# Hard Times

Stephen Foster (1826–1864)



1. Let us pause in life's plea-sures and count its ma-ny tears While we
2. While we seek mirth and beau-ty and mu-sic light and gay There are
3. There's a pale droop-ing maid-en who toils her life a-way, With a
4. 'Tis a sigh that is waft-ed a-cross the trou-bled wave, 'Tis a

all sup___ sor-row with the poor; There's a song that will lin-ger for-
frail forms___ faint-ing at the door: Though their voic-es are si-lent, 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-

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.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea-ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come a-gain no more: Ma-ny

days you have lin-gered a-round my cab-in door, Oh! Hard Times, come a-gain no more.