After The Ball.

Arr. by JOS. CLAUDER.  

Words and Music by CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Tempo di Valse.

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee,
Bright lights were flashing in the grand ballroom,
Long years have passed, child, I've never wed,

Begged for a story, "Do Uncle please,
Softly the music, playing sweet tunes,
True to my lost love, though she is dead,

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Why are you single, why live alone?
There came my sweetheart, my love my own;
She tried to tell me, tried to explain,

Have you no babies, have you no home?
I wish some water; leave me alone!
I would not listen, pleadings were vain,

I had a sweetheart, years, years ago;
When I returned dear, there stood a man,
One day a letter came, from that man,

Where she is now pet, you will soon know;
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can;
He was her brother, the letter ran,

After the Ball.
Listen to the story, I'll tell it all,
Down fell the glass pet, broken that's all,
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all.

I believed her faithless, after the ball,
Just as my heart was, after the ball.
I broke her heart pet, after the ball.

REFRAIN.

After the ball is over, after the break of morn,
After the dancers leaving,

After the Ball.
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.