

Vennaskond, The Hard Times Of Old England

Come all brother tradesmen who travel along,
I pray, come and tell me where the trade is all gone;
Long time have I travelled, and I cannot find none.

And it's oh, 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 is a poor man, and his family to do?

And it's oh, the hard times of old England In old England very hard times!

You will go to the shop where you'll ask for a job,
They'll answer you there with a shake and a nod;
Well, that is enough to make a man turn and rob!

And it's oh, the hard times of old England In old England very hard times!

You will see the poor tradesmen a-walking the streets,
From morning to night their employment to seek;
And scarce do they have any shoes on their feet.

And it's oh, the hard times of old England In old England very hard times!

Our soldiers and sailors have just come from war,
And fighting for Queen and for Country this year;
Come home to be starved, should have stayed where they were.

And it's oh, 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: Oh, the good times of old England In old England, jolly good times!