

The old Confeds. and their friends attending this reunion will doubtless appreciate this little souvenir, and on returning to their homes will have their daughters play "Cum a Runnin'" on the piano, thereby reminding the visiting veterans of the Louisville reunion, and also that the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

is the best line from Southern and Southwestern points to all points in the North, Northeast and Northwest.

My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright on the Old Kentucky Home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
 The corn-top's ripe and the meadows are in bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day;
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright,
 By 'n by hard times come a knocking at the door,
 Then my Old Kentucky Home, good-night.

Chorus:
 Weep no more, my lady,
 Oh! weep no more to-day!
 We will sing one song, for the Old Kentucky Home,
 For the Old Kentucky Home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
 On the bench by the old cabin door;
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then my Old Kentucky Home, good-night.

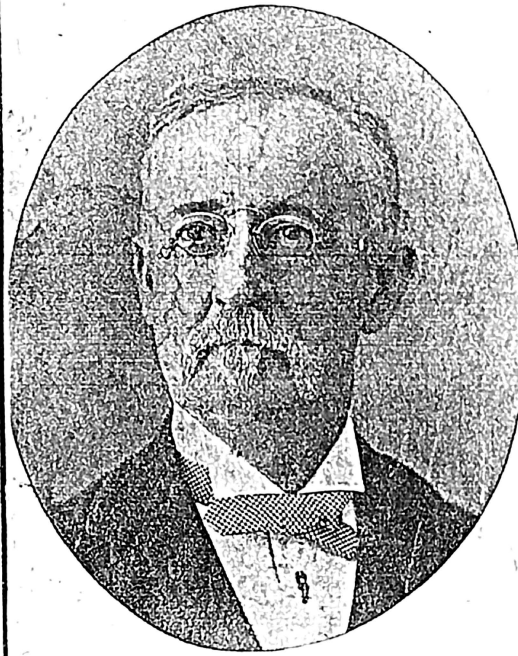
Chorus:
 The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
 Wherever the darky may go,
 A few more days and the trouble all will end;
 In the field where the sugar cane grows;
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,
 No matter, 'twix never be light;
 A few more days till we totter on the road,
 Then my Old Kentucky Home, good-night.

Auld Lang Syne.

Show'd auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind,
 Show'd auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind,
 For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

Cum a Runnin'

Song and Chorus
 WRITTEN AND COMPOSED SPECIALLY FOR
CONFEDERATE REUNION



BY
Col. Will S. Hays
 Author of "Mollie Darling"

Souvenir of

TENTH REUNION OF

*United Confederate
 Veteran Association*



LOUISVILLE, KY.
 May 30-June 3, 1900

Compliments of the Illinois Central R. R. Co.

WM. ALFRED KELLONED,
 Assistant General Passenger Agent,
 LOUISVILLE, KY.

CUM A RUNNIN'.

Written and composed by COL. WILL S. HAYS.

Sing with spirit.

1. I used to go a hunt-in' by de
2. I smell de pos-sum cook-in' in de
3. I used to hoe de cot-ton, an' I

Chorus.

light ob de moon, Chil'-en, cum a run-nin'. Heah de dogs a bark-in' at de
gravy good an' hot, Chil'-en, cum a run-nin'. Fix your mouf fo' ta-ters an' dey'll
cut de sugar cane, Chil'-en, cum a run-nin'. But I'll neb-er see ole Mar-s'er an' ole

Chorus.

pos-sum an' de coon, Chil'-en, cum a run-nin'. I used to play de ban-jo, but I can't play no mo'. I
rib you all de got, Chil'-en, cum a run-nin'. I libed in Mis-sis-sip-pl' fo' de wah wid Massa Brown, An'
Mis-sus' face a-gain, Chil'-en, cum a run-nin'. Un-til we git to-ged-der on de resurrection morn, Dey's

used to sing a set-tin' in de ole cab-in' do', An' I'll nebber be as happy 'til I reach de od-der sho',
rib - er since I ain't done nuttin' else but cum aroun'. When yo' heah de Jan' e playin' de ole saw-bone in de town,
gwine to be a hustlin' den as sho as you iz born, An' yo' mus' all be ready w'en ole Gabil blows his horn,

Chorus.

CHORUS.

Chil'-eh, cum a run-nin'. O my, chil'-en, cum a runnin', Cum a shout-in' an' a sing-in' an' a

keep a step-pin' high, Keep a hummin' an' a cum-in', Cum a roll-in' an' a run-nin', An' you'll

git dar- blame-by.