

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE

STEPHEN FOSTER, 1855

LET US PAUSE IN LIFE'S PLEASURES AND COUNT ITS MANY TEARS WHILE WE ALL SUFFER WITH THE

4 POOR; THERE'S A SONG THAT WILL LINGER FOR EVER IN OUR EARS; OH!

7 HARD TIMES, COME AGAIN NO MORE. 'TIS THE SONG, THE SIGH OF THE WEAVER;

11 HARD TIMES, HARD TIMES, COME AGAIN NO MORE. MANY DAYS YOU HAVE LINGERED A -

14 ROUND MY CABIN DOOR, OH! HARD TIMES, COME AGAIN NO MORE. LET

**2. 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.**

**3. THERE'S A PALE DROOPING MAIDEN WHO TOILS HER LIFE AWAY
WITH A WORN HEART WHOSE BETTER DAYS ARE OVER;
THOUGH HER VOICE WOULD BE MERRY, 'TIS SIGHING ALL THE DAY
OH! HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.**

**4. '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.**