

But soon the place was running o'er,
 With-Tourists front, and round the door,
 And we began to think about,
 Their own folks being crowd out.
 But soon some one began to read
 Regardless of our Church or creed.
 The hymn, two lines the Pastor read,
 So they'd remember what was said,
 Then how they sang, short meter, long,
 Was joined together in that song,
 Their bodies swayed, their groans were deep,
 And time kept beating with their feet.
 They clapped their hands, and closed their eyes,
 Sang as if working for a prize.
 Up got one brother by the desk,
 "All things are good, but 'tis our best,
 Our Parson poor, de Church are small,
 A good collection now from all,
 For you are rich, yes, every one,
 And twenty dollars are de sum."