Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts For Soldiers.

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Composed by
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Piano

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"Singer," there's miles and miles of flannel on the soldiers, And sailors won't be jealous when they married, And when she isn't sewing shirts she's

floor and up the stairs, And father says it's see them, not at all, And when we say her sewing other things, Then little sister

rot-ten get-ting mixed up with the cot-ton and stitching will set all the sol-diers itch-ing, She Mol-ly says, "Oh, sis-ter's bought a dol-ly Shes

sit-ting on the need-les that she leaves up-on the says our sol-diers fight best when their back's a-against the mak-ing all the clothes for it with pret-ty bows and
chairs. And should you knock at our street door Ma
wall. And lit - tle broth - er Guss - ie he who
strings. Says Su - sie, don't be sil - ly as she

whis - pers "Come in - side!" Then when you ask where
lisps when he says "yes" Says where's the cot - ton
blush - es and she sighs. Then moth - er smiles and

Su - sie is, she says with lov - ing pride,
gone from off my kite? Oh, I can gueth!
whis - pers with a twin - kle in her eyes,

Chorus.
Sis - ter Su - sie's sew - ing shirts for sol
diers. Such skill at sewing shirts our shy young

sister Susie shows! Some soldiers send epistles, say they'd

sooner sleep in thistles than the saucy, soft, short

shirts for soldiers sister Susie sews! sews!

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D.S.