

Hard Times

by Stephen Foster

[C]Let us pause in life's [C] pleasures and [F]count its many [C]tears
While we [C] all sup [G]sorrow with the [C]poor [C]
There's a [C]song that will [C] linger for[F]ever in our [C]ears
Oh[C] hard times [G]come again no [C]more[C]

Chorus:

]Tis the [C]song, the[C] sigh of the [F]wear[C]y
[C]Hard times, [C]hard times [D]come again no [G]more
Many [C]days you have [C]lingered all [F]around my cabin
[C]door
Oh[C] hard times [G]come again no [C]more[C]

While we seek mirth and beauty and music bright and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door
Though their voices are silent, there pleading looks still say
Ahh hard times come again no more

Chorus

There's a pale droopy maiden who toils her life away
With the worn heart whose better days are o'er
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day
Ahh hard times come again no more

Chorus