

Steeleye Span "Hard Times Of Old England"

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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 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?

And sing all the hard times of old England
In old England, very hard times

You 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 rob

And sing all the hard times of old England
In old England, very hard times

You 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 feet

And sing all the hard times of old England
In old England, very hard times

Our 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
were

And sing all the hard times of old England
In old England, very hard times

And 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 song

And 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 times

And it's all the good times of old England
In old England, jolly good times

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