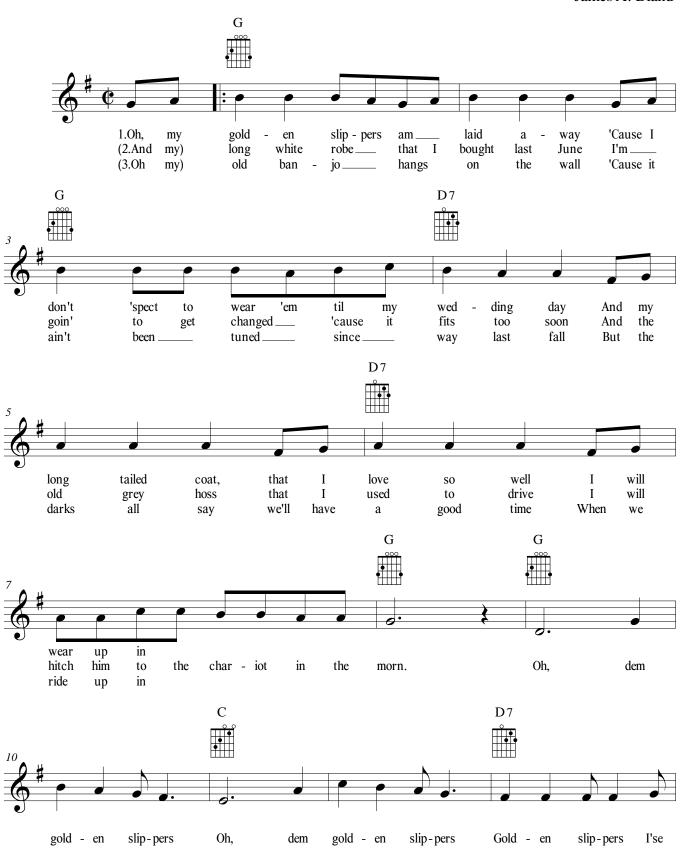
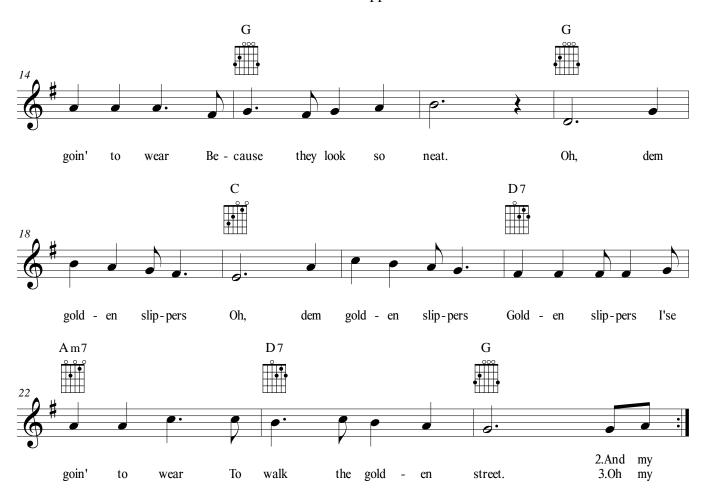
James A. Bland





- 4. There's ol' brother Ben and his sister, Luce
 They will telegraph the news to uncle Bacco Juice
 What a great camp meetin' there will be that day
 When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.
- 5. So, it's good-bye, children I will have to go
 Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
 And yer ulster coats, why, you will not need
 When you ride up in the chariot in the morn.
- 6. But yer golden slippers must be nice and clean And yer age must be just sweet sixteen And yer white kid gloves you will have to wear When you ride up in the chariot in the morn.

; c`XYb'G`]ddYfg

Oh, my golden slippers am laid away

G

'Cause I don't spect to wear 'em til my wedding day

D

And my long tailed coat, that I love so well

G

I will wear up in the chariot in the morn.

G
Oh, dem golden slippers
C
Oh, dem golden slippers
D
Golden slippers I'se goin' to wear
G
Be - cause they look so neat.
G
Oh, dem golden slippers
C
Oh, dem golden slippers
D
A
D
G
Golden slippers I'se goin' to wear
D
G
To walk the golden street.

Oh, my old banjo hangs on the wall 'Cause it ain't been tuned since way last fall But the darks all say we'll have a good time When we ride up in the chariot in the morn. There's ol' brother Ben and his sister, Luce They will telegraph the news to uncle Bacco Juice What a great camp meetin' there will be that day When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.

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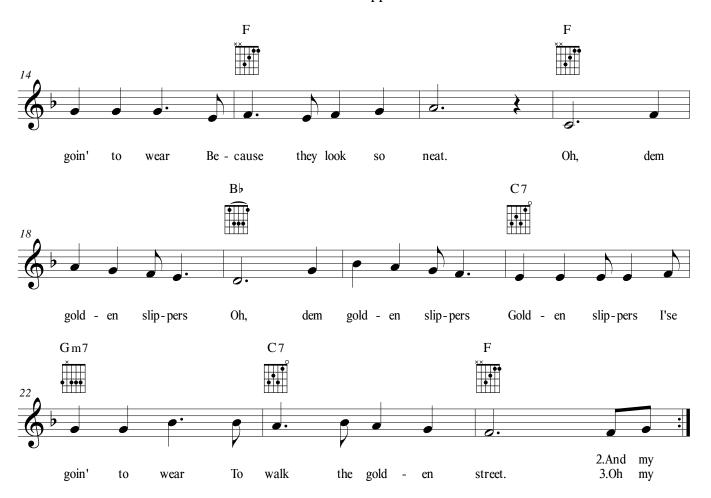




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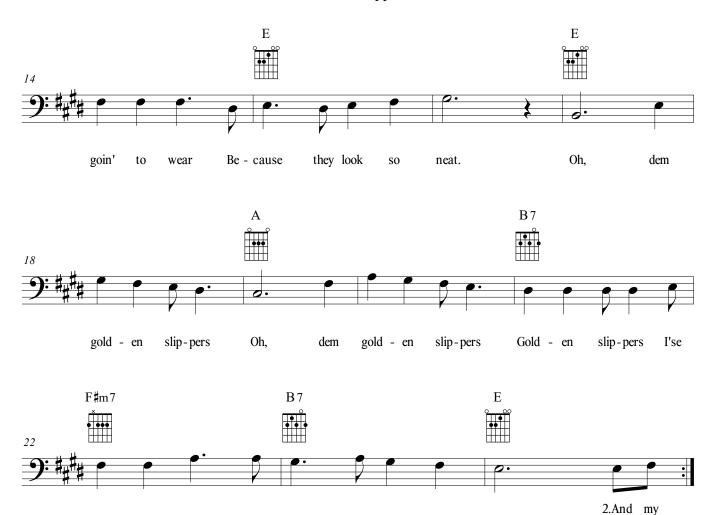




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James A. Bland





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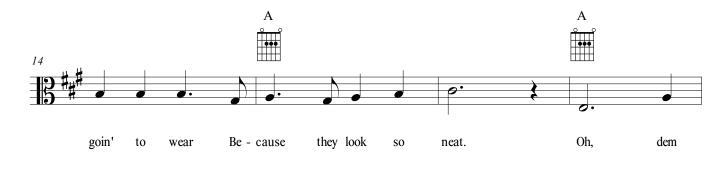
wear

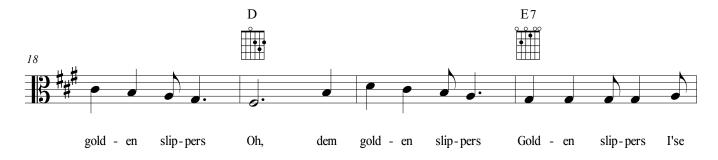
walk

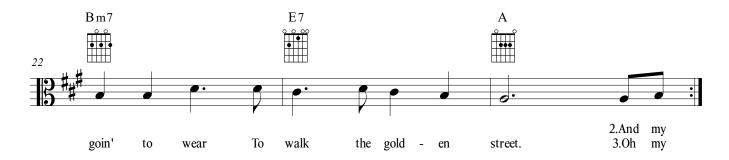
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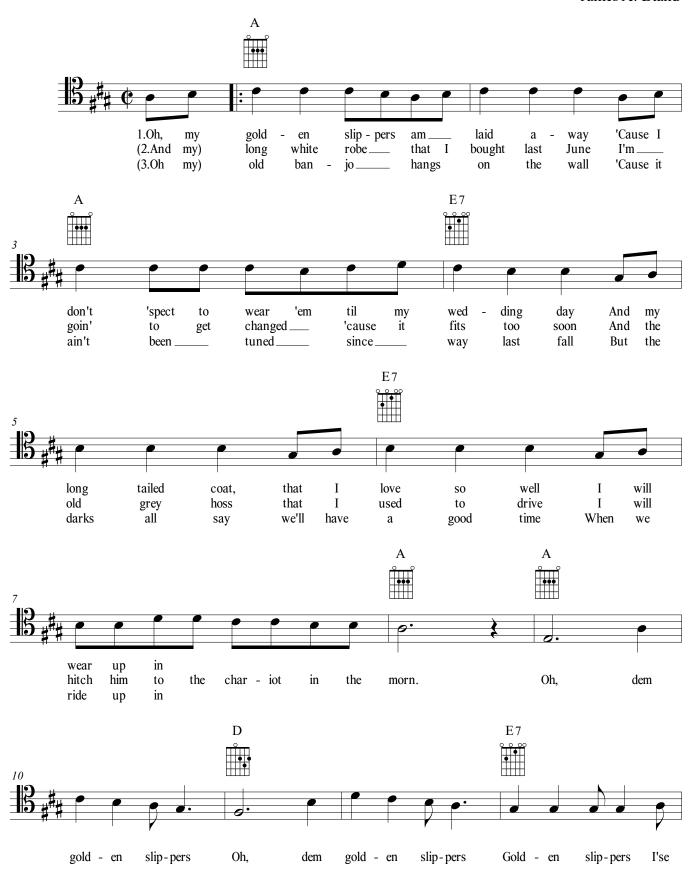


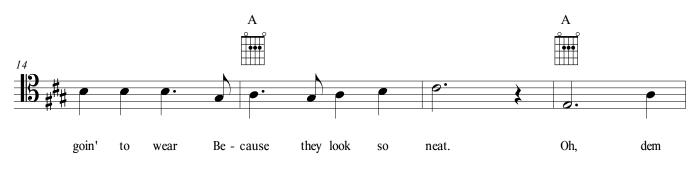


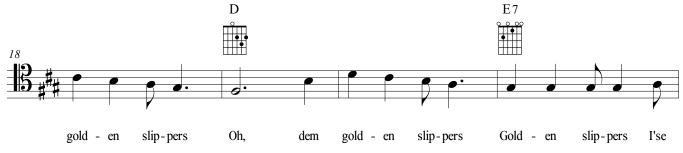


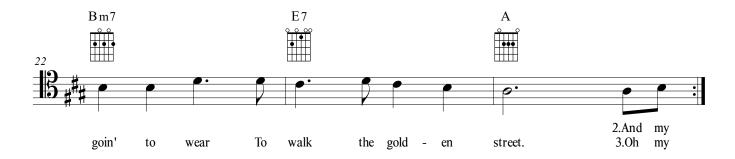
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James A. Bland



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walk

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