles of flannel on the floor and up the stairs,
And father says it's rotten getting mixed up in the cotton
And sitting on the needles that she leaves upon the chairs.

And should you knock at our street door, Ma whispers "Come inside"
Then when you ask where Susie is, she says with loving pride:

cho: Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers,
     Such skill at sewing shirts our shy young sister Susie shows!
     Some soldiers send epistles, say they'd rather sleep in thistles
     Than the saucy soft short shirts for soldiers sister Susie sews.

Lots and lots and lots of shirts she sends off to the soldiers,
But sailors won't be jealous when they see them, not at all,
And when we say her stitching will set all the soldiers itching,
She says our soldiers fight best when their backs are 'gainst the wall,
     And little brother Gussie, he who lisps when he says, "Yeth",
     Says, "Where'es the cotton gone from off my kite, oh I can gueth!"

I forgot to tell you that our sister Susie's married,
And when she isn't sewing shirts, she's sewing other things,
Then little sister Molly says, "Oh Susie's bought a dolly,
She's making all the clothes for it with pretty bows and strings."
     Says Susie, "Don't be silly" as she blushes and she sighs,
     Then mother smiles and whispers with a twinkle in her eyes.

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