

# Long Ago

De ol' time's gone, de new time's hyeah

Wid all hits fuss an' feddahs;

I done fu'got de joy an' cheah

We knowed all kin's o' weddahs,

I done fu'got each ol'-time hymn

We ust to sing in meetin';

I's lehned de prah's, so neat an' trim,

De preachah keeps us 'peatin'.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,

An' one by de cabin do';

An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,

De day of long ergo.

My youf, hit's gone, yes, long ergo,

An' yit I ain't a-moanin';

Hit's fu' somet'ings I ust to know

I set to-night a-honin'.  
De pallet on de ol' plank flo',  
De rain bar'l und' de eaves,  
De live oak 'fo de cabin do',  
Whaih de night dove comes an' grieves.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,  
An' one by de cabin do';  
An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,  
De day of long ergo.

I'd lak a few ol' frien's to-night  
To come an' set wid me;  
An' let me feel dat ol' delight  
I ust to in dey glee.  
But hyeah we is, my pipe an' me,  
Wid no one else erbout;  
We bofe is choked ez choked kin be,  
An' bofe'll soon go out.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,

An' one by de cabin do';

An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,

De day of long ergo.