

Don't Burn The Cabin Down - song lyrics

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DON'T BURN THE CABIN DOWN.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Miss Nellie Maguire,

Arranged by John A. Stromberg.

A little town in Ireland, a cabin old and small,
Two common chairs, a table, one window, that is all;
The cabin's dark, the fire is low, but if you'll strain your eyes,
You'll see a bed of straw whereon a feeble woman lies.
Beside her kneels her daughter, but a girl of fifteen years.
She prays God spare her mother's life, e'en though a life of tears;
But hark! a knock! three burly men cry "Come, lads, here's the place;"
The maiden rushes out and pleads, with anguish on her face:

Refrain.

"Don't burn the cabin down, mother is willing to pay,
Father is now on the ocean, fishing for us faraway;
Remember, it is Christmas eve, and snow is falling, too,
Don't burn the cabin down, and I will pray for you."

In vain was all her pleading, two men pushed rudely by,
The other looked upon her with pity in his eye;
' Alas!' said he, "my little maid, such fate you have not earned,
But we were told if rent's unpaid the cabin must be burned."
The other man already had the fatal torch applied,
When he who stood without rushed in, and thrust them both aside.
"Desist, upon your lives," he cried; "this is a work of shame;"
As if responsive to his voice the gentle pleading came:-Refrain.