Broken Hearts - song lyrics

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BROKEN HEARTS.
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Words by James Thornton. Music by Andrew Mack.

This world is But the stage of life, the mighty Master said,
On which most men and women play, to earn their daily bread;
With lawyers, doctors, diplomats and preachers in the cast,
Who fil the parts made vacant by their brothers who have passed.
The hypocrite he wears a mask, 'tis But for outward show,
And crime goes by unpunished, for blind justice oft is slow;
The millionaire and workingman play most important parts.
They form the two great factors in the play of "Broken Hearts,"

Chorus.
The first scene is a cottage, where the roof lets in the rain;
There's a father almost famished, there's a mother ill with pain,
There's the money king, who orders their eviction, then departs.
That's the first scene that I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

The next scene was a mansion in a land across the sea,
By acres wide surrounded, and the home of royalty;
Its owner is of noble birth and lord of his domains,
And boasted of the ancient blood that flow'd within his veins.
Now comes another diameter, a girl quite young in years,
Her fare it wears a troubled look, her cheeks are stained with lean;
She meets the vomit; lord face to face, he turns pale, then he starts,
He met her in the first act of the play called "Broken Hearts."

Chorus.
He promised he would marry her, she trustingly believed,
But when the day appointed Came she found she'd been deceived;
Now the servants drive her from the door, in shame the girl departs.
That's another scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Amid the sound of marriage bells a couple went their way,
A youth and maiden, smiting sweet, for 'tis their wedding day.
They vow to love each other true along life's rough career;
A baby blessed their union ere they had been wed a year.
But sad, alas! One day to her the evil tempter came:
He told her he could lead her to the very gates of fame.
She left her husband and her child and fled to foreign parts.
In silence he forgives her, in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Chorus.
There's a husband sadly waiting, for his love will never die;
He tells his little daughter, mother's coming bye-and-bye.
He bows his head to hide the tears that to his eye-lids start.
That's the saddest scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Now comes the grand finale upon which the curtain falls,
The scene it is a battle-field, uptorn by cannon balls;
It is a field of carnage dire, with bloody corpses strewn;
The battle rages fierce and wild, but 'twill he ended soon.
The enemy have fled, and wounded soldiers shout with joy,
And there among their number lay a dying drummer boy;
A comrade lifts him tenderly, the lad these words imparts:
"Tell mother I died fighting in life's play of 'Broken Hearts.'"

Chorus.
There's a poor, old, gray-haired mother waiting for her boy to come;
She is thinking of the morning when she buckled on his drum.
The news arrives her boy is dead-from this life she departs.
That's the last scene that I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."