Let us pause in life’s pleasures and count its many tears
While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay
There’s a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wave, a maid's tear, a sigh that is wafted
'Tis a wave, a maid's tear, a sigh that is wafted
All sup sorrow with the poor;
There’s a song that will linger for
Frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their
drawn heart whose better days are o'er;
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis
Wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured a

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-ever in our ears; Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.
pleading looks will say Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.
sighing all the day Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.
-round the lowly grave, Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Refrain
'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.

Mutopia-2003/12/16-371
'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.

Alternate Refrain

Mutopia-2003/12/16-371

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