

Unknown Artist, A Bird In A Gilded Cage

A Bird in a Gilded Cage

(Arthur J. Lamb and Harry Von Tilzer)

The ballroom was filled with fashion's throng,

It shone with a thousand lights;

And there was a woman who passed along,

The fairest of all the sights.

A girl to her lover then softly sighed,

"There's riches at her command."

"But she married for wealth, not for love," he cried!

"Though she lives in a mansion grand."

cho: "She's only a bird in a gilded cage,

A beautiful sight to see.

You may think she's happy and free from care,

She's not, though 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."

I stood in a churchyard just at eve,

When sunset adorned the west;

And looked at the people who'd come to grieve

For loved ones now laid at rest.

A tall marble monument marked the grave

Of one who'd been fashion's queen;

And I thought, "She is happier here at rest,

Than to have people say when seen: "

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