

1859

Mrs. Smith, My Dear!

John Watson

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MRS. SMITH, MY DEAR!

J. Watson.

Risolto.

3. *Mr. Smith.* Mrs. Smith I'm quite as-tounded At your love for those confound-ed Balls and par-ties, routs and concerts, Ev-'ry

1. Mrs. Smith up-on my word, This is real-ly too ab-surd, There is sure-ly no one like you, Ei-ther
 2. Mrs. Smith a plague up-on it, Here's a sin-gle dress and bonnet, Yet the bill would frighten Croesus In-to

night in the year; As for my wants they are real, And I'm sure that you can see all My ex-pences, Your's are

far or near; Winter, summer, autumn, spring, You'r for ev-er on the wing, Nev-er qui-et for a
 fits, oh dear! As for Mrs. Jones the squinter, Why she starves her-self all winter, And can well af-ford to

Mrs. S. *Mr. S.*

end-less, Mrs. Smith my dear, Yes my wants are few and real, And I'm sure that you can see all My ex-

moment, Mrs. Smith my dear, Win-ter, summer, autumn, spring, You'r for ev-er on the wing; Nev-er
 trav-el, Mrs. Smith my dear, As for Mrs. Jones the squinter, Why she starves her-self all winter; And can

Cres - cen - do.

MRS. SMITH, MY DEAR! Continued.

penses, Your's are endless, Mrs. Smith my dear. Oh your wants! but where's your schemes, Sir? Your million-making dreams sir? Your

f *mf* Mrs. S.

qui - et for a moment, Mrs. Smith, my dear! Mr. Smith, up-on my conscience, How can you talk such nonsense, I well af - ford to trav - el, Mrs. Smith my dear. There's your wine and your cigars Sir, (You've left the door a - jar Sir, No oc -

Mr. S. Mrs. S.

Morus - Mul - ti - caulis spec? My dear, now, my dear! Out of all, my pret - ty scholar, If you see a sin - gle dol - lar, - Why, I'm fear your lit - tle judgment is - 'nt o - ver - clear; Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Noga, have both gone to Sa - ra - to - ga, and Cape - ca - sion I be - lieve to let the ser - vants hear;) Cost twenty times the sum too, That all my habits come to, Oh!

ver - y much mis - tak - en, Mr. Smith, my dear! Out of all, my pret - ty schol - ar, If you get a sin - gle *Cresc.* May was all I mentioned, Mr. Smith, my dear! Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. No - ga, have both gone to Sa - ra - bless me, I've no patience, Mr. Smith, my dear! Cost twen - ty times the sum too, That all my hab - its *Cresc.*

dol - lar, Why I'm ver - y much mis - tak - en, Mr. Smith my dear. *f* to - ga, And Cape - May, was all I mentioned, Mr. Smith my dear. come to, Oh dear! bless me, I've no patience, Mr. Smith my dear. *f*

Mr. S.
 4. Mrs. Smith I'm quite dis - tracted, at the hab - its you've con - tracted, I'll not spare an oth - er dol - lar, So I

wont, that's clear; On my life! it's ver - y funny, not a thought about the money, Where the mischief should it come from, Mrs.

Smith, my dear! 'Pon my life it's ver - y fun - ny, Not a thought a - bout the mon - ey, Where the mischief should it come from, Mrs.

Mrs. S.
 Smith, my dear! I don't ask you where you roam Sir— But this I know— At home Sir, there is ver - y lit - tle

Mr. S. Spoken.
 of you, that we see or hear— And where you choose to be, Sir,— Is a mys - te - ry to me, Sir; — Why the

Pooh, pooh!
 fact is quite no - torious, Mr. Smith, my dear! And where you choose to be Sir, is a mys - te - ry to

Mr. S. Spoken. Mrs. S. Mr. S. Mrs. S.
 Pooh, pooh nonsense.
 me Sir; Why, the fact is quite no - to - rious, Mr. Smith, my dear! How I hate these pet - ty quarrels, Oh! I

Mr. S.
 don't impugn your morals, And as real - ly I've no wish to be at all se - vere; Then sup - pose to make an

Mrs. S. Both. Mr. S.
 end on't,—I shall say no more de - pend on't, We had bet - ter both be qui - et, { Mrs. Smith my dear. Then sup -
 Mr.

Mrs. S. Both.
 pose we make an end on't, I shall say no more depend on't, For we'd bet - ter both be qui - et, { Mr. Smith my dear.
 Mrs.