Waiting At The Church; or, My Wife Won't Let Me.

Written by
FRED W. LEIGH.

Moderato.

Piano.

1. I'm in a nice bit of trouble, I confess,
   Some-body with me has had a game, I should by now be a
   I'm black and blue, When he kissed me he used to leave a mark:

2. Lor, what a fuss O-ba-di-ah made of me,
   When he used to take me in the park! He used to squeeze me till
   I'll be going crazy very soon I've lost my husband the
   one I never had! And I dreamed so about the honey-moon!


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Francis, Day & Hunter,
NEW YORK;15 West 30th Street.
LONDON; 142 Charing Cross Road W.C.
I was proposed to by Obadiah Binks,
Each time he met me he treated me to wine,
I'm looking out for another Obadiah,

In a very gentlemanly way,
Took me now and then to see the play;
I've already bought the wedding ring,
There's

Lent him all my money so that he could buy the home,
And
Understand me rightly, when I say he treated me,
It
all my little father-diddles packed up in my box.
Yes,

Punctually at twelve o'clock today,
wasn't him but me that used to pay.
Absolutely two of everything.
Chorus.

There was I, waiting at the church, waiting at the church,

1st time 2nd time

wait - ing at the church, When I found he'd

left me in the lurch Lor, how it did up -

set me! All at once he sent me round a note,
Here's the very note, This is what he wrote-

Can't get away to marry you to day-

My wife won't let me! let me!

Fine. D.C.