

Plum Pudding- - song lyrics

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PLUM PUDDING-

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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

If you wish to learn to cook, go out and buy book,
And read it every day and night;
Then Study every dish, from mutton down to fish,
And learn to make it tempting to the sight.
Be careful with your dough, And roll it very slow,
Oh, have it just the proper size;
Have an eye upon your spice, oh, cook it brown and nice,
And then you'll carry off the winning prize.

Chorus?.

You get a little flour, a lemon very tart,
A handful of raisins with a clove;
You put it in a bag, or any other rag,
A nice bright fire in the stove.
A little milk and egg, molasses, just a dreg,
A drop or two of fine old rum;
You'll better watch the clock, don't have it like a rock
This pudding that is mixed with plums.

Oh, have the kitchen clean, remember you're the queen
Of all the cooking in the house;
And when you see a roach the domicile approach,
Oh, kill him as you would a little mouse.
Now always have your broom to titivate your room,
And number every pot and pan;
To keep your kitchen bright, go lock it up at night,
The larder has a charm for hungry man. -Chorus.

Now tell your servant maid, when the gas bills they are paid,
To find another place for beaus;
Of course she'll answer back, and put you on the rack,
And tell you "I'm a lady "as she goes.
Now always keep your place, and have a smiling face,
For servants they have rights like you;
Remember all your lives, ye fiery little wives.
Don't never put your husband in a stew.-Chorus.

The lady gay upstairs she's putting on her airs,
A-shouting down the pipe like fun;
Hi! Susan, Nell and Kate, you surely will be late,
It's time you had the pudding nearly done.
You answer with a yell; I'm running to the bell,
The postman and the butcher's at the door;
It's really very hard, from the roof unto the yard
I'm a-running and I can't do any more.-Chorus.

Oh, when you hear the whoop, the milkman's on the stoop,
Awaiting with his jingling can;
Oh, never stop to chat about the pussy cat,
Don't let him call you simple Mary Ann.
Now when he drives away, oh, to yourself you say:
When I get my Sunday out
I'll meet him in the park a little after dark.
And hook him as I would a little trout.-Chorus.