Hard Times Come Again No More

Text by Stephen Collins Foster

Voice and Piano

Moderato

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
'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave, 'Tis a

all suppose sorrow with the poor; There’s a song that will linger for-
frail forms fainting at the door; Though their voices are silent, their
worn 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 mur-mured a-

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—ev — er in our ears; Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.
plead-ing looks will say Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.
sigh-ing all the day Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.
—round the low — ly grave, Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.

Refrain
'Tis the song, the sigh of the wear — y; 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.

1826-1864
"Tis the song, the sigh of the weary; Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more. Many

days you have lingered a round my cabin door; Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

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