

# Bob Dylan, Hard Times

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.

'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.