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# HARD TIMES OF OLD ENGLAND

Come all brother tradesmen that travel a-long, I  
 pray, can you say where the trade has all gone long time have I  
 travelled, but cannot find none and its Oh! the hard times of old  
 England In old England very hard times!

Come, all brother tradesmen, that travels along,  
 I pray, can you say where the trade has all gone?  
 Long time have I travelled, but cannot find none,  
 And its Oh, the hard times of Old England,  
 In Old England very hard times!

Provisions you buy in the shops it is true,  
 But if you've no money, there's nothing for you;  
 So what's a poor man and his family to do?  
 And its Oh, the hard times of Old England,  
 In Old England very hard times

And you go to a shop and you ask for a job,  
 They will answer you back with a shake and a nod,  
 Its enough for to make a man turn out and rob,  
 And its Oh, the hard times of Old England,  
 In old England very hard times.

You can see the poor tradesmen a- trudging the streets  
 From morning to night, employment to seek;  
 And scarce have they got any shoes to their feet,  
 And its Oh, the hard times of Old England,  
 In Old England very hard times.

Our soldiers and sailors are just come from war,  
 Been fighting for queen and for country, 'tis sure,  
 Come home to be starved, better stay where they are,  
 And its Oh, the hard times of Old England,  
 In Old England very hard times.

But now to conclude, and to finish my song,  
 Let us hope that these hard times they will not last long,  
 I hope to have occasion to alter my song,  
 And sing Oh, The GOOD times of Old England,  
 In Old England jolly good times!