

# The Wedding March - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE WEDDING MARCH.

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A wedding, whether large or small,  
I always like to see;  
I form my own conclusions,  
While the rest are full of glee.  
The wedding bells, of course, have tongues,  
And every time they ring  
I understand their language,  
For I always hear them sing:

Chorus.

There goes another one, it happens every day;  
Ding, dong, march along! Isn't he a jay?  
His wife will take him bye-and-bye and place him on the shelf,  
There goes another man who's made a gilly of himself.

The night before he's married,  
He must bid his pals good-bye;  
The last drink of a single life  
He swallows with a sigh.  
Next day the job is finished,  
And he's thankful that it's through;  
He thinks the bells are cheering him,  
Ahl if he only knew---Chorus.

'Tis only in the after years  
The truth of it comes out;  
His temper and his hair has gone,  
And happiness, no doubt.  
The pride is taken out of him,  
And likewise all the starch;  
And he says whene'er he hears  
Another fellow's wedding march:-Chorus.