

"The old home ain't what it
USED TO BE"

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The Old Home Aint what it
Used to Be.

Oh the old home aint what it used to be,
The fiddlers an fiddle has gone,
And no more you hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn;
Great changes have come to the poor colored man,
But this change makes him sad and forlorn;
For no more we hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.

Chorus - No the old home aint what it used to be,
The change makes me sad and forlorn,
For no more we hear the darkies singing,
Among the sugar cane and corn.

In the fields I have worked where I still know hard,
But night brings its pleasures and rest,
In the old house down by the river side.

The place of all the world the best;
Oh, where are the children that once used to play,

In the lane by the old cabin door.
They are scattered now, and I see the world they roam,
The old man ne'er will see them more.

Chorus - No the old home aint what it used to be.

Now the old man, wond'ring rather living any day,
In the home where his children were born,
But when freedom came to the colored man,
He left the cotton fields and corn;
This old man has lived out his three score and ten,
And he'll soon have to lay down and die,
Yet he hopes to go unto a better land,
O now, let cabin home, good bye.

Chorus- No, the old home ain't what it used to be,
The change makes me very much forlorn,
No more we hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar cane and corn.
(Repeat.)