

## 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