

Great Depression and New Deal Songs

Seven Cent Cotton And Forty Cent Meat

Seven cent cotton and forty cent meat
How in the world can a poor man eat
Flour up high and cotton down low
How in the world can we raise any dough
Clothes worn out, shoes urn down
Old slouch hat with a hole in the crown
Back nearly broken and fingers all sore
Cotton gone down to rise no more
Seven cent cotton and forty cent meat
How in the world can a poor man eat
Mules in the barn, no crops laid by
Corn crib empty and the cow's gone dry
Well water low, nearly out of sight
Can't take a bath on Saturdy night
No use talking, any man is beat
With seven cent cotton and forty cent meat
Seven cent cotton and eight dollar pants
Who in the world has got a chance
We can't buy clothes and we can't buy meat
Too much cotton and not enough to eat
Can't help each other, what shall we do
I can't explain it so it's up to you
Seven cent cotton and two dollar hose
Guess we'll have to do without any clothes
Seven cent cotton and forty cent meat
How in the world can a poor man eat
Poor getting poorer all around here
Kids coming regular every year
Fatter our hogs, take 'em to town
All we get is six cents a pound
Very next day we have to buy it back
Forty cents a pound in a paper sack.

Happy Days Are Here Again

So long sad times, Go long bad times
We are rid of you at last
Howdy gay times, Cloudy gray times
You are now a thing of the past
Happy days are here again
The skies above are clear again
So let's sing a song of cheer again
Happy days are here again.

Beans, Bacon, and Gravy

I was born long ago, in 1894, I've seen many a panic, I will hold. I've been hungry, I've been cold, And now I'm growing old, But the worst I've seen was 1931.

Chorus: Oh, those beans, bacon and gravy, They almost drive me crazy, I eat them till I see them in my dreams. When I wake up each morning, And another day is dawning, I know I'll have another mess of beans.

We congregate each morning in the county barn at dawning, And everyone is happy, so it seems. But when our work is done, we file in one by one, And thank the Lord for one more mess of beans.

We have Hooverized on butter, for milk we've only water, And I haven't seen a steak in many a day. For pies and cakes and jellies we substitute sow bellies, For which we work the county road each day.

Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues

Old man Sargent sitting at the desk,
The damned old fool won't give us no rest.
He'd take the nickels off a dead man's eyes,
To buy a Coca-cola and a Pomo Pie.

I've got the blues, I've got the blues, I've got the Winnsboro Cotton Mill blues, Lordy, lordy, spoolin's hard, You know and I know, I don't have to tell: Work for Tom Watson, got to work like hell. I've got the blues, I've got the blues, I've got the Winnsboro Cotton Mill blues.

When I die, don't bury me at all, Just hang me up on the spoolroom wall. Place a knotter in my hand, So I can spool in the Promised Land. When I die, don't bury me deep, Bury me down on 600 Street, Place a bobbin in each hand, So I can dolph in the Promised Land,