

# Georgie Price, Isn't She The Sweetest Thing?

Young Hiram Perkins left the dear old farm one fine day.  
But he came back with someone on his arm one fine day.  
He walked right in on Ma and Pa,  
And said, &quot;Ain't I the slicker?  
&quot;Ain't I the peach picker?  
&quot;Ma, meet my girl. Pa, meet my girl.  
&quot;Isn't she the sweetest thing?  
&quot;She's the kind that is kind to her mother.  
&quot;Every boy wants to be her big brother.  
&quot;The little birds above her, they all love her.  
&quot;When she's out, they start to sing.  
&quot;Tell me, Dad, ain't you glad that I caught her?  
&quot;Say it loud that you're proud of your daughter.  
&quot;I love her!  
&quot;Oh, Ma! Oh, Pa! Oh, Pa! Oh, Ma!  
&quot;Isn't she the sweetest thing?

&quot;Just see the pretty roses in her cheek.  
&quot;Ain't she grand?  
&quot;She makes the sweetest music when she speaks.  
&quot;Oh, ain't she grand?  
&quot;You must admit, I've found a prize.  
&quot;I know she's going to like you.  
&quot;Tell me, how does she strike you?  
&quot;Oh, Ma! Oh, Pa! Oh, Pa! Oh, Ma!  
&quot;Isn't she the sweetest thing?

&quot;With a voice like a mountain canary,  
&quot;When she hums, oh by gum! she's the berry!  
&quot;She's just a perfect armful, loving armful,  
&quot;I discovered in the Spring.  
&quot;She's the kind that I always have prayed for.  
&quot;Bought a ring, and it's pretty near paid for.  
&quot;She helped me!  
&quot;Oh, Ma! Oh, Pa! Oh, Pa! Oh, Ma!  
&quot;Isn't she the sweetest thing?

&quot;The little birdy-bird birds above her,  
&quot;They all love her.  
&quot;When she's out, they start to sing.  
&quot;Tell me, Dad, ain't you glad that I caught her?  
&quot;Say it loud that you're proud of your daughter.  
&quot;I love her!  
&quot;Oh, Ma! Oh, Pa! Oh, Pa! Oh, Ma!  
&quot;Isn't she the sweetest thing?&quot;