

Composed by Stephen Foster

Lyrics adapted by Martin Riley

Arranged by Stephen Deazley

VERSES 1 & 2

♩ = 72, unsentimental

Tune *mf*

Let us pause in life's pleas-ures and count its ma-ny tears... Let us
hard work-ing wom-an who toils her life a-way, With a

High Harm. *mf*

Let us
With a

Low Harm. *mf*

Let us
With a

Tune *mf*

all sup sor-row with the poor. There's a song that will lin-ger for-
worn heart and head bent to the floor. But her spi-rit's un-bro-ken, she

High Harm.

all sup sor-row with the poor.
worn heart and head bent to the floor.

Low Harm.

all sup sor-row with the poor.
worn heart and head bent to the floor.

CHORUS

Tune

ev-er in our ears: Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more. It's the
sings out all the day:

High Harm.

Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more.

Low Harm.

Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more.

9

Tune
song, the cry of the wea - ry: Hard times, hard times, come a-gain no__

High Harm.
hard times, hard times, come a-gain no

Low Harm.
hard times, hard times, come a-gain no

13

Tune
more. Ma-ny days I have felt your dark sha-dow cross my door. Oh!

High Harm.
more. Oh!

Low Harm.
more. Oh!

VERSES 3 & 4

16

1. Hard times come a-gain no__ more. There's a more. While we

2. Hard times come a-gain no__ more. more. While we

Hard times come a-gain no__ more. more. While we

19

Tune

seek mirth and beau - ty, a song to sing and play, There are
sigh that is car - ried a - cross the storm-y wave, It's a

High Harm.

seek mirth and beau - ty, a song to sing and play, There are
sigh that is car - ried a - cross the storm-y wave, It's a

Low Harm.

seek mirth and beau - ty, a song to sing and play, There are
sigh that is car - ried a - cross the storm-y wave, It's a

21

Tune

frail forms flee - ing from a war. Though their voi - ces are si - lent, we
wail that is heard u - pon the shore. It's a prayer that is mur-mured a -

High Harm.

frail forms flee - ing from a war. Though their voi - ces are si - lent, we
wail that is heard u - pon the shore. It's a prayer that is mur-mured a -

Low Harm.

frail forms flee - ing from a war. Though their voi - ces are si - lent, we
wail that is heard u - pon the shore. It's a prayer that is mur-mured a -

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CHORUS

Tune

know what they would say: Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more. It's the
round a lone - ly grave. Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more.

High Harm.

know what they would say: Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more. It's the
round a lone - ly grave. Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more.

Low Harm.

know what they would say: Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more. It's the
round a lone - ly grave. Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more.

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Tune

song, the cry of the wea - ry: Hard times, hard times,

High Harm.

song, the cry of the wea - ry: Hard times, hard times,

Low Harm.

song, the cry of the wea - ry: Hard times, hard times,

30

Tune

come a-gain no more. Ma-ny days I have felt your dark

High Harm.

come a-gain no more. Ma-ny days I have felt your dark

Low Harm.

come a-gain no more. Ma-ny days I have felt your dark

33

Tune

sha-dow cross my door. Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more. It's a

High Harm.

sha-dow cross my door. Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more. It's a

Low Harm.

sha-dow cross my door. Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more. It's a

36 2.

Tune
more. Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more. Oh!

High Harm.
more. Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more. Oh!

Low Harm.
more. Oh! Hard times come a-gain no more. Oh!

molto rit.

39

Tune
Hard times come a - gain no more.

High Harm.
Hard times come a - gain no more.

Low Harm.
Hard times come a - gain no more.