IN THESE HARD TIMES

Written & Composed by R. P. WESTON & F. J. BARNES

Sung by WHIT CUNLIFFE

Allegro moderato

Doh = C

1. Things are bad, awful bad! in fact they've never been worse before, But every single chap-pie can make a girl- ie

2. Farmer Brown came to town; he spent the day at the cattle show, Then went to wet his whistle, inside the Hotel

3. Missis Green, rather mean, went out last Sat-ur-day marketing And saw out in the gutter, a cod-fish on a happy.

Food is dear, rent is dear, But love is cheap for the Cecil. Lady fair near him there Had all her neck and her shutter. She felt its gums, poked her thumbs All round the fish and she

time of year. So grab the nearest miss, And whisper while you kiss,

shoul-ders bare; Said Farmer Brown, "A-lack!" As he saw her dain-ty back, said "Oh, crumbs! It don't look nice at all!" Then the cos-ter had to bawl.

Copyright by Francis, Day & Hunter, Ltd., London.
"In these hard times, you've got to put up with any thing. In these hard times, you mustn't pick or choose."

if you're nice, and squeeze her tight, She'll ask you round tomorrow night. If you fancy kind o' dress ye wear Leaves all yer neck and shoulders bare, But you're cod-fish there's a sacrifice, And I ask yer ma'am, would you look nice. If don't mind sitting without a light In these hard times. In times. luck-y to be dress'd up to there In these hard toimes! In toimes! you'd ha' been tor- pe-dooed twice In these hard times! In times!