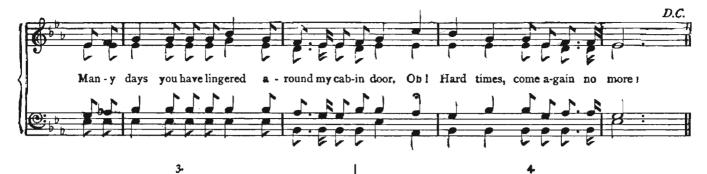
Hard Times, Come Again no More.





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.

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave. Tis a waii that is heard upon the shore. Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave Ob! Hard times, come again no more.