

Oh Mr Hitchin - song lyrics

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OH! MR. HITCHIN.

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Written by W. A. Archbold and Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Now Mr. Hitchin, gentleman, loved buxom widow Brown,
And Mrs. Brown a daughter had, a girl of great renown;
When Mr. Hitchin called one day and found the widow out,
He seemed so disappointed that the girl cried with a pout:

Chorus.

"Oh! Mr. Hitchin! Oh! Mr. Hitchin!

Won't you stay awhile within our cozy, little kitchen;

Mother dear is out, sir: so is brother Jack, -

But. I can entertain you till mamma comes back."

Now Mr. Hitchin thought, the girl the fairest he had seen,
And said. "My dear, how old are you?" She answered, "seventeen."
And as she, with her own fair hands, made him a cup of tea,
he tried to steal a kiss, and then the maiden cried with glee:- Chorus.

As Mr. Hitchin drank the tea, he bold and bolder grew;
He squeezed the maiden's hand and said: "Oh, ducky, I love you!"
And then he put his arm around-well, where it shouldn't be,
While Katie cried: "Oh, Mister Hitchin, stop! you're tickling me!"-Cho.

Just then old Misses Brown appeared, and, mad with jealousy.
Cried, "Oh, you wretch! that's more than ever you would do for me!"
She crabbed his whiskers, punched his ribs, and screamed. "Here's where you die,
And as he jumped the window, he could hear sweet Katie cry.-Chorus.