

ALL THAT'S GOLD

There's an old tree that stands in the meadow—
Branches are twisted and bent down with age,
But its blossoms bring the fragrance of Springtime
And its fruit is the sweetest you'll taste.

All that's gold does not glitter
Some riches may not gleam
Beauty sometimes eludes the eye of the beholder
Things aren't always as they seem

Silence is golden for listening,
True Friendship is treasure enough
Inner beauty can not be bought or sold
And nothing is worth more than love.

All that's gold does not glitter
Hidden fortunes don't even shine
Words of kindness and hope reward in precious memories
That And only grow richer with time

Repeat chorus

Tag: Oh, they only only grow richer with time