

Money, O!

Text by *William Henry Davies* (1871-1940) [Br]

Set by *Michael (Dewar) Head* (1900-1976) [Br], from *Songs of the Countryside*, #6

When **I** **had** **money,** **money,** **O!**
[ˌmɛn aːɪ hæd 'mʌn.i 'mʌn.i oːʊ]

I **knew** **no** **joy** **till** **I** **went** **poor;**
[aːɪ nju noːʊ dʒɔɪ tɪl aːɪ wɛnt puə]

For many a false man as a friend
Came knocking all day at my door.

Then felt I like a child that holds
A trumpet that he must not blow
Because a man is dead; I dared
Not speak to let this false world know.

Much have I thought of life, and seen
How poor men's hearts are ever light;
And how their wives do hum like bees
About their work from morn till night.

So, when I hear these poor ones laugh,
And see the rich ones coldly frown
Poor men, think I, need not go up
So much as rich men should come down.

When I had money, money, O!
My many friends proved all untrue;
But now I have no money, O!
My friends are real, though very few.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

