

HARD TIMES

C / F [C F]
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears, [While we

C [Am G] C /
all sup sorrow with the poor;

C / F [C F]
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears; [Oh

C [Am G] C /
hard times come again no more.

C / F C
Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,

C [F C] Am G
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more

C / F [C F]
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door; [Oh

C [Am G] C /
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...

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 the song...

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave
Oh hard times come again no more.

Tis the song...

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

C / F C
In South Australia I was born

F C F* C*
Heave away haul away

*or Am, G

C / G C
In South Australia round Cape Horn

Am / G C
Bound for South Australia

C / F C
Heave away you rolling kings

F C F* C*
Heave away haul away

*or Am, G

C / F C
Heave away oh hear me sing

Am / G C
Bound for South Australia

When I sailed across the sea
Heave away haul away
My girl said she'd be true to me
Bound for South Australia

Heave away you rolling kings...

When we lolloped round Cape Horn
Heave away haul away
You'd wish to God you'd never been born
Bound for South Australia

Heave away you rolling kings...

Wish I was on Australia's Strand
Heave away haul away
With a glass of whisky in my hand
Bound for South Australia

Heave away you rolling kings...

In South Australia I was born
Heave away haul away
In South Australia round Cape Horn
Bound for South Australia

Heave away you rolling kings...

Heave away you rolling kings...

THE GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES

D / A D
In eighteen hundred and forty-six

G D A /
And of march the eighteenth day,

D / G / /
We hoisted our colors to the top of the mast [And

D A D / /
for Greenland sailed away, brave boys, [And

D A D /
for greenland sailed away.

The lookout in the crosstrees stood
With spyglass in his hand;
There's a whale, there's a whale,
And a whalefish he cried
And she blows at every span, brave boys
She blows at every span.

The captain stood on the quarter deck,
The ice was in his eye;
Overhaul, overhaul! let your gibsheets fall,
And you'll put your boats to sea, brave boys
And you'll put your boats to sea.

Our harpoon struck and the line played out,
With a single flourish of his tail,
He capsized the boat and we lost five men,
And we did not catch the whale, brave boys,
And we did not catch the whale.

The losing of those five jolly men,
It grieved the captain sore,
But the losing of that fine whalefish
Now it grieved him ten times more, brave boys
Now it grieved him ten times more.

Oh Greenland is a barren land
A land that bares no green
Where there's ice and snow, and the whalefishes blow
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys
And the daylight's seldom seen.