

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

Words and Music by FRED. McAVOY.

Arr. by CHAS. L'ORAGE.

1. Now we all do our best in this world to get on, While some think they're
 2. Now in lands far a-way, I've heard peo-ple say, That dia-monds like
 3. Now in roam-ing a-round, there can nev-er be found, The com-forts we

aw-ful-ly clev-er,..... If you heed what they say you may go the wro-
 stars can be found, And that dia-monds like stars are in the ground hid a-
 find when at home;..... Then why do we leave friends be-hind us to

way, Don't be led by your friends in the fu-ture..... Some say, go a-
 way, With thousands of searchers a-round..... If it's gold you would
 grieve, And wan-der a-way all a-lone?..... My ad-vice now to

-broad, and a for-tune you'll make, While oth-ers have roam'd to their loss, So you
 seek, you must first per-so-vere, For the o-cean's a wide one to cross, So you
 you, and be-lieve me, 'tis true, If you wan-der, 'twill be at your loss, So

may just as well now re-main where you are, For a roll-ing stone gath-ers no moss.....
 may just as well now re-main where you are, For a roll-ing stone gath-ers no moss.....
 mind what I say, stay at home don't go 'way, For a roll-ing stone gath-ers no moss.....