

Out Of Work - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

OUT OF WORK.

For hours along the crowded street,
With aimless steps I trod,
Without a home or hope in life,
With scarce a hope in God.
This cruel night is fitting close,
To such a crushing day,
The earth is, oh! so dreary cold,
And heaven so far away.

The friendless rouse no anxious thoughts,
The busy throng sweeps on,
I've strayed beyond the city's lights,
The twilight's gray has gone,
My useless arms have failed to win,
A crust, a place to stay;
Earth has no work, no room for me,
And heaven is far away.

Oh, great, wide world! oh, frowning sky!
So cheerless and so vast,
I dare your keen and cutting sleet,
Your piercing, bitter blast;
Rage, howl and lash this living spark,
From out the tortured clay,
That feels existence dark, all dark,
And heaven so far away.

How dark and black beside my feet
The sluggish river rolls,
It beckons as a demon might,
To lure unhappy souls.
Its slimy voice is whispering:
Here, rest in peace for aye.
Oh, God! the river is so near,
And heaven is so far away.