

Band "Don't Ya Tell Henry"

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Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly.

E

I went down to the river on a Saturday morn,

A-lookin' around just to see who's born.

I found a little chicken down on his knees,

I went up and yelled to him, "Please, please, please!"

He said, "Don't ya tell Henry,

A

Don't ya tell Henry,

B7

Don't ya tell Henry,

(n.c.) E (turnaround)

Apple's got your fly."

E

I went down to the corner at a-half past ten,

I's lookin' around, I wouldn't say when.

I looked down low, I looked above,

And who did I see but the one I love.

A

She said, "Don't ya tell Henry,

E

Don't ya tell Henry,

B

Don't ya tell Henry,

A (n.c.) E

Apple's got your fly."

E

Now, I went down to the beanery at half past twelve,

A-lookin' around just to see myself.

A

I spotted a horse and a donkey, too,
E
I looked for a cow and I saw me a few.
A
They said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
E
Don't ya tell Henry,
B
Don't ya tell Henry,
A (n.c.) E
Apple's got your fly."

Now, I went down to the pumphouse the other night,
A-lookin' around, it was outa sight.
I looked high and low for that big ol' tree,
I did go upstairs but I didn't see nobody but me.
I said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."

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