Rich man, poor man—which will you wed?
Which will you know?
Which will lay you down on his bed?

Rich man, poor man—which will you wed?
Which will you know?
Either way, get married tomorrow!

Somewhere there’s a kindly man
With a goodly soul
I refuse to think he’s like the other men
Though
Voices in my head
Voices in my bed
Voices in my head can’t quite trust a soul.

When the farmer down in the dell
takes him a wife
Do you hear the toll of the bell?

When the farmer down in the dell
takes him a wife
Children sing, “Run, run for your life!”

This day rushes like a dream
To my marriage bed
I decide again he’s just the one for me
If
If I give and take
If I sew and bake
If I give and take and lay down the rule.

Rich man, poor man—which will you wed?
Which will you know?
Which will lay you down on his bed?

Rich man, poor man—which will you wed?
Fall like you’re dead
Last one down gets married tomorrow!

Someday in a golden field
Heaven’s golden field
I will run and play just like I used to do
Though
If the truth be told
If I be so bold
If the truth be told I feel like a fool.