THE MANSION OF ACHING HEARTS.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB.  

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Tempo di Valse. Moderato.

The last dance was over, the music had ceased, and the dancers were leaving the hall. A few men were saying their

A lone by the fireside, a man sadly looks, at a picture that hangs on the wall, He has never forgotten the

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last good byes To the beautiful belle of the ball, A
sad sweet face, of the beautiful belle of the hall, Hec
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 some one 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,

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

man-sion of aching hearts.

The Mansion of Aching Hearts. 4.