

# The Golden Wedding - song lyrics

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THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

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As sung by Mr. John Walsh.

This morning at breakfast I said to my wife.  
But one golden wedding we see in a life;  
'Tis now fifty years since the clergyman said  
In that clear ringing voice: With this ring I thee wed.  
So it is, so it is, said my dear old wife June,  
Let us have our old wedding day over again;  
Off we went to the church with our cheeks all aglow,  
And the same love at heart as we had years ago.

Chorus.

Oh, for the golden visions, oh, for the crimson glow.  
Oh, for the golden day dreams fifty years ago,  
Oh, for the fairy voices and the songs we used to sing,  
Telling of heavenly joys, my boys, found in a wedding ring.

The service was ended, we passed thro' the door  
And into the buttercup meadow once more;  
I plucked Jane a bunch and she asked for a pin,  
Which I gave and she fastened them under her ehin.  
We strolled by the stream, then our footsteps retraced,  
And my arm slyly stole round the old lady's waist;  
I gave her a squeeze, but she did not cry, oh,  
As she did about two score and ten years ago. - Chorus

We reached the old homestead and then went inside,  
But no bouquet awaited the bridegroom and bride;  
My thoughts wandered back to the hour of my joy,  
When I opened my arms for my dear baby boy.  
The happiness heaven has promised to men  
Can not be compared to my happiness then;  
It seemed the whole world was without an alloy,  
I'd no eyes, I'd no thought that were not for my boy.

Spoken-My mind conjured up the old scene in an instant. I  
can see him now as I saw him then, standing at the cottage door,  
wishing his mother good-bye and saying: "Good-bye, Father, my  
country requires soldiers to sustain her honor. You would not  
have me called a coward and a traitor. " That was the very last  
time we ever saw the poor boy again alive. As I thought of it,  
the tears ran down my silly old cheeks, and I felt two loving arms  
steal around my neck, and that dear old voice that had cheered me  
on through all these years, murmuring:-Chorus.