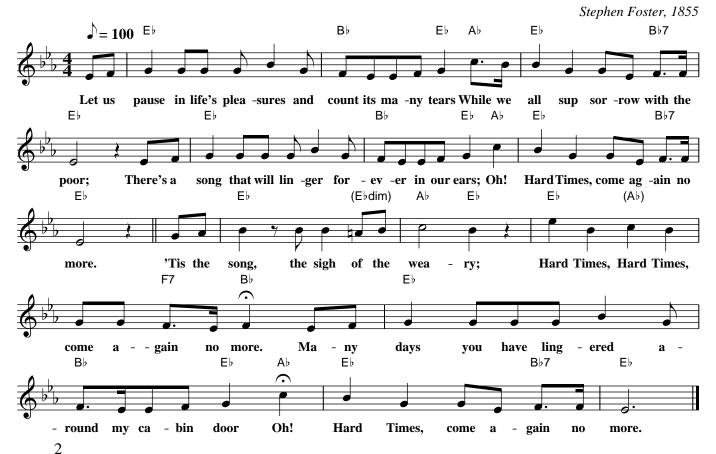
Hard Times Come Again No More



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.

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.