

MR & MRS SNIBBS

A Comic Duett,

Written & Composed

by

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Moderato.

PIANO.

The first system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. It contains a series of chords and single notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a more active melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

cres.

She.

Oh! Mis - ter Snibbs, you cru - el man! Where have you been all day? You

The second system features a vocal line for 'She' on a single staff in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are: 'Oh! Mis - ter Snibbs, you cru - el man! Where have you been all day? You'. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part provides harmonic support for the vocal line. The system ends with a double bar line.

1392

know that I'm quite in - disposed, Where have you been I pray?

He.
My dearest love, now don't be cross, At Mrs. Smith's I

tarried; You know she's such a friend of ours, And three times has been married.

She.
I've told you of - ten Mis - ter Snibbs, That Mrs. Smith I hate; She
He.
Now Mrs. Snibbs, dear Mrs. Snibbs, You're an - gry, Mrs. Snibbs, Mrs.

loves to chat with married men, And makes her hours late.

Snibbs, Mrs. Snibbs, Mrs. Snibbs! Mrs. Snibbs!!

2.

3.

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!

Duet. 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.

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 didn't 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.