THE MANSION OF ACHING HEARTS.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB. Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Tempo di Valse. Moderato.

The last dance was o-ver, the mu-sic had ceased, And the dancers were
Al-onely by the fire-side, a man sad-ly looks, At a pic-ture that

leav-ing the hall, A few men were say-ing their
hangs on the wall, He has nev-er for-got-ten the

43 W. 26th St. New York City.
last good byes, To the beautiful belle of the ball,
A sad sweet face, of the beautiful belle of the ball;
He's

lone by the window a youth sadly stands, His heart she had
reading her letter "My picture I send, I have loved you, but

stolen away,
And just as he gazed on her
only in vain,
Oh try to forget that we

beautiful face, He was startled to hear someone say;
ever have met," Then he thinks with a heart full of pain;

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CHORUS.

She lives in a mansion of aching hearts, She's one of a restless throng.

The diamonds that glitter around her throat, They speak both of sorrow and song.

The Mansion of Aching Hearts.
smile on her face is only a mask, And

many the tear that starts, For

sadder it seems, when of mother she dreams, In the

mansion of aching hearts.

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