

Hard Times

Emmylou Harris

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its 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

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered all around my door.
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 all around my door.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

There's a pale drooping maiden who foils her life away
With a worn out heart, whose better days are o'er.
Though her voice it 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 all around my door.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

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