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Matrimonial Sweets

W.H. Freeman

Charles Bradlee

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MATRIMONIAL SWEETS

THE CELEBRATED

Comic Duet

Sung with great Applause

BY

Miss Woodward & Mr. Hoopes.

WRITTEN & ARRANGED

BY

W. H. Freeman.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE Washington Street.

VIVACE.

Do cease your clack and hold your tongue. You're always teasing, squalling, bawling.
You're always quarrelling all day long And ugly names are calling You

Know you never can be at peace Now pray do let your passion cease You're

Never quiet I deny it Madam you'll my rage increase

Oh dear Oh dear tis the plague of my life That ever I became your wife Oh

Oh dear Oh dear tis the plague of my life That ever you became my wife Oh
dear Oh dear 'tis the plague of my life That ever I became your wife.

dear Oh dear 'tis the plague of my life That ever you became my wife.

He You know you're always gadding about Dancing, Walking, Chatting, Talking
She You know from morn 'till night you're out With other ladies walking
He You know you're always after fellows
She 'Tis only you're so very jealous
He You'll own you do it
She Oh you shall rue it
He We're a happy pair so people tell us
Both Oh dear oh dear &c.

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He You'll own your temper's very bad
Looks so flouting always pouting
She Yours is enough to drive one mad
Suspicious, jealous, doubting
He You know my passion don't remain
She But soon as off begins again
He Oh how vexing
She How perplexing
He You'll put me in a rage again
Both Oh dear oh dear &c.

My dearest love don't leave me so
Without measure you're my pleasure
She You know my love I could not go
For you're my darling treasure
He Then for the future let's agree
She And live in sweetest harmony
He Nor let to morrow

He Madam we had better part
Than by living constant din in
She Oh I'll agree with all my heart
Let's be the task beginning
He I hereby bid a last adieu
She And I now take a final view
He North
She South
He East
She West

He Take which corner you like best
Oh dear oh dear I now for life
Both Am rid of my tormenting wife
Oh dear oh dear I now for life
Forsake the office of a wife

Well then Madam as you are determined to go—Good bye—Good bye sir—
You'll recollect madam 'tis all your own fault—
I beg your pardon sir 'tis all your own fault—
I say 'tis yours sir—Zounds madam I say 'tis yours—You know I never was in a passion.

She Bring forth sorrow
He To crush our sweet felicity
She Oh dear oh dear 'tis the joy of my life
Both That ever I became your wife
Oh dear oh dear 'tis the joy of my life
That ever you became my wife

Oh dear oh dear 'tis the joy of my life