

We pitch our tents on
the old camp ground

A few idia's
in a few verses
sung in a few days by
a few of the
Tribe of Jessie.

Arranged by

SOLOMON MARKSTEIN

Chas Dundas.

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WE PITCH OUR TENTS ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Arranged by S. MARKSTEIN.

As Sung by the Tribe of JESSIE.

Allegro mosso.

PIANO.

2^d Verse. We've fought the old monster a - - bout twelve years, Twelve years, twelve years And

1st Verse. Well pitch our tents on the old Campground Few days, few days, And

will give him jessie when we catch him by the ears. Hurrah for the free. Make

give old slavery an - - o - - ther round. On freeman on. Old

Kansas free and fence him in, Few days, few days Hell
 slavery's a liar and conjurer too, Few days, few days; Hell

die of the disease Original sin, Hurrah for Kansas free.
 conjure me and hell conjure you, On freemen on.

CHORUS. We'll have a free state yonder, Few days, few days. We'll
 We have a foe down yonder Few days, few days, We
 We have a foe down yonder Few days, few days, We
 We hav a foe down yonder Few days, few days, We

PIANO FORTE

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have a free state yonder On free-men on.

have a foe down yonder, On freemen on.

have a foe down yonder, On freemen on.

have a foe down yonder, On freemen on.

f

3rd Verse.

They've put on a load that the north cant draw But a few days, few days, And will

break the infernal fugitive law. On for the right. Well

shake from his tail full many a rattle, In a few days, few days, If they

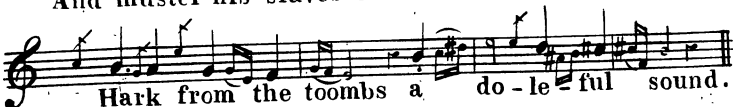
vote for their slaves well vote for our cattle, Hurrah for equality.

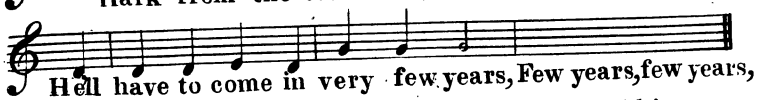
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There was a man whose name was Brooks,
 Few days, few days,
 But he dont want to know how Canada looks,
 Hurrah for the north.
 He was asked to go, but was taken lame,
 In a few days, few days,
 He thought twant safe to try such a game,
 Hurrah for the free-
 Well have a North up yonder
 In a few days, few days,
 Well have a North up yonder,
 On freemen on .

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Old Toombs coming north to have a drill.
 In a few days,
 And muster his slaves on Bunker hill.

Andante.  Hark from the toombs a do- le- ful sound.

 HELL have to come in very few years, Few years, few years,
 Or forty thousand bayonets will bristle round his ears;
 Hurrah for Liberty
 Well have free speach down yonder
 Few days, few days,
 Well have free press down yonder,
 On for the fight .

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The south is bent on rule or ruin,
 In a few days few days,
 If theyre going to dissolve they'd better be doin
 And let the Union slide;
 Let the southern confedirate black flag wave
 Few days, few days,
 Twould break the chain from evry slave
 And make the whole land free.
 Then march to freedoms battle
 Onward, onward,
 Our contry to save
 Onward! onward!
 Onward ye brave.