A Bird In A Gilded Cage

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The ballroom was filled with fashions throng. It shone with a
I stood in a churchyard just at eve. When sunset a-

thousands lights adorned the west. And there was a woman who passed a-
And looked at the people who'd come to

grieve. For loved ones now laid at rest, A girl to her

long. The fairest of all the sights, A tall marble

lover then softly sighed. There's riches at her com-
monument marked the grave. Of one who'd been fashione's

mand, But she married for wealth, not for love he
queen, And I thought she is happier here at

cried, Though she lives in a mansion grand. She's only a
rest, Than to have people say when seen.

bird in a gilded cage, A beautiful sight to see. You may
think she's happy and free from care, She's not, though she seems to be, for an was sold, cage. ed a gild age, with mate man's old can not youth 'Tis be, she's think from free py and hap, she's think rests.2 and care, She's think when sad 'Tis be, And her beauty was sold, for an old man's gold. She's a bird in a gilded cage.