In The Days When I Was Hard Up - song lyrics

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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 huugry, 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;
I 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 work-house 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 evil eye can scan
The shabby suit of toggery, 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.