How Is Your Sister Mary - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

HOW IS YOUR SISTER MARY?
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Can you tell me why girls are deceitful?
Why is it that ev'ry young elf,
Should fancy my fat sister Mary,
And allow me to fancy myself?
Should I meet with Tom, Dick or Harry,
No matter how pressing the task,
They'll manage a moment to tarry,
And this is the question they'll ask:

Chorus.
How is your sister Mary?
I hope her health is fair;
How is her pet canary?
Docs she still bang her hair?
The questions never vary,
We hear it everywhere:
How is your sister Mary?
Does she still bang her hair?

Last night we were set in a flutter.
By a rapping we ne'er heard before,
When Mary too utterly utter,
To answer the knock at the door.
I flew through the hall in a hurry,
Queer notions were filling my head, .
I opened the door in a flurry,
When a dude young fellow he said:-Chorus.
Where the Water Lilies Grow.

'Twas in the pleasant Summer time,
I met him all by chance,
The robins sang their sweetest rhyme,
And loving was his glance;
We wandered 'mid the blooming flowers,
He called me sweet and fair,
The queen of all the sunny bowers,
The brightest rosebud there.
Spoken-Oh! he was charming-such a delightful little fellow!
I never can forget-

Chorus.
When we met there by the river,
In the sunlight's merry glow;
For my heart he won forever,
Where the pretty little water lilies grow.

I dream of him where'er I go,
I never can forget
Those eyes that shone with sparkling glow,
The day when first we met;
The lilies will all fade and die,
The birds will fly away;
We can't forget, nor he nor I,
The love we told that day.
Spoken-No! For he begged me just to whisper the little

"Yes."- Chorus.

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