

Hard Times Come Again No More

Words & music:
Stephen Foster

D **A G D**
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears

G D A D
While we all sup sorrow with the poor

A G D
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears

G D A D
Oh, hard times come again no more

D G D
CHORUS: 'Tis the song, the sigh of the wear – y

G D A
Hard times, hard times, come again no more

D A G D
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door

G D A D
Oh, hard times come again no more

D A G D
While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay

G D A D
There are frail forms fainting at the door

A G D
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say:

G D A D
Oh, hard times come again no more

CHORUS

D A G D
There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away

G D A D
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er

A G D
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day

G D A D
Oh, hard times come again no more

CHORUS

D A G D
'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave

G D A D
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore

A G D
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave

G D A D
Oh, hard times come again no more

D G D
CHORUS: 'Tis the song, the sigh of the wear – y

G D A
Hard times, hard times, come again no more

D A G D
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door

G D A D
Oh, hard times come again no more

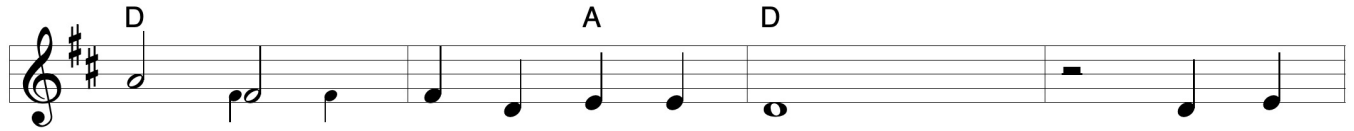
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Oh, hard times come again no more

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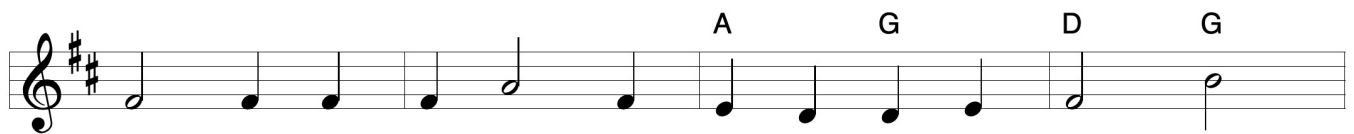
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1. Let us pause in life's plea - sures and count its man - y tears While we
2. While we seek mirth and beaut - y and mus - ic light and gay there are
3. There's a pale droop - ing maid - en who toils her life a - way with a
4. 'Tis a sigh that is waft - ed a - cross the troub - led wave 'Tis a



all sup sor - row with the poor There's a
frail forms faint - ing at the door Though their
worn heart whose bet - ter days are o'er Though her
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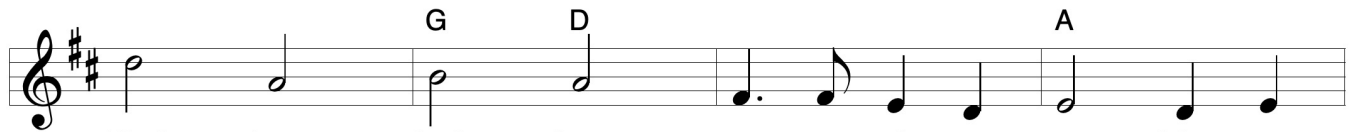
song that will lin - ger for - e - ver in our ears Oh,
voic - es are sil - ent their plead - ing looks will say
voice would be mer - ry, 'tis sigh - ing all the day
dirge that is mur - mered a - round the low - ly grave



hard times come a - gain no more **CHORUS:** 'Tis the



song, the sigh of the wea - ry



Hard times, hard times, come a - gain no more Man - y



days you have lin - gered a - round my cab - in door Oh,



hard times come a - gain no more.

arr. Peter McLaren