Waiting At The Church; or, My Wife Won't Let Me.

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Composed by HENRY E. PETHER.

1. I'm in a nice bit of trouble, I confess,
   Somebody with me has had a game,
   I should by now be a proud and happy bride,
   But I've still got to keep my single name.

2. Lor, what a fuss Obadiah made of me,
   When he used to take me in the park!
   I was black and blue, When he kissed me he used to leave a mark.
   One I never had! And I dreamed so about the honey-moon!

3. Just think of how disappointed I must feel,
   He used to squeeze me till
   I'll be going crazy very soon.
   I've lost my husband the

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I was proposed to by Obadiah Binks,
Each time he met me he treated me to wine,
I'm looking out for another Obadiah,

In a very gentlemanly way:
Took me now and then to see the play;
I've already bought the wedding ring,
There's

Lent him all my money so that he could buy the home, And
Understand me rightly, when I say he treated me, It
all my little father-diles packed up in my box — Yes,

Punctually at twelve o'clock today —
wasn't him but me that used to pay.
Absolutely two of everything.
Chorus.

There was I, waiting at the church, waiting at the church,

1st time p 2nd time f

waiting at the church, When I found he'd

left me in the lurch Lor, how it did up -

set me! All at once he sent me round a note,
Here's the very note, This is what he wrote-

Can't get away to marry you today-

1. My wife won't let me! 2. let me!

Fine. D.C.