

# Henrietta Pye - song lyrics

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HENRIETTA PYE.

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Words by Edward Harridan. ' Music by Dave Braham.

My name is Henry Higgins,  
A simple country lad,  
My sweetheart I have lost her,  
All through her cruel dad;  
He was a wealthy baker,  
I was his 'prentice boy,  
Who loved his Henrietta,  
While in her pa's employ.

, Chorus.

"Oh, Henrietta! Henrietta! Henrietta Pye!"

The little boys would holler out whenever she'd go by;  
And when her daddy ask for to know the reason why.  
They responded with the chorus of "O, Henry, eat a pie!"

Behind the baker's counter.  
Oh, bless the flow'ry place!  
When bending down for biscuits  
I met her face to face;  
Some boys looked in the window  
And shouted: "What a guy!"  
For kissing Henrietta,  
My Henrietta Pye.-Chorus.

She held some ladies' fingers,  
Also a lemon pie.  
And when I kissed my darling  
They wasn't fit to buy,  
For there upon my bosom  
Was lemon juice, oh, my!  
From kissing Henrietta,  
My Henrietta Pye. - Chorus.

Her daddy was a miser,  
But nimble as a fly,  
So when he saw the pastry  
He pasted up my eye;  
When black and blue and bleeding,  
I asked him why, oh, why?  
He said: "You are a glutton, -  
You, Henry, eat a pie. " -Chorus.