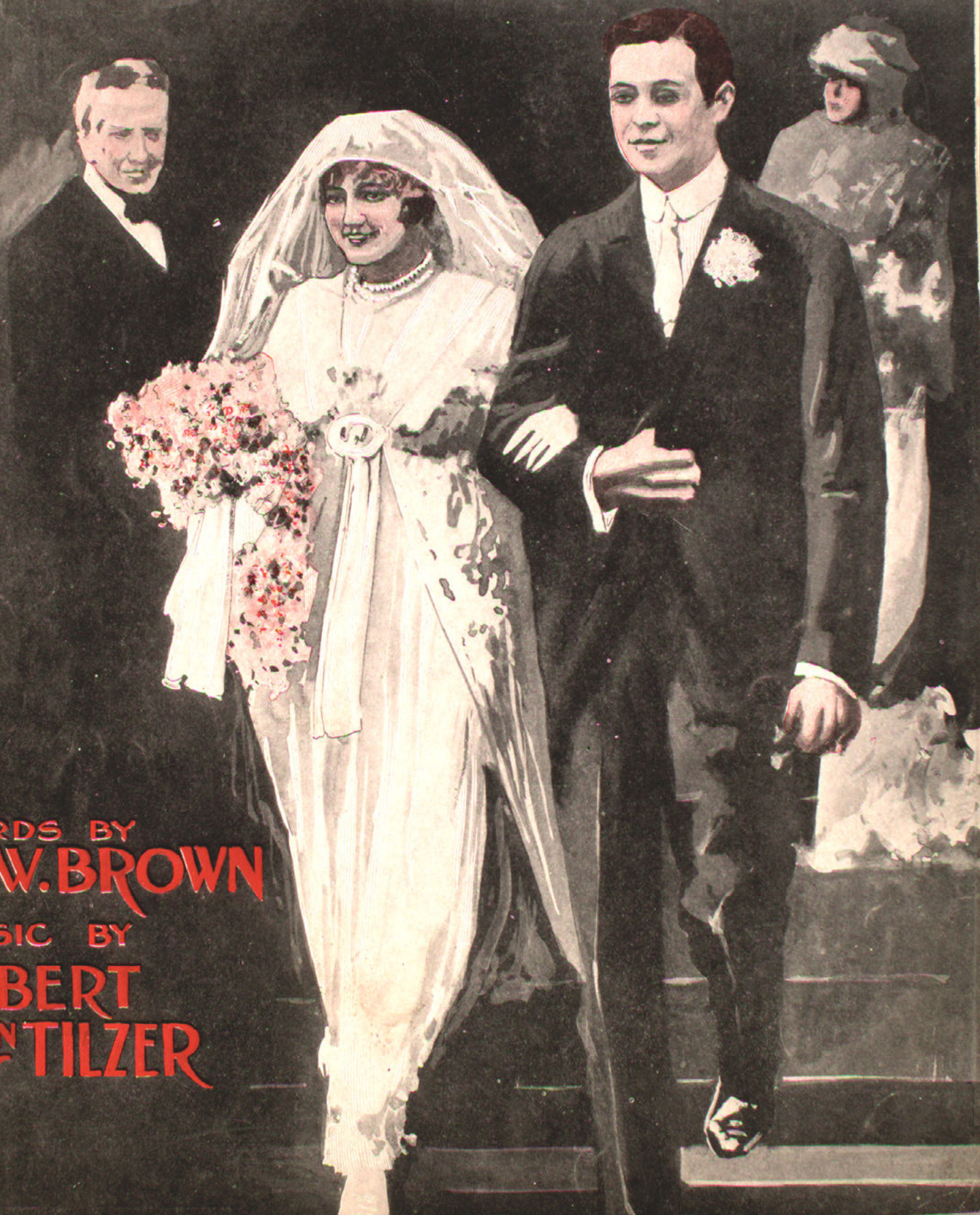


HERE COMES THE BRIDE

THE GIRL WHO STOLE MY LOVING MAN AWAY

WORDS BY
LEW. BROWN
MUSIC BY
**ALBERT
VON TILZER**



Here Comes The Bride.

(The Girl Who Stole My Lovin' Man Away.)

Words by
LEW BROWN.

Music by
ALBERT VON TILZER.

Moderato.



VOICE.

Hear those church-bells a -
When that man- was near

Vamp.



ring - ing,-
dy - ing,-

Hear that choir a - sing - ing,
I just sat there cry - ing,



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That's why I'm sad,
I pawned my rings,

That's why I'm mad,
To buy him things,

There's no-bod-y to
Oh how that man did

hear me,
pet me,

There's no-bod-y to cheer me,
Said he'd nev-er for-get me,

Some-one stole my man a-way, On this my wed-ding day, Now
But this prom-ise was-n't good, I'd sue him if I could; But

I'm left in the lurch 'cause when I got to that church
there's no use to sigh, I just wish that I could die.

rall.

REFRAIN.

I saw my an-gel chile a - march - ing down the aisle, Up -

on his face he wore a smile, While I cried as if my heart was

go - ing to break when I thought of who was goin' to eat that

wed - ding cake, And when the preach - er man took the wed - ding band and

placed it on that wom-an's hand, I start-ed in to pray and then I

heard the or-gan play: Here comes the bride, here comes the bride, The

girl who stole my lov-in' man a-way.

I saw my way.