

Spare That Old Mud Cabin - song lyrics

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SPARE THAT OLD MUD CABIN

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It's a terrible tale to tell,
But down in a lowly dell
One bright Summer day, when nature was so gay,
And the song of the birds broke the spell;
The note of the bugle I hear,
It rings through the valley so clear.
Then to and behold with scarlet and gold,
Of queen's gallant Welsh fusilier;
With sheriff and bailiffs, police by the score,
Surround our old cabin and tear down the door,
But they must do their duty by a landlord they're Bent,
The tenant appears, but he has no rent;
An old man with silv'ry hair,
His thin face was haggard with care.
Knelt at their feet and tried to entreat,
Then came the cry of despair.

Chorus.

Spare the old mud cabin, sir,
The home I love so dear,
For it has sheltered me and mine
For over forty year;
My dear old wife is dying, sir.
And I ain't worth a nail,
So spare the old mud cabin, sir,
And I will go to jail.

The sheriff wore a sneer on his face,
As he cried, oh, what a disgrace.
Come, come, old man, pay if you can,
Or I'll soon burn that wretched old place;
Men, do your duty, he Cried,
When the bailiffs all rushed to his side.
And this cruel band, with torches in hand,
Like demons their weapons they plied;
But just at that moment a scream pierced the sky,
That chilled ev'ry true heart and dimmed ev'ry eye;
It was the sick woman trembling with fear,
For she knew that the hour of eviction was near;
An old man with silv'ry hair,
His thin face was haggard with care.
Knelt at their feet and tried to entreat,
Then came the cry of despair.-Chords.

A stranger appeared on the scene.
Like a deer he sped o'er the green,
It was a bold tar, with mettle and bar,
And the blue uniform of his queen;
Hold haid there, you lubbers, cried Jack,
And let those bold pirates stand buck,
For I want to know what the old people owe.
And hang it I'll pay in a crack;
Four pounds the sailor was told,
And this noble fellow then threw down the gold;
It saved the old cabin, the hntnble old cot.
The sheriff was beaten and fled from the spot;
Then the old man with sil'vry hair,
Opened his eyes with a stare.
For he gazed upon his long lost son, John,
No more you'll hear him declare:-Chords.