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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. Hoynes.

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

She.

You know you ne'er can be at peace Now pray do let your passion cease You're

He.

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

She.

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

He.

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.

3
He  You 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.

4
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.

He  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

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