

# AT TRINITY CHURCH

Words and Music  
by FRED GILBERT

Allegretto

VERSE

1 Twelve months a - go with  
2 In bri - dal dress with  
3 When she confessed I'd

*ff* *p*

C B7 Em C#° G D7 G C D7

de - cent chan - ces, Pros - pects of suc - cess in life, Thro' fool - ish love of ball - room dan - ces,  
frills and floun - ces, 'Pon my word, she did look fine! Quite six - teen stone and some odd oun - ces  
scarce be - lieve her, Though at last the truth she told; She had - n't got a bloom - ing sti - ver -

G D7 G A7 D A7 D A7 Am G Cm6

Trou - ble came, - I met my wife; Such a no - ble bux - om crea - ture She in my eyes  
Weighed then this dear wife of mine. Peo - ple whis - pered she had mon - ey (Oh! what tales some  
She was thir - ty - six years old. I can on - ly grin and bear it; Poor in - deed is

G A7 D7 G D G Em A7

then ap - peared, False she was, though fair of fea - ture, Like to sal - mon I was speared.  
folks will tell,) She was sim - ply six - teen ston - ey - What a swin - dle - what a sell!  
my es - tate, She, poor gal, is forced to share it, Down will drop her mor - tal weight.

D Am6 B7 Em A7 D

CHORUS 2nd time *f*

She told me her age was five - and - twen - ty, Cash in the bank of course she'd plen - ty,

*p*

G D7 Em B7

I like a lamb be - lieved it all, I was an M - U - G. At

C D7 G Gm D A7 D D7

Trin - i - ty church I met my doom,

D° D7 D° D7 No Chord

Now we live in a top back room, Up to my eyes in

*(p)* *ff* *(p)*

D Dm A D E7 A No Chord G A7

debt for "ren - ty," That's what she's done for me. She me.

1. 2.

D7 G G D.C.