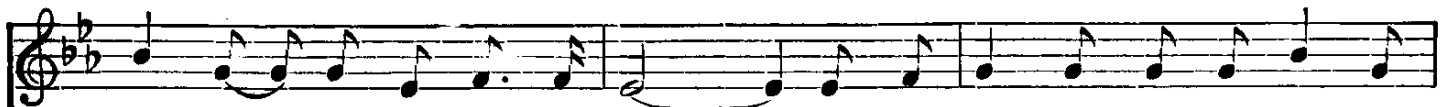


Hard Times Come Again No More

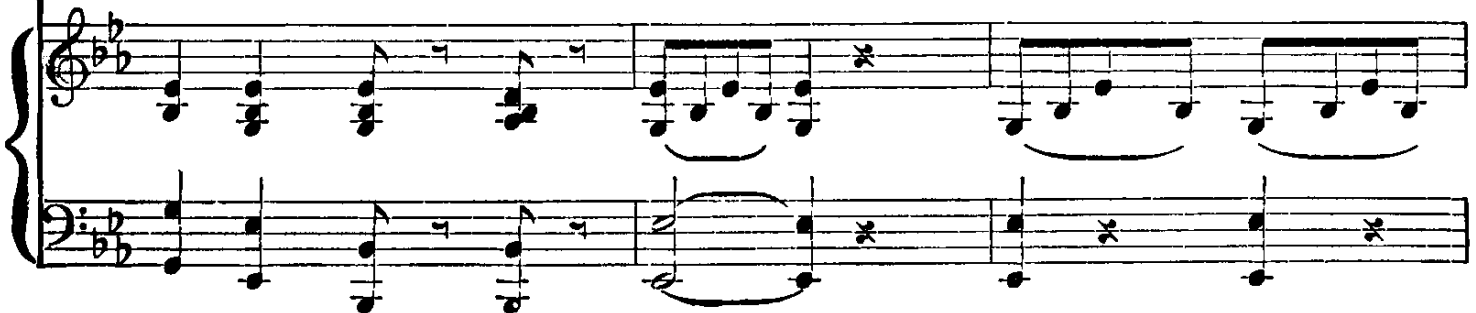
S. C. FOSTER



1. Let us pause in life's pleas-ures, 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. '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: . . Tho' their voi - ces are si - lent, their
 wail that is heard up - on the shore; . . 'Tis a dirge that is mur - mur'd 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." . . .
 round the low - ly grave, "Oh! Hard times, come a - gain no more." . . .



Hard Times Come Again No More

First, SOLO; then, CHORUS

mp

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, Hard times, hard times,

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, Hard times, hard times,

mp

mp

cres.

come a - gain no more; Ma - ny days you have lin - ger'd a -

come a - gain no more; Ma - ny days you have lin - ger'd a -

cres.

cres.

riten. dim.

round my cab - in door, Oh! Hard times come a - gain no more. . . .

round my cab - in door, Oh! Hard times come a - gain no more. . . .

riten. dim.

riten. dim.