

Mary J Blige

"Hard Times Come Again No More"

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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.

[Chorus:]

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered 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.

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]

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]

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