

# 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

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?

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

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

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

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!