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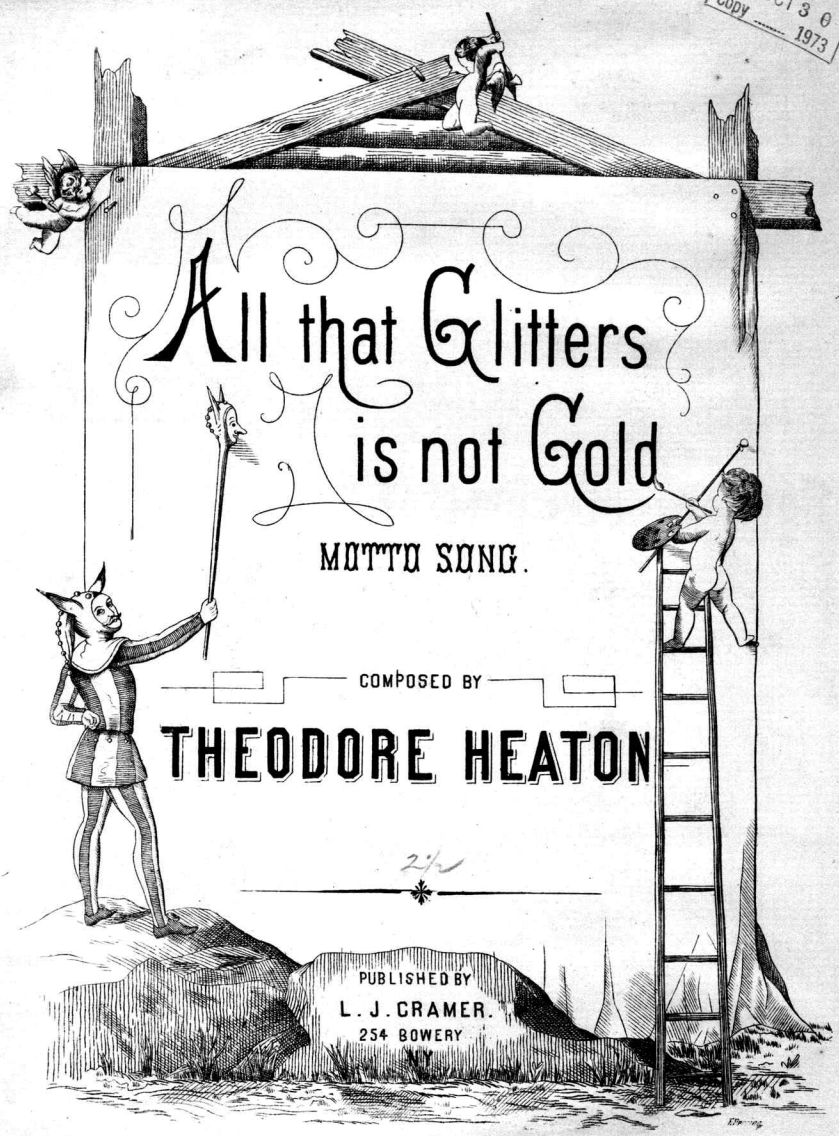
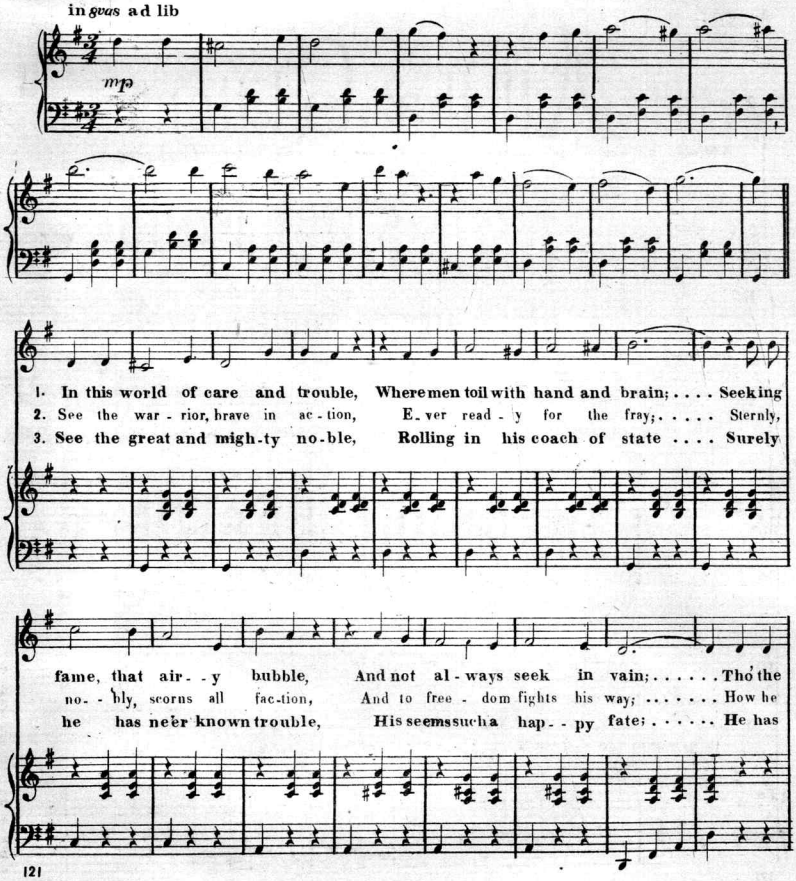
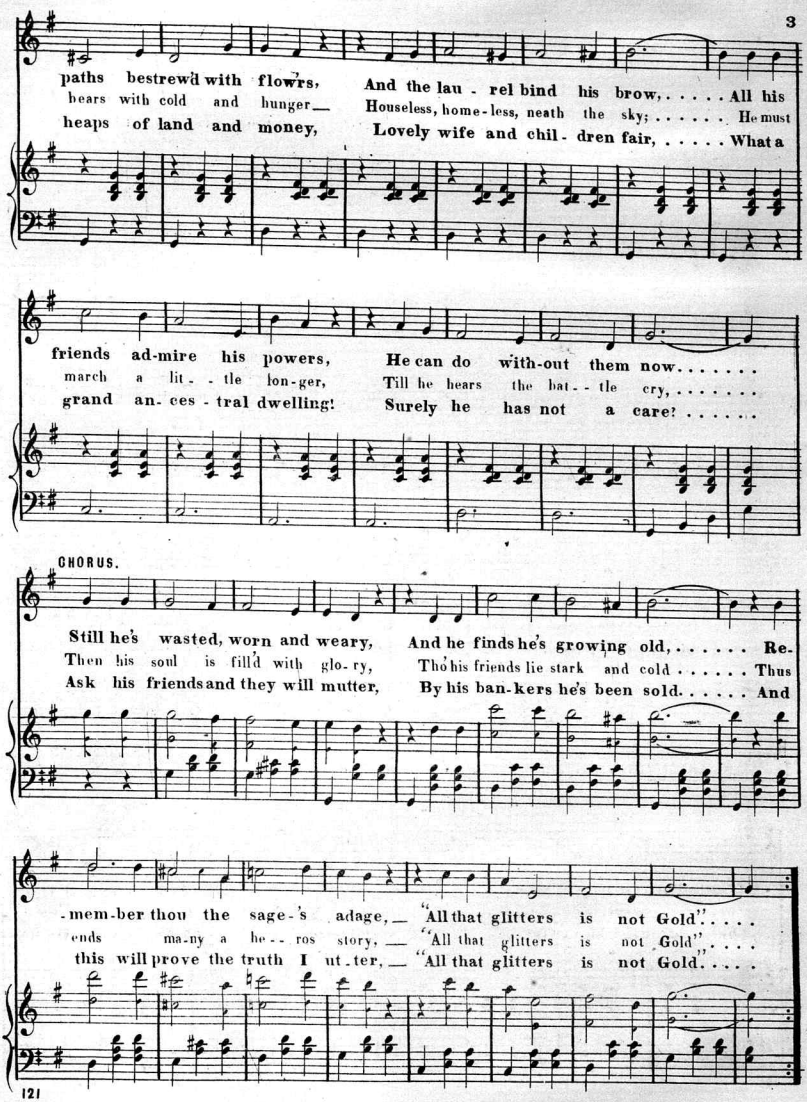


ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.

WORDS BY WELFORD VAWN. MUSIC BY THEODORE HEATON.




paths bestrewd with flowrs, And the lau - rel bind his brow, ... All his
bears with cold and hunger— Houseless, home-less, neath the sky; . . . . . He must
heaps of land and money, Lovely wife and chil - dren fair, ... What a
friends ad-mire his powers, He can do with-out them now. . . . . .
march a lit - - tle lon-ger, Till he hears the bat - - tle cry, ...
grand an- ces - tral dwelling! Surely he has not a care? . . . . . .
CHORUS.
Still he's wasted, worn and weary, And he finds he's growing old, ... Re-
Then his soul is fill'd with glo- ry, Tho' his friends lie stark and cold . . . . . Thus
Ask his friends and they will mutter, By his ban-kers he's been sold. . . . . And
-mem-ber thou the sage-'s adage,— "All that glitters is not Gold". . . . .
ends ma-ny a he- - ros story,— "All that glitters is not Gold". . . . .
this will prove the truth I ut-ter,— "All that glitters is not Gold. . . . .

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Edison Sheet Music

Item no.: **100005724**

Title: **All that glitters is not gold**

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