

D G D

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,

A A7 D

tis a wail that is heard upon the shore

G D

Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave;

G D A D

Oh, hard times come again no more.

D G D

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,

E7 A A7

hard times, hard times, come again no more

D G D

Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;

G D A D

Oh, hard times come again no more.

D G D G D A D

G D A D

Oh, hard times come again no more.

Oh, hard times come again no more. . . .

G D