

Gold, Gold, Gold - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

GOLD, GOLD, GOLD.

We oft read of the power of
Princes and of Kings,
Who stripp'd of all their grandeur,
Are but poor mortal things;
But there's a power stronger,
Which lasts for time untold,
To which all men must bow,
And that's the bright, bright gold.

Chorus.
Gold, gold, gold;
I love to hear it jingle,
Gold, gold, gold,
Its power is untold;
We men strive hard to store it,
And woman she'll adore it;
The best friends that a man can have
Is gold, gold, gold.

The man that's minus money,
The world will call a "flat"
And pass him by; but if he's rich
Will gaily raise its hat.
It sneers at the unlucky,
But smiles on he who wins:
And gold will gloss and cover
Quite a multitude of sins.-Chorus.

The maid both plain and ancient,
Appears a perfect "sweet,"
If rich, her gold magnetic draws
"Fond" lovers to her feet.
Borne say this gold's a curse, and that
It causes strife and pride;
But we know it is a blessing,
When it's properly applied.-Chorus.

Love and content in a cottage
I've heard of, so have you;
But I fear that kind of bliss
Is only experienced by few:
When trouble comes unto the door.
Love flies, or else grows cold;
And the only thing to warm it up
Is gold, gold, gold.-Chorus.