"Lord! Have Mercy on a Married Man!"

Maestoso.

General Sherman once remarked that "War was Kipling wrote a "Fool there was" and I'm that

Well, the word I want to use is not so man, The "Marriage Stakes" have claimed me as an

hard to spell, I've a wife and that's enough, Ev'ry night, I walk the floor,
Gee! but married life is tough, Case of fight both day and night, Im
Listening to the babies roar, When they're through their Bal-ly hoo! My

gen-tle and she's rough; If I could find the man who mar-rried
wife be-gins to snore. If Life de-pends on the mar-rriage me,
I’d hang him on a sour-apple tree.
knot. I’d rather join the Army and be shot.

CHORUS.

1st chor: Wed-ding Bells, sweet Wed-ding bells, Nev-er har-mon-ize with
2nd chor: Wed-ding Bells, sweet Wed-ding bells, Nev-er har-mon-ize with

Lord Have Mercy etc. 3
Baby yells, Why did I get married? If I'd only tarried, with the crowd I'd mingle, yelling out "God bless the single;" Work by day and fight by off my "Bee-dle" send for "Watson, quick the needle," Work by day and fight by night, Stand it no one can, So now you congregation, Say a night, Stand it no one can, If you want to hear the jingle of two Broad prayer for my salvation, Lord! Have mercy on a married man.
dimes why just stay single, Lord! Have mercy on a married man.
Lord, Have Mercy on a Married Man!

EXTRA CHORUSES

Wedding bells! Sweet wedding bells!—
Married men are common "kitchen bells!"
Wife does as she wishes—
While you wash the dishes,
And you do the cooking,
Wife’s there, but only looking—
Fellowmen, together then,
We should tie a can!—
I’m not a woman hater,
But, "Just listen, kind Creator!"
Lord, Have Mercy on a Married Man!

Wedding bells! Sweet wedding bells!
How can I remember wedding bells?
Yes, I was a sleeper;
Should have had a keeper—
Maybe I was drinking;
Goodness knows I wasn’t thinking—
I jumped, though; but I came to—
Like it? No one can!
If you want to hear the jingle
Of two dimes—why, just stay single.
Lord, have mercy on a married man!

Wedding bells! Sweet wedding bells!
Your second life begins with wedding bells.
You make two short answers,
"Yes, I will take chances!"
Blindly, then, you take them;
In a week or so you’ll break them;
Then, of course, there comes divorce;
That’s the only plan.
You sing, while you play casino
In some clubhouse out in Reno—
"Lord, have mercy on a married man!"

Wedding bells! Sweet wedding bells!
Every chime a different story tells!
One bell tells to the other
Who is stung. Now, brother,
Was he “off his Beedle?”
Send for Watson—quick—the needle!
Was he blind, or only kind?
Or an “also ran?”
Some think there’s nothing to it,
But, kind friends, I’ve been all through it—
Lord, have mercy on a married man!

Wedding bells! Sweet wedding bells!
Goodness! how your poor old bosom swells;
You are right in clover—
’Till the wedding’s over.
Wife’s old-maid sister,
Who’s your guest, says, “Look here, mister,
Work by day, and work by night,
Labor while you can;
Take your dinner-pail, and eat it;
Love’s all right, but we can’t eat it!”
Lord, have mercy on a married man!

Wedding bells! Sweet wedding bells!
Drive nine-tenths of us to prison cells!
Should your wife discover
That you really love her,
Then her fond caresses
Must be bought with costly dresses.
Soon your pocketbook gives out;
Then you get the can;
You commit some depredation;
Then you’re sued for separation—
Lord, have mercy on a married man!

Wedding bells! Sweet wedding bells!
What an awful joke these wedding bells—
Doctor calls in early;
Brings to you a girlie;
What a pill to swallow,
When he says “There’s more to follow!”
Doc brings in a kid or two
Every now and then.
Then you cry out with vexation—
“Am I going to raise a nation?”
Lord, have mercy on a married man!

Wedding bells! Sweet wedding bells!
Oh! how sweet their merry tinkling swells;
They don’t sound so mellow
When some other fellow
Steals the charming girlie
You have courted late and early.
Later on you meet the man
Who had won her hand.
His one eye is ten shades bluer—
By the gods! he’s welcome to her.
Lord, Have mercy on a married man!

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