Hard Times (Come Again No More)

by Stephen Foster (1854)

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears, While we all sup sorrow with the poor; There's a song that will linger forever in our ears; Oh Hard times come again no more.

Chorus: Tis the song, the sigh of the weary, Hard Times, hard times, come again no more Many days you have lingered around my cabin door; Oh hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay, There are frail forms fainting at the door; Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say Oh hard times come again no more

(Chorus)

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away, With a worn heart whose better days are o'er: Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day, Oh hard times come again no more.

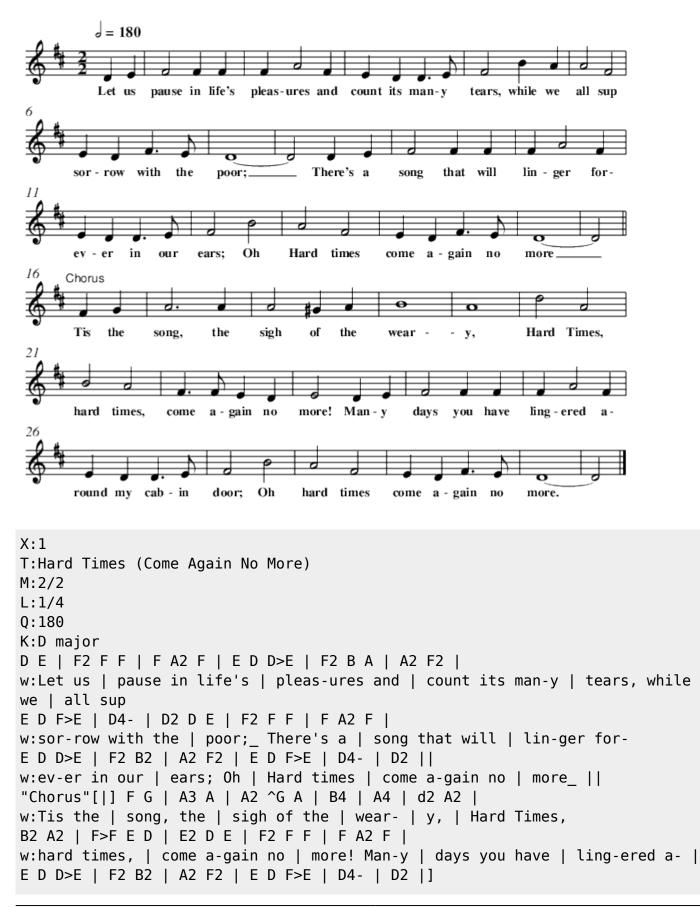
(Chorus)

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave, Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave Oh hard times come again no more.

(Chorus)

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w:round my cab-in | door; Oh | hard times | come a-gain no | more.*

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