A BIRD IN A GUILDED CAGE

Words by Arthur Lamb

Music by Harry Von Tilzer

Moderato

VERSES

1. The ball-room was fill’d with fashion’s throng, It
2. The beautiful woman surveyed the scene, Her
3. I stood in a churchyard just at eve, When

Bb Eb Ebm Bb Bb Cm

shone with a thousand lights, And there was a
flatterers by the score; Her gems were the
sunset adorned the west; And looked at the

F7 Bb Bb° F7 Eb

woman who passed along, The fairest of all the sights;
purves, her gown divine, So what could a woman want more;
people who’d come to give For loved ones now laid at rest.
A girl to her lover then softly sighed, “There’s riches at
But memory brings back the face of a lad, Whose love she had
A marble monument mark’d the grave, Of one who’d been

her command;”
But married for wealth, not for love” he
turned aside,
But happiness cannot be bought with
fashion’s queen,
And I thought she is happier here at

cried,
Tho’ she lives in a mansion grand.
gold,
Al tho’ she’s a rich man’s bride.
rest,
Than to have people say, when seen:

C7

bird in a gilded cage, A beautiful sight to see,

Cm F7

You may

Chorus

F Eb Ebm F7

Bb

Cm F7

Bb Gb Bb
think she's happy and free from care, She's not tho' she seems to be,
'Tis sad when you think of her wasted life, For youth cannot mate with age,
And her beauty was sold for an old man's gold, She's a bird in a gilded cage.