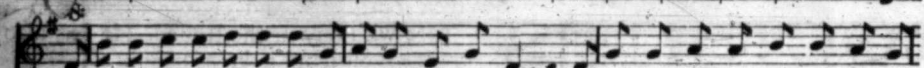


THE LITTLE OLD CABIN IN THE LANE.

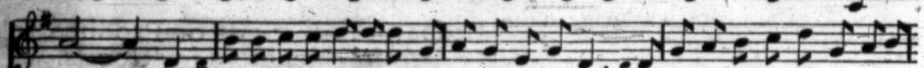
SONG AND CHORUS.

Written and composed by WILL. S. HAYN.

Allegretto.



1. I'm get-ting old and fee-ble now, I can-not work no more, I've laid de rus-ty blad-ed hoe to
2. Dar was a hap-py time to me, 'twas many years a-go, When de dark-ies used to gath-er round de
3. De foot-path now is cov-ered o'er dat led us round de hill, And de fem-ces all are go-ing to de-



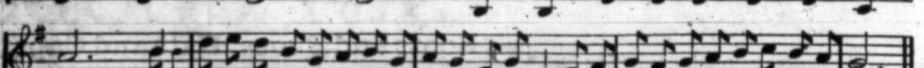
rest,
good
way.

Ole mas-sa an' old miss's am dead, dey're sleepin' side by side, Deir spirits now are roaming wid de
When dey used to dance an' sing at night, I played de ole ban-jo, But a-las, I can-not play it a-ny
An' de creek is all dried up where we used to go to mill, De time has turn'd its course snodder



blest;
more,
way.

De scene am changed about the place, de dar-kees am all gone, I'll nebb-er hear dem singing in de
De hing-es dey got rusted an' de door has tumbled down, And de roof lets in de sunshine an' de
But I aint got long to stay here, an' what little time I got, I'll try and be contented to re-



cane,
rain,
main

And I see de on-ly one dat's left wid dis old dog ob mine, In de lit-tle old log cabin in de lane.
An' de on-ly friend I've got now is dis good old dog ob mine, In de lit-tle old log cabin in de lane.
Till death shall call my dog and me to find a better home Dan dat lit-tle old log cabin in de lane.

