

72. Hard Times

<sup>D</sup> Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
tears

<sup>A</sup> While we all sup sorrow with the poor. <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> There's a song that will linger forever in our ears, <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>A</sup> Oh, hard times, come again no more. <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> 'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary. <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> Hard times, hard times, come again no more. <sup>A</sup>

<sup>D</sup> Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door. <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>A</sup> Oh, hard times, come again no more. <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay. <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>A</sup> There are frail forms fainting at the door. <sup>D</sup>

<sup>G</sup> Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks <sup>D</sup>  
will say.

<sup>A</sup> Oh, hard times, come again no more. <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> There's pale drooping maiden who toils her life away <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>A</sup> With a worn out heart, whose better days are o'er. <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> Though her voice it would be merry, 'tis sighing all <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
the day,

<sup>A</sup> Oh, hard times, come again no more. <sup>D</sup>