"In the Land of Wedding Bells."

Words by Howard Johnson.

Music by Geo. W. Meyer.

Williams

LEAD.

Hear the organ every bride is playing.
Hear the choir sing. There's no use dressing, in her snow-white veil. For the parson's laying, hear the church bells ring! The welcome blessing, at the altar rail. Then down the news is spreading—about a happy wedding, aisle of flowers—that leads to happy hours.

When you're in love-land, it's a wonderful thing. They kneel and promise, Love that never will fail.

Chorus.

Gee, but it's grand—in the land of wedding bells.

Sweet land of joy, for girl and boy,

You start in planning a home, as you roam the hills and dolls; Each blushing bride has a groom by her side, The preacher comes and ties the knot, Then you buy a house and lot, Bye and bye two hearts are bound around a baby, Maybe, wonderful place, Every face love's story tells, It's simply grand, hand in hand, In the land of wedding bells

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