A little maid - en climbed an old man's knee,
"Bright lights were flash - ing in the grand ball - room,
Long years have passed, child, I've ne - ver wed,

Begged for a sto - ry, "Do, un - cle, please!
Soft - ly the mu - sic, play - ing sweet tunes,
True to my lost love, though she is dead

Why are you sin - gle; why live a - lone?
There came my sweet - heart, my love, my own,
She tried to tell me, tried to ex - plain;

Have you no ba - bies, have you no home?"
"I wish some wa - ter; leave me a - lone."
I would not lis - ten, plea - dings were vain.

'I had a sweet - heart, years, years a - go;
When I re - turned, dear, there stood a man,
One day a let - ter came from that man;

Where she is now, pet, you will soon know.
Kiss - ing my sweet - heart, as lov - ers can.
He was her bro - ther, the let - ter ran

List to the sto - ry, I'll tell it all,
Down fell the glass, pet, bro - ken that's all.
I believed her faithless, After The Ball.
Just as my heart was, After The Ball.
I broke her heart, After The Ball.

Chorus

After The Ball is over, After the break of morn.
After the dancers' leaving; After the stars are gone;
Many a heart is aching, If you could read them all;
Many the hopes that have vanished'd After The Ball.