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1841

Dismissed

Henry Russell

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THE DISMISSED.



A Comic Song.

words by

GEO. P. MORRIS.

Music by

HENRY RUSSELL.

Platwood lith.

NEW YORK,

PUBLISHED BY FIRTH & HALL, No. 1, FRANKLIN SQUARE.



Gramm...

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The dismissed
 a
 COMIC SONG

Words by Geo. P. Morris. — Music by Henry Russell.

ALLEGRO

MODERATO.

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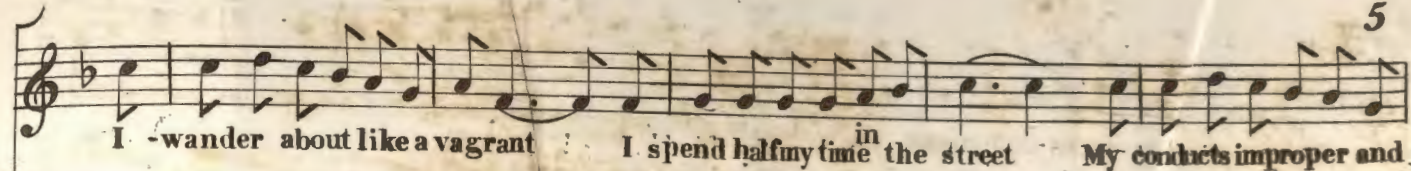
4

The wing of my spirit is broken The day-star of hope has declined; For a month not a word have

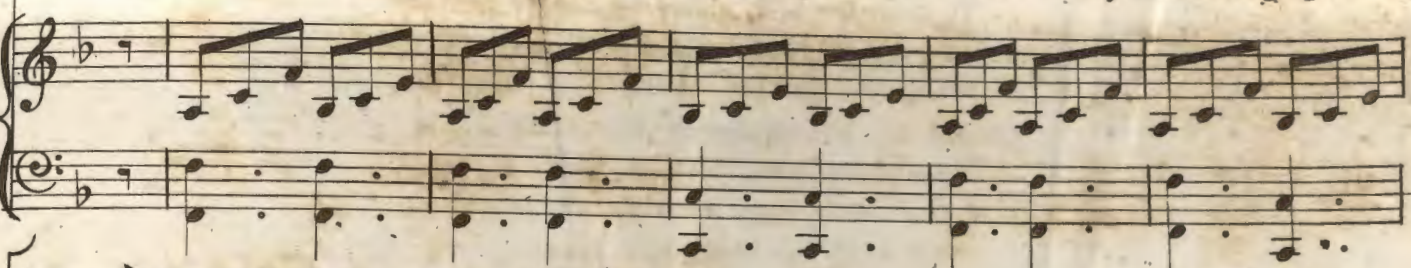
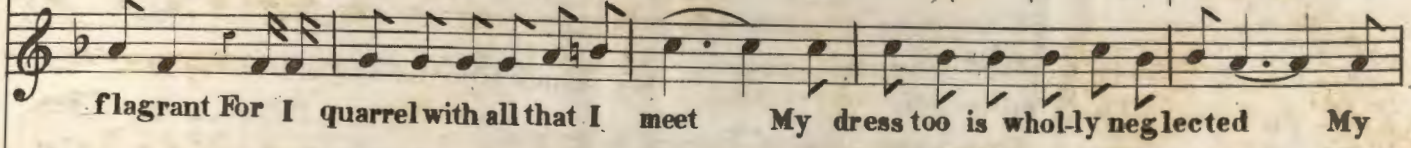
spoken, That's either polite or refind. My mind's like the sky in bad weather, When

mist clouds around us are curled; And viewing myself altogether, I'm the veriest wretch in the

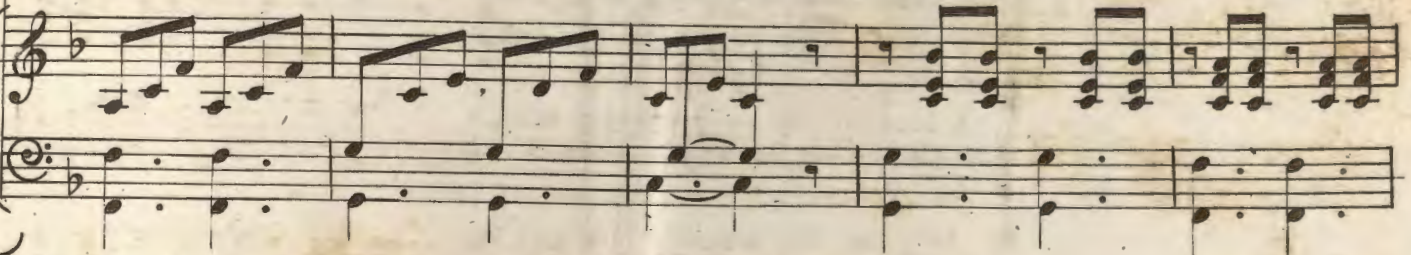
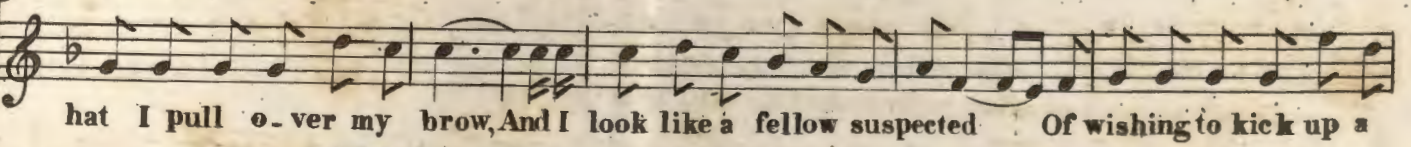
world! I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers, But why tell me why did she kick me downstairs



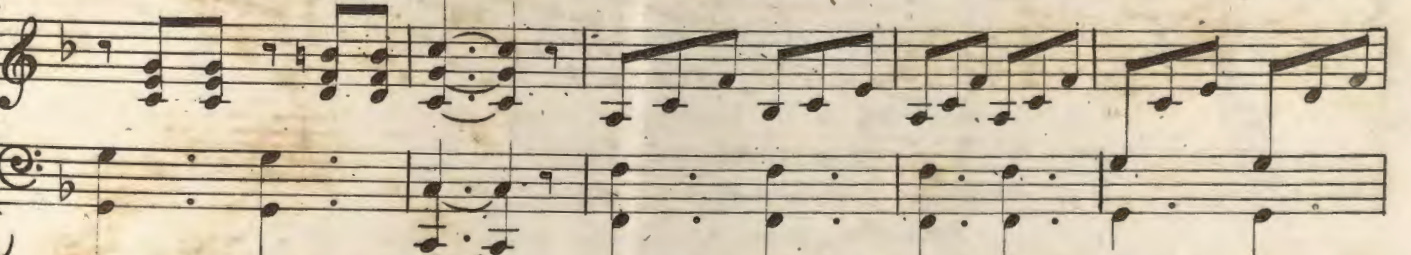
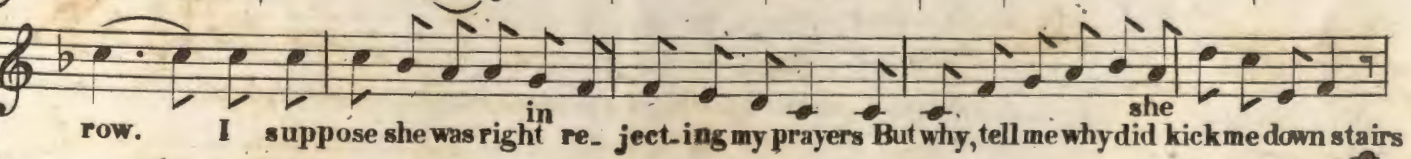
I -wander about like a vagrant I spend half my time in the street My conducts improper and

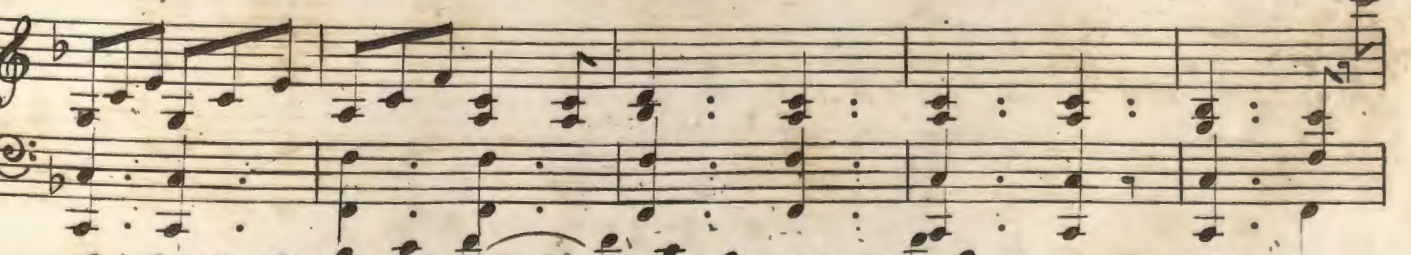
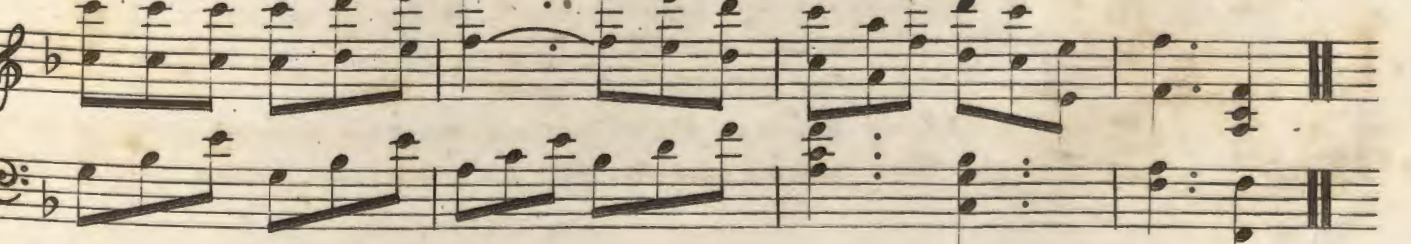
flagrant For I quarrel with all that I meet My dress too is wholly neglected My

hat I pull o-ver my brow, And I look like a fellow suspected Of wishing to kick up a

row. I suppose she was right in re-ject-ing my prayers But why, tell me why did she kick me down stairs

The dismissed. 4.

3

At home I'm an object of horror,
 To boarder and waiter, and maid;
 But my landlady views me with sorrow,
 When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
 Abroad my acquaintance flout me,
 The ladies cry, "Bless us look there."
 And the little boys cluster around me,
 And sensible citizens stare.
 I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers,
 But why, tell me why, did she kick me down stairs.

4

One says "He's a victim to cupid,"
 Another "His conducts too bad,"
 A third, "He is awfully stupid,"
 A fourth, "He is perfectly mad."
 And then I am watched like a bandit,
 My friends with me all are at strife -
 By heaven, no longer I'll stand it.
 But quick put an end to my life!
 I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers,
 But why, tell me why did she kick me down stairs.

5

I've thought of the means - yet I shudder
 At dagger, or ratsbane, or rope;
 At drawing with lancet my blood, or
 A razor without any soap.
 Suppose I should fall in a duel
 And thus leave the stage with e'clat;
 But to die with a bullet is cruel,
 Besides 'twould be breaking the law.
 I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers,
 But why, tell me why did she kick me down stairs.

6

Yet one way remains - to the river
 I'll fly from the goadings of care -
 But down oh the thought makes me shiver
 A terrible death, I declare.
 Ah no! I'll once more see my Kitty,
 And parry her cruel disdain,
 Beseech her to take me in pity,
 And never dismiss me again -
 I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers,
 But why tell me why did she kick me down stairs.