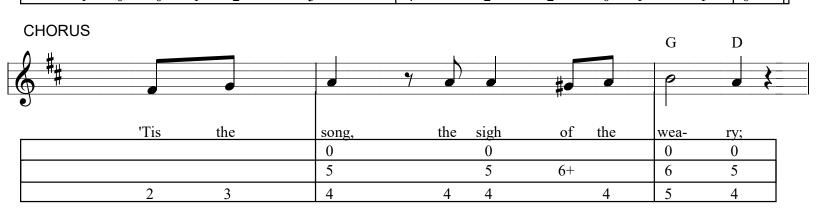
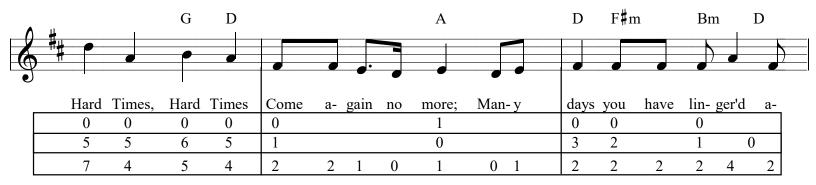
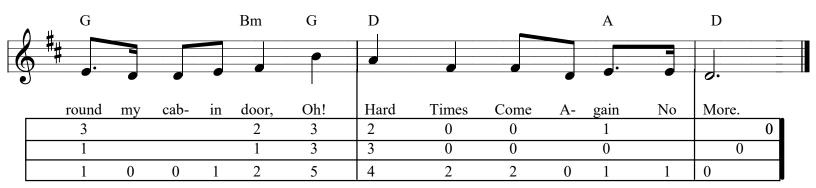
Hard Times Come Again No More









2. 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.

Chorus

3.
There's a pale drooping 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.

Chorus

4.
'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,
Oh! Hard Times Come Again No More.

Chorus