1840

**Mrs. Smith, My Dear!**

J. S. Du Solle Esqr.

John Watson

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Mrs Smith, my dear!
A Favorite
Comic Duet

Sung with enthusiastic applause
By
Miss Clarence Wells

And
Mr Quayle.

Written by
J. S. Du Solle Esq.

Adapted & arranged by
J. Watson.

Philadelphia 196 Chestnut St
Importer of Music & Musical Instruments.

Incorporated according to act of Congress in the year 1851 by the U.S. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.
Mr. Smith

A Comic Duet.

Risoluto.

Mrs. Smith

up on my word, This is

really too absurd, There is surely no one like you, Either far or

near; Winter, summer, autumn, spring, You’re forever on the wing, Never
quiet for a moment, Mrs. Smith my dear, Winter, summer, autumn,

spring, You're forever on the wing; Never quiet for a moment, Mrs.

Smith my dear. Mrs. Smith, upon your conscience, How can you talk such
nonsense, I fear your little judgement isn't over
clear; Mrs Jones and Mrs Noga, have both gone to Saratoga, and Cape-

May was all I mentioned, Mr Smith my dear, Mrs Jones and Mrs

Noga, have both gone to Saratoga, and Cape May was all I mention'd, Mr

Smith my dear.

Mrs Smith, duet.
M' Smith.

2d Verse. M' Smith a plague upon it Here's a single dress and bonnet To the hill would frighten Croesus into fits Od dear! As for M' Jones the squinter Why she starves herself all winter And can well afford to travel M' Smith my dear As to M' Jones the squinter Why she starves herself all winter And can well afford to travel M' Smith my dear

M' S. There's your wine and your cigars Sir (You've left the door ajar Sir) No occasion I believe to let the servants hear! Cost twenty times the sum too That off my habits come to Oh bless me I've no patience M' Smith my dear Cost twenty times the sum too That all my habits come to Oh dear I've no patience M' Smith my dear

M' S. Mrs Smith I'm quite awound at your love for those conformed halls and parties nites and concerts every night in the year As for my wants they are real and I'm sure that you can see all my expenses Yours are endless M' Smith my dear Yes my wants are few and real And I'm sure that you can see all my expenses Yours are endless M' Smith my dear

M' S. Oh your wants! but where's your schemes Sir? Your million making dreams Sir? Your Morris Multi caulis spee My dear now my dear! Out of all my pretty Scholar If you M' Smith durnt
See a single dollar; Why, I'm very much mistaken, Mr. Smith my dear; Out of all, my pretty Scholar, if you see a single dollar; Why, I'm very much mistaken, Mr. Smith my dear.

Mrs. Smith, I'm quite distracted, at the habits you've contracted, I'll not spare an other dollar. So I want that's clear! On my life! it's very funny, not a thought about the money. Where the mischief should it come from, Mrs. Smith my dear; 'pon my life it's very funny, not a thought about the money. Where the mischief should it come from, Mrs. Smith my dear. I don't ask you where you roam Sir. But this I know: At home Sir, there is very little of you, that we see or hear. And where you choose to be Sir; Is a mystery to me Sir. Why the fact is quite notorious, Mr. Smith my dear, And where you choose to be Sir; is a mystery to me Sir. Pooh, pooh nonsense. Why the fact is quite notorious, Mr. Smith my dear. How I hate these petty quarrels, Oh I don't impugn your morals. And so really I've no wish to be at all so vers. Then suppose to make an end on it, I shall say no more depend on it. And we'd better both be quiet, Mr. Smith my dear. Then suppose we make an end on it, I shall say no more depend on it. For we'd better both be quiet, Mrs. Smith my dear.