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Next Sunday Morning
(He'll Get His Where I Got Mine)

SONG

Lyric by
ANDREW STERLING

Melody by
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Ev'ry thing comes to him who waits is the
In ev'ry song the hard-est part is to
first line of this song,
write the se-cond verse;

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something like this I’ve waited ever so long. The third line leads to the
hardest part is to say for better or worse. The best he get is the
altar rail, with the choir singing too. And the
worst of it, And I know just what it is. And this

fourth line makes me want to jump with joy, Cause it end with these words “I do’;
poor boob used to have the laugh on me, I’ll be there when they hand him his.

CHORUS
Next Sunday Morning at half past nine
Next Sunday Morning at half past nine
I'll be all dressed up in style, and I'll be wearing a smile
He'll say good-bye to the boys, And bid farewell to his joys

With wedding bells all a ringing, I'll start in singing,
There'll be no more cabaret ing, Or pinochle playing;

I hope the weather is fine
She'll make him walk a chalk line

Congratulations and sympathy
Married He'll get a shock

From all the
He'll wish he

Next Sunday Morning
con-gre-ga-tion, but not for me 'Cause I've been
went right down and, jump off the dock He told me

mar-ried and I've been thru the war I'm gon-na stand up for the
more than once he pit-i-ed my lot He's get-ting one worse than the

boob next door Next Sun-day Morn-ing, He'll get his where I got
one I got Next Sun-day Morn-ing, He'll get his where I got

1
mine. Next Sun-day Morn-ing.

2
mine. Next Sun-day Morn-ing.

Next Sunday Morning