

THE HENPECKED
A COMIC SONG
OR GLEE

Composed expressly for the
Philharmonic Society
— of —
PHILADELPHIA

and most respectfully dedicated, with sincere congratulation, to all its

MARRIED MEMBERS

by
Leopold. Meignen

Pr. 50 Cts.

PHILADELPHIA

FIOT, MEIGNEN & CO. 264 Market Street

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Allegretto.

Piano introduction for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#).

TENOR 1º

f My love's hair is dark as the midnight wave, And her eye is like kindling

TENOR 2º

f My love's hair is dark as the midnight wave, And her eye is like kindling

BASSO.

f My love's hair is dark as the midnight wave, And her eye is like kindling

PIANO.

fire, And her voice is sweet as the spirit's voice That chords with the seraph's lyre. That

fire, And her voice is sweet as the spirit's voice That chords with the seraph's lyre. That

fire, And her voice is sweet as the spirit's voice That chords with the seraph's lyre. That

chords with the seraph's lyre. My love's hair is dark as the mid—night wave,

chords with the seraph's lyre. My love's hair is dark as the midnight wave,

chords with the seraph's lyre. My love's hair is dark as the midnight wave,

And her eye is like kindling fire, Oh! yes, oh! yes her eye is like—like

And her eye is like kindling fire, Oh! yes, oh! yes her eye is like—like

And her eye is like kindling fire, Oh! yes, oh! yes her eye is like—like

kind—ing fire.

kind—ing fire.

kind—ing fire.

Tenor Solo.

But her nails are as sharp as a toasting fork, And her arms as strong as a bear's: She

pull'd my hair and she goug'd my eye And she kick'd me down the stairs

And she kick'd me down the stairs. O!

And she kick'd him down the stairs. O!

And she kick'd him down the stairs. O!

And she kick'd him down the stairs. O!



2^d VERSE. I've got me an eye that's made of glass, And I've got me a wig that's new The

3^d VERSE. She may shake her knuckles full in my face, And put the lamp to my beard, And



wig is frizzled in corkscrew curls, And the eye is a clouded blue;

hold the broomstick over my head, But I'm not a bit a ——— fear'd;

Coro.



And { my } eye is a cloud-ed blue. O!

But { I'm } not a bit a ——— fear'd. O!



4th VERSE. For I've bound her o-ver to keep the peace, And I've bought me a crab tree

5th VERSE. My head was a week in the linen cap, And my eye a month in the



cane, The justice will come and the constable too, If she meddles with me a — gain;

patch; I nev — er thought that the torch of love Would light such a brimstone match;

Coro.



If she meddles with { me } a ——— gain. O!

What a pretty brim — — stone match. O!