

SM499

# Lay My Wedding Dress Away.

3

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Music by ALBERT VON TILZER.

*Andante moderato.*

*mf*  
*rall. e dim.*

A fair girl is kneel - ing at her moth - er's side, On the  
The bride - groom has en - tered, sur - prised, he looks on, "I am

*p*

morn of her wed - ding day; "I don't love him moth - er, the  
wait - ing for you" he cries; The old gray-haired moth - er takes the

man I'm to wed, My wed - ding dress please lay a - way. I  
girl to her heart, "My child does not love you," she sighs. The

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hear the bells chim - ing and fash - ion's e - lect Have  
man's face turns crim - son, he says: "When she's mine, you

*cresc.* *e* *dim.*

come for the wed - ding grand — But I can't tell a lie at the  
knows she'll have ev' - ry thing;" — But the girl, with eyes flash - ing, turns

*cresc.* *e*

al - tar to - day, For my heart — must go with my hand;" —  
on him with scorn, And re - plies, as she gives back the ring: —

*dim.* *e* *rall.*

CHORUS.

"Lay my wedding dress a - way, For I can-not wear it

*p*

now; Gold and rich-es do not tempt me,

I'll not take the mar-riage vow; There is one who al-ways loved me

And my heart is his to-day; So, un-til he comes to

*cresc.*

claim me, Lay my wed-ding dress a-way."

*rall. e dim.*

D. C.