# Mr And Mrs Snibbs - song lyrics

## American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Mr. and Mrs. Snibbs.

She.-Oh! Mister Snibbs, you cruel man.
Where have you been all day?
You know I am quite indisposed.
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 often. Mister Snibbs, '
That Mrs. Smith I hate;
She loves to chat with married men,
And makes her hours late.

He.-Now, Mrs. Snibbs, dear Mrs. Suibbs,
You're angry, Mrs. Snibbs, Mrs. Snibbs,
Mrs. Suibbs, Mrs. Suibbs, Mrs. Snibbs.

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.

She.-When I was single, Mr. Snibbs,
You'd scorn to treat me so;
You sighed so humbly at my feet,
And wept when I said "No!"

He.-But when I took my hat to go,
You called me beck 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 rits!

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