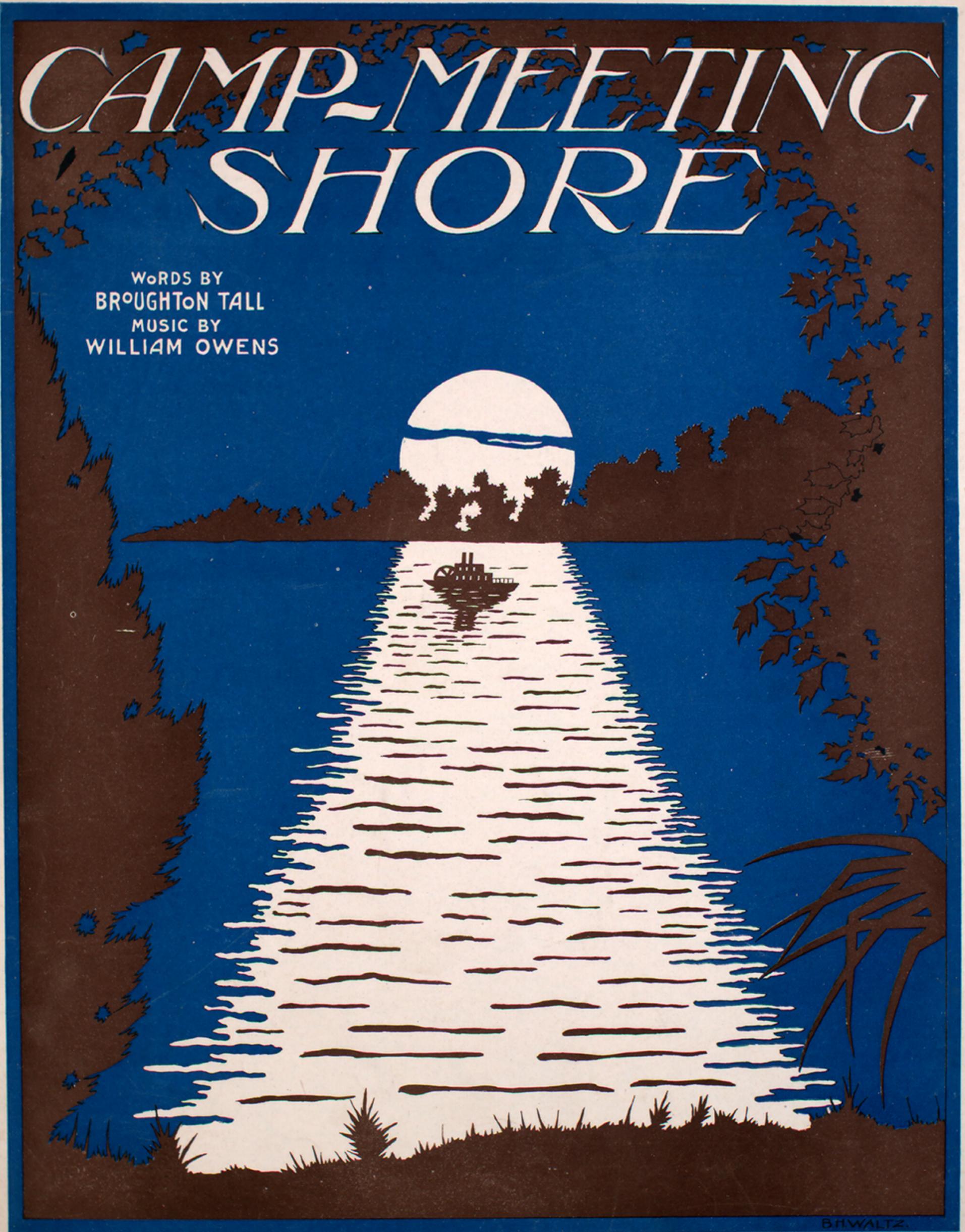


CAMP MEETING SHORE

WORDS BY
BROUGHTON TALL
MUSIC BY
WILLIAM OWENS



B.H. WALTZ.

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Camp-meeting Shore.

Words by
BROUGHTON TALL.
Slow Rag.

Music by
WILLIAM OWENS.

mf Delicato.

Vamp.

f

ff

p Till Ready.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 2/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system includes a vamp section with a repeat sign and a final cadence. Dynamics include *mf Delicato.*, *f*, *ff*, and *p Till Ready.*

p Voice.

1. Hur - ry to that steamboat pier, Sail - ing time is draw - ing near. Come on dark -
2. Aug - ust moon is shin - ing bright, Riv - er cov - ered with its light. Law - dy, this

p

The vocal melody is written on a single staff in 2/4 time, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

ies don't you hear? First mate swearing, oh, my Lawdy dear! Old side-wheel - er, Nan-cy Lee,
is sure some night! Here comes Cal'line dress'd clean out of sight. Just the time to kiss and spoon,

The vocal melody continues on a single staff in 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment continues in 2/4 time with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

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Run - ning right since Six - ty-three. Wheels churn - ing, a' turn - ing Anx - ious for to
Just the placé and just the moon. Come hon - ey, my hon - ey, Good - ness, don't be

go. Here is Deacon Jones, There is Ra - zor Bones By that cab - in door.
shy. See that dar-ky thron, Hear that good old song Ris - ing to the sky.

Hear that shove - off bell, Hear those dark-ies yell For that God - ly shore.
I just want to say, That I'm goin' to stay Right here till I die.

mf CHORUS.

Oh, moon-beams are play-ing, a' straying, Oh, coons are a' swaying, a'

Camp-meeting Shore.

pray- ing. Can't you hear old Dea- con Jones say - ing? Come you.... sin- ners,

come you.... sin- ners. Oh,..... ban- jos a' - tun - ing, a' - croon- ing.

Oh,..... soon I'll be spoon- ing, a' - moon- ing. For where my Cal-'li- ne's sure to be

Slower.

A tempo.

That's where I'm goin' to be, At that old Camp-meet - ing Shore.....

1 2 *D.S. Vamp.*

Camp-meeting Shore.