There Was No Bridegroom There - song lyrics

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There Was No Bridegroom There.
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Written and Composed by G. L. Spaulding.

The wedding feast was ready, all the friends assembled there,
And ev'ry one was eager to congratulate the pair;
The fragrance of the flowers filled the room in ev'ry nook,
While close at hand the preacher stood, awaiting with his book.
Up stairs the bride was ready, looking like a queen of night,
With orange blossoms in her hair, and jewels shining bright;
She sat beside a window, a picture of despair,
That plainly told the waiting friends there was no bridegroom there.

Refrain.
There was no bridegroom there, there was no bridegroom there: -
Love's cruel dart had pierced her heart with sorrow, pain and care.
Her dream of wedded joy was now a grief to bear,
Compelled by fate to hope and wait, for there was no bridegroom there.

The moon's bright rays were beaming through the window soft and clear,
Where weary hearts were waiting for a bridegroom to appear;
With tender words they sweetly soothed her pain and wounded pride,
And told her he would surely come and claim her for his bride,
"Perhaps he has deserted," some one whispered to her low.
"Oh do," she answered softly, "for we love each other so."
They waited all the night long, her joy or pain to share,
But when the morning sun arose, there was no bridegroom there.-Refrain.