



AT A GEORGIA CAMPMEETING.

A SONG IN BLACK.

By *HENRY MILLS.*

Tempo di March.

A camp-meeting took place, by the red-wood tree;
The old "Six-tens" raised hand, when they first heard the band.

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Way down in Georg-ia. There were rooms large and small, look - y lean fat and tall.
Way down in Georg-ia. The preach-er did talk and the dea-cons did stave

At this great camp meet-ing. When church was set, here the "Sin-ners" did shout.
At the young dar-kin's pray-er, The band played so sweet that no - bod-y could not

They were so hap-py. But the young folks were dis - ed And
Yea so en - tran-sing. So the church folks a - gree-d Yea

wished to be in-spir-ed And hire-d a big brass band.
Let a sin-ful deed, And join-ed in with the rest, in

Chorus.

When that band of dark-ies be-gan to play First-ly the air

gay like were they thrown a-way Thought them fool-ish

come their necks would break When they quit laugh-ing and talk-ing

And went to walk-ing, for a big oboe-like cake, cake.

11. 12. 13.