

Artists For Haiti

"Hard Times Come No More"

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Let us pause in life's pleasures and count it's 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.

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 on around my cabin door.

Oh, hard times, come again no more.

There's a pale sorrowed maiden who toils her life away

With a worn heart, whose better days are o'er.

Though her voice it would be merry, 'tis sighin' 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 cabin door.

Oh, hard times, come again no more.

'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.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.

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

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