

## Pity The Boy

Ralph McTell

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.