

# The Cabin With The Roses At The Door - song lyrics

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

The Cabin with the Roses at the Door.

The light is fading fast, and I'm thinking of the past,  
I am sitting with my darling by my side;  
She's an old And wrinkled dame, but I love her just the same,  
As the sunny day she came to be my bride.  
I think I see her now, with a smile upon her brow,  
As she vowed to be mine for evermore;  
I had no land or pastures wide, but I took her home with pride,  
To the cabin with the roses at the door.

Chorus.

Oh the dear old cabin, my own old cabin,  
'Tis my home on my native shore;  
I would yield my latest sigh,  
I have lived and I would die  
In the cabin with the roses at the door.

Light-hearted did I toil, and I found the grateful soil.  
Give me back for my work a hundred fold;  
I'd enough, And I could spare for the poor a tiny share.  
So I envied not the planter and his gold;  
Still we had to bear a grief, resignation brings relief,  
But 'tis hard 'till the bitterness is o'er;  
And we both were sorely tried, when our little darling died  
In the cabiu with the roses at the door.-Chorus.

So we've simply journeyed on, and the boys And girls are gone  
To the cities mid the bustle and the strife;  
They have left us here alone in the cabin that's our own,  
Where patiently we wait the close of life.  
To each other, all in all, some sweet story we recall,  
Of the dear little one that's gone before;  
And we're happy, though we know that we soon shall have to go  
From the cabin with the roses at the door.-Chorus.