

# When The Parson Hands The Wedding-Band From Me To Mandy Lee.

Words by  
BERNIE GROSSMAN.

Music by  
ARTHUR LANGE.

Not too fast.

Piano.

Voice.

*Till Ready.*

I've got a lit-tle piece of string, It's just the measure of a ring, That is  
Up-on each face there'll be a smile, As we go marching down the isle, Ev-ry

for my bride, and en-graved in-side: "From Me to Man-dy Lee." It's goin' to cause a big sur-  
one will stare at a hap-py pair, "From Me to Man-dy Lee." A-round us two the folks will

prise, The folks will op-en up their eyes, They don't know a thing of what I'm goin' to bring.  
crowd, I know I surely will be proud, Try and pic-ture me how hap-py I will be.

Chorus.

And when I show them the band that I bought for the hand of Man-dy Lee,—

There'll be talk a-round the fam-i - ly, - Lord-y how they all will en- vy me. - I'll get a

kiss from my moth-er and a bless-ing from my dad. Neigh-bors by the score, knock-in' at the door,

May-be I won't be migh-ty glad. And then I'll pray night and day for the one hap-py day that's

com-ing soon, - When they play that old fam - il - iar tune, - It's the one that means a

hon-ey - moon. Then there'll be rice all ov-er Dix-ie - land, When that ev-er lov-ing

Par-son, hands the wed-ding band From Me to Man-dy Lee And when I