



LITTLE LOW LOG CABIN DOWN THE LANE.

Oh, I'm growing old and feeble now and I cannot
work no more,
That rusty bladed hoe I've laid to rest,
Old master and old missus, they are lying side by side
And their spirit's they are roaming with the breeze
Things have changed about the place, the darkies
have all gone,
I cannot hear them singing in the cane,
And the only one that's left me is that little boy of
mine,
In that little old log cabin down the lane,
Oh, there was a happy time for me not many years ago
When the darkies used to gather round my door,
They used to sing and dance all night and play the
old banjo,
But alas! they cannot do it any more.
The hinges they are rusty, the door is falling down,
The roof lets in the sunshine and the rain,
And the only one that's left me is that little boy of
mine;
In the little low log cabin down the lane.
O, daddy, don't you be so sad, and melancholly now,
These is bright and happy days for you in store;
Altho' you're old and feeble, your boy is young and
He will love & cherish you for evermore. [strong
Bear child I am contented, for the day must quickly
come,
When I'll have to leave this world of earthly pain;
And the angels they will waft me to that bright es-
teral shore,
From that little low log cabin down the lane,



POOR LITTLE JOE

J. White, Printer, Rose Place, Liverpool.

While strolling one night thro' London's gay throng,
I met a poor boy he was singing a song,
Although he was singing he wanted for bread,
Although he was singing he wished he was dead.
Cold blew the blast, down came the snow,
No place of shelter, nowhere to go,
No mother to guide him, in the grave he lies low,
Cast on the wide world was poor little Joe.

In the streets he will wander forgot by the gay,
With a tear in his eye he will kneel down and pray,
He'd no friend but his maker, his parents were dead,
Poor Joe he was dying by inches for bread.

A carriage rolled by with a lady inside,
She fondly caressed her boy infant child,
Joe followed the carriage she not even smiled—
As I gazed on his face I saw that he cried,
I looked at this waif and thought it was odd,
Is this poor ragged urchin forgotten by God,
Then I saw in the gaslight by his short coming breath
And his careworn face, he was marked out by death.

Those that were wealthy they heeded him not,
Poor Joe the street Arab how sad was his lot,
He knew not his father, he died long ago,
Sad was the sufferings of poor little Joe,
I spoke to him kindly it made his heart glad,
Although he was ragged he was a grateful poor lad,
With tears in his eyes he thinking I know
Of his mother and father was poor little Joe.

The lights had gone out, and the clock had struck one
When home came a policeman, whose duty was done,
And it seemed by the thump of his dub heavy tread
As though he was seeking the starving and dead;
On! what is this! the policeman then said,
It was poor little Joe—on a step he lay dead,
With his face turned to heaven, all covered with dew,
Died in the cold streets, did poor little Joe.

