## GOLD, GOLD, GOLD!

ALL QUENTS ALL PARTE A LINE STO HALL

ALCOHOMIC TO DET HE BARKTY



Gold Gold Gold Hove to hear it jingle.
Gold Gold, Gold, its power is untold.
We men strive bard to store it and somen shell adore it.
The best friend that a man can have is fight Gold Gold.

WRITTEN & COMPOSED

G. W. HUNT,

GEORGE LEYBOURNE.

LONDON:

Price 3/-

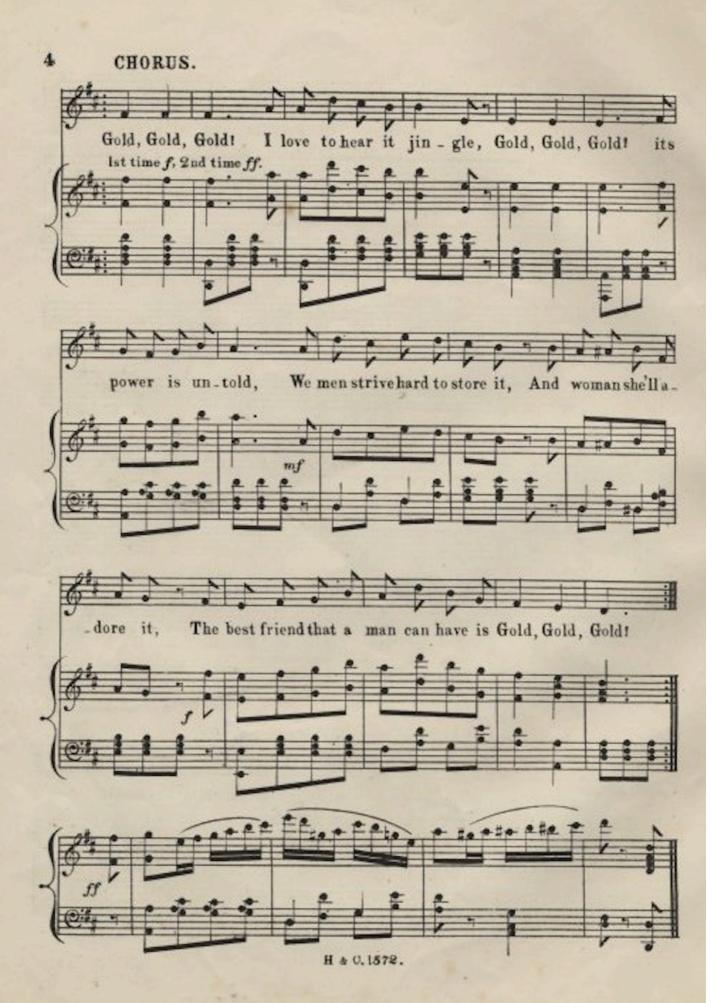
## GOLD, GOLD, GOLD.

Written and Composed

by G. W. HUNT.







We oft rend of the power
Of Princes, and of Kings,
Who stripp'd of all their grandenr,
Are but poor mortal things;
But there's a power stronger,
Which lasts for time unteld,
To which all men must bow, and that's
The bright, bright gold!
CHORUS.

Gold, Gold! I love to hear it jingle,
Gold, Gold! its power is unto'd,
We men strive hard to store it,
And woman she'll adore it,
The best friend that a man can have, is Gold, Gold! Gold!

2

The man that's minus money,
The world will call a flat!
And pass him by, but if he's rich,
Will gaily raise its hat;
It sneers at the unlucky,
But smiles on he who wins,
And gold will gloss and cover,
Quite a multitude of sins.
(Chorus.) \_\_ Gold, Gold, Gold! &c.

3

The maid both plain and ancient,
Appears a perfect "sweet,"
If rich, her gold magnetic draws
"Fond" lovers to her feet;
Some say this Gold's a curse, and that
It causes strife and pride,
But we know it is a blessing,
When its properly applied.
(Chorus.)—Gold, Gold, Gold! &c.

1

Love and content in a cottage,
I've heard of, so have you,
But I fear that kind of bliss,
Is only experienced by few;
When trouble comes unto the door,
Love flies, or else grows cold,
And the only thing to warm it up,
Is Gold, Gold, Gold!
(Chorus.)— Gold, Gold! &c.