

OH, MY, OH MY, DEAR SISTER

A ballad -- lyrics by Robert Fitt

She was mopping in the kitchen. He was standing by the door.
She was threat'ning him with harm if He should dirty up her floor.
But her brother simply mocked her, and with swift mischievous spin,
He slid across the new-mopped floor with bold triumphant grin.

Oh my oh my, dear sister, what a pickle you are in,
You'd like to smack the dirty little bugger on the chin.
Or wrap the filthy mop around his sassy head and then,
Fully satisfied, to do it all again.

She bristled when he then returned to where he once had been
And defied her, and repeated his bold caper once again.
And then she heard his footsteps sounding just beyond the door
And again he slid, defiantly, across the polished floor.

Oh my oh my, dear sister, what a challenge you have got
In anger you are tempted to upend the cheeky snot!
To tan his hide, or kick his butt, or strangle him, and then,
Fully satisfied, to do it all again.

When next she heard hushed footsteps with their softly muted sound,
Her anger overcame her, and she flung the mop around,
And exerting every muscle struck . . . an innocent instead.
She wrapped a sloppy mop around her father's stately head.

How troublesome, dear sister—what significant distress—
Your outrage quickly changed into a very sticky mess;
And lacking kind forgiveness, your impulsive deed has led
To a sloppy, dirty, mop around—and 'round, and 'round—
and 'round and round—around your father's head.

This lyric is based upon a true story. My mother, Olivia, who was the eldest child in the family of May and Joseph Nielsen, was mopping the kitchen floor in their Draper home one day, when her younger brother, Bill, decided that it would be a lot of fun to torment her; much to his satisfaction, and her dignified father's utter astonishment . . . and dismay.

- Robert Fitt -