Our Mary-Jane on Sunday

1

She romps and cries,
And makes mud-pies,
From Saturday till Monday;
But once a week
She's awf'ly sleek
—Its when she's out on Sunday.

2

Her wisp of hair
Is oiled with care
And nicely curled in paper;
And as she goes
She points her toes
And *never* cuts a caper.

3

So crackling-clean
Her frocks are seen
When off to church she's startin';
Her shoes are tight,
And shiny-bright;
Her eyes with soap are smartin'.

4

When Mary-Jane
Goes down the lane,
Why, all the kids look shabby.
I don't suppose
You'd see such clo'es
On any other babby.

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