

Hard Times

Stephen Foster

**Let us pause in life's pleasures & count its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears
O, Hard Times, come again no more**

**'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
O, Hard Times, come again no more**

**There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er
Tho' her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
O, Hard Times, come again no more**

**"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,
O, Hard Times, come again no more**

**While we seek mirth & beauty & music bright & gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door
Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks still say,
O, Hard Times, come again no more**