Oh, Dem Golden Slippers

Bland was an African-American composer who produced nearly all of his output of now classic American songs (including, ironically, "Carry Me Back To Old Virginny") between 1878 & 1881 when he was one of the most famous and highest-paid minstrel men in America. This song was originally a parody of the Fisk Jubilee Singers' spiritual "Golden Slippers". Its minstrel show origins are reflected in the original spelling out of the patois (i.e. "dem" for "them and "gwine" for "going"""). I've found a version of the original, but kept this one, because it is considered racist now and is hard for 21st century readers to suss out.

A                                                                        E7
Oh, my golden slippers are laid away, 'cause I don't 'spect to wear 'em 'til my wedding day.
E7                                                                        A
And my long-tailed coat that I love so well, I will wear up in the chariot in the morn.
And my long white robe that I bought last June, I'm gonna get changed 'cause it fits too soon,
And the old grey horse that I used to drive, I will hitch him to the chariot in the morn.

CHORUS:
A                          D
Oh, them golden slippers!  Oh, them golden slippers!
E7                                 A
Golden slippers I'm gonna wear, because they look so neat.
A                          D
Oh, them golden slippers!  Oh, them golden slippers!
E7                                                 A
Golden slippers I'm gonna wear to walk the golden street.

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 BaccoJuice
What a great camp meetin' there will be that day
When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.

CHORUS:

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 clear
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.

CHORUS: