

# Empty Is The Kitchen, Biddy's Gone - song lyrics

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

Empty Is the Kitchen, Biddy's Gone.  
Written and Sung by Sam Derate.

In a Brooklyn hash house lived a rosy maid.  
Wrestling pots and dishes all the day.  
Frying hash and beefsteak, making liver stew,  
To make the hoarders' stomach full and gay.  
One cold winter's morning, when all was still in sleep,  
She alighted from her couch at early dawn,  
To light the fire quickly she Med some kerosene,  
Now the kitchen's empty, Biddy's gone.

Chorus.  
Gone to meet her grandma and grab a pair of wings,  
No more she'll rise to light the tires at dawn;  
How she singed her eyebrows and her cardinal hair,  
Empty is the kitchen, Biddy's gone.

In her little chamber, packed away in ice.  
Like a number eleven mackerel, Biddy lies;  
No more she'll roll the fish balls around the kitchen floor.  
Nor make the boarders Injin rubber pies.  
How the Mon exploded she never will tell,  
Put her little clothes away in pawn.  
Bald headed with the angels now she'll have to dwell,  
Empty is the kitchen, Biddy's gone.

Chorus.  
Don't molest the oil can, oh! disturb it not,  
When you light the tires at early dawn;  
Now she's making flap-Jacks for the angel band,  
Empty is the kitchen, Biddy's gone.