Sisters - song lyrics

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SISTERS.
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Written by J. P. Harrington. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

Who is the acme of love and truth,
Boxes your ears in your early youth,
Borrows your money, by coaxing or force?
Why, don't you know? your sister, of course.
Sisters! we love 'em, the dear, dear ones;
What pals they'd be if they'd been born sons!
When you are jilted by some fair "she,"
Who do you fly to for sympathy?

Chorus.
Sisters, sisters! Beautiful, loving young sisters;
Gentle, sentimental, and soothing, so ev'ry young swell says;
Are our sisters, sisters, none are so loving as sisters;
We worship sisters all over the world, especially somebody else's."

There is an army you've come across,
That is the one of which Booth is boss,
And if the barracks you chance to pass by,
"Come and be saved!" his followers cry.
Now perhaps of brothers you've quite a lot,
Yet not, one "six "in the world you've got,
Boys, join the army on that account,
For in its ranks you'll find any amount.- Chorus.

Once I and one of my pals, the best,
Took two sweet girls for a stroll up west;
We'd the recherché dinner for four,
Plenty of wine and fun in galore.
But my wife's cousin we met, and he
Wondered a bit who those girls could be;
"Looks a bit fishy," says he. "I'll swear;"
"Fishy," says I, "my dear chap, they were-" Chorus.