Sister of mine, Each hour I pine, Just for a glimpse of your
dear sweet face, One lone-some year, Since you were
heart's ca-ress, Pure as a saint, With no com-
here, We lost a rose that God can't re-place.
plaint, You gave up all for our hap-pi-ness.
CHORUS (tenderly)

My little sister Mary

She never cared to roam,

She had no sweetheart, 'cause daddy said

We needed Mary at home.
Somewhere 'way up in Heaven

I see her bright eyes shine,
The angels so fair, All welcome her there, That, sweet sister

Mary of mine, mine.