

Hard Times

CHORUS

D E G D
'Tis the song, the sigh of the wear-y,
E A
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
D G D
Many days you have lingered a-round my cabin door.
G D A A7 D
Oh hard times come again no more.

D A D
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
G D A A7 D
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
A D
There's a song that will linger, for-ever in our ears,
G D A A7 D
Oh hard times come again no more. CHORUS

D A D
While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
G D A A7 D
There are frail forms fainting at the door:
A D
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say,
G D A A7 D
Oh hard times come again no more. CHORUS

D A D
There's a pale drooping maiden, who toils her life a-way,
G D A A7 D
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
A D
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
G D A A7 D
Oh hard times come again no more. CHORUS

D A D
'Tis a sigh that is wafted a-cross the troubled wave,
G D A A7 D
'Tis a wail that is heard up-on the shore,
A D
'Tis a dirge that is murmured a-round the lonely grave,
G D A A7 D
Oh hard times come again no more. CHORUS