Adieu to Old England



Once I could ride in my coach with horses to draw me along, but now I am stirrup and stirrup so strong and in irons and chains I am bound

(Chorus)

Here's adieu to Old England adieu, and adieu to some hundreds of pounds - if the world had been ended before I was born my troubles I never should know

Once I could eat of the best, the bestest of the brown bread, but now I am glad for the hard mouldy crust and glad I could get it to eat.

Once I could drink of the best, the bestest of ale so brown, but now I am glad of a cup of spring water that runneth from town to town.

Oh once I could lie on my bed; my bed was the softest of down, but now I am glad of a lock of chair straw to keep me up from the cold groun