

Chad Morgan "The Fatal Wedding"

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The Fatal Wedding by Chad Morgan

The groom stood there waiting for his bride
The best man shiverin' by his side
On him the smell of stale sheep dip
And a flask of brandy on his hip

He knew he'd trod that last long mile
As his dear walked slowly down the isle
This was the day he was waiting for
When he'd get in for his cut and more

Of her old man's station and his gold
As soon as wedding bells had tolled
The fortune sure had smiled his way

This was indeed his lucky day

But the bride, she died at the alter
The bridegroom died next day
The parson dropped dead in the churchyard
As he was about to pray

The hearse capsized at the crossroads
It couldn't make the turn
And the people stood and cheered like mad
As they watched the old church burn

And then the heavens broke open
And the rain it started to fall
And the whole flamin' town got washed away
And there was no one le-eft at all...

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