What Money Can't Buy.

Words by
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Music by
ARTHUR LANGE.

Piano.

Lento.

sitting in my home one eve, When bus-y toil was o'er, I
laid my pa-per down and strolled, Out in the bright lit street, And

scanned a pa-per filled with news And bar-gains by the score. It
'mid the throngs that passed me by, A friend I chanced to meet. "What
teemed with treasures wealth could own, Alluring to the eye. But is it, Jack? I asked of him; That money cannot buy?"

"As I mused I thought of things That money cannot buy. Woman's love!" he quickly cried; "Not that a lone" said I.

Chorus, tenderly.

The touch of a mother's gentle hand, The

voice of a father's kind command, The grasp of a

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friend, or a baby's smile, Or a happy conscience
all the while, A wife who clings when things go wrong And
smiles tho' her heart may cry; Or a true woman's honor, more
dear than life; Are the things no money can buy.