Oh, Dem Golden Slippers

James A. Bland

1. Oh, Dem Golden Slippers!
   Love so well, I will wear up in the chariot in the morn.
   Oh, dem golden slippers!

2. An my golden slippers am laid away, 'cause I
   Don't expect to wear 'em till my wedding day.
   And my long, white robe that I bought last June.

3. Don't get it changed 'cause it fits too soon.
   And my long-tailed coat, that I laid away.
   June 'cause I'm gonna get it changed.

4. I'm gonna wear, be 'cause they look so neat;
   Drive, I will hitch up to de chariot in the morn.
   Oh, dem golden slippers!
Oh, Dem Golden Slippers

2. Oh, my old banjo hangs on the wall, 'Cause it ain't been used since way last fall. But the darkies all say we will have a good time, When we ride up in the chariot in the morn. There's old Brother Ben and Sister Luce, They will telegraph the news to Uncle 'Bacco Juice, What a great camp meeting there will be that day, When we ride up in the chariot in the morn. Chorus

3. Good bye, children, I will have to go, Where the rain don't fall or the wind don't blow, And yo' ulster coats, why, you will not need, When you ride up in the chariot in the morn. But de golden slippers must be neat and clean, And your age must be just sweet sixteen, And your kid gloves you will have to wear, When you ride up in the chariot in the morn. Chorus