

**HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE**

BY STEPHEN FOSTER

1. 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.

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.

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HARD TIMES, HARD TIMES, COME AGAIN NO MORE  
MANY DAYS YOU HAVE LINGERED AROUND MY CABIN DOOR;  
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 O'ER:  
THOUGH HER VOICE WOULD BE MERRY, 'TIS SIGHING ALL THE DAY,  
OH HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

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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  
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