

# The Little Old Mud Cabin Near The Bogs - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Little Old Mud Cabin Near the Bogs.  
Tune- " The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane."

If you'll only pay attention, I will sing of days of yore,  
When my childhood days in happiness were spent;  
When while seated at the fireside, in the town of sweet Galore,  
I sang the songs of joy and merriment;  
But those are days that's gone and past, and cannot be recalled,  
And as I travel along in these old togs,  
I always will remember the times that I have spent  
In the little old mud cabin near the bogs.

When I was but a little boy, in innocence I roamed  
Through the fields that surrounded our dear place;  
But as to manhood I grew up, I left the dear old home,  
And the world I determined for to face;  
And with misfortune and good luck. I always have found out,  
That this dreary world is always full of fogs;  
But I always will remember the times that I have spent  
In the little old mud cabin near the bogs.

My daddy died when I was young, and in the old churchyard,  
Twas there we laid him silently and low;  
And many are the tears I've shed o'er his poor grave.  
Which is placed within the Glen of Aherloe.  
Oh! I never shall forget the day when I did leave that land,  
Where everything seems going to the dogs,  
When I was forced to roam unto a foreign home.  
And leave the old mud cabin near the bogs.

And now, kind friends, I'll end my song, for I must be on my way  
To visit the old home once more;  
And with a good-bye to you all, I'll make another call  
To Ireland, the little shamrock shore.  
Oh! may I live to see the day when Ireland will be free,  
And not be trodden down just like dogs;  
It's then I'll go and dwell in the little shady dell,  
In the little old mud cabin near the bogs.