Hard Times Of Old England

Steeleye Span

Come all brother tradesment that travel along
O pray, come and tell me where the trade is all gone
Long time have I travelled, and I cannot find none
Chorus
And sing all 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?
Chorus
You must go to the shop and you'll ask for a job
They'll answer you there with a shake and a nod
And that's enough to make a man turn out and rob
Chorus
You will see the poor tradesmen a-walkin's the street
From morning to night for employment to seek
And scarce have they got any shoes to their feet
Chorus
Our soldiers and sailors have just come from war
Been fighting for Queen and country this year
Come home to be starved, better stayed where they were
Chorus
And now to conclude and to finish my song
Let us hope that these hard times will not last long
I hope soon to have occasion to alter my song, and sing
Oh, the good times of old England
In old England, jolly good times!

Songwriters
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