

Hard Times Of Old England

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 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

HART, TIM / JOHNSON, ROBERT / KEMP, RICK / KNIGHT, PETER / PEGRUM, NIGEL / PRIOR,
MADDYPublished by

Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>