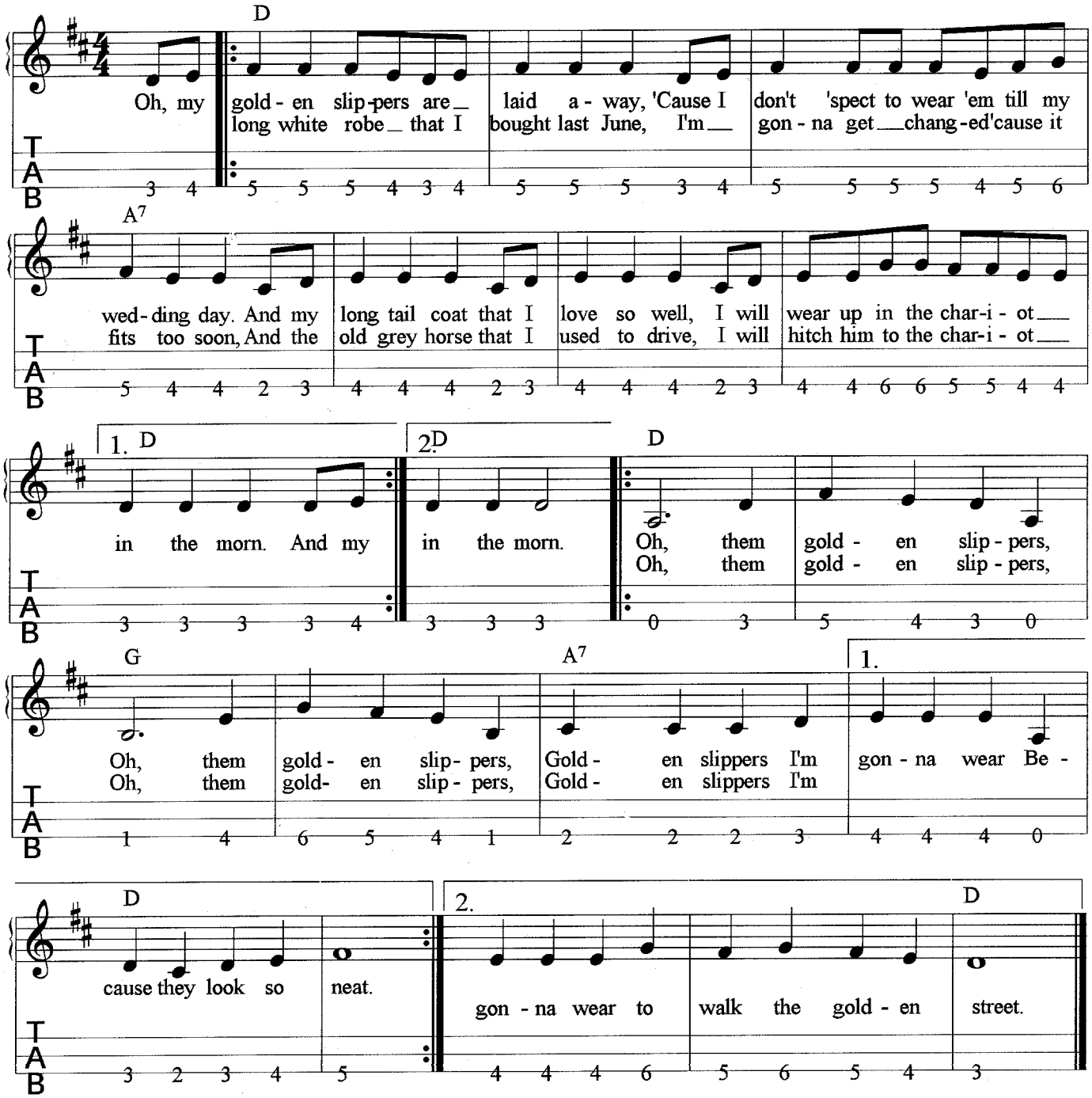
Golden Slippers

DAA

1879

w. m. James A. Bland



Oh, my ol' banjo hangs on the wall,
'Cause it ain't been tuned since 'way last fall,
But the folks all say we'll have a good time,
When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.
There's old Brother Ben an' 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.

So, it's good-bye, children, I will have to go,
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow,
And your ulster coats, why, you will not need,
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn;
But your golden slippers must be nice and clean,
And your age must be just sweet sixteen,
And your white kid gloves you will have to wear,
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn.

Firelands Dulcimer Club - February 1994

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