

# All For The Love Of Gold - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF GOLD.

Copyright. 1895, by Spaulding & Gray.

Words by Joe Flynn. Music by Chas. T. Gordon.

How many times you oft will read of men gone wrong for gold,  
And through their love of money they will wander from the fold.  
The cashier in the bank will steal, then gamble ev'ry way,  
In hopes to win enough to place the shortage back some day.  
Coolly, calmly shuffling up the cards, yet all the while  
Praying earnestly that he will win the glitt'ring pile:  
The card is turned, he's lost again, his crime will now be told-  
A flash, a shot, his life is o'er, all for the love of gold.

Chorus.

All for the love of gold, it's true, the cup of woe's been tasted;  
All for the selfish greed of wealth there's many a life been wasted.  
Money's the cause of misery, of many a crime untold;  
Many a trusting heart's betrayed, all for the love of gold.

The wedding bells are pealing, as they've often done before;  
The bride is only twenty and the groom is just three score.  
He leads her proudly down the aisle, her face is calm and cold;  
She gives her youth and beauty to the old man for his gold.  
Cool and calculating woman, girl without a heart,  
Caring not for the lad so true, with whom she'll have to part;  
She casts aside the honest love, above all wealth untold,  
And sells her soul to a rich old fool, all for the love of gold.- Chorus.

Down in a squalid hovel low there stands an iron chest,  
The miser lifts his treasure out and bugs it to his breast;  
He counts it over many times, then kisses it and smiles,  
He'd give his soul if that would add one shilling to his pile.  
Shiv'ring, shaking, trembling wretch, he lives in abject fear,  
Cold and hungry, starving quite, and cash in plenty near;  
He feasts his eye upon his hoard and clinks his coin so old;  
He dies alone amid his wealth, all for the love of gold.--Chorus.