

Down And Out And Far From Home

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The wind blows chilly, my bag is empty
The road runs narrow and it's full of holes
I've seen fine cities, and fields of plenty
But none so lovely as the ones at home

And home is far, far across the ocean
My house is nothing more, now, than a song
Oh, come kind brothers, and sing a song for me
It's been a long long time that I've been gone

I've traveled here and I traveled yonder
I've journeyed far and wide and up and down
But still the pathway is love to wander
Winds down the starry field to my hometown

My friends are far, far across the ocean
If they've forgotten me, It's only fair
Oh come, kind brothers, we'll send the dove to them
And we will drink good health to them and theirs

The wind blows chilly, my bag is empty
Though fortune smiled at me a time or so
There's no denying she's a fine lady
It's your own doing if you let her go

And free's the grass and sweet grows the jasmine
Though hard times often last a lengthy spell
The sky is light now, the morning's risen
Oh, come, kind brothers, now, bid me farewell
Oh, come, kind brothers, now, bid me farewell