

Pity the boy who marries for money
Or wealth and position
Thinking his troubles will fade out of mind.
Pity the boy who marries for beauty
Only to find like a flower in the morning it withers and dies.

Better by far to marry for love,
Stay broke for the rest of your days
Than to settle down for the sake of
Ending your rambling ways
And they won't end
And thinking about them
Your time you will spend.

Pity the girl who marries for duty
Believing in time if she works at her heart
It will turn into love.
Pity the girl who marries for strength
And protection, she'll find
In the shade of a great tree nothing can grow.

Better by far to marry for love
And stay broke for the rest of your days
Than to settle down for the sake of
Ending the games you have played
They won't end
And thinking about them
Your time you will spend.

Bless the child that's born of a union
Grown out of love
He's richer by far, he's got more than enough
Bless the child who walks in that union
Grows in that love
His riches are more than the stars under heaven.