

Bob Dylan **"Hard Times"**

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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 sign 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.

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 sign 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.

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn 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 sign 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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