

GOOSEBERRY PIE.



YOU may boast if you like of bacon and greens,
You may talk of roast turkey and game,
You may sing loud the praises of Boston baked beans,
They may all be just what they claim.
Roast beef and plum pudding may answer for some,
Or oysters in stew or in fry;
I relish them all; but my greatest delight
Is a big piece of gooseberry pie.

CHORUS.

For there is nothing like gooseberry pie, say I.
Oh, don't I like gooseberry pie?
Since the time of the flood there's been nothing so good
Or so luscious as gooseberry pie.

It was my favorite lunch when toddling around,
A youngster of three years or more,
And I snuffed up the fragrance that often arose
Through the crack of the old oven door.
But now I've grown older, I love it still more,
And shall till the day that I die;
And the one that would win my friendship must first
Fill me chuck-full of gooseberry pie.

As my teeth gently press through its lovely brown crust,
And the moisture it holds is set free,
How it strikes through my frame such a thrill of delight,
Oh, its luscious as luscious can be.
There's a girl here that's taken a fancy to me,
I can tell by the glance of her eye,
But the one that I marry must first understand
How to make a good gooseberry pie.