

Dip Me In The Golden Foam, - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

DIP ME IN THE GOLDEN FOAM,
Copyright, 1897. by John T Beattie.
Words and Music by John T. Beattie.

Oh, I long for to see that heavenly land,
I do, that's true:
I want for to grab Saint Peter by the hand,
That's true, I do:
Come all you children, lean and fat,
Oh, come, do come;
Oh, you must give up your policy,
You must give up your crap,
If you want that golden foam.

Chorus.
Then dip me, oh, bathe me.
Sister Louisa, won't you get in the boat?
Brother Joseph, won't you take a little float?
For I am going home to get that golden foam.
Hallelujah: hallelujah: hallelujah:
Oh, don't you want that foam?

Oh, the good book, the good book I do love,
That's true. I do:
Oh, the Lord sees us from up above,
That's true. He do:
Come all you sinners straight to Him,
Oh, come, don't roam:
Oh, you must give up your razors,
You must give up your gin,
If you want that golden foam.

Chorus.
Then dip me, oh, bathe me,
Sister Martha, won't you get in the boat?
Brother Henry, won't you take a little float?
For I am going home to get that golden foam.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Oh, don't you want that foam?

Oh, you can sit right down in the snow-white pew,
That's true, me too;
We can see old Satan a-shoveling dew.
That's true, us few;
Come all you coons, do what is right,
Don't roam from home:
Oh, you must give up your chickens,
You must give up your light,
If you want that golden foam.

Chorus.
Then dip me, oh, bathe me,
Sister Hannah, won't you get in the boat?
Brother Bryan, won't you take a little float?
For I am going home to get that golden foam.
Hallelujah: hallelujah: hallelujah!
Oh, don't you want that foam?