

MUSIC: HARRY VON TILZER  
LYRICS: ARTHUR J. LAMB

# SHE'S ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

ARR. RKH

MODERATO.  $\text{♩} = 50$  RIT.

PIANO

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THE BALL - ROOM WAS FILLED WITH FASH - IONS THRO'G, IT  
I STOOD AT A CHURCH - YARD JUST AT EVE, WHEN

PNO.

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LIGHTS, \_\_\_\_\_  
WEST, \_\_\_\_\_

SHONE WITH A THOU - SAND AND THERE WAS A WO - MAN WHO  
SUN - SET A DORNED THE (OH, HOW GRAND!) AND LOOKED AT THE PED - PLE WHO'D

PNO.

19

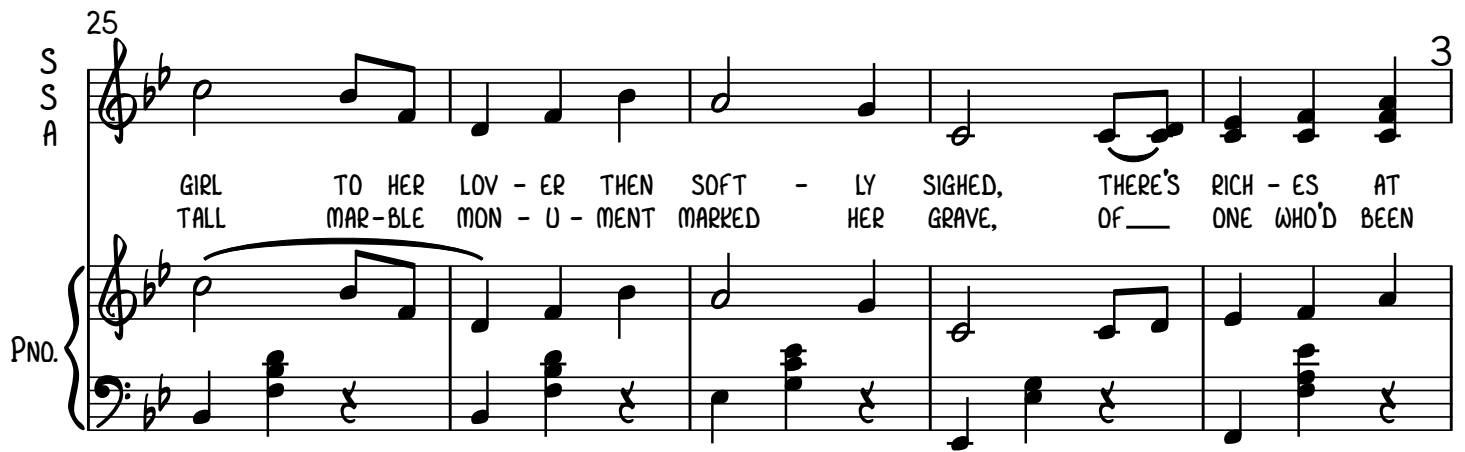
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PASSED A - LONG, THE FAIR - EST OF ALL THE (OH, HOW GRAND!) A  
COME TO GRIEVE, FOR LOVED ONES NOW LAID AT (OH, HOW SAD!) A

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GIRL TALL TO HER MAR-BLE MON - U - MENT THEN SOFT - LY SIGHED, HER GRAVE, THERE'S RICH - ES AT OF ONE WHO'D BEEN

PNO.

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HER FASH - ION'S COM - MAND; QUEEN, BUT SHE MAR - RIED FOR WEALTH, NOT FOR AND I THOUGHT SHE IS HAP - PI - ER

PNO.

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LOVE HE CRIED, THOUGH SHE LIVES IN A MAN - SION OH, HOW GRAND! SHE'S HERE AT REST, THAN TO HAVE PEO - PLE SAY WHEN THAT'S TOO BAD...

GRAND!  
SEEN,

PNO.

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ON - LY A BIRD IN A GILD - ED CAGE, A BEAU - TI - FUL

PNO.

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SIGHT TO SEE. YOU MAY THINK SHE'S HAP - PY AND FREE FROM

PNO.

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52

CARE, SHE'S NOT, THOUGH SHE SEEMS TO BE. 'TIS SAD WHEN YOU THINK OF HER

PNO.

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59

WAST - ED LIFE, FOR YOUTH CAN-NOT MATE WITH AGE. AND HER BEAU - TY WAS

PNO.

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66

SOLD, FOR AN OLD MAN'S GOLD, SHE'S A BIRD IN A GILD - ED CAGE.

PNO.