Hard Times Come Again No More

Voice and Piano

Text by Stephen Collins Foster

STEVEN COLLINS FOSTER
1826-1864

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

all sup sor-row with the poor;
There's a song that will linger for-
frail forms faint-ing at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their
worn heart whose bet-ter days are o'er;
Though her voice would be mer-ry, 'tis
wail that is heard up-on 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.
Alternate 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.