

# Hard Times Come Again No More -- Stephen Foster 1854 (this version by Nanci Griffith)

D G D G D A D

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count it's many tears,

while we all sup sorrow with the poor

There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;

Oh, 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.

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,

hard times, hard times, come again no more

Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;

Oh, hard times come again no more.

D G D G D A D

There's a pale sorrow 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.

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,

hard times, hard times, come again no more

Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;

Oh, hard times come again no more.

D G D G D A D



