

August 2019

Only a Walking Wedding

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Only a Walking Wedding" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1307.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1307

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Only a Walking WEDDING.

Wife mine, come to the window, Hark to our child's wedding bells,
They carry me back down time's beaten track, To the home of the
primrose dells.

I think of our own happy morn dear, And you in your gown of white
How the bells rang out with a merry shout A song of two heart's
delight.

Chorus.

'Twas only a walking wedding In a glad spring-time of old,
When the leaves were turning from their brightest green to gold,
But age cannot wither true love, dear, come happy smiles or tears,
Cupid's as young as he used to be in bygone years.

Wife mine, how the world's altered, Ev'rything now is so grand,
Tho' fate has been kind, each cloud silver lined, Since you gave me
your heart and hand.

Ours were but two humble lives, dear, Yet never a bride more sweet
As we pass'd twice 'mid flowers, then rice, Along the village street.

Chorus.

Daughter mine, soon you are fitting, Come sit once more on my knee
That dear form and face have a mansion to grace, As a lady of
high degree.

But 'midst all your wealth, my darling, I know you will never forget
That your mother and I in the days gone by, Had naught but love's
coronet.

Chorus.