

Hard Times
Stephen C. Foster

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count it's many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears
O Hard Times, come again no more.

'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
O 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
O...

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave
Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
'Tis a direge that is murmured around the lowly grave,
O...

Though we seek mirth and beauty and music bright and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door

Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks still
say.

O...