

Better Than Gold - song lyrics

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BETTER THAN GOLD.

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Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men,
You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them,
When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Come, let's have a story, boys,
Something that will help to pass the time away."
"I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright knight of the grip,
"Let us have three wishes, something good and true;
We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here"-
Then they listened to a wish that's always new:

Chorus.

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,
Just to hear her sing the same old melody,
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy,
Just to kiss her lips again,
Just to have her fondle me with tender care,
Just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair,
There is no wish in this world that can compare,
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers, not a sound that moment heard,
While their tears were slowly falling, there was no man spoke a word,
For the memories of their childhood days had touched their dear kind hearts,
When, as children, they had played at mother's knee.
Then at last the spell was broken by another traveling man,
"Your attention for a moment I do crave;
I will tell you of one precious thing, so dear to one and all,
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave:

Chorus.

Just enough of gold to keep me all my days,
Just enough with which some starving soul to save,
Just enough I wish to help me on my way,
Just enough to happy be,
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again,
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain,
You may wish for many things, but all in vain,
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor, passing through the train, stopped in the smoking-car;
He had grown quite interested in the stories told so far-
"Please excuse my interruption, but I listened with delight
To your wishes, both of them so good And true;
Yet there is a wish that's dearer, better far than glittering gold,
Though a simple one perhaps you all will say,
'Tis a longing that is in my heart each moment of my life,
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way:

Chorus.

Just to open wide my little cottage door,
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor,
Just to feel that I have something to adore,
Just to be at home again,
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear,
Just to know my darling wife is standing near;
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,
But I'll take my baby, wife and home."