

That we mus have, to lai' a mouk,
 Out of de pockets of dis bunch.
 I'd look dee door, an take de Key,
 And neer ~~de~~ out side would you see,
 Until dat money we hab' got.
 But dont you see, 'darev sich a lot,
 For our Church am so mighty thise,
 'fess half the people can get in.
 So while we pass de hat in heah
 Some other brudder 'll-pass it thise,"
 Mid songs and groans the hat went round,
 And money counted - all 'twas found,
 Then once again he faced the crowd.
 "Only four fifty you've allowed,
 Once mook around dat hat mus go,
 You all can help, and will I know,
 He's mighty poor, dare now, I've said it,
 He's sing for cash, but preach on credit,"
 At last the sum desired nar raised,
 Mid chanté, and shouté, and songs of praise.