

Methodist Pie

Red Foley

Oh, little children I believe
I'm a methodist till I die.

I've done to camp meetin' the other afternoon
For to hear them shout and sing
For to tell each other how to love one another
And to make halleluia ring.

There was old Uncle Daniel and his brother Ebenezer
Uncle Rufus and his lame gal Sue
Aunt Polly and Melinda and Old Mother Bender
Well, you never saw a happier crew.

Oh, little children I believe
Oh, little children I believe
Oh, little children I believe
I'm a methodist till I die.

I'm a methodist, methodist 'tis my belief
I'm a methodist till die
Till old grim death comes a knockin' at the door
I'm a methodist till I die.

--- Instrumental ---

Well, they all go there for to have a big time
And to eat up that grub on the sly
Have applesauce, butter with sugar in the gourd
And a great big methodist pie.

You ought to hear the ringing when they all go to singing
That good old bye and bye
See Jimmy McGee in the top of a tree
Saying how's this for high.

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--- Instrumental ---

When they catch all hands and march around a ring
Keep singing all the while
You'd think it was a cyclone comin' through the air
You can hear them shout half a mile.

Then the bell rings loud and that great big crowd
Breaks ranks and up they fly
While I take aboard on the sugar in the gourd
And I clean up the methodist pie.

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I'm a methodist till I die...