The Moneyless Man - song lyrics

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

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
Where the poor and wretched shall ask And receive?
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poo*
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man!

Go look in yon hall, where the chandeliers' light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy folds
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold;
A nd the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long lighted vistas, the wildering view:
Go there in your patches, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man!

Go look in yon church with the cloud-reaching spire.
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin!
Go down the long aisle-see the rich and the great
Jn the pomp And the pride of their worldly estate-
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man!

Go look to yon Judge in his dark-flowing gown.
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak And smiles on the strong,
And punishes right, while he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid
To render a*verdict they've already made-
Go there in the court room and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man!

Go look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter-ah! there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old, and your hairs turn gray.
And you'll find at the banks not one of the clan
AVith money to lend to a moneyless man!

Then go to your hovel-no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn, in your agony, upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find, at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man.