Holy Smoke - song lyrics

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HOLY SMOKE.
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Words and Music by Sam Weston.

The Meth'dist church am blazing, the holy smoke am raising.
The Bible am a-flying in the air;
The wenches am a-yelling, the holy bells am telling
There's going to be a nigger roasted there.
I hear, like thunder busting, niggers jumping, wenches hustling;
The preacher man am missing from this pew,
the pulpit it is burning, to holy smoke am turning,
Every nigger will be cooked into a stew.

Chorus.
Holy smoke, dem coons will choke;
Go get a rope, or they will surely croak;
Holy smoke, dem coons will choke;
Go get a rope, or they will surely croak.

I see the angels coming, with water-buckets running,
With a golden hose them niggers they will soak;
Out of the windows wenches climbing, some are laughing, some are crying,
Some are turning pale and others into smoke.
Oh, brothers, sisters, sinners, if there's any religion In us,
Go chase the devil away from our church-door;
And then we will climb higher, keep away from the satan's fire,
And thus we will be saved forevermore.-Chorus.