



Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its man - y tears, While we
While we seek mirth and beau - ty, and mu - sic light and gay, There are
There's a pale drooping maid - en who toils her life a - way, With a
'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 voi - ces 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!
sigh - ing all the day, Oh!
round the low - ly grave, Oh!

Chorus

'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. More '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.