

I. NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT

*Jimmy Cox*

Once I lived the life of a millionaire  
Spent all my money, didn't have any care  
Took all my friends out for a mighty good time  
Bought them bootleg liquor, champagne and wine

Then I began to fall so low  
Lost all my good friends, had no place to go  
And if I get my hands on that old dollar again  
I'm gonna hang on to it till that old eagle grins

'Cause, nobody knows you  
When you're down and out  
In your pocket, there's not one penny  
And as for friends, you find you haven't got any

When you get back on your feet again  
Everybody wants to be your old long-lost friend  
I'll tell you straight now, without a doubt  
Nobody knows you when you're down and out



2. PASTURES OF PLENTY / CHARLIE'S DOG

*Woody Guthrie / Dan Wall*

It's always we ramble, this river and I  
Along your green valley, I'll work till I die  
I'll travel this road until death stares at me  
Cause pastures of plenty must always be free

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground  
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down  
Every state in the Union us migrants have been  
Cause we come with the dust and we go with the wind

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops  
Then its North up to Oregon to gather your hops  
Dig beets from your ground, cut grapes from your vine  
To set on your table your light sparkling wine

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed  
My poor feet have traveled a hot dusty road  
Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled  
Through your deserts so hot and your mountains so cold

I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes  
I slept on the ground in the light of the moon  
On the edge of your city you'll see us and then  
We come with the dust and we go with the wind

3. ALWAYS LIFT HIM UP AND NEVER KNOCK HIM DOWN

*Alfred Reed*

When a man has got the blues and feels discouraged  
And has nothing else but trouble all his life  
Well he's just an honest man like any other  
Living in a world that's tearing at his mind

If she's sick and tired of life and takes to drinking  
Do not pass her by don't greet her with a frown  
Do not fail to lend your hand and try to help her  
Always lift her up and never knock him down

If he stays out late at night and causes trouble  
or because his home is not what it should be  
Have a smile for him wherever you might meet him  
It will help him find the right way don't you see

If she gambles when she's in the town or city  
Tell her what she ought to do to win the crown  
Do not fail to lend your hand to show her mercy  
Always lift her up and never knock him down  
Always lift him up and never knock him down

If he has no friends and everything's against him  
If he's failed in everything that he has tried  
Try to lift his load and help him bear his burden  
Let him know that you are walking by his side

If he feels that all is lost and he has fallen  
Help to place this poor man's feet on solid ground  
Just remember she's somebody's precious daughter  
Always lift her up and never knock her down  
Always lift her up and never knock her down  
Always lift him up and never knock him down

#### 4. ST. JAMES INFIRMARY BLUES



*Traditional*

It was down in Old Joe's barroom  
On the corner by the square  
Drinks were being served as usual  
and a goodly crowd was there

When up stepped big ol' Joe McKinney  
His eyes were bloodshot red  
He poured himself a bit more whiskey  
And these were the words that he said:

I went down to St. James Infirmary  
I saw my baby there  
She was laid out on an old long table  
So sweet, so pale, so fair

Let her go, let her go, God bless her  
Wherever she may be  
You may search this old wide world over  
you'll never find a sweeter man like me, no no

Oh, when I die, I want you to bury me  
In a box, black coat and a Stetson hat  
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain  
So them boys know that I died standin' pat

There are seventeen coal black horses  
Their hitched to a rubber tired hack  
There are seven women going to that graveyard  
and only six of them are coming back

Get six gamblers to carry my coffin  
Seven women to sing me a song  
Hitch a jazz band on my tailgate and  
Have um raise Hell as we roll along

I went down to St. James Infirmary  
I saw my baby there  
She was laid out on an old long table  
So sweet, so pale, so fair

Let her go, let her go, God bless her  
Wherever she may be  
You may search this old wide world over  
you'll never find a sweeter man like me

Now that you've heard my story  
Pour me another shot of booze  
And if anyone comes asking 'round 'bout me  
tell them I've got the St James Infirmary' blues

Let her go, let her go, God bless her  
Wherever she may be  
You may search this old wide world over  
you'll never find a sweeter man like me  
you'll never find a someone like me  
you'll never find a sweeter man like me

#### 5. GREY FUNNEL LINE

*Cyril Tawney*

Don't mind the rain or the roaring sea  
The weary night never worries me  
But the hardest time in a sailor's day  
Is to watch the sun as it dies away  
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

The finest ship that sails the sea  
Is still a prison for the likes of me  
But give me wings like Noah's dove  
I'll fly up harbour to the one I love  
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real  
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel  
And with all my heart I'd turn her round  
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound  
And it's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

I'll pass the time like some machine  
Until blue waters turn to green  
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore  
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more  
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more