

# Hard Times

by Stephen Collins Foster (1855)

<sup>C</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>                    <sup>F</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>  
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,  
<sup>C</sup>           <sup>G</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>           <sup>C</sup>  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;  
<sup>C</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>                    <sup>F</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>  
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;  
<sup>C</sup>                    <sup>G</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>           <sup>C</sup>  
Oh Hard times come again no more.

<sup>C</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>                    <sup>F</sup>           <sup>C</sup>  
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,  
<sup>C</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>                    <sup>D</sup>                    <sup>G</sup>  
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more  
<sup>C</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>                    <sup>F</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>  
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;  
<sup>C</sup>                    <sup>G</sup>                    <sup>C</sup>           <sup>C</sup>  
Oh hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,  
There are frail forms fainting at the door;  
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say  
Oh 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:  
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,  
Oh 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,  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more