We pitch our tents on the old campground

A few idea's
in a few verses
sung in a "Few Days" by
a few of the
Tribe of Jessie.

Arranged by

SOLOMON MARKSTEIN

Chas Dunbar.

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2½

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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.

f

2d. 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 Camp ground 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. Well

Soprana.

We have a foe down yonder Few days, few days, We

Tenore.

We have a foe down yonder Few days, few days, We

Basse.

We hav a foe down yonder Few days, few days, We

PIANO FORTE

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.

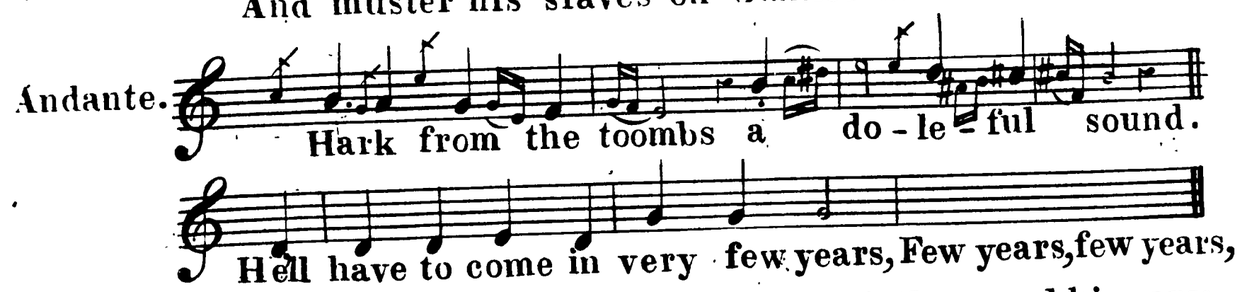
There was a man whose name was Brooks,
Few days, few days,
But he dont want to know how Canada looks,
Hurrah for the north.

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.

5

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



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

6

The south is bent on rule or ruin,
In a few days few days,
If theyre going to disolve 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.