

Hard Times Come Again No More

Stephen Foster, 1855

$\text{♩} = 100$ E_b B_b E_b A_b E_b B_b7

Let us pause in life's plea - sures and count its ma - ny tears While we all sup sor - row with the
 E_b E_b B_b E_b A_b E_b B_b7

poor; There's a song that will lin - ger for - ev - er in our ears; Oh! Hard Times, come ag - ain no
 E_b E_b $(E_b \text{dim})$ A_b E_b E_b (A_b)

more. 'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard Times, Hard Times,
 $F7$ B_b E_b

come a - - gain no more. Ma - ny days you have ling - ered a -
 B_b E_b A_b E_b B_b7 E_b

- round my ca - bin door Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.

2

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.

3

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.

4

'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.