

Elsie Wickert THE COMIC SONG SUCCESS.

NO WEDDING BELLS FOR ME

WORDS BY
E. P. MORAN and
WILL. A. HEEHAN.
MUSIC BY
SEYMOUR FURTH.



TRIXIE FRIGANZA



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No Wedding Bells For Me.

Words by
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Music by
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The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system shows the piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, featuring a key signature change to one sharp (F#) and dynamic markings of *fz* and *mp*. The third system includes the vocal melody with three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues below the lyrics, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

1. Fair wom - an first was built ad. lib. on some in - stal - ment plan; Her
 2. My friend said: "Batch come dine with me, my wife's a splen - did cook;" When
 3. A girl who held an in - fant - child, was hang - ing to a strap; I

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main foun - da - tion was the rib of poor un - luck - y man; Each
Miss - is Sau - er saw me, she, just gave his nibs a look; A
had a seat and when she smiled, I took her on my lap; I'm

man to get that rib of his must wed some maid - en fair, But
doz - en kids be - gan to shout while at the ta - ble there, The
speak - ing of the ba - by, not the la - dy un - der - stand, I

not for me, al - though there is a lot of ribs to spare.
ba - by took some sau - er - kraut and rubb'd it in my hair.
scarce - ly had her when I got the laugh to beat the band.

CHORUS.

No wed-ding bells for me, I'm as hap-py as can be,
 No wed-ding bells for me, I'm as hap-py as can be,
 No wed-ding bells for me, I'm as hap-py as can be,

Let the oth-ers all pick their ribs, As for me I don't like spare-ribs;
 Tempt me not with tri-al mar-riage, I'll not push a ba-by car-riage;
 Down my spine I felt a shiv-er, Some-one whist-led Swan-ee Riv-er;

Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm free; No wed-ding bells for me. —
 Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm free; No wed-ding bells for me. —
 Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm free; No wed-ding bells for me. —

ff *D.S.*

EXTRA VERSES.

Male Version.

Please match this silk, my best girl said,
Crushed strawberry will do,
I'd have to shop when we were wed,
So to the store I flew;
I tried to rush right out again,
Crowds made a counter-rush,
I yelled, "Give me strawberry plain,
I'll crush it in the crush!"

CHORUS.

No wedding bells for me,
I'm as happy as can be,
Broke my leg, the pain grew fiercer,
Clerk said, "Crutches top floor rear, sir,"
Gee Whiz! I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me.

I met the Brown girls, yesterday,
With golf sticks, going out;
Mamma, at whist, had gone to play,
And grandma, too, no doubt;
They said "We think Aunt Kate must be
At tennis, down the path,
But papa's with the baby, he
is giving it a bath."

CHORUS.

No wedding bells for me,
I'm as happy as can be,
When Brown had it clean and tidy,
He asked me to pass its "diddy."
Gee Whiz! I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me.

I'd take a wife one time I thought,
But who's wife could I take?
I loved a widow whom I brought
To skate upon the lake.
To break the silence, all in vain
I tried, just once or twice,
To break the news I tried again,
And then I broke the ice.

CHORUS.

No wedding bells for me,
I'm as happy as can be,
Tried to catch a grip and hallooed,
Caught the grip—pneumonia followed.
Gee Whiz! I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me.

EXTRA VERSES.

Female Version.

The more I see of married life,
The less I wish to see.
Now, some men like to take a wife,
And others two or three.
I've had a chance or two at that,
But I refuse to wed,
I'd rather take in washing at
A dollar per instead.

CHORUS.

No wedding bells for me,
I'm as happy as can be,
I love Charlie as a brother,
But I'll stick to home and mother.
Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me.

A girl who's used to ev'rything,
And doesn't have to work,
Will jump right thro' a wedding ring,
Held by some ribbon clerk.
She leaves her happy home to wed,
Her finish then occurs.
An oil-stove and a folding-bed,
And Kidney stew for hers.

CHORUS.

No wedding bells for me,
I'm as happy as can be,
She does up his shirts and collars,
Runs the place on seven dollars,
Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me.

You've children running all about,
And tagging to your skirts,
If one kid falls and gives a shout,
You "kiss the place that hurts!"
You've dinner ready just at six,
A message comes, "don't wait!"
That's hubby at his same old tricks,
I guess he has a date.

CHORUS.

No wedding bells for me,
I'm as happy as can be,
Hubby out upon a frolic,
Baby yelling with the colic,
Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me.

SONOMA

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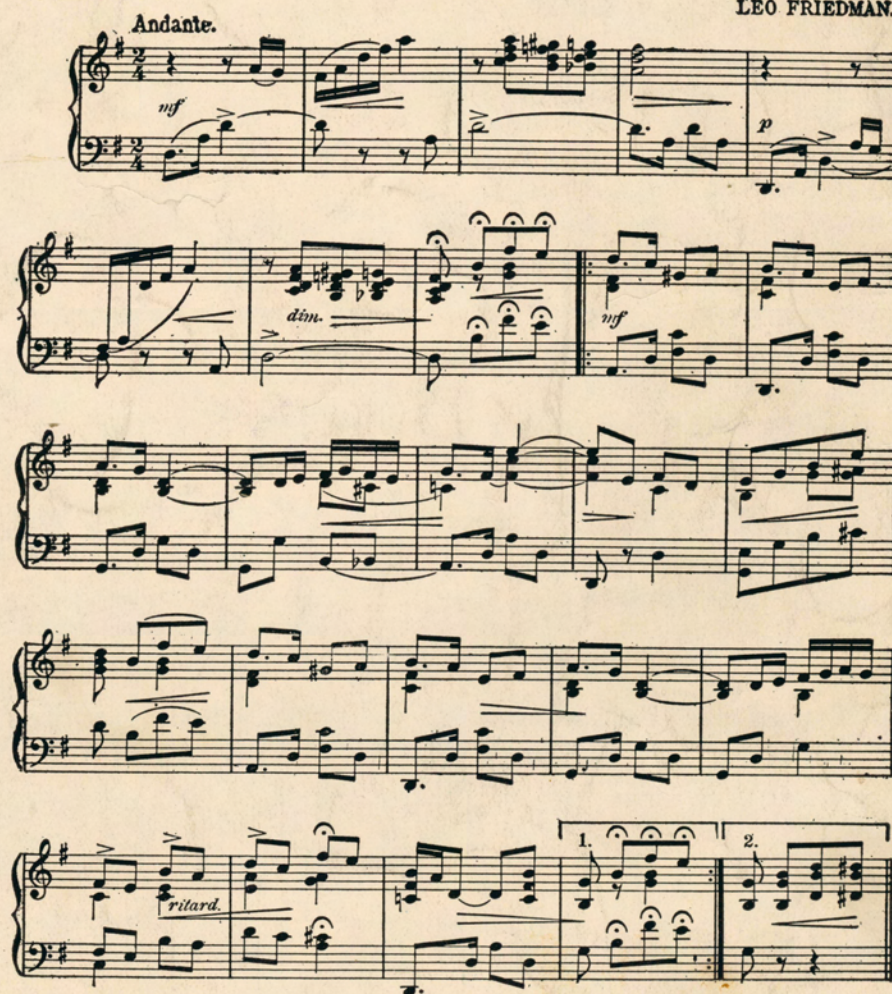
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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

SONOMA. (My Mexicana Rose.) Intermezzo.

LEO FRIEDMAN.



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