

A SOBER SPOUSE FOR ME.

a Temperance Fire-side Song for the

Ladies.

as Sung by

MR. STRONG,

and Respectfully dedicated to the

LADY FRANKLIN T.B.SOCIETY,

at whose request it was written

BY

George P. Morris

after the manner of CHAS MACKAY'S Popular Song of

"SOME LOVE TO ROAM"

the Music Composed by

HENRY RUSSELL.

—
NEW-YORK.

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A SOBER SPOUSE FOR ME.

A FIRE-SIDE.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Words by GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Music by H. RUSSELL.

Allegretto
vivace
e con anima.

ff

The musical score consists of four staves of piano music. The first staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music includes dynamic markings such as *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (pianissimo). The tempo is indicated as *Allegretto* and *vivace*. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the third staff:

Some love to stroll where the wassail-bowl And the wine, — cups circle

Some love &c. (Temprance Sg.)

free;— None of all that band^e shall win my hand: No—a so—ber spouse for
me.

Where the wine—cups circle free; None of
all that band^e shall win my hand: No—a so—ber spouse for me. Like
cheerful streams when the morning beams With him my life would flow, Not

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down the crags the drunkard drags His wife to shame and wo. Not
down the crags the drunkard drags His wife to shame and wo. No! no no!
no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! Some love to stroll where the
wassail bowl And the wine—cups circle free; — None of all that band ere shall

win my hand: No! a sober spouse for me
No—a so—ber spouse for me.
No—a so—ber spouse for me.

2

The drunkard mark, at midnight dark—

Oh what a sight, good lack!

From fumes of beer and wine appear

Grim friends who cross his track.

His children's name he dooms to shame—

His wife to want and wo:

She is betrayed for wine is made

Her rival and her foe.

No! no! no!

Still some will stroll, where the wassail-bowl

And the wine—cups circle free;—

None of all that band ere shall win my hand;

No—a sober spouse for me—

&c., &c., &c.

fiends