

The Difference Between Rich And Poor - song lyrics

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The Difference between Rich and Poor.
Copyright. 1894. by Frank Harding.
Written and Composed by Arthur West
Arranged by Wm. Loraine.

Many people love the study of their fellow folk mankind,
From the highest to the lowest, splendid studies you can find;
Though they're all in this great city, city of a million souls,
They're as widely separated as the North and Southern poles.
See inside an uptown ballroom-she is dressed in raiment dear,
Her affianced husband near her, they're to married he this year;
'Tis a match that's made for money, love can fly out through the door.
See inside another ballroom, 'mongst the lowly And the poor.

Chorus.
"Oh, Liza, you know that I love you:
I don't like you dancing with that other bloke;
Dear Liza, you'll marry me, won't you?
I'll give up to you my whole boodle, no joke.
Nobody loves you like I do.
That is the truth cert' and sure.
Bet yer life, Liza, it's true, old girl."
That's the difference between rich and poor.

When the lights are brightly burning see the brilliant music hall,
With his "pals" you'll see the swell inside his cosy box or stall;
Lazily he'll "quiz" the singers with an eyeglass in his eye,
Nothing seems to interest him, thus an hour or so goes by.
"Waiter, bring some more champagne here!" "Keep the change."
"Ah. Thanks me lord."
"Charley, that's a fine girl singing." "Yes, but hang it, don't applaud;
Bad form: don't you know, old fellow, they will think you know her, pshaw!"
That's the style in swell society-watch the style where they are poor.

Chorus.
"Come, Liza, they've got a surpriser,
Down at the vari'ty, a corking fine show,
Singing, dancing, magic und tumbling."
Liza puts on her best clothes and off they go.
Liza and Bob chase the growler,
Ten cents to All it, no more;
I A sandwich with beer their banquet is,
That's the difference between rich And poor.

In the early hours of morning see the gay swell in club land.
"Here's a telegram for you, sir." "Thank you, John. I understand.
What, my wife has died one-forty? Hang it, all a perfect bore,
Spoiled this splendid game of Euchre-gentlemen, I play no more."
"What's the matter? Fam'ly troubles-that damnation kind of thing?"
"Telegram says wife is dead, I must for form sake say ting, ting."
It breaks his heart to leave the cards and pay respect to his dead wife,
Whilst in a garret on the east side slowly ebbs poor Liza's life.

Chorus.
The poor *coster now knows that he's lost a good mate,
That he loved with his poor, honest heart;
He stands sighing beside of the dying,
He knows in his rough way they'll soon have to part.
Liza, old girl, I'm here near you,
Six nights he's not slept, I'm sure:
Right to the last he stands at his post.
That's the difference between rich and poor.

*Coster meaning huckster or peddler.