

THE LITTLE OLD CABIN IN THE LANE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Written and composed by WILL S. HAYS.

*Allegretto.
Sva.*

1. I'm getting old and fee-ble now, I cannot work no-more, I've laid de rus-ty bladed hoe to
 2. Dar was a hap-py time to me, 'twas ma-ny years a-go, When de darkies used to gath-er round de
 3. De foot-path now is covered o'er dat led us round de hill, And de fences all are go-ing to de-

1 rest,.... Ole mas-sa an' ole miss's am dead, dey're sleep-in' side by side, Deir
 2 door,.... When dey used to dance an' sing at night, I played de ole ban-jo, But a-
 3 -cay,.... An' de creek is all dried up where we used to go to mill, De

1 spir-its now are roaming wid de blest;
 2 -las, I cannot play it a - ny more.
 3 time has turned its course an - od - der way.

De scene am changed a - bout de place, de
 De hing - es dey got rust - ed an' de
 But I aint got long to stay here, an' what

1 dar - kies am all gone, I'll neb - ber hear dem sing - ing in de cane, And
 2 door has tumbled down, And de roof lets in de sunshine an' de rain, An' de
 3 lit - tle time I got, I'll try and be content - ed to re - main Till

1 I'se de on - ly one dat's left wid dis ole dog ob mine, In de lit-tle old log cabin in de lane.
 2 on - ly friend I've got now is dis good ole dog ob mine, In de lit-tle old log cabin in de lane.
 3 death shall call my dog an' me to find a bet - ter home Dan dat lit-tle old log cabin in de lane.

CHORUS.

Soprano and Alto.

De chimney's falling down, and de roof is cavin' in, I aint got long round here to re-main, But de

Tenor.
De chimney's falling down, and de roof is cavin' in, I aint got long round here to re-main, But de

Bass.

Accomp.

angels watches o-ver me when I lays down to sleep, In de little old log cab-in in de lane.

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Sva.