

Jordan

I looked in the East, I looked in the West,
For For - - tune a chance to me ac - - cord - - in',
But For - tune is a blind god fly - in' in the clouds,
For - - get - tin' me on this ___ side o' Jor - don
Pull off you old coat, and roll up your sleeves,
Life is a hard road to tra - vel I be - lieves

I looked in the East, I looked in the West,
For Fortune a chance to me accordin',
But Fortune is a blind god flyin' in the clouds,
Forgettin' me on this side of Jordan.
Pull off your old coat, and roll up your sleeves,
Life is a hard road to travel I believes.

Thunder in the clouds, and lightening in the trees,
Shelter to my head no leaf affordin',
Battered by the hailstones, beaten by the breeze;
Th's my lot on this side o' Jordan.
Pull off your old coat, etc.

Silver spoons to some mouths, golden spoons to others,
Providence unequally awardin',
Dash it! - tho' they tells us all of us be brothers;
Don't see it clearly, this side of Jordan.
Pull off your old coat, etc.

Like a ragged owlet, with its wings expanded,
Nailed against a garden door or hoardin',
That am I, by good folk, as a rascal branded;
Never hurted none o' this side Jordan.
Pull off your old coat, etc.

Aloft a pretty cherub, patchin' up o' blunders,
My troubles and distresses is recordin',
Will there come a whirlabout? better times I wonders,
E'en to me, on t'other side o' Jordan?
Pull off your old coat, etc.