

# Bring Down Your Wants To Your Means - song lyrics

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BRING DOWN YOUR WANTS TO YOUR MEANS.

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Words by John Crow. Music by J. H. Turner.

I know an old proverb worth gravng in gold,  
'Twas spoken in years that are past;  
And he too is gone that once made it his own,  
But while there's a world it shall last.  
Its saying was pithy, its meaning was this,  
Which ever way providence leans,  
If what fortune grants don't come up to your wants.  
Why bring down your wants to your means.

Chorus.

Then think of my song as you journey along  
Through life with its changeable scenes;  
If your wants be too high for your means to supply,  
Why bring down your wants to your menus.

How often we see the gay man of the world,  
With money and plenty to spare,  
Did he use it aright? but he puts it to flight.  
And seems though as short of his share.  
He oft pays a dollar to borrow a half,  
His folly he carefully screens  
As he parts with his wealth, losing station and health,  
His wants overrunning his means'. -Chorus.

The rough-handed ploughman's up early and late.  
His days with hard toil are beset;  
If he's scanty of clothes, it's for nothing he owes-  
He's happier than those who're in debt.  
Yet homely and rough, he is happy withal,  
Though little from earning he gleans.  
Yet he never need run from sheriff or dun.  
For he measures his wants with his means. -Chorus.

Now you who have little and you who hove much,  
Enjoy what you have in content;  
Don't squander your store, for your health's getting wore,  
Live right and you'll never repent.  
This world is a garden of pleasure well filled,  
Tho' sorrow sometimes intervenes.  
Yet troubles will fly like the clouds drifting by,  
If you measure your wants by your menus. -Chorus.