

# IN THE DAYS WHEN I WAS HARD UP.

In the days when I was hard up,  
Not many years ago,  
I suffered that which only can  
The sons of misery know;  
Relations, friends, companions,  
They all turned up their nose,  
And they rated me a vagabond  
For want of better clothes.

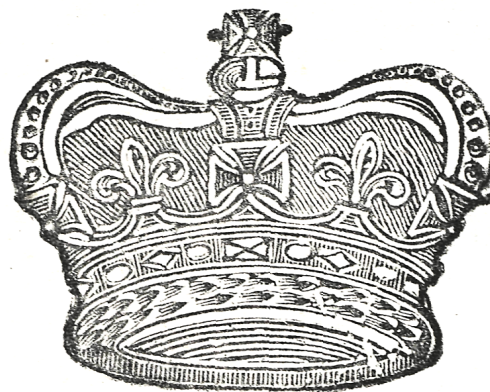
In the days when I was hard up  
For want of food and fire,  
I used to tie my shoes up  
With little bits of wire;  
When hungry, cold, cast on a rock,  
And could not get a meal,  
How oft I've beat the devil down  
For tempting me to steal.

In the days when I was hard up  
For furniture and drugs,  
Many a summer's night I've held  
Communion with the bugs;  
never faced them with a pike,  
Or smashed them on the wall,  
I said the world was wide enough,  
There's room enough for all.

In the days when I was hard up  
I used to lock my door,  
For fear the landlady should say  
You can't lodge here no more;  
From my own back drawing room,  
About ten feet by six,  
In the workhouse wall just opposite  
I've counted all the bricks.

In the days when I was hard up  
I bowed my spirits down,  
And often have I sought a friend  
To borrow half-a-crown;  
How many are there in this world  
Whose evils I can scan,  
The shabby suit of teggery,  
But cannot see the man.

In the days when I was hard up  
I found a blissful hope,  
It's all a poor man's heritage  
To keep him from the rope;  
Now I've found a good old maxim,  
And this shall be my plan,  
Altho' I wear a ragged coat,  
I'll wear it like a man.



## UP WITH THE STANDARD OF ENGLAND

Hark, where the Lion is roaring!  
List! list! 'tis the growl of the bear;  
Above the proud Eagle is soaring,  
The Crescent waves high in the hair:  
The steed with impatience is neighing,  
The flag of rude war is unfurled;  
The trumpet its wild note is braying,  
And threatens the peace of the world.

Then up with the standard of England,  
Our watchword alone be "Advance"  
Up! up with the standard of England!  
And raise the brave banner of France.

'Tis fearful that life should be wasted,  
'Tis dreadful that blood should be shed,  
That the horrors of war should be tasted,  
That ravens and wolves should be fed;  
All that honour permits has been borne,  
Every mild art of peace has been tried,  
Mediation been met with foul scorn,  
And now "war to the knife" must decide.  
Then up with the standard, &c.

Then onward by sea and by land,  
Since there's no other course to pursue;  
Let Old England and France hand in hand  
Show the world what combined they can do:  
Let scabbardless swords meet the light,  
Down, down with the tyrant the cry,  
Tis for honour and justice we fight,  
So forward to conquer or die!  
Then up with the standard, &c.

