

August 2019

What's Old England come to?

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "What's Old England come to?" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1030.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1030

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



What's Old England come to ?

Tune.—“ Irish Stranger. ”

One cold winter's morning as the day was dawning
A voice came so hollow and shrill, (falling,
The cold winds did whistle, the snow fast was
As a stranger came over the hill.
The clothing he wore was tatter'd and torn,
He seem'd all despairing and wand'ring forlorn,
Lamenting for pleasures that ne'er will return,
Oh ! Old England, what have you come to ?

He said oh, I sigh for those hearts so undeserving,
On their own native land left to stray, (starving,
And in the midst of plenty some thousands are
Neither house, food, nor clothing have they.
I am surrounded by poverty & can't find a friend,
My cottage it is sold from me, my joys are at an end
So, like a pilgrim, my steps I onward bend,
Oh ! Old England, what have you come to ?

There once was a time I could find friends in plenty
To feed on my bounteous store,
But friends they are few now my portion is scanty,
But Providence may open her door.
It nearly breaks my heart when my cottage I behold
It is claim'd by a villain with plenty of gold,
And I passing by, and all shivering with cold,
Oh ! Old England, what have you come to ?

The Farmer and Comedian do daily assemble,
And do try their exertion and skill,
But alas ! after all, on this land they do tremble,
For all trades are near standing still. (call,
If the great god of war now should quickly on us
I would break my chains so galling and boldly face
a ball, (than all,
For to see my babies starving it grieves me worse
Oh ! Old England, what have you come to ?

There's Manchester and Birmingham, alas ! are fell
to ruin,
In fact all the country is at a stand,
Our shipping lays in harbour and is nothing doing,
While our tars are starving on the land.
'Twould break the hearts of monarch's bold, if they
could rise again, (brain,
To view our desolation, would near distract their
So pity a poor stranger, or death may ease my pain
Oh ! Old England, what have you come to ?

Swindells, Printer.