Little Log Cabin in the Lane
William Shakespeare Hays 1871

1) Oh, I'm getting old and feeble and I cannot work no more, My rusty bladed hoe I've laid to rest. And my ma-ma and my pa-pa they are sleeping side by side While their spirits now are roaming with the blessed.

Chorus: Oh, the chimney's falling down, and the roof is tumbled in, letting in the sunshine and the rain. And the only friend I've got now is this little old dog of mine In that little old log cabin in the lane.

2) Oh the happiest times to me was not many years ago, My friends all used to gather 'round the door. They would sing and dance at night while I played that old banjo But alas, I cannot play it any more. (chorus)

3) Well, the paths they have grewed up that led us 'round the hill; The fences have all gone to decay. The creeks they have dried up where we used to go to mill; Things have changed their course another way. (chorus)

4) Well I ain't got long to stay here, what little time I've got I'll try to rest content while I remain. Until death shall call his dog and me to find a better home Than the little old log cabin in the lane. (chorus)

*underline* bold italicized numbers—middle string