

Hard Times

Matthew Perryman Jones

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor
There's a song it will linger forever in our ears
Oh! Hard Times come again no more

It's the song, and the sigh of the weary
Oh! hard times, Hard Times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin 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

It's the song, and the sigh of the weary
Oh! hard times, Hard Times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more

There's a pale drooping maiden who foils her life away
With the worn out heart whose better days are o'er
Though her voice would be merry, its sighing all the day
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

It's the song, and the sigh of the weary
Oh! hard times, Hard Times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more