

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Teachers' Hard, Hard Times

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1. Come all you good people, I'll sing you a song  
About B.C. teachers, how they get along  
They teach all your children from five to eighteen  
The rich and the poor and the bored and the keen

Chorus

And it's hard, hard times

2. You start with a new bunch of kids in the fall  
You hope and you pray that your class will be small  
Twenty-five children is plenty for you  
And then there are cutbacks and you get forty-two
3. They're crammed in your class like sardines in a can  
You try to come up with a good seating plan  
But there's cursing and swearing and crawling the walls  
Till you wish you could throw them all out in the hall
4. You go to the stockroom to get some supplies  
You open the door and the tears fill your eyes  
The shelves are all empty, you'll just have to wait  
Though your textbooks are twenty-five years out of date
5. The lunch bell it rings and you're straight out the door  
You've run out of worksheets, you'll have to print more  
But the ditto is broken, and that ain't the worst  
For your coffee's stone cold and your bladder's near burst
6. The best thing to do is to fight with a will  
Together I know we can get rid of Bill  
Of Bill Vander Zalm and of bill 89 [pick a number!]  
And of Bill Bennett too, then we'll all be just fine

by Rika Ruebsaat, written for Cultural Workers Against the Budget  
for 1983 Solidarity campaign.

note: Back in the early 50's, there was (NYC Teacher's Union):

In a classroom, in a schoolhouse  
Excavating for a brain  
Stood a teacher, a pretty creature,  
With her children raising Cain.. RG

JB

oct96

