The Bride and the Groom

Words by
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Music by
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brilliantly

Piano

bride and groom were married at noon and started away on their

honey-moon, They hadn't intended to travel far but

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there and then By the bashful entry and bowed down heads that the couple that entered were newly weds.

still they boarded a sleeping car.

The sleeper was filled with traveling men who saw at a glance right there and then By the bashful entry and bowed down heads that the couple that entered were newly weds.

a tempo
But the bride and the groom, they didn't care
For the trav'ling men, they had paid their fare,
And were gliding away on heavenly wings,
Talking of love and other things.

The trav'ling men tried to kid the two, A
very un-manner-ly thing to do. "I en-vy the guy? one

said in a jest and that brought a giggle from all the rest.

"That ci-ty back where they got on, I've been

Lively

making for o-ver a year," said one; "But that lit-tle dais-y I
never saw," and he was given the merry haw-haw.

But the bride and the groom they didn't care. Con-

duc-tor came in And he hol-lerd "fare!" A-gain and a-gain his

shrill voice rings But they're talk-ing of love and oth-er things.
lively

The train pulled up at a water-tank, A desperate fellow, Dare

Dev-il Hank, Blew into the car with a boisterous whoop and the

Dramatically

trav'ling men all flew the coop.

P brilliantly
Dev-il Hank pulled his for-ty-four and the bark of his cannon be-gan to roar, With

bark out went a light and soon the sleep-er was dark as night.

But the Bride and the Groom, they nev-er heard The

bark of the cannon or a sing-le word. He was hold-ing her hands a -
counting her rings, talking of love and other things.

lively

The train pulled out for the Golden Gate, she went like the wind she was with dash

melodramatic
two hours late, The sparks are flying, the engine groans, the dramatically
man at the throttle was Casey Jones.

She rounded a curve like a lightning flash: plum

very agitated

into a freighter she goes ker-smash And there in the dusk and

slow

still of night, two hundred souls had taken flight.

very lamented