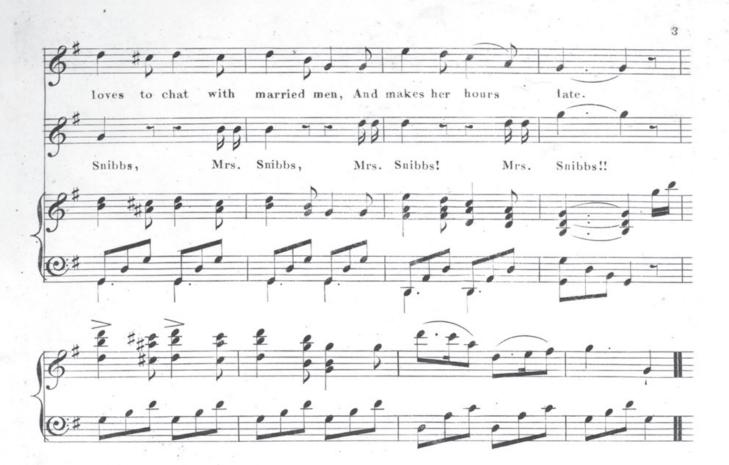


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2.

She. Tis your unkindness, Mr. Snibbs,

That makes me pine away;

All night you're playing whist or loo,

With Mrs. Smith all day.

He. My love you know your jealousy,

Is known all o'er the City;

I cannot bow to widow Smith,

But what you get quite gritty!

She. My jealousy! well I declare!

Of such a thing as you!

Why, Mr. Snibbs you're scarcely worth,
One thought and much less two.

He. Now Mrs. Snibbs, dear Mrs. Snibbs, You're angry, Mrs Snibbs. 3.

She. When I was single, Mr. Snibbs,
You'd scorn to treat me so,
You sigh'd so humbly at my feet
And wept when I said "no".

He. But when I took my hat to go,
You call'd me back, I guess,
You did'nt think it very wrong,
Just then to answer "yes:"

She. You're quite a brute, I do declare,
You've torn my heart to bits,

You cruel_ugly_ hateful thing____ I'm going into fits!

He. Now, Mrs. Snibbs, dear Mrs. Snibbs, You're foolish, Mrs. Snibbs.