## Hard Times Come Again No More

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER Text by Stephen Collins Foster 1826-1864 Voice and Piano Let in life's plea-sures While  $\mathbf{u}\mathbf{s}$ pause and count its ma - ny tears While we mirth and beau-ty and mus - ic light and gay There seek are There's a pale droop-ing maid-en who toils her life a – way With  $\mathbf{a}$ 'Tis sigh that is waft-ed cross the trou-bled wave, 'Tis a allsor-row with the poor; There's song that will lin - ger sup forfrail forms faint-ing at the door; Though their voic – es are si – lent, their worn heart whose bet-ter days are o'er; Though her voice would be mer - ry, 'tis wail that is heard up - on the shore, 'Tis dirge that is mur-mured a –



