

NO

25 OCT 20

# PRAIRIE FLOWERS

Composed by

## J. P. WEBSTER.

N<sup>o</sup> 1. OH! THAT I WERE A MAN OF WEALTH  
" 2.  
" 3.  
" 4.  
" 5.  
" 6.



2½

N<sup>o</sup> 7.  
" 8.  
" 9.  
" 10.  
" 11.  
" 12.



Stockpole, So.

CHICAGO.

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*Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1891, by Higgins, Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern District of Illinois.*

# OH! THAT I WERE A MAN OF WEALTH.

Poetry by EDWIN BURCESS.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

2. Oh!

1. Oh!

that I were a man of wealth to purchase cheap renown, Think

that I were a man of wealth to visit with the swells; In

then, with how much consequence, I'd strut a-bout the town, I'd

win-ter take the ladies out in cutters deck'd with bells, In

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vi... sit the Ang... cha... nie shops where poor men dai... ly toil, 3

summer in my car... riage ride and flaunt it with the gals, Then.

ride to see the far... mer's men, who, sweat... ing till the soil,

frag of all the fun I'd had in se... cret with my palls.

### CHORUS.

*Soprano.* Talk not of health and mor... al wealth and nev... er dy... ing fame, 'Tis

*Alto.* 2. I'd reap the fruits, ye toil... ing brutes, of eve... ry nee... dy slave, For

*Tenor.* Talk not of health and mor... al wealth and nev... er dy... ing fame, 'Tis

*Bass.*

**PIANO.**

Con that I were a man of wealth.

but the shade of hap - pi - ness, the ech - o of a name, For the

I would be a man of wealth and not a schem - ing knave, For the

but the shade of hap - pi - ness, the ech - o of a name, For the

glo - ry which the mil - lions crave In every age and clime, Is

glo - ry which the mil - lions crave In every age and clime, Is

glo - ry which the mil - lions crave In every age and clime, Is

Oh! that I were a man of wealth.

but to live on oth...ers toil and bow at mammon's shrine.

but to live on oth...ers toil and bow at mam-mon's shrine.

but to live on oth...ers toil and bow at mammon's shrine.

3  
 I'd be well dressed, live on the best, but never soil my hand,  
 I'd own, but not to cultivate, a vast amount of land;  
 Gallant a bit, and be a wit, to all the married ladies,  
 Get introduced to their young friends, by praising up their babies;  
 I'd do the thing genteely up, talk nonsense soft and fine,  
 Like a larking, sparking man of wealth, a beau of modern time.  
 For the glory &c.

4  
 When older grown, I'd settle down, and wed for love or pelf,  
 For age will creep upon us all, just like a thief by stealth;  
 So then I'd talk philosophy and politics quite fine,  
 Elected to a Senator and lyonize my time:  
 With governor, or president, each day I'd take my wine,  
 And brag of what I'd done in youth, when I am past my prime.  
 For the glory &c.

5  
 I'd ~~parties~~ give where'er I live, to all the rich and great;  
 To get my daughters married off, each to a good estate;  
 Sustain the aristocracy of title, wealth and fame,  
 While ~~people~~ are wealth worshipers, dishonest, proud and vain;  
 I'd own the weath I never earned of every age and clime,  
 And live and die a man of wealth, a beau of modern time.  
 For the glory &c.

Oh! that I were a man of wealth.

Pearson, Engh.