Mrs. Smith, My Dear!

J. S. Du Solle Esqr.

John Watson
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

Importer of Music, & Musical Instruments.

In order, according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1830, by the Register in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.
Mr. Smith.

A Comic Duet.

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 mentioned, Mr. Smith my dear.
M's Smith.

2d Verse.

M's Smith a plague upon it Here's a single dress and bonnet, Yet the hill would frighten Croesus into fits! Oh dear! As for M's Jones the squinter, Why she starves herself all winter; And can well afford to travel, M's Smith my dear; As to M's Jones the squinter, Why she starves herself all winter; And can well afford to travel, M's Smith my dear; There's your wise and your sages 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's Smith my dear; Cost twenty times the sum too; that all my habits come to, Oh! dear, bless me I've no patience, M's Smith my dear.

3d Verse.

M's Smith I'm quite astonished at your love for those enormous balls and parties, and concerts, etc. By 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's Smith my dear; Yet my wants are few and real, And I'm sure that you can see all my expenses, Yours are endless, M's Smith my dear. Oh your wants! but where's your schemes, Sir? Your million making dreams Sir? Your Morns Multi - caulis spee? My dear, now my dear! Out of all, my pretty Scholar, If you M's Smith shut.
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.

Mrs. Smith, 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, Mrs. spoken. Mrs. spoken. Mrs. spoken. Mrs. spoken.

Mrs. Smith, I don't impugn your morals, And as really I've no wish to be at all so verse; Then suppose to make an end on, I shall say no more depend on, And we'd better both be quiet, Mr. Smith my dear. Then suppose we make an end on, I shall say no more depend on, For we'd better both be quiet, Mr. Smith my dear.