

# BOUGHT AND PAID FOR

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

## THE LAUGHING HUSBAND

A MUSICAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

ADDITIONAL NUMBERS BY

HARRY B. SMITH AND JEROME D. KERN

Bought And Paid For - - .60

Take A Step With Me - - .60

T.B.HARMS & FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER.  
NEW YORK.

# Bought And Paid For. Duet.

Words by  
HARRY B. SMITH.

(Hans and Dolly.)

Music by  
JEROME D. KERN.

Moderato.

Piano.

She.

Love used to be a per - fect dream of ro - mance,

He.


Now its a bus - ness deal,

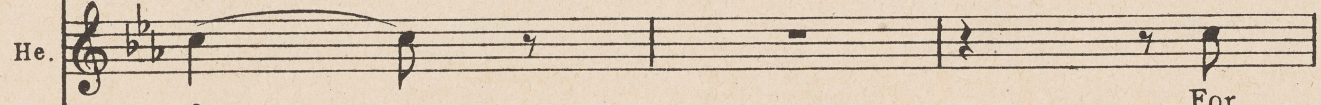
She.


Right up - to date is Ro - me -

He.

Right up - to date is Ro - me -

She.  And Ju - li - et is not so slow. \_\_\_\_\_

He.  o, \_\_\_\_\_ For



She. 

He.  our mod - ern mar - riag - es leave noth - ing to chance,

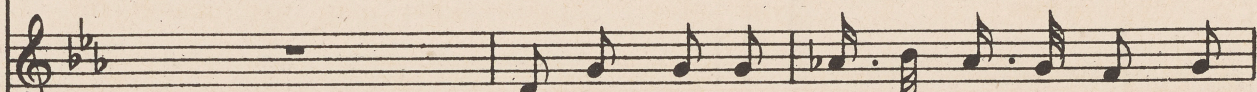


She.  Love is not a

He.  Lov - ers no long - er kneel,




She.  sen-ti-men-tal song im-pass - ioned


He.  Moon-light, mu-sic, Po-et-ry and flow'rs all



She.  That's old fash-ioned now \_\_\_\_\_

He.  That's old fash-ioned. Girls nev-er say they will hon-or and o-bey, They're

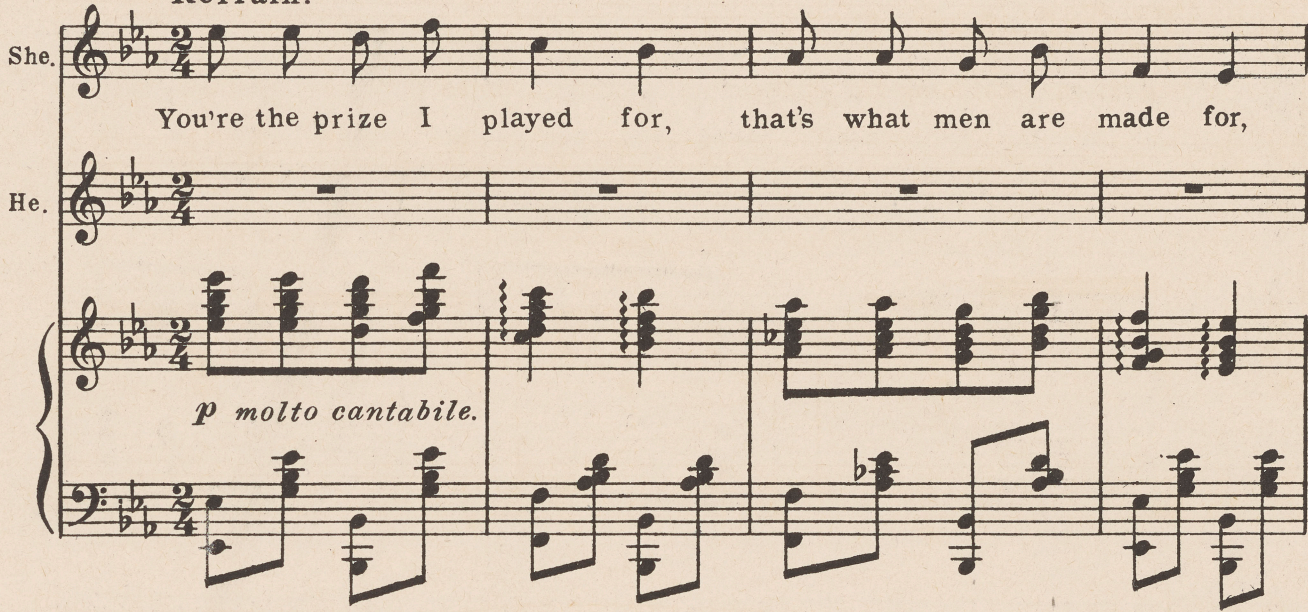


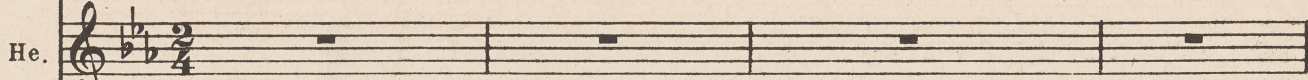
She.  That is quite pas - sé \_\_\_\_\_

He.  much too wise, But leave that to me and in time well



Refrain.

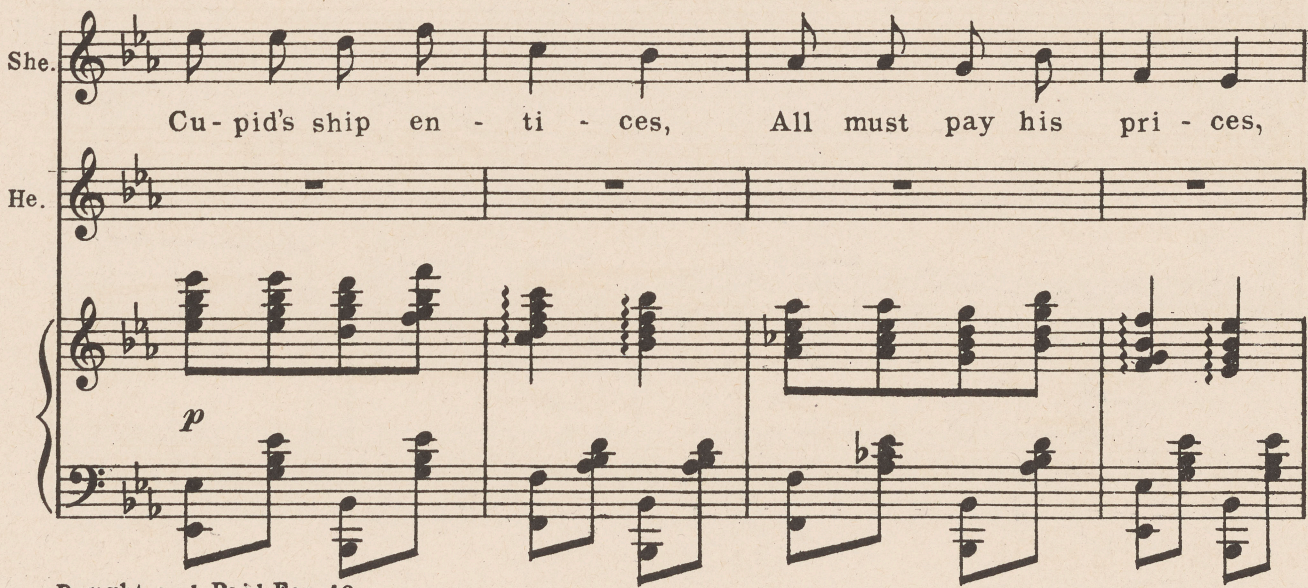
She.  You're the prize I played for, that's what men are made for,

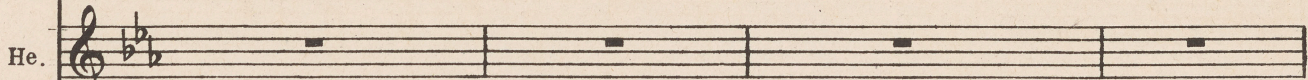
He. 

*p molto cantabile.*


She.  Now your lib-er-ty you re-sign, You are mine— Bought and paid for.

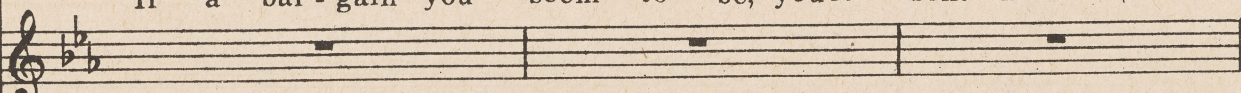
He. 


She.  Cu-pid's ship en - ti - ces, All must pay his pri - ces,

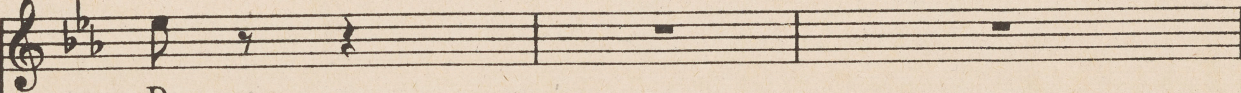
He. 


*p*


She.  If a bar - gain you seem to be, you're sent home C. O.

He. 



She.  D.

He.  But we'll be hap - py you and I \_\_\_\_\_ In spite of an - y mar - riage



She. 

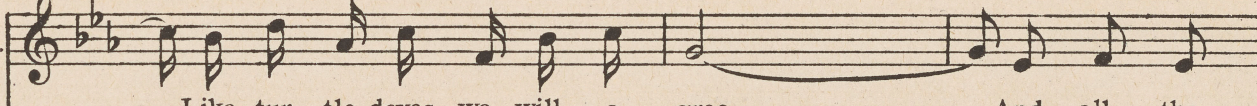
He.  tie. \_\_\_\_\_ Let us pre - tend we don't care what the world dis -

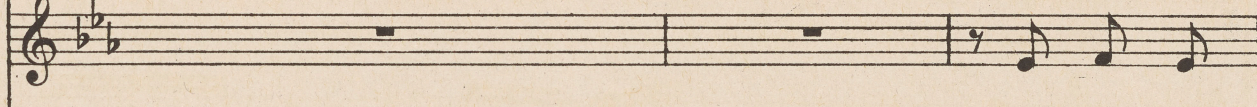



She.  Let us im - ag - ine we are free

He.  cov - ers



She.  Like tur - tle doves we will a - gree, And all the

He.  And all the



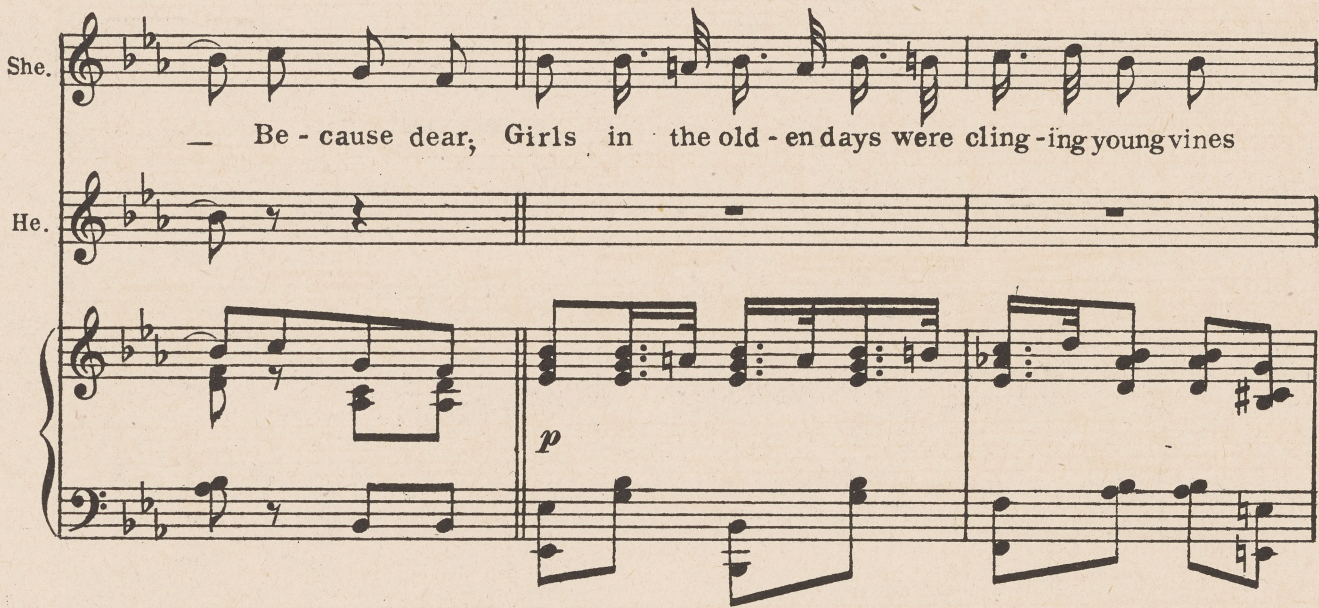
She.  world will say we're a pair of fool - ish lov - ers

He.  world will say we're a pair of fool - ish lov - ers



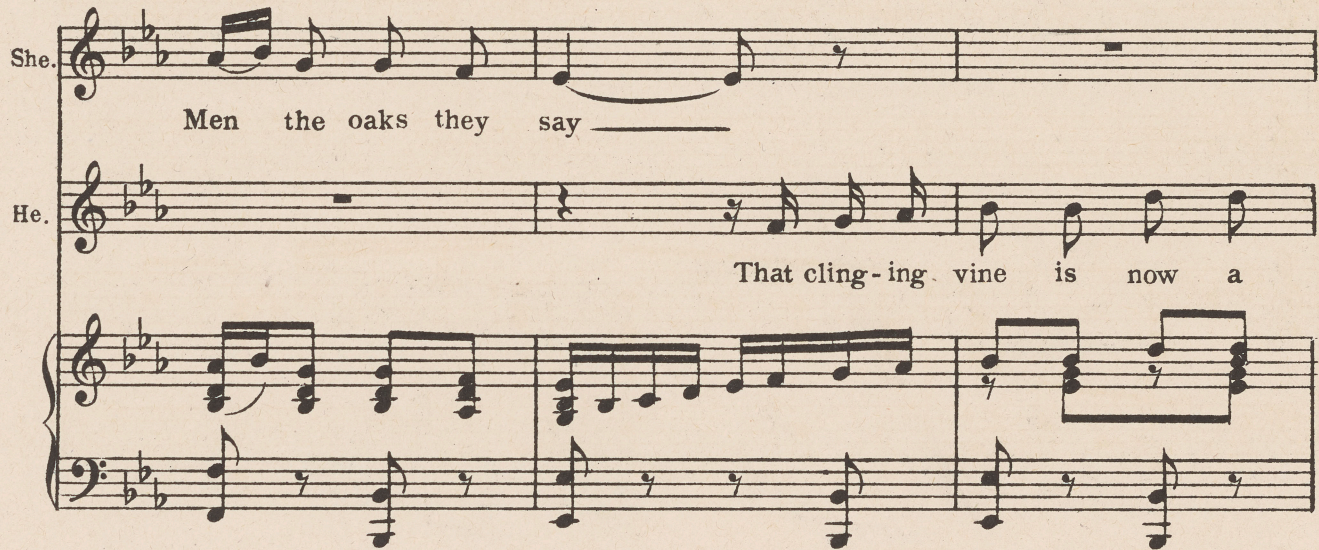
She. — Be - cause dear, Girls in the old - en days were cling - ing young vines

He.



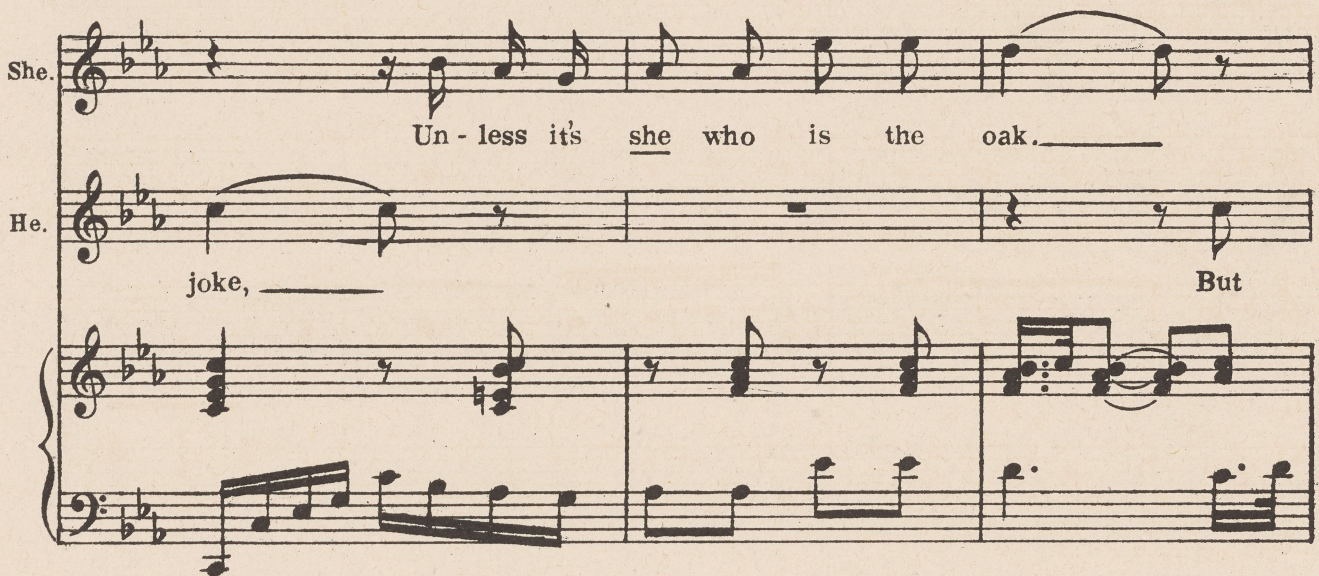
She. Men the oaks they say —

He. That cling - ing vine is now a

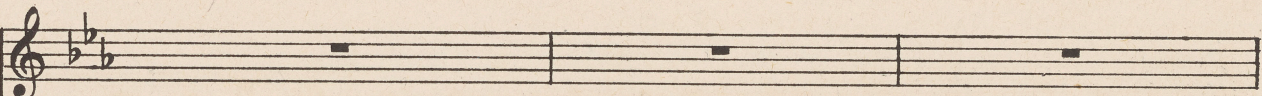



She. Un - less it's she who is the oak. —


He. joke, — But

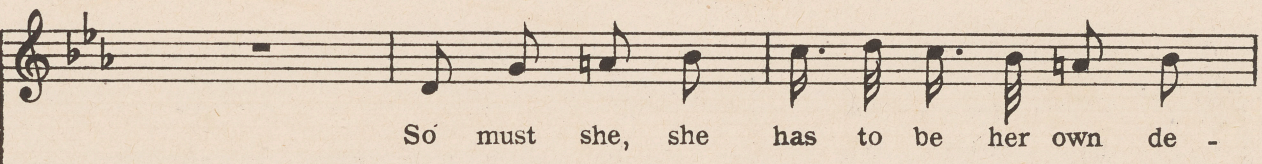


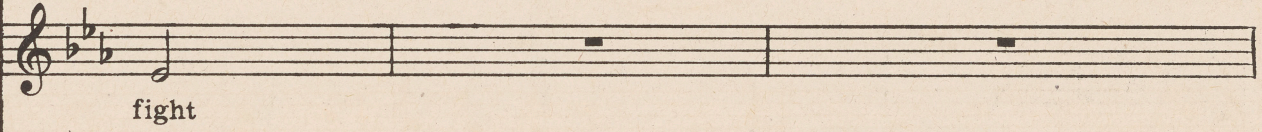



She. 

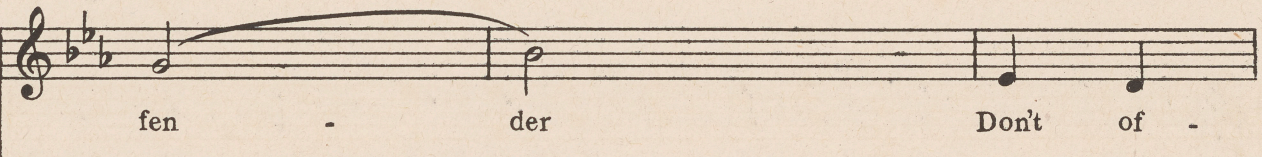
He. 

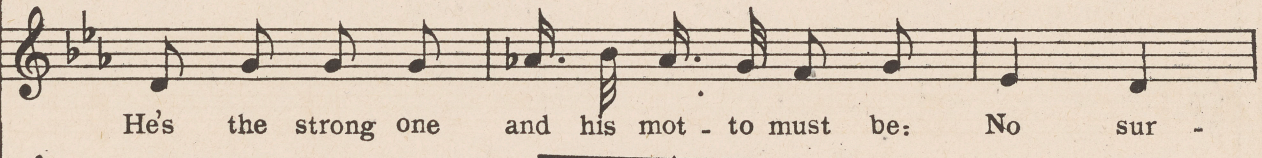



She. 

He. 



She. 

He. 



She. fend her please.

He. ren - der. If we are one, we will soon de - cide which one, If

She. Ei - ther you or I

He. you or I. When we dis - a - gree leave it all to

Refrain.

She. You're the prize I played for that's what men are make for

He. me.

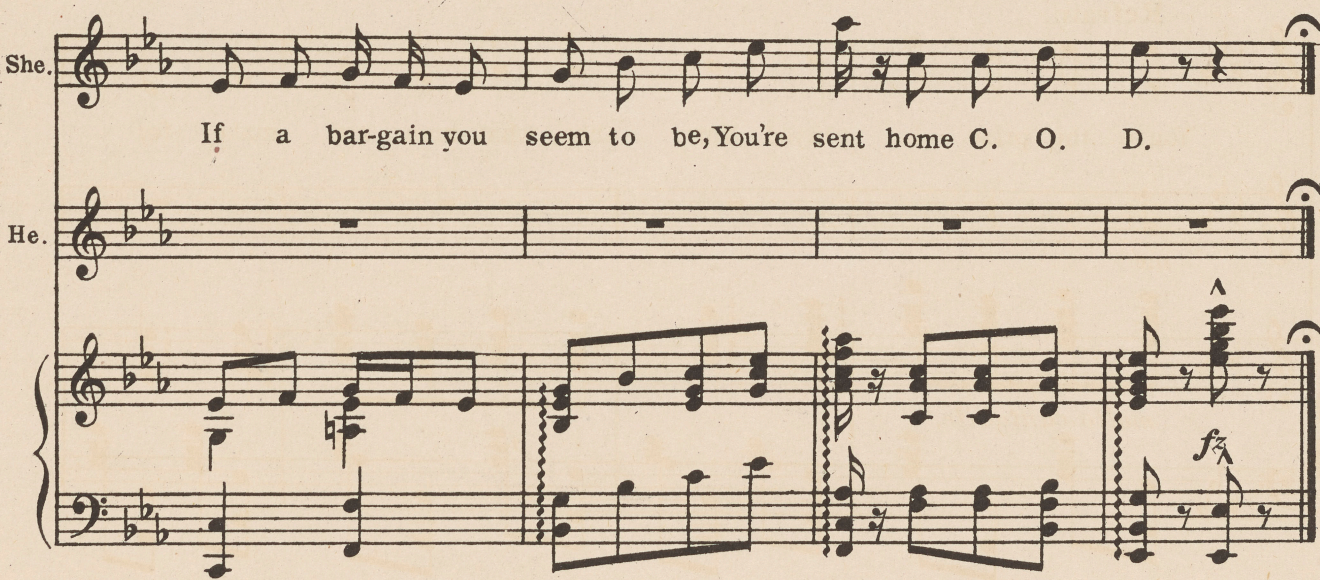
*molto cantabile.*

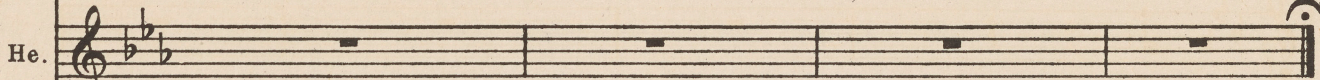
She.  Now your lib-er - ty you re-sign You are mine — Bought and paid for.

He. 

She.  Cu - pid's shop en - ti - ces, All must pay his pri - ces,

He. 

She.  If a bar-gain you seem to be, You're sent home C. O. D.

He. 

# THE MAURICE TANGO

By Silvio Hein.

Moderato.

Piano.

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