A Patch From My Angel Brother's Pants - song lyrics

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

A Patch from My Angel Brother's Pants
Copyright, 1881, by Wm. J. A. Lieder.

I've a song to sing to-night, and I'll try my best to please,
I have something sweet to say in words few;
So listen, my friends, and I hope you will not sneeze
At this something I've got to say to you.
Ah! it's well I do remember how my sister she would laugh,
When she sat by the fire with my aunts;
She was giggling, and was pointing at the object here in view,
'Twas this patch from my angel brother's pants.

Chorus.
Treasured in my memory like a happy dream,
When I think about my ugly aunts;
And the only thing they left me to remember him above,
Is this patch from my angel brother's pants.

This patch was put on by my mother's feeble hands,
It puts me in mind of better days;
And whenever I look at this patch upon those pants,
I think of how my mother used to say:
Augustus, my loved one, do not spoil that little spot,
For you know it's a treasure to your aunts;
It's the only thing we've left in remembrance of him,
Yes, that patch from your angel brother's pants.-Chorus.