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Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane. (Poem)

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LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN IN THE LANE.

I am getting old and feeble now, I cannot work no more,
I have laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest ;
Old Mas-a and old Missus they're sleeping side by side,
And their spiri s now are roaming with the blest ;
Things are changed about the place, the darkies all am gone,
And I cannot hear them singing in the cane,
And the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine,
In my little old log cabin in the lane.

There was a happy time to me, not many years ago,
When the darkies used to gather 'round the door :
They used to sing and dance at night, and play the old banjo
But, alas ! they cannot do it any more :
The hinges are all rusty now the 'door is tumbling down,
And the roof lets in the sunshine and the rain ;
Oh ! the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine,
In my little old log cabin in the lane.

BOY.

Oh ! daddy, don't you be so sad and melancholy now,
For you there's many happy days in store,
Although you're old and feeble, your boy is young and strong,
And will love and cherish you for evermore :
I'll try to do the best I can and make you happy now,
I'll comfort and protect you from all pain.

BOTH.

And the angels they will bless us in our happy little home,
In our little old log cabin in the lane.

OLD MAN.

Oh ! child, I am contented, but the day must quickly come,
When I'll have to leave this earth for evermore :
The angels they will take me from my humble little cot,
And waft me to that bright celestial shore.

BOY.

Oh ! don't despair, but come what may, you will be happy yet,
If from sorrow and bad feeling you refrain.

BOTH.

For, the angels they will bless us in our happy little home,
In our little old log cabin in the lane.