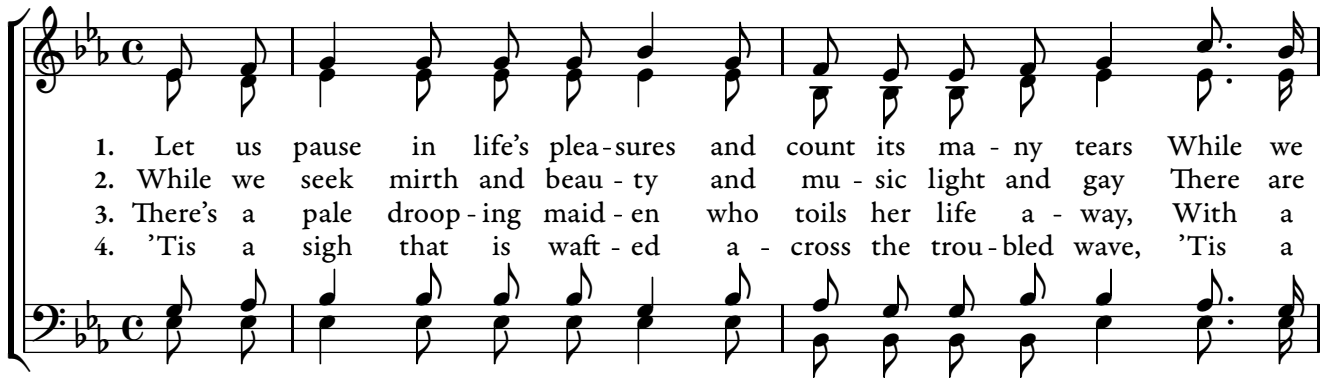
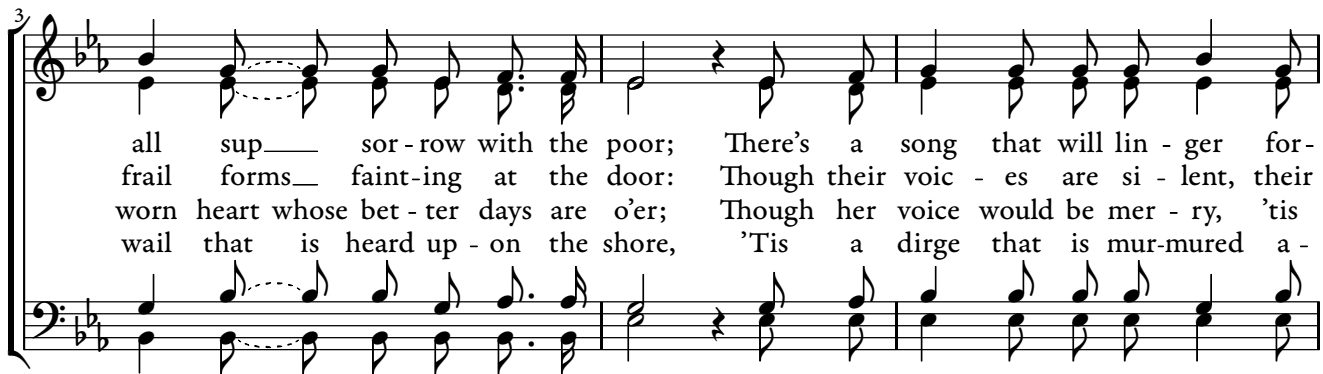


## HARD TIMES

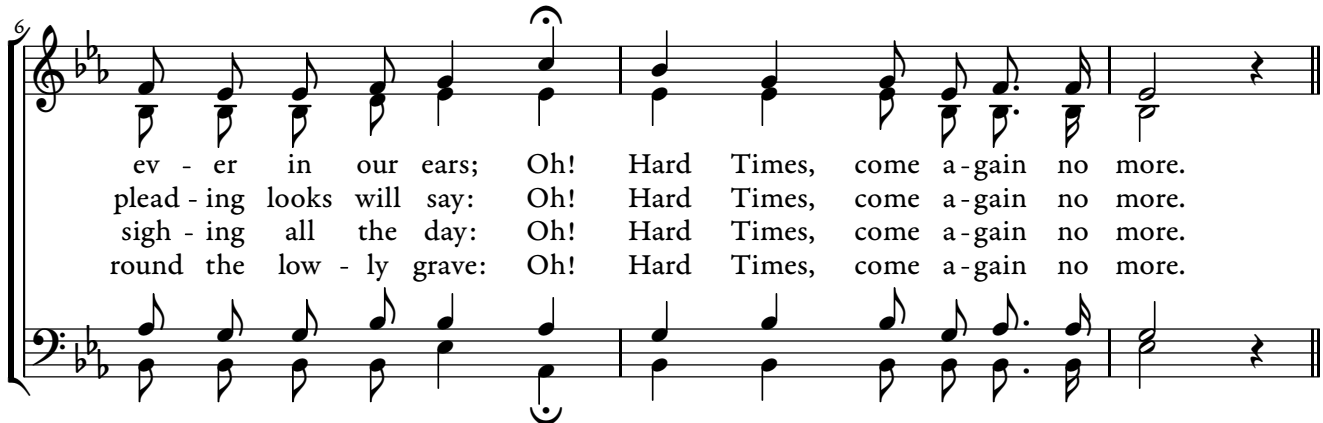
Stephen Foster (1826-1864)




1. Let us pause in life's plea-sures and count its ma - ny tears While we  
 2. While we seek mirth and beau - ty and mu - sic light and gay There are  
 3. There's a pale droop - ing maid - en who toils her life a - way, With a  
 4. 'Tis a sigh that is waft - ed a - cross the trou - bled wave, 'Tis a



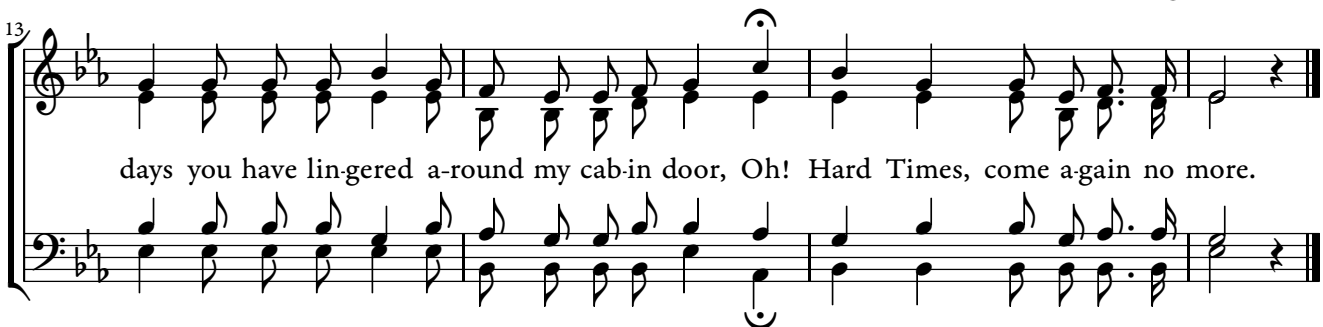
all sup - sor - row with the poor; There's a song that will lin - ger for -  
 frail forms - faint - ing at the door: Though their voic - es are si - lent, their  
 worn heart whose bet - ter days are o'er; Though her voice would be mer - ry, 'tis  
 wail that is heard up - on the shore, 'Tis a dirge that is mur - mured a -



ev - er in our ears; Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.  
 plead - ing looks will say: Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.  
 sigh - ing all the day: Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.  
 round the low - ly grave: Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.



'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come a - gain no more: Ma - ny



days you have lingered a - round my cab - in door, Oh! Hard Times, come a - gain no more.