THE HARD TIMES OF OLD ENGLAND

Come all brother tradesmen that travel alone,
O, pray come and tell me where the trade is all gone,
Long time I have travelled but cannot find none,
And it’s O, the hard times of old England,
In old England very hard times.

Provisions you buy at the shop it is true,
But if you’ve no money, there’s none there for you,
So what’s a poor man and his family to do?
And it’s…….

If you go to a shop and you ask for a job,
They will answer you back with a shake and a nod.
That’s enough to make a man turn out and rob,
And it’s……

You will see the poor tradesmen a-walking the street,
From morning to night for employment to seek,
And scarcely they have any shoes to their feet.
And it’s….

Our soldiers and sailors have just come from war,
Been fighting for their King and their country for sure,
Come home to be starved, better stayed where they were.
And it’s…

So now to conclude and to finish my song,
Let us hope that these hard times they will not last long,
And I may soon have occasion to alter my song,
And sing O, the good times of old England,
In old England very good times.