

AFTER THE BALL

1892

Charles K. Harris, the composer of "After The Ball," was born in Poughkeepsie, New York and died in New York City. At various times in his life he was a banjo player, pawnbroker, vaudeville performer, and publisher of music, but he is best known as the composer of some of the Victorian era's most sentimental songs. If there was a tear to be found in a lyric, Charles Harris could find it. "After The Ball" was written for an amateur minstrel group in Milwaukee while he was a music publisher in Chicago. The audience loved it immediately, and it was further popularized by Sousa's Band at the Chicago World's Fair the next year.

Other songs by Harris include "Break The News To Mother," "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven" and "In The City Where Nobody Cares." The very titles give us a good idea of the kinds of songs our grandparents enjoyed singing. Perhaps there's a ring of truth in those old lyrics yet.

CHORUS:

By CHARLES K. HARRIS
(1867-1930)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It is in the key of F# (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The chorus consists of 11 measures. The vocal line is written in a soprano clef, and the piano accompaniment is in a bass clef. The lyrics are: "Af - ter the ball is o - ver, af - ter the break of morn; Af - ter the danc - ers' leav -".

1 Af - ter the ball is o - ver, af - ter the

2

3

4

5

6 break of morn; Af - ter the danc - ers' leav -

7

8

9

10

11

when they're gone;
ing, af - ter the stars are gone; when they're gone;

Man - y a heart is ach - ing, if you could

read them all; Man - y the hopes that have

van - ished Af - ter the ball.

REPRISE:

Man - y a heart is ach - ing, if you could

read them all; Man - y the hopes that have
all; all; tenor melody
van - ished Af - ter the ball.

Verses:

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee, begged for a story, "Do, Uncle, please.
Why are you single, why live alone? Have you no babies; Have you no home?"
"I had a sweetheart, years, years ago; where she is now, pet, you will soon know.
List to the story, I'll tell it all; I believed her faithless, after the ball.

"Bright lights were flashing in the grand ballroom; softly the music, playing sweet tunes.
There came my sweetheart, my love, my own, 'I wish some water; leave me alone.'
When I returned, dear, there stood a man kissing my sweetheart as lovers can.
Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all, just as my heart was, after the ball."

"Long years have passed, child, I've never wed; true to my lost love, though she is dead.
She tried to tell me, tried to explain; I would not listen, pleadings were vain.
One day a letter came from that man. He was her brother, the letter ran.
That's why I'm lonely, no home at all; I broke her heart, pet, after the ball."