

# The Copper And The Cook; - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE COPPER AND THE COOK;

Or, The Rabbit Pie.

Copyright, 1887, by F. Harding.

Sung with great success, by the vocalists, Thornton and Lawler.

Words and Music by J. F. Mitchell.

Now a story I will tell of a cook in New Rochelle,  
Who loved what vulgar people call a copper;  
He swore for her he'd die, but he meant her rabbit pie,  
And so, of course, he told a wicked "whopper."  
Every evening he would go to the kitchen down below,  
And there he'd gourmandize like any glutton,  
Till one evening unawares came the missus down the stairs  
But the copper didn't seem to care a button.

Chorus.

Oh! the missus had her eye upon the rabbit pie,  
The pie was laid upon the table;  
And the cookie tried her copper dear to hide  
As well as she was able.  
She was a cook, and she knew her little book;  
The copper was the finest in the nation,  
But he tickled her with his staff, and he made the cookie laugh,  
So the cookie had to lose her situation.

Now the copper was no flat, for he knew what he was at,  
The cook stood up and he lay down behind her;  
The missus raved and jawed, the cook she hummed and hawed,  
But the copper, well he didn't seem to mind her,  
Till at last he felt so gay, in his own peculiar way,  
He didn't care about the cook's affliction,  
So he tickled her with his staff till the cook began to laugh;  
When the missus knew that he was in the kitchen.-Chorus.

Says the missus to the cook: "You had better 'sling your hook,'  
Pack up your bag and baggage ere the morning;"  
But the cook defiant stood, for the words had roused her blood,  
And said: "Here, upon the spot, I give you warning,"  
The copper on the floor couldn't stand it any more,  
His head had got into a pan of gravy,  
When the master threw him out, when outside he gave a shout,  
"Throw me out my staff, my helmet and my slavery." -Chorus.