

The Fatal Marriage - song lyrics

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THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

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Words by W. H. Windom. Music by Still R. Harcourt,

The wedding bells were ringing upon a winter's night
In a far-off Eastern city, when a truth was brought to light
It is a sad, sad story, yes, one you'll not forget,
For it tells of joy and happiness and tears of sad regrets.
The wealthy crowd was seated, the elder spoke his words:
The organ had been playing, the wedding march was heard;
The bride and groom were standing 'midst flowers rich and rare,
And naught but joy and happiness was congregated there.

Refrain.

The wedding bells were ringing, and the bride and groom were there,
And the organ it was playing that old familiar air;
But so often, 'midst such brightness, sorrow for as may be near.
And so many hearts are aching for a love they thought was dear.

A mother with sick babe in arms approached the church, but slow,
And asked if she could enter, but the answer It was "No."
The guard then told her at the door, " 'Tis not for you or me.
But for the rich and great," said he, "this wedding is to be."
Oh, mister, mister, don't say no, for baby's sake," she cried;
But before he let her in the little one had died;
And then he let her in the door; her heart throbbled with despair.
For little did she think she'd find her faithless husband there.- Refrain.

"Who knows why these should not be wed? Now speak or ever rest."
The mother woke as from a dream, with dead child closely pressed;
"I know," she cried, "my husband false, and here is our baby boy."
And the scene was changed to sorrow when before 'twas only joy.
The faithless husband, dazed with shame, faced both from right to left;
And as he gazed upon the scene, of reason seemed bereft,
A pistol shot-a gasp-a moan-the suicide lay dead.
No sighs were heard, no tears for him-" 'Tis well done," they said.-Refrain.