

Love's Millionaire - song lyrics

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LOVE'S MILLIONAIRE.

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Words and Music by Count de Gloria, Op. no.

I say the world is lonely, the heart at home is cold,
And sad is life to child and wife when life hath little gold;
But soft her arms steal round my neck, my comforter so dear,
And how much do you love me! and her sweet voice answers clear:

Chorus.

I love you, I love you, a hundred million, there!

And then I'm poor no more, no more, for I'm Love's Millionaire!

The sweeter seems the breaking of poverty's sad bread,
And roses bloom from out the gloom, and crown her curly head;
And if sometimes a thankful tear my dreaming eyes will fill,
Her soft arms steal around me And her sweet voice answers clear:
- Chorus.