

Hard Times

Emmylou Harris

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 It's the song, the sigh of the weary
Hard times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered to long around my door
Oh, hard times, come again no more Though 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 It's the song, the sigh of the weary
Hard times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered to long around my door
Oh, hard times, come again no more There's a pale maiden who toils her life away
With a worn out heart, whose better days are over
Though her voice it would be singing, it's sighing all the day
Oh, hard times, come again no more It's the song, the sigh of the weary
Hard times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered to long around my door
Oh, hard times, come again no more
Oh, hard times, come again no more

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