A Bird In A Gilded Cage

Arthur J. Lamb

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A Bird In A Gilded Cage

C

Dm

G7

C

G7

Dm

G7

Dm

G7

C

Dm

G7

B7

E7

Am

D7

G7

C

Dm

G7

C

D7

G7

C

Dm

G7

C

Dm

G7

C

The ball-room was filled with fashions throng, It shone with a
I stood in a church-yard just at eve, When sunset a-

thou-sand lights And there was a wo-man who passed a-
dorned the west, And looked at the peo-ple who'd come to

long, The fair-est of all the sights, A girl to her
grieve, For loved ones now laid at rest, A tall mar-ble

lov-er then soft-ly sighed, There's rich-es at her com-
mon-u-ment marked the grave, Of one who'd been fash-ione's

mand, But she mar-ried for wealth, not for love he
queen, And I thought she is hap-pi-er here at

cried, Though she lives in a man-sion grand. She's on-ly a
rest, Than to have peo-ple say when seen.

bird in a gild-ed cage, A beau-ti-ful sight to see. You may
think she's happy and free from care, She's not, though she seems to be,
'Tis sad when you think of her wasted life, For youth can not mate with age,
And her beauty was sold, for an old man's gold. She's a bird in a gilded cage.

She's thought, she though not, She's care, when sad 'Tis be,
For life, ed her wast/rest.2