After The Ball

Words and Music by
CHAS. K. HARRIS

Valse moderato

A Bright little maid en climbed an old man's knee,
Long years have passed child in the grand ball room,

Begged Soft for a stor y,
True to my lost love,

"Do play though she is dead,
Uncle please?

Why are you tried to

"There She came my

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sweet
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When
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Kiss
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He
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After The Ball 4
you will soon know.
As lovers can.
The letter ran.

Listen to the story,
Down fell the glass.
That's why I'm alone.

You, pet,
I'll tell it all,
Just believed her.

Broke, broken that's all,
No home at all,
I broke her.

Less, after the ball,
Heart, after the ball.

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,
After the ball.