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Mr and Mrs. Bone : A Comic Duet

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MR. AND MRS. BONE

A COMIC DUET.

S. HODGES, Printer, (from E. PITT'S)
wholesale To and Marble warehouse,
Seven Dials.



Air—"Gossip Joan."

(She.) HOW now Mr. Bone,
You've been out all night,
Left me alone,
Dying with the fright.
(He) Lawks, what shall I say,
Let me try my wits;
Madam, at the play
I met Sir Harry Fitz.

(She.) No, No!

(He.) Yes, Yes! I did upon my honor.

(She.) I don't believe a word you say,
You've been to see Miss Bonner,

(He.) Mrs. Bone I say,
Don't you my temper ruffle,
Or I'll go out and play,
At put with Mrs. Shuffe.

Air—"All's Well."

(She.) Deserted by my husband gay,
Sir Harry leads his mind astray
At Opera, Ball, or fancy Fight.
Or Pigeon Match is your delight.
Or Pigeon Match—

Air—"Gossip Joan."

(He.) Don't talk of Pigeons, pray,
For I've been pigeoned too, Ma'am,
At Pall Mall yesterday,

(She.) What plucked—

(He.) Indeed its true, Ma'am.

(She.) Mr. Bone, I say,

(He.) Well, What do you say, Madam,

(S.e.) Pigeons shouldn't stray from
From Home, like Eve and Adam

Air—"I've been Roaming."

(He.) I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
At the Red House where they shoot,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With the mud upon my boot.
I've been drinking, I've been drinking,
At the noted Cock and Hen, (the birds,
Where the waiter cleaned my muddy
And made them shine again. (ing.
You've been roaming, you've been roam-
ing, you ought not, sir, to roam,
I was coming, I was coming,
Mr. Bone to fetch you home, (drin' ing
You've been drinking, you've been
With some other lady, sir,

I was coming, I was coming
To look after you and her.

Air—Merry Swiss Boy. [Mrs. Bone,

(He.) Are you not, are you not, quite ashamed
To hold out such language to me.

(She.) Why, You know very well, sir, you're
never at home,

But always engaged without me.

(He) There's your carriage and your dress, gets
me into a mess,

I cannot pay my butcher or my baker

(She), There's the opera and such trash runs
away with the cash.

If I catch that Miss Bonner, wont I
shake her.

Air—Ally Croker.

(He.) Oh, Miss Bonner, charming Miss Bonner,
I love the dear delightful girl,
I do upon my honour.

Air—Cherry Ripe.

(She.) Very well, very well, cruel Mr. Bone,
I plainly see the reason now, I'm always
left at home.

into the water. [hung.

And then, sir, I will have you tried and

(He.) What, for?

(She.) Manslaughter.

(He.) What! for killing a woman? (of that

(She) Mr. Bone, Mr. Bone, what do you think
You do not stay at home, I'll have
you hung that's flat

(He.) Mrs. Bone, Mrs. Bone, I've no wish to
rise higher, (the fire.

I'd rather keep in the frying pan, than jump into

CHAUNT.

(She.) Then will you promise to come home?

(He) Oh yes!

(She.) And never more to roam?

(He.) Oh yes!

(She.) And never again see Miss Bonner?

(He.) Oh no!

(She.) Up in your word.

(He.) And honour.

Air—Come with me, my love.

Together. Then come with me, my love,
And together we will stroll,
In the pleasant garden fields.
By the Magpie and the Bowl
Of Punch, we'll have a bowl
Of Punch we'd have a bowl.