

# Hard Times Come Again No More

Stephen C. Foster

D A7 D G

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears While we  
While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay There are  
There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away With a  
It's a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave; It's a

3 D A7 D

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  
wail that is heard up - on the shore; It's a

5 A7 D G

song that will lin - ger for - ev - er in our ears; Oh!  
voice - s are si - lent, their plead - ing looks will say,  
voice would be mer - ry, it's sigh - ing all the day,  
dirge that is mur - mured a - round the low - ly grave;

7 D A7 D *chorus* G D

Hard times, come a - gain no more. It's the song, the sigh of the wear - y;

11 A7

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

13 D A7 D G

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

15 D A7 D

HARD TIMES COME A - GAIN NO MORE.