When worst folks;

My muv-er's ist the ni-cest one 'at

when you want to slide

e-ver lived wiz folks;

laffs at all your jokes. I got a ol'maid aunt-ie, too,

worst you e-ver saw;

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Appreciation

she ain't a bit like ma.

un-less they're fond of noise.

She's

lit-tle boys...

But muv-ver's ni-cer zan' em all, she calls you,

"pre-cious lamb," an' let's you roll you ten-pin ball, an' spreads your bread with jam.

An'
when you're bad, she ist looks sad, you fink she's goin' to cry; an'

when she don't you're aw-ful glad, an' den you're good, Oh my!

At night, she takes ze soft-est hand, an' lays it on your head, an' says "Be off to Sleep - y - Land by
circa 3' 00"