

## Hard Times in Old England



Come all brother tradesmen that travel along;  
Oh, pray come and tell me where the trade is all gone.  
Long time I have travelled and cannot find none,  
And it's,

Chorus: 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's a poor man and his family to do?  
And it's,

[Chorus]

If you go to a shop and you ask for a job,  
They will answer you there with a shake and a nod;  
So, that's enough to make a man turn out and rob.  
And it's,

[Chorus]

You will see the poor tradesman a-walking the street  
From morning till night, for employment to seek,  
And scarcely they've got any shoes to their feet.  
And it's,

[Chorus]

Our soldiers and sailors have just come from war;  
Been fighting for their Queen and their country, 'tis sure  
Come home to be starved, better stayed where they were.  
And it's,

[Chorus]

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 it's,  
Oh, the good times of Old England,  
In Old En-ge-land jolly good times.

## Dirty Old Town



I met my love by the gas works wall  
Dreamed a dream by the old canal  
I kissed my girl by the factory wall  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

Clouds are drifting across the moon  
Cats are prowling on their beat  
Spring's a girl from the streets at night  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

I heard a siren from the docks  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

I'm gonna make me a good sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree  
Dirty old town  
Dirty old town

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