

All That Glitters Is Not Gold - song lyrics

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

All that Glitters Is Not Gold.

In this world of care And trouble.
Where men toil with hand and brain,
Seeking fame-that airy bubble-
And not always seek in vain;
Though the path be strewn with flowers,
And the laurel bind his brow.
All his friends admire his powers,
He can do without them now.
Still he's wasted, worn and weary,
And he finds he's growing old;
Remember thou the sage's adage-
"All that glitters Is not gold."

See the warrior, brave in action,
Ever ready for the fray,
Sternly, nobly scorns all faction,
And to freedom fights his way;
How he bears with cold and hunger-
Houseless, homeless 'neath the sky;
He must march a little longer,
'Till he hears the battle-cry-
Then his soul is filled with glory,
Tho' his friends lie stark And cold;
Thus ends many a hero's story -
"All that glitters is not gold."

See the great and mighty noble,
Rolling in his coach of state;
Surely he has ne'er known trouble,
His seems such a happy fate;
He has heaps of land and money.
Lovely wife, And children fair;
What a grand ancestral dwelling!
Surely he has not a care;
Ask his friends-and he will mutter:
By his bankers he's been sold;
This will prove the truth I utter-
"All that glitters is not gold."