Hard Times of Old England (Remastered Version)

Steeleye Span

Come all brother, tradesmen that travel along
O pray, come and tell me where the trade is all gone
Long time have I traveled and I cannot find noneAnd sing all the hard times of old England
In old England, very hard timesProvisions 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 sing all the hard times of old England
In old England, very hard timesYou must go to the shop and you'll ask for a job
They'll answer you there with a shake and a nod
Well, that's enough to make a man turn out and robAnd sing all the hard times of old England
In old England, very hard timesYou will see the poor tradesmen a-walkin' the street
From morning to night for employment to seek
And scarce have they got any shoes to their feetAnd sing all the hard times of old England
In old England, very hard timesOur soldiers and sailors have just come from war
They been fighting for Queen and country this year
They come home to be starved, better stay where they wereAnd sing all the hard times of old England
In old England, very hard timesAnd now to conclude and to finish my song
Let us hope that these hard times, they will not last long
I hope soon to have occasion to alter my songAnd sing all the hard times of old England
In old England, jolly good times
And it's all the good times of old England
In old England, jolly good timesAnd it's all the good times of old England
In old England, jolly good times

Songwriters
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