

The Little Pie - song lyrics

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THE LITTLE PIE.

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Words and Music by Hubbard T. Smith.

Little wifie, tired of books, moping 'round in cosy nooks-
In the little kitchen looks-watches Dinah while she cooks.
Little wifie thinks she'll try all alone to make a pie;
First attempt and proud, oh, my! bakes it brown and sets it by,
There is goin' to be trouble in the household.

Chorus.

Lots of trouble, lots of trouble,
Lots of trouble in the household.

Hubbie hurries home from town-gone his care and business frown-
Kisses wifie, both sit down; Dinah brings the pie so brown.
Twelve o'clock and all is still, mousie roams about at will,
Save the rain-drops on the sill-Hark! what means those shrieks so shrill,
There is lots of trouble in the household.

Chorus.

Lots of trouble, lots of trouble,
Lots of trouble in the household.

Mustard plasters, all in vain, only serves to make more pain;
Dinah rushes through the rain, hunts a doctor for the twain-
Same old story, nothing new, doctor did what he could do,
Up the golden stairs they flew, hapless husband, wifie too,
There is no more trouble in that household.

Chorus.

No more trouble, no more trouble.
No more trouble in that household.

One more wail and I am through-my story's ended and it's true-
It shows what one small pie can do. I think the moral's plain, don't you?
Loving wifies stick to books-spend your spare time on your looks,
Off the cooking keep your hooks, leave pie-making to the cooks,
And you will have no trouble in your household.

Chorus.

Have no trouble, have no trouble,
Have no trouble in your household.