CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS

AS SUNG BY THE HAMPTON STUDENTS

THIRD EDITION

ENLARGED BY THE ADDITION OF FORTY-FOUR SONGS
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HAMPTON STUDENTS,

ARRANGED BY

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THIRD EDITION,
ENLARGED BY THE ADDITION OF FORTY-FOUR SONGS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED A FEW INDIAN SONGS, GATHERED AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE, THE NEGROES' BATTLE HYMN, AND THE GRACE AS SUNG AT HAMPTON.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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THE slave music of the South presents a field for research and study very extensive and rich, and one which has been scarcely more than entered upon.

There are evidently, I think, two legitimate methods of treating this music: either to render it in its absolute, rude simplicity, or to develop it without destroying its original characteristics; the only proper field for such development being in the harmony.

Practical experience shows the necessity, in some cases, of making compensation for its loss in being transplanted. Half its effectiveness, in its home, depends upon accompaniments which can be carried away only in memory. The inspiration of numbers; the overpowering chorus, covering defects; the swaying of the body; the rhythmical stamping of the feet; and all the wild enthusiasm of the negro camp-meeting—these evidently can not be transported to the boards of a public performance. To secure variety and do justice to the music, I have, therefore, treated it by both methods. The most characteristic of the songs are left entirely or nearly untouched. On the other hand, the improvement which a careful bringing out of the various parts has effected in such pieces as "Some o' dese Mornin's," "Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard," "Dust an' Ashes," and "The Church ob God," which seemed especially susceptible to such development, suggests possibilities of making more than has ever yet been made out of this slave music.

Another obstacle to its rendering is the fact that tones are fre-
quently employed which we have no musical characters to represent. Such, for example, is that which I have indicated as nearly as possible by the flat seventh, in "Great Camp-meetin'," "Hard Trials," and others. These tones are variable in pitch, ranging through an entire interval on different occasions, according to the inspiration of the singer. They are rarely discordant, and often add a charm to the performance. It is of course impossible to explain them in words, and to those who wish to sing them, the best advice is that most useful in learning to pronounce a foreign language: *Study all the rules you please; then—go listen to a native.*

One reason for publishing this slave music is, that it is rapidly passing away. It may be that this people which has developed such a wonderful musical sense in its degradation will, in its maturity, produce a composer who could bring a music of the future out of this music of the past. At present, however, the freedmen have an unfortunate inclination to despise it, as a vestige of slavery; those who learned it in the old time, when it was the natural outpouring of their sorrows and longings, are dying off, and if efforts are not made for its preservation, the country will soon have lost this wonderful music of bondage.

The melodies in this book, with few exceptions, are published here for the first time, and these exceptions are themselves original in arrangement and effect. The words of the slave hymns are often common property through the South, sung to different tunes in different sections of the country.

THOMAS P. FENNER.

Hampton, Va., January 1, 1874.
INTRODUCTION.

IN publishing this new and enlarged edition of the Hampton Songs, little explanation is needed, for it is done in response to a demand. Ever since the publication of the first edition, in 1874, when the band of Hampton Student Singers were helping to raise the walls of Virginia Hall by their concerts in the North, there have been frequent requests for their music. Meanwhile, though the old favorites have not been neglected, many more melodies, striking and beautiful, have been brought in by students from various parts of the South. The field seems almost inexhaustible. Their origin no one exactly knows. An old "Aunty," questioned on the subject, declared that "When Mass'r Jesus He walk de earth, when He feel tired He sit a-restin' on Jacob's well and make up des ye'r spirituals for His people." A half-familiar strain, recalling some old ballad or psalm-tune, now and then suggests a possible solution for some of them; and, as Lowell said of Chaucer, "If one can transmute lead into gold, why ask where he got his lead?" So strikingly original, as well as of such quaint, pathetic, even artistic beauty, are most of them, that they justify Edward Everett Hale's assertion, that they are "the only American music."

A consideration of the slave music of the South, from the musician's standpoint, was made by Mr. Thomas P. Fenner, who trained the original band of Hampton Student Singers, and arranged the songs in the first edition of this book, his preface to which is subjoined. The disposition which he noticed in the freedmen to be
ashamed of the songs of slave times still exists. Some of the old ring is lost with the experience that called it forth. Yet the people are still natural musicians, and it is easy to arouse in the more advanced an intelligent interest in the characteristic music which excites so much sympathy and respect for their race, is so identified with their past history and their present fortunes.

NOTE TO THIRD EDITION.

In 1891 a second edition was printed, and to this was added several new songs, including a few from Indian and other nationalities represented at Hampton, arranged by Mr. F. G. Rathbun, at that time musical director at Hampton, and also a few from the Tuskegee collection arranged by Mr. R. H. Hamilton, a graduate of Hampton and one of the original band of Hampton Singers.

To these are now added over forty new ones, collected and arranged by Miss Bessie Cleaveland, musical instructor at Hampton since 1892.

The hymn called by General Armstrong the Negroes' Battle Hymn, sung by his colored soldiers during the war and since then at Hampton, is added to the collection; also, by special request, the grace sung at meal-time by the students of the school.

Hampton, January, 1901.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Oh, den my little Soul's gwine to Shine.

"This was sung by a boy who was sold down South by his master; and when he parted from his mother, these were the words he sang."—J. H. Bailey.

1. I'm gwine to jine de great 'so-ci-a-tion, I'm gwine to jine de

2. I'm gwine to climb up Jacob's ladder, Den my little soul, &c.

3. I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher, Den my little soul, &c.

4. I'm gwine to sit down at the welcome table, Den my little soul, &c.

5. I'm gwine to feast off milk and honey, Den my little soul, &c.

6. I'm gwine to tell God how-a you served me, Den my little soul, &c.

7. I'm gwine to jine de big baptizin', Den my little soul, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Peter, go Ring dem Bells.

"A secret prayer-meeting song, sung by Thomas Vess, a blacksmith and a slave. He especially sang it when any one confessed religion. Thomas Vess was a man whose heart was given to these songs, for in the neighborhood where he lived, it seemed like a prayer-meeting did not go on well without him. I have long since learned wherever he was known what happiness he got from them."

J. M. WADDY.

1. Oh Peter, go ring dem bells, Peter, go ring dem bells, Peter, go

ring dem bells, I heard from heav-en to-day. I wonder where my

mother is gone, I wonder where my mother is gone, I

wonder where my mother is gone, I heard from heav-en to-day.
Peter, go Ring dem Bells.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I heard from heav-en to-day, I heard from heav-en to-day, I

2 I wonder where sister Mary's gone—
   I heard from heaven to-day;
   I wonder where sister Martha's gone—
   I heard from heaven to-day;
   It's good news, and I thank God—
   I heard from heaven to-day.
   Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells—
   I heard from heaven to-day.
   Cho.—I heard from heaven, &c.

3 I wonder where brudder Moses gone—
   I heard from heaven to-day;
   I wonder where brudder Daniel's gone—
   I heard from heaven to-day;
   He's gone where Elijah has gone—
   I heard from heaven to-day;
   Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells—
   I heard from heaven to-day.
   Cho.—I heard from heaven, &c.
My Lord, what a Morning.

1. My Lord, what a morning, My Lord, what a morning, My

Lord, what a morning, When de stars begin to fall.

You'll hear de trumpet sound, To wake de nations under.
You'll hear de sinner moan, To wake, &c.

2 You'll hear de Christians shout, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
You'll hear de angels sing, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
Cho.—My Lord, what a morning, &c.

3 You'll see my Jesus come, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
His chariot wheels roll round, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
Cho.—My Lord, what a morning, &c.
Children, hail! hail! hail! I'm gwine jine saints a-bove;

Hail! hail! hail! I'm on my journey home. Oh,

look up yonder, what I see, I'm on my journey home.

2 If you git dere before I do,
I'm on my journey home—
Look out for me—I'm comin' too;
I'm on my journey home.

Cho.—Children, hail, &c.

3 Oh, hallelujah to de Lamb!
I'm on my journey home;
King Jesus died for ebery man,
I'm on my journey home.

Cho.—Children, hail, &c.
Love an' serve de Lord.

If ye love God, serve Him, Halle-lu-jah, Praise ye de Lord!
Come go to glory with me,

If ye love God, serve Him, Halle-lu-jah! Love an' serve de Lord.
Come, go to glory with me.

Good mornin', brother trav'ler, Pray tell me where you're bound? I'm bound for Canaan's happy land, And de enchant-ed ground.

2 Oh, when I was a sinner,
    I liked my way so well;
But when I come to find out,
    I was on de road to hell.
Cho.—I fled to Jesus—Hallelujah! &c.
    Oh, Jesus received me, Hallelujah, &c.

3 De Father, He looked on de Son, and smiled,
    De Son, He looked on me;
De Father, redeemed my soul from hell;
    An' de Son, He set me free.
Cho.—I shouted Hallelujah! Hallelujah, &c.
    I praised my Jesus, Hallelujah, &c.

4 Oh when we all shall get dere,
    Upon dat-a heavenly sho',
We'll walk about dem-a golden streets,
    An' neber part no mo'.
Cho.—No rebukin' in de churches—Hallelujah,
    Ebery day be Sunday—Hallelujah, &c.
Swing low, sweet Chariot.

Oh swing low, sweet chariot, Swing low, sweet chariot,

Swing low, sweet chariot, I don't want to leave me behind.

Oh de good ole chariot swing so low, Good ole chariot swing so low,

Oh de good ole chariot swing so low, I don't want to leave me behind.

2 Oh de good ole chariot will take us all home,
I don't want to leave me behind.

Cho.—Oh swing low, sweet chariot, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

My Bretheren, don't get Weary.

CHO.

My brether-en, don't get wea-ry, An-gels brought de
ti-ding down; Don't get wea-ry, I'm hunt-ing for a home, home.

You'd bet-ter be a pray-ing, I do love de Lord; For
judg-ment day is a com-ing, I do love de Lord, Lord.

2 Oh whar you runnin', sinner?
I do love de Lord—
De judgment day is a comin'!
I do love de Lord.
Cho.—My bretheren, &c.

3 You'll see de world on fire!
I do love de Lord—
You'll see de element a meltin',

I do love de Lord.

Cho.—My bretheren, &c.

4 You'll see de moon a bleedin';
I do love de Lord—
You'll see the stars a fallin';
I do love de Lord.

Cho.—My bretheren, &c.
(This song was a favorite in the Sea Islands. Once when there had been a good deal of ill feeling excited, and trouble was apprehended, owing to the uncertain action of the Government in regard to the confiscated lands on the Sea Islands, Gen. Howard was called upon to address the colored people earnestly. To prepare them to listen, he asked them to sing. Immediately an old woman on the outskirts of the meeting began "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen," and the whole audience joined in. The General was so affected by the plaintive melody, that he found it difficult to maintain his official dignity.)

Oh, nobody knows de trouble I've seen, Nobody knows but Jesus, Nobody knows de trouble I've seen. Glory Hallelujah!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord; Although you see me goin' long so, Oh, yes, Lord;

Sometimes I'm almost to de groun', Oh, yes, Lord. I have my tri-als here be-low, Oh, yes, Lord.

2 One day when I was walkin' along, Oh yes, Lord—De element opened, an' de Love came down, Oh yes, &c. I never shall forget dat day, Oh yes, &c. When Jesus washed my sins away, Oh yes, &c. Cho.—Oh, nobody knows de trouble I've seen, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

**View de Land.**

*Chorus.*

Oh way o-ver Jer-dan, View de land, View de land—

Way o-ver Jer-dan, Go view de heavenly land.

I'm born of God, I know I am: View de land, View de land;
I want to go to heaven when I die; View de land, View de land;

And you de-ny it, if-a you can, Go view de heav'ly land.
To shout sal-va-tion as-a I fly, Go view de heav'ly land.

2 What kind o' shoes is dem-a you wear? View de land, &c.
Dat you can walk upon de air? Go view, &c.
Dem shoes I wear am de gospel shoes; View de land, &c.
An' you can wear dem ef-a you choose; Go view, &c.—Cho.

3 Der' is a tree in Paradise; View de land, &c.
De Christian he call it de tree ob life; Go view, &c.
I spect to eat de fruit right off o' dat tree; View de land, &c,
Ef busy old Satan will let-a me be; Go view, &c.—Cho.

4 You say yer Jesus set-a you free; View de land, &c.
Why don't you let-a your neighbor be? Go view, &c.
You say you're aiming for de skies; View de land, &c.
Why don't you stop-a your telling lies; Go view, &c.—Cho.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

CHORUS.

The Danville Chariot.

Oh swing low, sweet chariot, Pray let me enter in, I don't want to

stay here no longer. I done been to heaven, an' I done been tried, I

Oh down to de water I was led, my

been to de water, an' I been baptized, I don't want to stay here no longer.

soul got fed with de heav'nly bread, I don't want to stay here no longer.

2 I had a little book, an' I read it through,
I got my Jesus as well as you;
I don't want to stay here no longer;
Oh I got a mother in de promised land,
I hope my mother will feed dem lambs;
I don't want to stay here no longer.
Cho.—Oh swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

3 Oh, some go to church for to holler an' shout,
Before six months dey're all turned out;
I don't want to stay here no longer.
Oh, some go to church for to laugh an' talk,
But dey knows nothin' bout dat Christian walk;
I don't want to stay here no longer.
Cho.—Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

4 Oh shout, shout, de dev'l is about:
Oh shut your do' an' keep him out;
I don't want to stay here no longer.
For he is so much-a like-a snaky in de grass,
Ef you don' mind he will get you at las'.
I don't want to stay here no longer.
Cho.—Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

 Ef ye want to see Jesus.

"My father sang this hymn, and said he knew a time when a great many slaves were allowed to have a revival for two days, while their masters and their families had one; and a great many professed religion. And one poor, ignorant man, professed religion, and praised God, and sang this hymn."

 Ef ye want to see Jesus, Go in de wilderness, Go in de wilderness, Go in the wilderness, Ef ye want to see Jesus,

 Go in de wilderness Lean'in' on de Lord. Oh, brother how d'ye feel, when ye come out de wilderness, come out de wilderness, happy when I come out de wilderness, come out de wilderness,

 come out de wilderness. Oh brud-der, how d'ye feel when ye come out de wilderness. I felt so happy when I
If ye want to see Jesus.—Concluded.

2 I shouted Hallelujah, when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord;
I heard de angels singin', when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord;
I heard de harps a harpin', when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord.
Cho.—Oh, leanin' on de Lord.

3 I heard de angels moanin', when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord;
I heard de deb'l howlin', when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord;
I gib de deb'l a battle, when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord.
Cho.—Oh, leanin' on de Lord.
Oh, Yes.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I tell ye, brethren, a mortal fact,

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Ef ye want to get to heab'n, don't neber look back,

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I want to know-a before I go, Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Ebber since I hab-a been newly born.

Yea, whether you love-a de Lord or no, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

I love for to see-a God's work go on,

Oh, wait till I put on my robe, wait till I put on my robe,
Oh, Yes.—Concluded.

2.
Ef eber I land on de oder sho', Oh, yes,
I'll neber come here for to sing no mo',
Oh, yes;
A golden band all round my waist,
An' de palms ob vic-a-try in-a my hand,
An' de golden slippers on to my feet,
Gwine to walk up an' down o' dem golden street.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

3.
An' my lovely bretherin, dat aint all, Oh, yes,
I'm not done a talkin' about my Lord;
An' a golden crown a-placed on a-my head,
An' my long white robe a-come-a-dazzlin' down,
Now wait till I get on my gospel shoes,
Gwine to walk about de heaben an' a-carry de news.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

4.
I'm anchored in Christ, Christ anchored in me, Oh, yes, &c.,
All de deb'ls in hell can't-a-pluck a-me out;
An' I wonder what Satan 's grumbulin' about,
He's bound into hell, an' he can't git out.
But he shall be loose an' hab his sway,
Yea at de great resurrection day.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

Verses, some of which are often added as encores.

5.
I went down de hill side to make a-one prayer, Oh, yes,
An' when I got dere, old Satan was dere,
Oh, yes,
An' what do ye t'ink he said to me?
Oh, yes.
Said, "Off from here you'd better be."
Oh, yes;
An' what for to do, I did not know, Oh, yes,
But I fell on my knees, an' I cried, Oh, Lord, Oh, yes,
Now my Jesus bein' so good an' kind,
Yea, to de with-er-ed, halt an' blind;
My Jesus lowered his mercy down,
An' snatch-a-me from a-dem doors ob hell,
He snatch-a-me from dem doors ob hell,
An' took-a me in a-wid him to dwell.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

6.
I was in de church an' prayin' loud,
An' on my knees to my Jesus bowed,
Ole Satan tole me to my face,
"I'll git you when-a-you leave dis place;"
Oh, brother, dat scare me to my heart,
I was 'raid to walk a-when it was dark.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I get on my robe.

7.
I started home, but I did pray,
An' I met ole Satan on de way;
Ole Satan made a-one grab at me,
But he missed my soul, an' I went free.
My sins went a-lumberin' down to hell,
An' my soul went a-leapin' up Zion's hill;
I tell ye what, bretherin, you'd better not laugh,
Ole Satan 'll run you down his path;
If he runs you, as he run me,
You'll be glad to fall upon your knee.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.
Run, Mary, Run.

Run, Mary, run, Run, Mary, run, Oh, run, Mary, run,

I know de o'er worl' m not like dis. Fire in de east, an' Jordan's rib-er is a

fire in de west, I know de o'er worl' m not like dis, rib-er to cross, I know de o'er worl' m not like dis,

Bound to burn de wil-der-ness, I know de o'er worl' m not like dis. Stretch your rod an' come a-cross, I know, &c.

2 Swing low, chariot, into de east, I know, &c.
Let God's children hab some peace; I know, &c.
Swing low, chariot, into de west; I know, &c.
Let God's children hab some rest; I know, &c.—Cho.

3 Swing low, chariot, into de north; I know, &c.
Gib me de gold widout de dross; I know, &c.
Swing low, chariot, into de south; I know, &c.
Let God's children sing and shout; I know, &c.—Cho.

4 Ef dis day war judgment day, I know, &c.
Ebery sinner would want to pray; I know, &c.
Dat trouble it come like a gloomy cloud; I know, &c.
Gader tick, an' tunder loud; I know, &c.—Cho.
Religion is a Fortune.

Oh, religion is a fortune, I really do believe, Oh, religion is a fortune, I really do believe, Whar sabbaths have no end.

Duo.

Whar ye been, poor mourner, whar ye been so long; Been low down in de valley for to pray, An' I aint done praying yet.

2 Gwine to sit down in de kingdom, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.,
Gwine to walk about in Zion, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.
Duo.—Whar ye ben young convert, &c.

3 Gwine to see my sister Mary, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.
Gwine to see my brudder Jonah, I raly do believe.
Duo.—Whar ye ben good Christian, &c.

4 Gwine to talk-a wid de angels, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.,
Gwine to see my massa Jesus, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Some o' dese Mornin's.

Gwine to see my moth-er some o' dese mornin's, see my moth-er
Oh, sittin' in de kingdom some o' dese mornin's, sittin' in de kingdom

Look a-way in de heaven,

Hope I'll jine de band.

Look a-way in de heaven,

Hope I'll jine de band.
Some o' dese Mornin's.—Continued.

Look away in de heaven, Look away in de heaven,

heaven, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-way in de

Look away, Look away...

heaven, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-way in de

Look away, Look away in de

heaven, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-way in de
Some o' dese Mornin's.—Concluded.

Gwine to see my brother some o' dese mornin's;
Oh, shouting in de heaven some o' dese mornin's,
Hope I'll jine de band.  Cho.—Look away.

3 Gwine to walk about in Zion, some o' dese mornin's,
Gwine to talk-a with de angels some o'dese mornin's,
Hope I'll jine de band.  Cho.—Look away.

4 Gwine to talk de trouble ober some o' dese mornin's,
Gwine to see my Jesus some o' dese mornin's,
Hope I'll jine de band.  Cho.—Look away.
My Lord delivered Daniel.

My Lord delivered Daniel, My Lord delivered Daniel, My

My Lord delivered Daniel; Why can't he deliver me?

I met a pilgrim on the way, An' I ask him what he's a gwine. I'm bound for Canaan's happy lan', An' dis is de shouting band. Go on!

2. Some say dat John de Baptist
   Was nothing but a Jew,
   But de Bible doth inform us
   Dat he was a preacher, too;
   Yes, he was!
   Cho.—My Lord delivered Daniel.

3. Oh, Daniel cast in de lions' den,
   He pray both night an' day,
   De angel came from Galilee,
   An' lock de lions' jaw.
   Dat's so.
   Cho.—My Lord delivered Daniel.

4. He delivered Daniel from de lions' den,
   Jonah from de belly ob de whale,
   And de Hebrew children from de fiery furnace,
   And why not ebery man?
   Oh, yes!
   Cho.—My Lord delivered Daniel.

5. De richest man dat eber I saw
   Was de one dat beg de most,
   His soul was filled wid Jesus,
   And wid de Holy Ghost.
   Yes it was!
   Cho.—My Lord delivered Daniel.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Oh, wasn't dat a wide River.

2. Oh, de good ole chariot passing by,  
One more ribber to cross,  
She jarred de earth an' shook de sky,  
One more, &c.,  
I pray, good Lord, shall I be one?  
One more, &c.,  
To get up in de chariot, trabbel on,  
One more, &c.,  
Cho. — Oh, wasn't dat a wide ribber? &c.

3. We're told dat de fore-wheel run by love,  
One more, &c.,  
We're told dat de hind wheel run by faith.  
One more, &c.,  
I hope I shall get dere bimeby,  
One more, &c.,  
To jine de number in de sky,  
One more, &c.,  
Cho. — Oh, wasn't dat a wide ribber? &c.

4. Oh, one more ribber we hab to cross,  
One more, &c.,  
'Tis Jordan's ribber we hab to cross,  
One more, &c.,  
Oh, Jordan's ribber am chilly an' cold,  
One more, &c.,  
But I got de glory in-a my soul,  
One more, &c.,  
Cho. — Oh, wasn't dat a wide ribber? &c.
CHORUS.  Oh, give way, Jordan.

Oh, give way, Jordan, give way, Jordan, Oh, give way, Jordan. I
Jordan, give way, Jordan, give way.

DUET.  Want to go across to see my Lord. Oh, I heard a sweet music
Oh, I heard a sweet music.

QUARTETTE.  Up above, I want to go across to see my Lord; An’ I
in de air, I want to go across to see my Lord; An’ I

wish dat music would come here, I want to go across to see my Lord.
wish dat music would come here, I want to go across to see my Lord.

2. Oh, stow back, stow back de powers of hell,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
And let God’s children take de field,
I want to go across to see my Lord.
Now stan’ back Satan, let me go by,
I want to go across, &c.,
Gwine to serve my Jesus till I die,
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

3. Soon in de mornin’ by de break ob day,
I want to go across, &c.,
See de ole ship ob Zion sailin’ away,
I want to go across, &c.,

Now I must go across, an’ I shall go across,
I want to go across, &c.,
Dis sinful world I count but dross,
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

4. Oh, I heard such a lumbering in de sky,
I want to go across, &c.,
It make a-me t’ink my time was nigh,
I want to go across, &c.,
Yes, it must be my Jesus in de cloud,
I want to go across, &c.,
I neber heard him speak so loud—
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.
**CHORUS.**

John saw, Oh, John saw, John saw de ho-ly num-ber,

Set-tin on de gold-en al-tar. 1. Wor-thy, wor-thy

is the Lamb, is the Lamb, is the Lamb, Wor-thy, wor-thy

is the Lamb, Set-tin' on de gold-en al-tar.

2 Mary wept, an' Martha cried—Settin' on, &c.
To see de'r Saviour crucified—Settin' on, &c.
Weepin' Mary, weep no more—Settin' on, &c.
Jesus say He gone before—Settin' on, &c.
Cho.—John saw, &c.

3 Want to go to hebben when I die—Settin' on, &c.
Shout salvation as I fly—Settin' on, &c.
It's a little while longer here below—Settin' on, &c.
Den-a home to glory we shall go—Settin' on, &c.
Cho.—John saw, &c.
King Emanuel.

1. Oh, who do you call de King Emanuel; I call my Jesus

2. Oh, some call Him Jesus; but I call Him Lord,
   I call my Jesus King Emanuel;
   Let's talk about de hebben, an de hebben's fine t'ings,
   I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
   Chorus.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

3. Oh steady, steady, a little while;
   I call my Jesus King Emanuel;
   I will tell you what my Lord done for me;
   I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
   Chorus.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

4. He pluck-a my feet out de miry clay;
   I call my Jesus King Emanuel;
   He sot dem a-on de firm Rock o' Age;
   I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
   Chorus.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

De ole Sheep done know de Road.

CHORUS.

Oh de ole sheep done know de road, De ole sheep done know de road, De

Wid crosses an' tri-als on eb-ry side, De young lambs mus' find de way.

Oh, soon-er in de mornin' when I rise, De young lambs mus' find de way.
My brudder aint ye got yer counts all sealed, De young lambs, &c.

Wid crosses an' tri-als on eb-ry side, De young lambs mus' find de way.
You'd bet-ter go get em'fore ye leave dis field, De young lambs, &c.

2 Oh, shout my sister, for you are free, De young lambs, &c.,
For Christ hab bought your liberty, De young lambs, &c.,
I raly do believe widout one doubt, De young lambs, &c.,
Dat de Christian hab a mighty right to shout, De young lambs, &c.
Cho.—Oh, de ole sheep, &c.

3 My brudder, better mind how you walk on de cross, De young lambs, &c.,
For your foot might slip, an' yer soul git lost, De young lambs, &c.,
Better mind dat sun, and see how she run, De young lambs, &c.,
An' mind don't let her catch ye wid yer works undone, De young lambs, &c.
Cho.—Oh, de ole sheep, &c.
De Church of God.

De church of God dat sound so sweet,
De church of God dat sound so sweet, De

1st. 2d.

church, de church of God...

church of God, de church of God, Dat sound so sweet, God, dat sound so sweet.

QUARTETTE.

Oh, look up yander what I see...

Look up yander, what I see, Bright

1st. 2d.

angels com-in' after me...

angels com-in after me.

2.

Oh, Jesus tole you once before, To go in peace an' sin no more; Oh, Paul an' Silas bound in jail, Den one did sing, an' de oder pray. Cho.—De church ob God, &c.

Oh, did you hear my Jesus say "Come unto me, I am de way;" Oh, come along, Moses, don't get lost, Oh, stretch your rod, an' come across. Cho.—De church ob God, &c.
This peculiar but beautiful medley was a great favorite among the hands in the tobacco factories in Danville, Va.

May de Lord—He will be glad of me... May de Lord—He will be glad of me...

In de heav-en He'll re-joice. In de heav-en, once, In de heav-en, twice, In de heav-en He'll re-joice, In de heav-en, once, In de heav-en, twice, In de heav-en He'll re-joice.
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

**Duo—Soprano and Tenor.**

Bright sparkles in de church-yard, Give light unto de tomb,

**Trio—1st & 2d Soprano & Alto.**

Bright summer, spring’s o-ver, Sweet flowers in de’r bloom.

**Quartette.**

Bright sparkles in de church-yard Give light unto de tomb, Bright

sum-mer, springs over, sweet flow-ers in der bloom. My mother, once, my

mother, twice, my mother she’ll re-joice. In de heaven, once, in de
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

In de heaven she'll rejoice, In de heaven she'll rejoice.

Mother, rock me in de cradle all de day... Mother,

rock me in de cradle all de day... Mother,

rock me in de cradle all de day... Mother,
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

All de day, all de day, all de day, Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day.

Oh, mother, don't ye love yer darlin' child, Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day.
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

Mother, don't ye love yer dar-lin' child? Oh, rock me in de
cradle all de day....Mother, rock me in de cradle,

Mother, rock me in the cradle, mother,

rock me in de cradle, rock me in de cradle all de
day....mother, day. All de day.........all de day........

.....Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day......
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Judgment Day is a- rollin' around.

**CHO.**

Judgment, Judgment, Judgment day is a - roll - in' a - round,

**SOLY.**

I've a good ole mud - der in de heav - en, my Lord,

**TUTTI.**

Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole mudder in de heav-en, my Lord,

Judgment, Judgment, Oh, how I long to go.

Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole fa - der in de heav-en, my Lord,

Oh, how I long to go. Judg - ment,

Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole fa - der in de heav-en, my Lord,

heav-en, my Lord, Oh, how I long to go.
Judgment Day is a-rollin' around.—Concluded.

2. Dar's a long white robe in de heaven for me,
   Oh, how I long to go dere too;
Dar's a starry crown in de heaven for me,
   Oh, how I long to go.
My name is written in de book ob life,
   Oh, how I long to go.
Ef you look in de book you'll fin'em dar,
   Oh, how I long to go.

3. Brudder Moses gone to de kingdom,
   Oh, how I long to go dere too;
Sister Mary gone to de kingdom,
   Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's no more slave in de kingdom,
   Oh, how I long to go dere too,
All is glory in de kingdom, Lord,
   Oh, how I long to go.

4. My brudder build a house in Paradise,
   Oh, how I long to go dere too;
He built it by dat ribber of life,
   Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's a big camp meetin' in de kingdom, Lord,
   Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Come, let us jine dat a heavenly crew,
   Oh, how I long to go.

5. King Jesus sittin' in de kingdom,
   Oh, how I long to go dere too;
De angels singin' all round de trone,
   Oh, how I long to go.
De trumpet sound de Jubilo,
   Oh, how I long to go dere too,
I hope dat trump will blow me home,
   Oh, how I long to go.
Oh, Sinner, you'd better get ready.

Echo.

Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, Ready, my Lord,

FINE.

time is a-comin' dat sinner must die. Oh, sinner man, you had

better pray, Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die;

For it look-a like judgment ev-ry day. Time is a-comin' dat
Oh, Sinner, you'd better get ready.—Concluded.

I heard of my Jesus a many one say—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Could 'move poor sinner's sins away—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Yes, I'd rather a pray myself away—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Dan to lie in hell an' burn a-one day—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Cho.—Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, &c.

2.

I heard my mother say—
'Twas a pretty thing a to serve de Lord—
Oh, when I get to Heaven I'll be able for to tell—
Oh, how I shun dat dismal hell—
Cho.—Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Hear de Lambs a Cryin'.

You hear de lambs a cry-in', Hear de lambs a cry-in',

Hear de lambs a cry-in', Oh, shepherd, feed-a my sheep.

Our Sav-iour spoke dese words so sweet: "Oh shep-herd,

feed-a my sheep, Said, "Pe-ter, if ye love me,

feed my sheep." Oh, shep-herd, feed-a my sheep. Oh,
Hear de Lambs a Cryin'.—Concluded.

Lord, I love Thee, Thou dost know; Oh, shep-herd,

feed a my sheep; Oh, give me grace to

love Thee mo'; Oh, shep-herd, feed a my sheep.

2 I don' know what you want to stay here for, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
For dis vain world's no friend to grace, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
If I only had wings like Noah's dove, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
I'd fly away to de heavens above, Oh, shepherd, &c.
Cho.—You hear de lambs crying, &c.

3 When I am in an agony, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
When you see me, pity me, Oh, shepherid, &c.,
For I am a pilgrim travellin' on, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
De lonesome road where Jesus gone, Oh, shepherd, &c.
Cho.—You hear de lambs a-crying, &c.

4 Oh, see my Jesus hanging high, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
He looked so pale an' bled so free, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
Oh, don't you think it was a shame, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
He hung three hours in dreadful pain, Oh, shepherd, &c.
Cho.—You hear de lambs a-crying, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Rise and Shine.

CHORUS.

Oh, rise an' shine, an' give God de glori-ry, glori-ry. Rise an'

shine, an' give God de glori-ry, glori-ry. Rise an' shine, an'

give God de glori-ry, glori-ry for de year of Ju-ber-lee.

Je-sus car-ry de young lambs in his bo-som, bo-som,
Je-sus lead de ole sheep by still wa-ters, wa-ters,

Car-ry de young lambs in his bo-som, bo-som, Car-ry de
Lead de ole sheep by still wa-ters, wa-ters, Lead de
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Rise and Shine.—Concluded.

young lambs in his bosom, bosom, For de year ob Jubilee.
ole sheep by still waters, waters, For de year ob Jubilee.

2 Oh, come on, mourners, get you ready, ready,
Come on, mourners, get you ready, ready, (bis),
For de year ob jubilee;
You may keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning,
Keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning, (bis),
For de year ob jubilee.
Cho.—Oh, rise an' shine, &c.

3 Oh, come on, children, don't be weary, weary,
Come on, children, don't be weary, weary, (bis),
For de year ob jubilee;
Oh, don't you hear dem bells a-ringing, ringin',
Don't you hear dem bells a-ringing', ringin', (bis),
For de year ob jubilee.
Cho.—Oh, rise an' shine, &c.

Hard Trials.

De fox hab hole in de ground, An' de bird hab nest in de air,

An' eb-ry t'ing hab a hid-ing-place, But we, poor sin-ner, hab none.

CHORUS.

Now aint dat hard tri-als, great trib-u-la-tion, Aint dat hard
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Hard Trials.—Concluded.

I'm boun' to leabe dis world. 1. Baptist, Baptist is my name, 2. Methodist, Methodist is my name, 3. Presbyterian, Presbyterian, &c.

Baptist till I die, I'll be baptize in de Baptist name, An' I'll Methodist till I die, I'll be baptize in de Methodist name, An' I'll Presbyterian till, &c. Presbyterian name, &c.

D.S. Cho. at Fine.

lib on de Baptist side. 4. You may go dis-a-way, You may, lib on de Methodist side, lib on de Presbyterian side.

D.C. dal Cho.

You had bet-ter stop your dif-fer-ent names, An'—
Most Done Travelling.

Oh, my mudder's in de road, Most done travelling; My mudder's in de road,

Most done travelling, My mudder's in de road, Most done travelling. I'm

bound to carry my soul to de Lord. I'm bound to carry my

soul to my Jesus, I'm bound to carry my soul to de Lord; Lord.

2.
Oh, my sister's in de road,
Most done travelling,
My sister's in de road, \( (bis) \)
Most done travelling. Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

3.
Oh, my brudder's in de road,
Most done travelling,
My brudder's in de road, \( (bis) \)
Most done travelling. Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

4.
Oh, de preacher's in de road,
Most done travelling,
De preacher's in de road, \( (bis) \)
Most done travelling. Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

5.
All de member's in de road,
Most done travelling,
De members' in de road, \( (bis) \)
Most done travelling. Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Gwine up.

CHO.

Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, gwine up, gwine all de way, Lord, Gwine up,

gwine up to see de hebbenly land, Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, gwine up,

gwine all de way, Lord, Gwine up, gwine up to see de hebbenly land.

Oh, saints an' sinners will-a you go, see de hebbenly land,

I'm a gwine up to heaven for to see my robe, See de hebbenly land,
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Gwine up.—Concluded.

I'm a gwine to keep a climbin' high—
   See de hebbenly land;
Till I meet dem-er angels in-a de sky—
   See de hebbenly lan'.
Dem pooty angels I shall see—
   See de hebbenly lan';
Why don't de debbil let-a me be—
   See de hebbenly lan'.
Cho.—Oh yes, I'm gwine up, &c.

3.

I tell you what I like-a de best—
   See de hebbenly lan';
It is dem-a shoutin' Methodess—
   See de hebbenly lan';
We shout so loud de debbil look—
   See de hebbenly lan';
An' he gets away wid his cluvven foot—
   See de hebbenly lan'.
Cho.—Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, &c.
I hope my Mother will be there.

This was sung by the hands in Mayo's Tobacco Factory, Richmond, and is really called "The Mayo Boys' Song."

1st.

I hope my mother will be there, In that beautiful world on high.
That used to join with me in prayer, In that beautiful world on high.

2d. CHO.

high. Oh, I will be there Oh I will be there
will be there.

With the palms of victory, crowns of glory you
shall wear In that beautiful world on high.

2 I hope my sister will be there.
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
Cho.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

3 I hope my brother will be there,
In that beautiful world on high.

That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
Cho.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

4 I know my Saviour will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to listen to my prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
Cho.—Oh, I will be there, &c.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Oh, de Hebben is Shinin'.

CHORUS.

Oh de heb-ben is shi-nin', shi-nin', O Lord, de heb-ben is shi-nin'
full ob love. Oh, Fare-you-well, friends, I'm gwine to tell you all; De
heb-ben is shi-nin' full ob love; Gwine to leave you all a-mine
heb-ben is shi-nin' full ob love; Build it so ole Sa-tan he
eyes to close; De heb-ben is shi-nin' full ob love.
can't get in; De heb-ben, &c.

2 Death say, "I come on a-dat hebbenly 'crec; De hebben is, &c.
My warrant's for to summage thee; De hebben is, &c.
An' whedder thou prepared or no; De hebben is, &c.
Dis very day He say you must go;" De hebben is, &c.—Cho.

3 Oh, ghastly Death, wouldst thou prevail; De hebben is, &c.
Oh, spare me yet anoder day; De hebben is, &c.
I'm but a flower in my bloom; De hebben is, &c.
Why wilt thou cut-a me down so soon? De hebben is, &c.—Cho.

4 Oh, if I had-a my time agin: De hebben is, &c.
I would hate dat road-a dat leads to sin; De hebben is, &c.
An' to my God a-wid earnest pray; De hebben is, &c.
An' wrastle until de break o' day; De hebben is, &c.—Cho.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

**Who'll jine de Union.**

Oh, Hallelujah, Oh, Hallelujah, Oh, Hallelujah, Lord, Who'll jine de Union? My love-ly breth-er-en, how ye do? Who'll jine de Union? Oh, does yer love a-con-tinue true? Who'll jine de Union? Eber since I hab-a-been new-ly born. Who'll jine de Union?
Who'll jine de Union.—Concluded.

I love for to see-a God's work go on, Who'll jine de Union?

2.

Ef ye want to ketch-a dat hebbenly breeze,
Who'll jine de Union?

Go down in de valley upon yer knees,
Who'll jine de Union?

Go bend yer knees right smoove wid de groun',
Who'll jine de Union?

An' pray to de Lord to turn you roun',
Who'll jine de Union?

Cho.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

4.

Say, ef you belong to de Union ban',
Who'll jine de Union?

Den here's my heart, an' here's my han'
Who'll jine de Union?

I love yer all, both bond an' free,
Who'll jine de Union?

I love you ef-a you don't love me,
Who'll jine de Union?

Cho.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

3.

Now ef you want to know ob me,
Who'll jine de Union?

Jess who I am, an' a-who I be,
Who'll jine de Union?

I'm a chile ob God, wid my soul sot free,
Who'll jine de Union?

For Christ hab bought my liberty,
Who'll jine de Union?

Cho.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.
A great Camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

"This hymn was made by a company of Slaves, who were not allowed to sing or pray anywhere the old master could hear them; and when he died their old mistress looked on them with pity, and granted them the privilege of singing and praying in the cabins at night. Then they sang this hymn, and shouted for joy, and gave God the honor and praise."

J. B. Towe.

Oh walk to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,
Oh talk to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,
Oh sing to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,

Walk to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,
Talk to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,
Sing to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,

Walk to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry, Dere's a
t to-ged-der, chil-dron,

great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land, Gwine to mourn an' neber
Oh get you ready, childron, DONT you get weary,
Get you ready, childron, DONT you get, &c. (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

For Jesus is a comin', DONT you get, &c.,
Jesus is a comin', DONT you get, &c., (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Gwine to hab a happy meetin', DONT you get weary,
Hab a happy meetin', DONT you get, &c. (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

CHO.—Gwine to pray an' neber tire,
Pray an' neber tire, (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

3.
Gwine to hab it in hebben, DONT you, &c.
Gwine to hab it in hebben, DONT, &c. (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Gwine to shout in hebben, DONT you get weary,
Shout in hebben, DONT you get, &c., (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Oh will you go wid me, DONT you get, &c.,
Will you go wid me, DONT you get, &c., (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
CHO.—Gwine to shout an' neber tire,
Shout an' neber tire, (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land,

2.
Dere's a better day comin', DONT you get weary,
Better day a comin', DONT you get, &c., (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Oh slap your hands childron, DONT, &c.
Slap your hands childron, DONT, &c., (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Oh pat your foot childron, DONT you get weary,
Pat your foot childron, DONT, &c., (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

CHO.—Gwine to live wid God forever,
Live wid God forever, (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

5.
Oh, feel de Spirit a movin', DONT you, &c.
Feel de Spirit a movin', DONT, &c., (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
Oh now I'm gettin' happy, DONT you get weary,
Now I'm gettin' happy, DONT, &c., (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
I feel so happy, DONT you get weary,
Feel so happy, DONT you get weary, (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
CHO.—Oh, fly an' neber tire,
Fly an' neber tire, (bis.)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Good news, de Chariot's comin'.

CHORUS.

Good news, de chariot's com-in', good news, de
Good news

Good news, good news,

chariot's comin', good news, de chariot's com-in', I

good news,

don' want her leave a me be-hind. Gwine to

get up in de chariot, Carry me home,
Good news, de Chariot's comin'—Concluded.

Get up in de chariot, Carry me home;

Get up in de chariot, carry me home,

An' I don' want her leave a me behind.

---

2 Dar's a long white robe in de hebben I know,
A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's a golden crown in de hebben, I know,
A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Cho.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.

3 Dar's a golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Cho.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Don't ye view dat ship a come a sailin'.

For 1st verse only.

Don't ye view dat ship a come a sail-in'? Hal-le-lu-jah.

For 2d and all succeeding verses.

Dat ship is heav-y load-ed, Hal-le-lu-jah.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Dont ye biew dat ship.—Concluded.

2 Dat ship is heavy loaded, Hallelujah, &c.

3 She neither reels nor totters, Hallelujah.

4 She is loaded wid-a bright angels, Hallelujah.

5 Oh, how do you know dey are angels? Hallelujah.

6 I know dem by a de'r mournin', Hallelujah.

7 Oh, yonder comes my Jesus, Hallelujah.

8 Oh, how do you know it is Jesus? Hallelujah.

9 I know him by-a his shinin', Hallelujah.
Oh, Hampton and its students.

I don't feel no-ways tired.

I am seek-in' for a city, Hallelujah,
Oh, ... bredren, trab-bel wid me, Hallelujah,

I am seek-in' for a city, Hallelujah,
bredren, trab-bel wid me? Hallelujah,

Seek-in' for a city, Hallelujah,
will you go a-long wid me? Hallelujah,

City in-to de heav-en, Hallelujah,
will you go a-long wid me? Hallelujah.

CHO.

Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, Children,
I don't feel no-ways tired.—Concluded.

Oh, glory Hallelujah, For I

hope to shout glory when dis world is on fire,

Children, Oh, glory Hallelujah.

2 We will trabble on together, Hallelujah, (bis)
Gwine to war agin de debbel, Hallelujah,
Gwine to pull down Satan's kingdom. Hallelujah,
Gwine to build up de walls o' Zion, Hallelujah.
Chor. — Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

3 Dere is a better day a comin', Hallelujah, (bis)
When I leave dis world o' sorrer, Hallelujah,
For to jine de holy number, Hallelujah,
Den we'll talk de trouble ober. Hallelujah.
Chor. — Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

4 Gwine to walk about in Zion, Hallelujah, (bis)
Gwine to talk a wid de angels, Hallelujah,
Gwine to tell God 'bout my erosses, Hallelujah,
Gwine to reign wid Him foreber, Hallelujah.
Chor. — Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.
Did you hear my Jesus.

EF you want to get to heb-ben, come a-long, come a-long, EF you
EF you want to see de an-gels, come a-long, come a-long, EF you

want to get to heb-ben, come a-long, come a-long, EF you
want to see de an-gels, come a-long, come a-long, EF you

want to go to heb-ben, come a-long, come a-long,
want to see de an-gels, come a-long, come a-long,

CHORUS.

Hear my Je-sus when He call you. Did you hear my Je-sus when He
Hear my Je-sus when He call you.
Did you hear my Jesus.—Concluded.

call you, Did you hear my Je-sus when He call you, Did you

hear my Je-sus when He call you. For to try on your long white robe.

2 Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along,
Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along, (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along,
Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along, (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you,
I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along,
I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along, (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you.
Cho.—Did you hear my Jesus when He call you,
Did you hear my Jesus when He call you, (bis.,
For to try on your long white robe.

3 Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along,
Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along, (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along,
Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along, (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Did you hear my Jesus calling, "come along, come along."
Did you hear my Jesus calling, "come along, come along." (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you.
Cho.—Did you hear my Jesus when He call you,
Did you hear my Jesus when He call you, (bis.,
For to try on your long white robe.
Zion, weep a-low.

My Jesus Christ, a-walk-in' down de hebb-ly road, Den a

Hal-le-lu-jah to-a de Lamb, An' out o' his mouth come a
two-edged sword, Den a Hal-le-lu-jah to-a de Lamb,
Zion, weep a-low.—Concluded.

Say, what sort o' sword dat you talk-in' 'bout Den a

Hal-le-lu-jah to-a de Lamb, I'm talk-in' 'bout dat
two-edged sword, Den a Hal-le-lu-jah to-a de Lamb.

2 Oh, look up yonder, Lord, a-what I see,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
   Dere's a long tall angel a comin' a'ter me,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
   Wid a palms o' victry in-a my hand,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
   Wid a golden crown a-placed on-a my head,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.  Cho.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

3 Zion been a-weepin' all o' de day,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
   Say, come, poor sinners, come-a an' pray,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
   Oh, Satan, like a dat huntin' dog,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
   He hunt dem a Christian's home to God,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.  Cho.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

4 Oh, Hebben so high, an' I so low,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
   I don' know shall I ebben get to Hebben or no,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
   Gwine to tell my brudder befo' I go,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
   What a dolesome road-a I had to go,
   Den a Hallelujah, &c.  Cho.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Sweet Canaan.

My mother used to tell me how the colored People all expected to be free some day, and how one night, a great many of them met together in a Cabin, and tied little budgets on their backs, as though they expected to go off some where, and cried, and shook hands, and sang this hymn.

CHO.

Alice Davis.

Oh, de land I am bound for, Sweet Canaan's happy land I am bound for, Sweet

Canaan's happy land I am bound for, Sweet Canaan's happy land, Pray,

give me your right hand. Oh, my brother, did you come for to help me, Oh, my sister, did you come for to help me,

Oh, my brother, did you come for to help me, Oh, my brother, did you Oh, my sister, did you come for to help me, Oh, my sister, did you

come for to help me; Pray, give me your right hand, your right hand. come for to help me; Pray, &c.

Note.—There is so little variety to the verses of "Sweet Canaan" that we have not thought it worth while to give them at greater length. They readily suggest themselves, and seem to be limited only by the number of the singer's relations and friends.
In dat great gittin-up Mornin'.

This song is a remarkable paraphrase of a portion of the Book of Revelations, and one of the finest specimens of negro "Spirituals." The student who brought it to us, and who sings the Solos, has furnished all that he can remember of the almost interminable succession of verses, which he has heard sung for half an hour at a time, by the slaves in their midnight meetings in the woods. He gives the following interesting account of its origin:

"I have heard my uncle sing this hymn, and he told me how it was made. It was made by an old slave who knew nothing about letters or figures. He could not count the number of rails that he would split when he was tasked by his master to split 150 a day. But he tried to lead a Christian life, and he dreamed of the General Judgment, and told his fellow-servants about it, and then made a tune to it, and sang it in his cabin meetings."

J. B. Towe.

I'm a gwine to tell you bout de comin' ob de Saviour; Fare-you-well,

Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well. I'm a gwine to tell you 'bout de com-in' ob de Saviour;

Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well. Dar's a bet-ter day a comin'; Fare-you-well,

Fare-you-well; When my Lord speaks to His Fa-der; Fare-you-well,

Fare-vous-well. Says Fa-der, I'm tired o' bear-in', Fare-you-well,
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin'—Continued.

Fare-you-well. Tired o' bear-in' for poor sin-ners; Fare-you-well,

Fare-you-well. Oh, preachers, fold your Bi-bles; Fare-you-well;

Fare-you-well; Prayer-makers pray no more; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well,

For de last soul's con-ver-t-ed; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well;

For de last soul's con-ver-t-ed; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well.
In dat great gittin'-up Mornin'.—Concluded.

**CHORUS.**

In dat great get-tin'-up morn-in'; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well,

In dat great git-tin'-up morn-in'; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well.

2. Dere's a better day a comin',
3. When my Lord speaks to his Fader,
4. Says, Fader, I'm tired o' bearin',
5. Tired o' bearin' for poor sinners,
6. Oh preachers, fold your Bibles,
7. Prayer-makers, pray no more,
8. For de last soul's converted. (bis) Cho.

10. Say, go look behind de altar,
11. Take down de silver trumpet,
12. Go down to de sea-side,
13. Place one foot on de dry land,
14. Place de odor on de sea,
15. Raise your hand to heaven,
16. Declare by your Maker,
17. Dat time shall be no longer. (bis) Cho.
18. Blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
19. Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
20. Blow it right calm and easy,
21. Do not alarm my people,
23. Den you see de coffins bustin',
24. Den you see de Christian risin',
25. Den you see de righteous marchin',
26. Dey are marchin' home to heaven,
27. Den look upon Mount Zion,
28. You see my Jesus comin'
29. Wid all his holy angels.
30. Where you runnin', sinner?
31. Judgment day is comin'. (bis) Cho.
32. Gabriel, blow your trumpet,
33. Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
34. Loud as seven peals of thunder,
35. Wake de sleepin' nations.
36. Den you see poor sinners risin'?
37. See de dry bones a creepin', Cho.
38. Den you see de world on fire,
39. You see de moon a bleedin',
40. See de stars a fallin',
41. See de elements makin',
42. See de forked lightnin',
43. Hear de rumblin' thunders.
44. Earth shall reel and totter,
45. Hell shall be un revamped,
46. De dragon shall be loosened.
47. Fare-you-well, poor sinner. Cho.
48. Den you look up in de heaven,
49. See your mother in heaven,
50. While you're doomed to destruction.
51. When de partin' word is given,
52. De Christian shouts to your ruin.
53. No mercy'll ever reach you, Cho.
54. Den you'll cry out for cold water,
55. While de Christian's shoutin' in glory.
56. Sayin' amen to your damnation,
57. Den you hear de sinner sayin',
58. Down I'm rollin', down I'm rollin',
59. Den de righteous housed in heaven,
60. Live wid God forever. (bis.) Cho.
Walk you in de Light.

Walk you in de light, Walk you in de light,

Walk you in de light, Walk-in' in de light o' God,

Oh, chil-dren. God. Oh, chil-dren, do you think it's true,
Yes, He died for me an' He died for you,

Walkin' in de light o' God, Dat Je-sus Christ did die for you,
For de Ho-ly Bi-ble does say so,
Walk you in de Light.—Concluded.

2 I think I heard some children say,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
Dat dey neber heard de' r parents pray,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Oh, parents, dat is not de way,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
But teach your children to watch an' pray,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, parents, walk you in de light,
Walk you in de light, walk you in de light,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

3 I love to shout, I love to sing,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
I love to praise my Heavenly King,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Oh, sisters, can't you help me sing,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
For Moses' sister did help him,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, sisters, walk you in de light, &c.

4 Oh, de heavenly lan' so bright an' fair,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
A very few dat enter dere,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
For good Elijah did declare,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
Dat nothin' but de righteous shall go dere,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, Christians, walk you in de light, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Sweet Turtle Dove, or Jerusalem Mornin'.

pp 1st, 4th and 8th verses only.

1. Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet, Mud-dy de wa-ter,

so deep, An' we had a lit - tle meet - in' in de

morn - in', A - for to hear Ga - bel's trum - pet sound.

CHORUS.

Je - ru - sa - lem morn - in', Je - ru - sa - lem morn - in' by de

light, Don't you hear Ga - bel's trum - pet in dat morn - in'?
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Sweet Turtle Dove.—Concluded.

2 Old sister Win-ny, she took her seat, An' she want all
de mem-bers to fol-ler her, An' we had a lit-tle meet-in'
in de morn-in', A-for to hear Ga-bel's trump-et sound.

2 Ole sister Hannah, she took her seat, An' she want all de member to fol ler her; An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin', A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound. Cho.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

3 Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet, Muddy de water, so deep, An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin', A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound. Cho.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(Solo.) 5 Ole brudder Philip, he took his seat, An' he want all de member to fol ler him, An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin', A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound. Cho.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(Solo.) 6 Ole sister Hagar, she took her seat, An' she want all de member to fol ler her, An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin', A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound, Cho.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(Solo.) 7 Ole brudder Moses took his seat, An' he want all de member to fol ler him, An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin', A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound. Cho.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

8 Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet, Muddy de water. so deep, An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin', A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound. Cho.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.
The explanation which has been given us of the origin of this curious hymn is, we think, invaluable as an example of the manner in which external facts grew to have a strange symbolical meaning in the imaginative mind of the negro race.

In a little town in one of the Southern States, a Scriptural panorama was exhibited, in which Gideon’s Band held a prominent place, the leader being conspicuously mounted upon a white horse. The black people of the neighborhood crowded to see it, and suddenly, and to themselves inexplicably, this swinging “Milk-White Horses” sprang up among them, establishing itself soon as a standard church and chimney-corner hymn.

**Gideon’s Band; or, De milk-white Horses.**

Oh, de band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on,
Oh, de milk-white hor-ses, milk-white hor-ses, milk-white hor-ses,

**Ober in Jor-dan, Band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on,**
Ober in Jor-dan, Milk white hor-ses, milk-white hor-ses,

**How I long to see dat day.**
I hail to my sis-ter, my sis-ter she bow low, Say, don’t you want to go to heb-ben,

**How I long to see dat day.**
Oh, de twelve white hor-ses, Oh,..... hitch’em to the cha-ri-ot,
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Gideon's Band.—Concluded.

twelve white horses, twelve white horses ober in Jordan,
hitch'em to de chariot, hitch'em to de chariot ober in Jordan,

Twelve white horses, twelve white horses, How I long to see dat day.
Hitch'em to the chariot, hitch'em to the chariot, How I long, &c.

2 Duo.—I hail to my brudder, my brudder he bow low,
Say, don't you want to go to hebben?—
How I long to see dat day!

Cho.—Oh, ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot,
Ride up in de chariot ober in Jordan;
Ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot—
How I long to see dat day!
It's a golden chariot, a golden chariot,
Golden chariot ober in Jordan;
Golden chariot, a golden chariot—
How I long to see dat day!

3 Duo.—I hail to de mourner, de mourner he bow low,
Say, don't you want to go to hebben?—
How I long to see dat day!

Cho.—Oh, de milk an' honey, milk an' honey,
Milk an' honey ober in Jordan;
Milk an' honey, milk an' honey—
How I long to see dat day!
Oh, de healin' water, de healin' water,
Healin' water ober in Jordan;
Healin' water, de healin' water—
How I long to see dat day!
De Winter'll soon be Ober.

2 I turn my eyes towards de sky,
   Oh Jordan's ribber is deep an' wide,
An' ask de Lord for wings to fly;
   But Jesus stan' on de hebbenly side;
If you get dere before I do,
   An' when we get on Canaan's shore,
Look out for me I'm comin' too. Cho. We'll shout, an' sing forebber more. Cho.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Keep Me from sinkin' Down.

Oh Lord, Oh my Lord! Oh my good Lord! Keep me from sink-in'

down, Oh my Lord. Oh my good Lord, Keep me from sink-in'

Oh Lord,

tell you what I mean to do, Keep me from sink-in' down,
bless de Lord I'm gwine to die, Keep me from sink-in' down,

I mean to go to heb-ben too, Keep me from sink-in' down.
I'm gwine to judgment by an' by. Keep me from sink-in' down.

1st. 2nd. Fine.
down. down, Keep me from sink-in' down. I I
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Hear de Angels singin'.

CHO.

Oh, sing all de way, sing all de way, Sing all de way, my Lord,

SOLO.

Hear de angels sing-in'. We're marchin' up to Hebben, An' Je-sus is on a Dem-a Christ-tians take Dey're i-ddlin' on

its a hap-py time; Hear de an-gels sing-in'.

de... mid-dle line; Hear de an-gels sing-in'.

too much time; Dat Jesus died for you an'me, —
dat... bat-tle line; For I love to praise my Hebbenly King, —

2 Now all things well, an' I don't dread hell;—
Hear de angels singin',
I am goin' up to Hebben, where my Jesus dwell;—
Hear de angels singin'.
For de angels are callin' me away, —
Hear de angels singin',
An' I must go, I cannot stay, —
Hear de angels singin'.

CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.

3 Now take your Bible, an' read it through,—
Hear de angels singin',
An' ebery word you'll find is true;—
Hear de angels singin'.
For in dat Bible you will see,—
Hear de angels singin',
Dat Jesus died for you an'me, —
Hear de angels singin'.

CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.

4 Say, if my memory sarves me right,—
Hear de angels singin',
We're sure to hab a little shout to-night,—
Hear de angels singin'.
For I love to shout, I love to sing,—
Hear de angels singin',
I love to praise my Hebbenly King,—
Hear de angels singin'.

CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

I've been a-list'ning all de Night long.

I've been a list'ning all de night long, Been a list'ning all de

day, I've been a list'ning all de night long, To hear some sinner pray.

Some said that John, de Baptist, Was noth-in' but a Jew,

But the Bi-ble doth in-form us Dat he was a preacher too.

2.
Go, read the fifth of Matthew, 3.
An' a read de chapter thro', Dere was a search in heaven,
It is de guide to Christians, An' a all de earth around,
An' a tells dem what to do. John stood in sorrow hoping
Cho.—I've been a list'ning, &c. Dat a Saviour might be found.

Cho.—I've been a list'ning, &c.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Babylon's Fallin'.

This is often used in Hampton as a Marching song, and is quite effective when the two hundred students are filing out of the assembly room to its spirited movement. We recommend it for similar use to Schools and Kindergartens.

Pure cit· y, Bab· y· lon's fall· in', to rise no more,

CHORUS.

Oh, Bab· y· lon's fall· in', fall· in', fall· in', Bab· y· lon's fall· in' to rise no more, Oh, Bab· y· lon's fall· in', fall· in', fall· in', Bab· y· lon's fall· in' to rise no more. Oh, Je· sus tell you If you get dere be-
Babylon's Fallin'.—Concluded.

once be-fore, Bab-y-lon's fall-in' to rise no more; To
fore I do, Bab-y-lon's fall-in' to rise no more; Tell

De ole Ark a-moverin' Along.

Jes' wait a lit-tle while, I'm gwine to tell ye 'bout de ole ark,
De Lord told No-ah for to build him an [Omit.]

ole ark, De ole ark a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in' a-long,

Oh de ole ark a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in', De
2 Den Noah an' his sons went to work upon de dry lan',
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Dey built dat ark jes' accordin' to de comman',
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Noah an' his sons went to work upon de timber,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
De proud began to laugh, an' de silly point de'r finger,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
Cho.—De ole ark a-moverin', &c.

3 When de ark was finished jes' accordin' to de plan,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Massa Noah took in his family, both animal an' man,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
When de rain began to fall an' de ark began to rise,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
De wicked hung around' wid der groans an' de'r cries,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
Cho.—Oh de ole ark a-moverin', &c.

4 Forty days an' forty nights, de rain it kep' a fallin',
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
De wicked clumb de trees, an' for help dey kep' a callin',
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Dat awful rain, she stopped at last, de waters dey subsided,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
An' dat ole ark wid all on board on Ararat she rided,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Cho.—Oh, de ole ark a-moverin', &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Dust an' Ashes.

1. Dust, dust an' ash-es fly o-v-er on my grave, Dust, dust an' ash-es fly o-v-er on my grave, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home.

2. Dey cru-ci-fied my Sav-iour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey cru-ci-fied my Sav-iour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey cru-ci-fied my Sav-iour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey cru-ci-fied my Sav-iour, An' nailed Him to de cross,

3. Oh, Jo-seph begged His body, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh, Jo-seph begged His body, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh, Jo-seph begged His body, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh, Jo-seph begged His body, An' laid it in de tomb,

4. De an-gel came from heav-en, An' roll de stone a-way, De an-gel came from heav-en, An' roll de stone a-way, De an-gel came from heav-en, An' roll de stone a-way, De an-gel came from heav-en, An' roll de stone a-way,

5. De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i-ron band, De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i-ron band, De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i-ron band, De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i-ron band.
Saviour, An' nailed Him to de cross, An' de Lord shall bear my body, An' laid it in de tomb, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.
held, An' roll de stone away, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.
hold Him, Nor death's cold iron band, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.

**CHORUS.**

He rose, He rose, He rose from de dead, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from de dead, an' de Lord shall bear my spirit home;
7. De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee, De
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Dust an' Ashes.—Continued.

is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee. An' de Lord shall bear my

spir-it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home.

De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee,

De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee,

De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee,

An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home, An' de Lord shall
Dust an' Ashes.—Concluded.

**CHORUS.**

```
bear my spirit home. He rose, He rose,
He rose, He rose,
He rose from de dead, He rose, He rose,
He rose, He rose,
He rose from de dead, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit
home, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home.
```
Stars in the Elements.

Refrain.

O the stars in the elements are falling, And the moon drips a-

way in the blood, And the ransomed of the Lord are re-
in the blood.

turning home to God. O blessed is the name of the Lord!

SOLO.

1. Don't you hear those Christians a-praying, While the moon drips a-

way in the blood, And the ransomed of the Lord are in the blood,
Stars in the Elements.—Concluded.

To Refrain.

turning home to God? O blessed be the name of the Lord!

2 Don't you hear those sinners a-screaming,
While the moon drips away, etc.

3 Don't you hear those sinners a-crying,
While the moon drips away, etc.

Ole Ship of Zion.

1. Come a-long, come a-long, and let's go home;

CHORUS.

O glory Hallelujah! 1. 'Tis the old ship of Zion, Halle

2. What ship is this
That will take us all home?
O glory Hallelujah!—Cho.

3. She has landed many thousand,
And she'll land as many a more.
O glory Hallelujah!—Cho.

4. Do you think she will be able
For to take us all home?
O glory Hallelujah!—Cho.

5. Yes, she will be able
For to take us all home.
O glory Hallelujah!—Cho.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Massa Gwine to Sell us To-morrow.

**SOLO.** Slowly.

1. Mother, is massa gwine to sell us to-morrow? Yes, yes, yes! Mother is massa gwine to sell us to-morrow?

2. Gwine to sell us down in Georgia? Yes, yes, yes! Gwine to sell us down in Georgia? Yes, yes, yes! Gwine to sell us way down in Georgia? Yes, yes, yes! O watch and pray!

3. Farewell, mother, I must lebe you. Yes, yes, yes! Farewell, mother, I must lebe you. Yes, yes, yes! Farewell, mother, I must lebe you. Yes, yes, yes! O watch and pray!

4. Mother, don't griebe arter me. No, no, no! Mother, don't griebe arter me. No, no, no! Mother, don't griebe arter me. No, no, no! O watch and pray!

5. Mother, I'll meet you in heaven. Yes, my child! Mother, I'll meet you in heaven. Yes, my child! Mother, I'll meet you in heaven. Yes, my child! O watch and pray!
GLORY AND HONOR.

1. Oh, my young Christians,
   I got lots for to tell you all,
   Jesus Christ, speaking
   thro' de organ of the clay,
for ye shall be judged, false pretenders gettin' in Christian band. Live humble, etc.

2. False pretenders wear sheep's clothin' on his back,
   In his heart like a raving wolf,
   one day, one day,
   When God goin' to call dem children from de distant land.
   Tombstones cra'king, graves bustin', hell and the seas gwine t' give up their dead. Live humble, etc.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Peter on the Sea.

1st Sopranos & Altos.

1. Peter, Peter, Peter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

2nd Sopranos & Altos.

Peter, Peter, Peter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

1st Basses & Tenors.

Peter, Peter, Peter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

2nd Basses & Tenors.

Peter, Peter, Peter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

2 :: Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel blow your trumpet, trump, trump, trump! ::
Gabriel blow your trumpet, Gabriel blow your trumpet loud!

3 :: Daniel, Daniel, Daniel in the lions', lions', ::
Daniel in the lions', Daniel in the lions' den.
Peter on the Sea.—Concluded.

Peter, Peter, Peter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

Peter, Peter, Peter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

Peter, Peter, Peter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

Drop your nets and follow, Drop your nets and follow me.

Drop your nets and follow, Drop your nets and follow me.

Drop your nets and follow, Drop your nets and follow me.

4 Who did, who did, who did swallow Jonah, Jonah?:
   Who did swallow Jonah, who did swallow Jonah whole?

5 Whale did, whale did, whale did swallow Jonah, Jonah:
   Whale did swallow Jonah, whale did swallow Jonah whole!
Fare-well, fare-well to my only child, Like a rough and a rolling sea,

2 The lightnings flashed,
   And the thunders rolled,
   Like a rough and rolling sea.

3 The storms beat high,
   And the winds blew fierce,
   Like a rough and rolling sea.
There were Ten Virgins.—Concluded.

were ten Vir-gins, There were ten Vir-gins when He come.

1 And five of them were wise, When, etc.
2 And five of them were foolish, When, etc.
3 And de foolish said to de wise, When, etc.
4 O give us of your oil, When, etc.
5 And de wise said to de foolish, When, etc.
6 O go to them that sell, When, etc.
7 And buy for yourselves, When, etc.

General Roll Call.

{ O come, my breth-ren, one an' all, When the
{ O les get ready when Ga-briel calls, When, etc.

CHORUS.

gen-er-al roll is called I'll be there. I'll be there, I'll be there,

there, When the gen-er-al roll is called I'll be there.

I'll be there,
Going to Heaven.

1. De book of revelation God to us revealed, Mysteries of salvation De way de book was opened John plainly informed, De law of God was broken, A Saviour must be born. Going to Heaven, going to Heaven, Going to Heaven to see that bleeding Lamb.

2 John saw de Heavens open, De Conqueror riding down, He looked and saw white horses; And rider following on. If you want to know de Conqueror, He is de word of God, His eyes are like a burnin' throne, He is de word of God.—Cho.

3 Hessanna to de Prince of Life, Who clothed Himself in clay, And entered de Iron Gate of death, And bore de ties away. See how de conqueror mounts aloft, And to His Father flies! With scars of honor on His flesh, And trials in His eyes.—Cho.
Male Voices.—Moderato.

Fighting On.

Fighting on, Hal-le-lu-jah! We are almost down to de shore.

REFRAIN.

Fighting on, Hal-le-lu-jah! We are almost down to de shore.

SOLO.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Jesus died for ebery man. If We are
2. In my room right by my bed, Jesus take me when I'm dead. If We are

al-most down to de shore, If We are
died to save de whole world free, If We are
bless my Lord for ev-er-more. If We are

CHORUS.

To Refrain.
I'm a-Rolling.*

I'm a-roll-ing, I'm a-roll-ing, I'm a-roll-ing thro' an un-
friend-ly world; I'm a-roll-ing, I'm a-roll-ing thro' an
un-friend-ly world.

1. O brothers, won't you help me,
2. O sis-ters, won't you help me,
3. O preachers, won't you help me,

O broth-ers, won't you help me to pray? O broth-ers, won't you
O sis-ters, won't you help me to pray? O sis-ters, etc.
O preachers, won't you help me to fight? O preachers, etc.

help me, Won't you help me in the service of the Lord? *

* Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission.  † Return to beginning in exact time.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

I'm a-trav'ling to the Grave.*

CHORUS.

I'm a-trav'ling to the grave, I'm a-trav'ling to the grave, my Lord, I'm a-trav'ling to the grave, For to lay this bod-y down.

Fine.

1. My Mas-sa died a-shouting, Singing glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, The last words he said to me, Was a-about Je-rus-a-lem.

2 My missis died a-shouting, etc.

3 My brother died a-shouting, etc.

4 My sister died a-shouting, etc.

Many Thousand Gone.*

1. No more auc-tion block for me, No more, No more:

No more auction block for me, Ma-ny thousand gone.

2 No more peck o' corn for me, etc.

3 No more driver's lash for me, etc.

4 No more pint o' salt for me, etc.

5 No more hundred lash for me, etc.

6 No more mistress' call for me, etc.

* Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission.
He's the Lord of Lords.*

Why, He's the Lord of lords, And the King of kings, Why

Jesus Christ is the first and the last, No one can work like Him.

1. I will not let you go, my Lord, No one can work like Him; Un-

til you come and bless my soul, No one can work like Him.

2 For Paul and Silas bound in jail,
   No one can work like Him;
The Christians prayed both night and day,
   No one can work like Him;
   Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, etc.

3 I wish those mourners would believe,
   No one can work like Him,
That Jesus is ready to receive,
   No one can work like Him.
   Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, etc.

* Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission.
Oh! brethren, my way, my way's cloudy, my way, Go
send them angels down, Oh! brethren, my way,
my way's cloudy, my way, Go send them angels down.

1. There's fire in the east and fire in the west, Send them angels down, And
2. Old Satan's mad, and I am glad, Send them angels down, He
3. I'll tell you now as I told you before, Send them angels down, To
4. This is the year of Jubilee, Send them angels down, The

fire among the Methodist, O send them angels down.
missed the soul he thought he had, O send them angels down.
the promised land I'm bound to go, O send them angels down.
Lord has come to set us free, O send them angels down.

* Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission.
My Lord's Riding all the Time.*

My Lord's a-riding all the time. When I was down in Egypt's land, My Lord's a-riding all the time; I heard a mighty talking 'bout the promis'd land, My Lord's a-riding all the time.

2 Come down, come down, my Lord, come down,
   My Lord's a-riding all the time;
   And take me up to wear the crown,
   My Lord's a-riding all the time.

3 O sinner, you had better pray,
   My Lord's a riding all the time;
   It looks like judgment every day,
   My Lord's a-riding all the time.

* Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

He Is King of Kings.

Chorus.

1. He is King of kings, He is Lord of lords.

FINE.

Jesus Christ, the first and the last, No man works like Him.

Solo.

1. He built a platform in the air, No man works like Him;
2. He pitched a tent on Canaan's ground, No man works like Him;
3. I know that my Redeemer lives, No man works like Him;

D.C.

He meets the saints from ev'ry where; No man works like Him.
And broke the Roman kingdom down; No man works like Him.
And by His death sweet blessings gives; No man works like Him.
Little Wheel a-turnin' in my Heart.*

1. Dere's a lit-tle wheel a-turn-in' in my heart, Dere's a

lit-tle wheel a-turn-in' in my heart, In my heart, in my

heart, Dere's a lit-tle wheel a-turn-in' in my heart.

2 | O I feel so very happy in my heart, |
   In my heart, in my heart,
   O I feel so very happy in my heart.

3 | O I don't feel no ways tired in my heart, |
   In my heart, in my heart,
   O I don't feel no ways tired in my heart.

4 | O I feel like shouting in my heart, |
   In my heart, in my heart,
   O I feel like shouting in my heart.

5 | I've a double 'termination in my heart, |
   In my heart, in my heart,
   I've a double 'termination in my heart.

* From Tuskegee Collection, by permission.
Seek and Ye shall Find.*

REFRAIN—Andante.

Seek, and ye shall find; Knock, and de door shall be o-pened;

Slower.        Repeat pp.

Ask and it shall be giv'n, And de Love come a-trickaling down.

SOLO.—Faster.  CHO.

Basses octave lower last time.

1. My brother, de Lord has been here, My brother, de Lord has been here, My
   My sis-ter, de Lord has been here, My sis-ter, de Lord has been here, My

broth-er, de Lord has been here, And de Love come a-trickaling down.

sis-ter, de Lord has been here, And de Love come a-trickaling down.

2 |:: Elder, de Lord has been here, ::| And de Love come a-trickaling down.
|:: Deacon, de Lord has been here, ::| And de Love come a-trickaling down.
Seek, and ye shall find, etc.

3 |:: Preacher, de Lord has been here, ::| And de Love come a-trickaling down.
|:: Class-leader, de Lord has been here, ::| And de Love come a-trickaling down.
Seek, and ye shall find, etc.

*From Tuskegee Collection, by permission.
Walking in de Light.*

REFRAIN.—Moderato.

We are walking in de light, We are walking in de light, We are walking in de light of J. E. F. A. K.

1. God, We are God.

2. If religion was a thing dat

3. But I thank God it

God. Children we are

CHORUS.

SOLO.

to de Lamb, We are walking in de light.

money could buy, De rich would live and de

is not so, De rich and poor to-

*From Tuskegee Collection, by permission.
Walking in de Light.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

D. S. after each verse.

We are walking in de light. We are

every man, poor would die, together must go,

Stay in de Field.

REFRAIN.—Moderato.

O warrior,

Stay in de field, Stay in de field, Stay in de

until

Solo.—Chanting rapidly.

CHORUS.

Mine eyes are turn’d to Hebbenly gate until de war is

end-ed.

Solo.

To Refrain.

end-ed. I’ll keep on my way or I’ll be till de war is end-ed.

2 De tallest tree in Paradise, until de war is ended,
De Christian call de Tree of Life, until de war is ended.—Ref.

3 Green trees burning, why not de dry? until de war is ended,
My Saviour died, why not I? until de war is ended.—Ref.

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I'll be there in the Morning.*

Refrain.—Moderato.

I'll be there in the morning, I'll be there in the morning, I'll be there in the morning.

1st and 4th Verses.

there in the morning. When the gen'ral roll is called, Yes, I'll be there; When the gen'ral roll is called, Yes, I'll be there; Gwine to pray with Hezekiah, Yes,

To Refrain.

I'll be there; Gwine to sing with Jer-e-miah, Yes, I'll be there.

2 When the gen'ral roll is called,
   Yes, I'll be there;
   Gwine to sing around the throne,
   Yes, I'll be there.
   Gwine to pray around the throne,
   Yes, I'll be there;
   Gwine to wear a white robe,
   Yes, I'll be there.

3 When the gen'ral roll is called,
   Yes, I'll be there;
   Gwine to see my Massa Jesus,
   Yes, I'll be there.
   Gwine to wear a starry crown,
   Yes, I'll be there;
   Gwine to live for evermore,
   Yes, I'll be there.

* End at this note the last verse.

* From Tuskegee Collection, by permission.
See Fo' an' Twenty Elders.

1. See fo' an' twen-ty el-ders on dere k-n-e-e-s,
2. Dey are bowin' roun' de al-tar on dere k-n-e-e-s,
3. See Gid-con's ar-my bow-in' on dere k-n-e-e-s,
4. See Dan-i-el 'mong de li-ons on his k-n-e-e-s,

An' we'll all rise to-ged-der an' view de ri-sin' sun,

O Lord, have mer-cy ef yo' pleas'.

O Lord,
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Roll de Ole Chariot Along.

Oh, roll de ole char-iot a-long, Roll de ole char-iot a-long,

Roll de ole char-iot a-long, Ef ye don't hang on be-hin'?

1. We are trav-el-lin' from mansions, to mansions, to mansions.

We are trav-el-lin' from mansions to mansions to mansions,

We are trav-el-lin' from mansions,
Roll de Ole Chariot Along.—Concluded.

D.C.

mansions to mansions, Ef ye don't hang on behin'

2 |: Gwine t'jine wid de hundred
   An' forty-fo' thousand,
   Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

3 |: Ef my farder will go
   He shall wear a starry crown,;
   Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

4 |: Ef my mudder will go
   She shall wear a starry crown,;
   Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

5 |: Ef de elder will go
   He shall wear a starry crown,;
   Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

6 |: Ef de preacher's in de way,
   Jus' roll it over,;
   Ef ye don't hang on behin',

7 |: Ef de deacon will go
   He shall wear a starry crown,;
   Ef ye don't hang on behin'.

Wonder Where is Good Ole Daniel?

1. Wonder where is good ole Daniel, Wonder where is good ole Daniel,
2. He was cas' in de den ob lions, He was cas' in de den ob lions,

Wonder where is good ole Daniel, Way over in de Promise' Lan'.
   He was cas' in de den ob lions, Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

3 |: By an' by we'll go an' meet him,;
   Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

4 |: Wonder where's dem Hebrew children;
   Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

5 |: Dey come thro' de fiery furnace,;
   Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

6 |: By an by we'll go an' meet dem,;
   Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

7 |: Wonder where is doubtin' Thomas,;
   Way over in de Promise' Lan'.

8 |: Wonder where is sinkin' Peter,;
   Way over in de Promise' Lan'.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

In the Kingdom.

1. My mother has gone to journey away,
2. My father has gone to journey away,
3. My sister has gone to journey away,

In the kingdom, in the kingdom today.
In the Kingdom.—Concluded.

In the kingdom, in the kingdom, in the kingdom, in the kingdom,

In the kingdom, in the kingdom, In the kingdom, sweet kingdom,

In the kingdom, in the kingdom, In the God-blessed kingdom,

In the kingdom, In the holy, bright kingdom,

D. C.

In the kingdom, in the kingdom to day.
A Wheel in a Wheel.

1. A wheel in a wheel, Oh, my Lord,
It runs by..... love, Oh, my Lord,

A wheel in a wheel, Oh, my Lord,
It runs by..... love, Oh, my Lord,

Gwine to take a ride On de chariot wheel.
Gwine to take a ride On de chariot wheel.

3 It runs by faith,
Oh, my Lord,
It runs by faith,
Oh, my Lord,
Gwine to take a ride,
On de chariot wheel.

4 Chariot's a comin',
Oh, my Lord,
Chariot's a comin',
Oh, my Lord,
Gwine to take a ride,
On de chariot wheel.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Oh, Jerusalem!

CHORUS.

1. Mind my sister how you
Oh my Lord! Oh my Lord!
2. My Lord God a' mighty
3. Sea of glass all mingled

D.C.

walk on de cross, Yo' foot might slip an yo' soul git los'!
come step-pin' down, Come step-pin' down on a sea of glass!
wid fire, Good-bye, my brudder, I'm goin' on higher!
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Oh Yes, Yonder Comes My Lord.

1. Oh, yes, yonder comes my Lord, Oh, yes, yonder comes my Lord,

2 He is comin' this a way.

3 With His sword in his han'.

4 He's gwine th'ew dem sinners down.

5 Right level to de groun'.
Go Mary, an' Toll de Bell.

1. Who's all dem come dressed in white? Dey mus' be de children of de Israelite. (Hum.) I thank God.

2. Who's all dem come dressed in red? Dey mus' be de children dat Moses led. (Hum.) I thank God.

3. Who's all dem come dressed in blue? Dey mus' be de children jus' come thro'. (Hum.) I thank God.

4. Who's all dem come dressed in black? Dey mus' be de mourners jus' turned back. (Hum.) I thank God.
Oh, Freedom!

1. Oh... freedom! oh... freedom! oh... freedom over me!
2. No mo’ moan-in’, no mo’ moanin’, no mo’ moanin’ over me!

3. No mo’ weepin’ over me, An’ befo’ I’d be a slave, I’ll be buried in my grave, An’ go home to my Lord an’ be free.

4. There’ll be singin’ over me, An’ befo’ I’d be a slave, I’ll be buried in my grave, An’ go home to my Lord an’ be free.

5. There’ll be shoutin’ over me, An’ befo’ I’d be a slave, I’ll be buried in my grave, An’ go home to my Lord an’ be free.

6. There’ll be prayin’ over me, An’ befo’ I’d be a slave, I’ll be buried in my grave, An’ go home to my Lord an’ be free.
Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child.

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Ef this... was judgment day,
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone.

A long ways from home. A
Way up in de Hebben-ly lan! Way

long... ways from home. True believe.
'Sry little soul would pray. True believe.
up in de Hebben-ly lan'. True believe.

Refrain. pp

A long ways from home,... A long ways from home.
Eb 'ry little soul would pray, Eb 'ry little soul would pray.
Way up in de Hebben-ly lan', Way up in de Hebben-ly lan'.

--

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Ef this... was judgment day,
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone,

A long ways from home. A
Way up in de Hebben-ly lan! Way

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Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Ef this... was judgment day,
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone,

A long ways from home. A
Way up in de Hebben-ly lan! Way

long... ways from home. True believe.
'Sry little soul would pray. True believe.
up in de Hebben-ly lan'. True believe.
He Raise a Poor Lazarus.

1. Oh, he raise a poor Lazarus,
   Raise him up,
   He raise him from de dead,
   While I tol' ye so,
   Many were standin' by,
   Jesus loosen' de man from under de goun',
   An' tell him "Go prophesy."

HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.
He Raise a Poor Lazarus.—Concluded.

(Bass hum with closed lips.)

2 He give heal unto de sick—yes, He did,
He give sight unto de blin'—I know He did,
He done able de cripple to walk,
Oh, He raise de dead from under de groun'
An' give dem permission to talk.

3 Oh, moan along.—moan along,
Oh, ye moanin' souls!—ye moanin' souls
Heaven is my home—
Jesus been here one time, Lord, He's comin' agin,
Git ready and let us go home.

Don't Leave Me, Lord.

Chorus.

Don't leave me, Lord, Don't leave me, Lord. Lord, don't leave a me be-hin',
FIN.

Don't leave me, Lord, Don't leave me, Lord. Lord, don't leave a me be-hin'.
SOLO.

1. Je-sus, Je-sus is my Frien', Lord, don't leave a me be-hin',
D.C.

He will go with me to de cn' Lord, don't leave a me be-hin'.

2 No use talkin' what you gwine t' do,
Don't 'tend t' ny my God for you.—Cho.

3 I don't want t' stumble an' I don't want t' stop,
I don't want t' be no stumblin' block.—Cho.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Jacob's Ladder.

1. We are climbing Jacob's ladder,

We are climbing Jacob's ladder, We are

climbing Jacob's ladder, Soldier of the cross.

2 Every round goes higher and higher,
   Soldier of the cross.

3 Sinner, do you love my Jesus?
   Soldier of the cross.

4 If you love Him, why not serve Him?
   Soldier of the cross.

5 Do you think I'd make a soldier?
   Soldier of the cross.

6 We are climbing higher and higher,
   Soldier of the cross.
The Downward Road Is Crowded.

Chorus.

Oh, de downward road is crowd-ed, crowd-ed, crowd-ed,

Oh, de down-ward road is crowd-ed with un-be-liev-in' souls.

Solo.

1. Come, all ye way-ward trav'lers, An' let us jine an' sing,

De ev-er-last-in' prais-es, Of Je-sus Christ our King.

2 Ole Satan's mighty busy,
He fol-lers me night an day,
An every-where I 'pinted,
Dere's somethin' in my way.

3 When I was a sinner,
I loved my distance well,
But when I come to fin' myself,
I was hangin' over Hell.
Hampton and Its Students.

Ride On.

Chorus.

Ride... on, ride on—Ride on, King E-man-u-el.

Fine.

Don't you want' t' go t' Heb-ben in de morn-in'?

Solo.

1. Some of dese morn-in's bright an' fair, Don't you want' t' go t'
2. Some of dese morn-in's bright an' fair, Don't you want' t' go t'
3. You say you're aim-in' for de skies, Don't you want' t' go t'

Heb-ben in de morn-in' ? Take my flight up to de skies,
Heb-ben in de morn-in' ? Take my flight right thro' de air,
Heb-ben in de morn-in' ? Why don't you stop dat tell-in' lies,
Ride On.—Concluded.

Don't you wan' t' go t' Heb- ben in de morn - in'?

Let Us Praise Him.

1. Let us praise Him, Let us praise Him,
2. I.... once was los' But now I am foun';
3. I... nev - er shall for - get dat day,

Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Let us praise Him,
Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! I.... once was los',
Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! When Je - sus wash'

O praise, O praise, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
But now I am foun', Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
my sins a - way, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
**Chorus.**

Hail, hail. Put John on de illan,

Hail, hail,.... Weep a low Judgment's comin'.

**Solo.**

1. You got Jesus, hold Him fas' Weep a low, Judgment's comin',
2. Did'nt know Christ was into de fiel', Weep a low, Judgment's comin',

De grace of God you shall receive, Weep a low, Judgment's comin'.
Till I heard de rumblin' of de chariot wheel, Weep a low, Judgment's comin'.

3 Gwine down Jordan t' pay my fare, Weep a low, Judgment's comin',
Have a little meetin' when I gits dere, Weep a low, Judgment's comin'

4 Gwine up t' Hebben, don't wan' t' stop, Weep a low, Judgment's comin',
Don't wan' t' be no stumblin' block, Weep a low, Judgment's comin'.
We Are Building on a Rock.

1. We are building on a Rock, On high, on... high,
2. It's a mighty true Rock, On high, on... high,
3. It's a mighty solid Rock, On high, on... high,
4. Christ Jesus is the Rock, On high, thank God.
5. The very gates of Hell, On high, thank God.
6. Will not prevail against it, On high, thank God.
7. Help me to build on the Rock, On high, thank God.

Good Lord, Shall I Ever be de One?

Good Lord, shall I ever be de one? Good Lord, shall I ever be de one?

Fine.

Good Lord, shall I ever be de one, To get over in de Promise' Lan'?

Solo.

Call for ole Adam An' he tried to run away.
Call for ole Adam An' Adam said "Hear me Lord."
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

In Bright Mansions Above.

Chorus.

In bright mansions above, In bright mansions above,

Lord, I wan' t' live up yonder, In bright mansions above.

Solo.

1. My mother's gone to glory, I wan' t' go there too,
2. My father's gone to glory, I wan' t' go there too,
3. My sister's gone to glory, I wan' t' go there too,

Lord, I wan' t' live up yonder, In bright mansions above.

D.C.

4 My brother's gone to glory, I wan' t' go there too, Lord,
I wan' t' live up yonder, In bright mansions above.

5 My Saviour's gone to glory, I wan' t' go there too, Lord,
I wan' t' live up yonder, In bright mansions above.
Swing Low, Chariot.

Solo.

1. Swing low, char - i - ot, low in de Eas', Let God's peo - ple
2. Swing low, char - i - ot, low in de Wes', Let God's peo - ple
3. Swing low, char - i - ot, low in de North, Let God's peo - ple
4. Swing low, char - i - ot, low in de South, Let God's peo - ple

Repeat pp

Swing low— Gwine t' ride in de char - i - ot in de morn - in';

E- li - jab, Gwine t' ride in de chari - ot in de morn - in'.

have some peace, Gwine t' ride in de char - i - ot in de morn - in'.
have some res', Gwine t' ride in de char - i - ot in de morn - in'.
have a talk, Gwine t' ride in de char - i - ot in de morn - in'.
have a shout, Gwine t' ride in de char - i - ot in de morn - in'.
Pilgrim's Song.

Unison.

1. I'm a poor, way-far-in' stranger, While journeyin' thro' this world of woe,
   Yet there's no sickness, toil, and danger, In that bright steep,
   Yet bright fields lie just before me, Where God's reward,
   I'm goin' there to see my mother, She said she'd meet me when I come,

2. I know dark clouds will gather round me, I know my way is rough an'
   Yet bright fields lie just before me, Where God's reward,
   I'll soon be free from ev'ry trial, My body will sleep in the old church-
   To sing His praise in Heaven's dome, I'm just a

3. I'll soon be free from ev'ry trial, My body will sleep in the old church-
   Yet bright fields lie just before me, Where God's reward,
   I'll soon be free from ev'ry trial, My body will sleep in the old church-
   To sing His praise in Heaven's dome, I'm just a
Pilgrim's Song.—Concluded.

Don't Be Weary, Traveller.

**Chorus Voices in Unison.**

Don't be wea-ry, trav-el-ler, Come a-long home to Je-sus,

FINE.

Don't be wea-ry trav-el-ler, Come a-long home to Je-sus.

**Solo.**

1. My head got wet with the midnight dew, Come along home to Je-sus,
2. Where to go I did not know, Come along home to Je-sus,
3. I look at de worl' an' de worl' look new, Come along home to Je-sus,

**D.C.**

An-gels bear me wit-ness too, Come a-long home to Je-sus.

Ev-er since He freed my soul, Come a-long home to Je-sus.

I look at my hands an' they look so too, Come a-long home to Je-sus.
I Am Goin' to Join in This Army.

1. I am go'in' to join in this ar- my of my Lord,

2. All . . . Chris-tians can join, In this ar-my of my Lord,

3. Preach-er, help us to join, In this ar-my of my Lord,

Takes a hum-ble soul to join, In this ar-my.
All . . . Chris-tians can join, In this ar-my
Preach-er help us to join, In this ar-my.

Fine.
Tell Jesus.

Chorus.

Tell Jesus, done, done all I can, Tell Jesus, done, done

Fine.

all I can, Tell Jesus, done, done all I can, I can't do no more.

1. I went up on de mountain, I did 'nt go dere for t'
2. I could not live a sinner, I tell you de reason
3. If you do not like your neighbor, Don't carry his name a

D.C.

stay. But when my soul got happy, Den I stayed all day.
why. Be 'fraid my Lord would call me, An' I wouldn't be ready t' die.
broad; But take it in your forehead, An' carry it to de Lord.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Sun Don't Set in de Mornin'.

Chorus.

Sun don't set in de morn-in', Sun don't set in de morn-in', Lord, Sun don't set in de morn-in', Light shine round de world.

1. Pray on, ... pray-in', sis-ter, Pray on, ... pray-in' sis-ter,
2. Pray on, ... pray-in', brud-der, Pray on, ... pray-in' brud-der,
3. Pray on, ... pray-in', preacher, Pray on, ... pray-in' preach-er,

D. C.

Pray on, ... pray-in' sis-ter, Light shine roun' de worl'.
Pray on, ... pray-in' brud-der, Light shine roun' de worl'.
Pray on, ... pray-in' preach-er, Light shine roun' de worl'.

D. C.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Raslin' Jacob.

Chorus.

Ras-lin' Ja-cob, let me go, Ras-lin' Ja-cob, let me go,

Ras-lin' Ja-cob, let me go, I will not let you go.

1. Day is break-in', Ja-cob, let me go, Day is break-in',
2. If you'll bless my soul, I'll let you go, If you'll bless my
3. When I'm sink-in' down, pit-y me, When I'm sink-in'

Ja-cob, let me go, Day is break-in', Ja-cob,
soul, I'll let you go, If you'll bless my soul, I'll
down, pi-ty me, When I'm sink-in' down,

let me go, I will not let you go.
let you go, I will not let you go.
pit-y me, I will not let you go.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Let de Heaven Light Shine on Me.

CHORUS.

Let de Heaven light shine on me, ..... Let de

Heaven light shine on me, For low is de way to de

up - per bright world, Let de Heaven light shine on me.

Solo.

1. Oh,.... brad - der, you must bow so low,.......
2. Oh,.... sis - ter, you must bow so low,.......
3. Oh,.... preach - er, you must bow so low,.......

Let de Heaven Light Shine on Me.—Concluded.

Brud-der, you must bow so low, For low is de way to de
Sis-ter, you must bow so low, For low is de way to de
Preach-er, you must bow so low, For low is de way to de

up-per bright world, Let de Heaven light shine on me.
up-per bright world, Let de Heaven light shine on me.
up-per bright world, Let de Heaven light shine on me.

4 Class leader, you must bow so low,
Class leader, you must bow so low,
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de Heaven light shine on me.
Cho.—Let de Heaven light shine on me, etc.

5 Oh, elder, you must bow so low,
Elder, you must bow so low,
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de Heaven light shine on me.
Cho.—Let de Heaven light shine on me, etc.

6 Oh, deacon, you must bow so low,
Deacon, you must bow so low,
For low is de way to de upper bright world,
Let de Heaven light shine on me.
Cho.—Let de Heaven light shine on me, etc.
**Git on Board Little Children.**

Git on board little children, Git on board little children,

Git on board little children, Dere's room for many a mo'.

---

1. De Gospel train's a com-in', I hear it jus' at han',
2. I hear de train a com-in', She's com-in' roun' de curve,
3. De fare is cheap an' all can go, De rich an' poor are dere,

---

D.C.

I hear de car wheels rum blin', An' roll-in' thro' de lan'.
She's loos-ened all her steam an' brakes, An' strainin' eb'-ry nerve.
No sec-ond class a-board dis train, No difference in de fare.
Gwine to Live Humble to de Lord.

Humble, humble, humble yourselves, Gwine to live humble to de Lord.

Fine.

Humble, humble, humble, yourselves, Gwine to live humble to de Lord.

1. One day as I was walkin' a long, Gwine to live humble to de Lord.
2. Although you see me go in' long so, Gwine to live humble to de Lord.
3. You say you're aim-in' for de skies, Gwine to live humble to de Lord.
4. If you get there before I do, Gwine to live humble to de Lord.

D.C.

De el-ement opened an' de love came down, Gwine to live humble to de Lord.
I have my tri- als here be-low, Gwine to live humble to de Lord.
Why don't you stop that tell-in' lies! Gwine to live humble to de Lord.
Look out for me I'm com-in' too, Gwine to live humble to de Lord.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

**What Yo' Gwine t' Do When de Lamp Burn Down?**

(An old Georgia Plantation Song.)

**Refrain.**

Oh, po' sinner, Now is yo' time Oh, po' sin-ner What yo'gwine to do when de lamp burn down? 1. Oh, de lamp burn down an' yo' cannot see;
2. E - ze - kiel saw dat wheel o' time;
3. God made man an' He made him out o' clay,

**Fine.**

What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down? Oh, de lamp burn down an' yo'
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down? An' ev - 'ry spoke was of
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down? An' put him on de earth, but

D.C.

can - not see What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
hu - man kind; What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
not to stay; What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
What Yo' Gwine t' Do? etc.—Concluded.

4 Dey cast ole Daniel in de lion's den;
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
An' Jesus locked de lion's jaw:
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?—Ref.

5 Ole Satan's mad an' I am glad;
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
He miss one soul he thought he had,
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?—Ref.

6 Ole Satan's a liar an' a conjurer too;
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?
If yo' don't mind, he slip it on yo'
What yo' gwine t' do when de lamp burn down?—Ref.

I've Got a Mother in de Heaven.

1. I've got a mother in de Heaven, Out-shines de sun,
   Out-shines de sun, I've got a
2. I've got a father in de Heaven, Out-shines de sun,
   Out-shines de sun, I've got a
3. I've got a sister in de Heaven, Out-shines de sun,
   Out-shines de sun, I've got a
4. When we git to Heaven, we will Out-shine de sun,
   Out-shine de sun, When we get
   mother in de Heaven, Outshines de sun, Way beyond de moon.
   father in de Heaven, Outshines de sun, Way beyond de moon.
   sister in de Heaven, Outshines de sun, Way beyond de moon.
   to Heaven, we will Out-shine de sun, Way beyond de moon.
Come Down, Sinner.
(An old Plantation Song in common use in Gloucester County, Va.)

Chorus.

1. Come down, come down, Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
2. Pray hard, pray hard, Pray hard, sinner, yo' none too late;

Some seek de Lord, but doan seek Him right, Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
Times ain't like dey used to be, Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;

Lil' at de day an' none at night; Come down, sinner, yo' none too late,
I fo' yo' an' yo' fo' me; Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

3 ||: Bow low, bow low,
    Bow low, sinner, yo' none too late; ||
    Wen' down de hill t' say my prayer,
    Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
    When I got dere, ole Satan was dere,
    Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

4 ||: Seek hard, seek hard,
    Seek hard, sinner, yo' none too late; ||
    What do yo' tink ole Satan say?
    Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
    "Jesus dead, an' God gone away,"
    Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

5 ||: Shout hard, shout hard,
    Shout hard, sinner, yo' none too late; ||
    What t' do, I did not know,
    Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
    Right back home I had to go,
    Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

6 ||: Mourn hard, mourn hard,
    Mourn hard, sinner, yo' none too late; ||
    Something spoke unto my soul,
    Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;
    "Go in peace, an' sin no mo',"
    Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.
Little David, Play on Your Harp.

Chorus.

Lit - tle Da - vid, play on... your harp, Hal - le - lu'...

Hal - le - lu.'

Fine.

Lit - tle Da - vid play on... your harp, Hal - le - lu.'

Hal - le - lu.'

1. God told Mo-ses, O Lord! Go down in - to E - gypt, O Lord!
2. Down in de val-ley, O Lord! Did-n't go t' stay, O Lord! My
3. Come down an-gels, O Lord! With ink an' pen, O Lord! An'

Tell ole Pha - ro', O Lord! Loose my peo - ple, O Lord!
soul got hap - py, O Lord! I stayed all day, O Lord!
write sal - va - tion, O Lord! To dy - in' men, O Lord!

D.C.
Oh, When I Git t' Heaven.

(Old Plantation Song from Alabama.)

Oh, when I git t' Heaven, gwine t' sit right down,
Tell it Tell it Tell it Tell it

Ask my Lord for a star —
Tell it Tell it Tell it

crown, Sit — tin' down side o' de Ho — ly Lamb.
Tell it

Refrain.

Fa — ther A — bra — ham, Sit — tin' down side o' de Ho — ly Lamb,
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Oh, When I Git t' Heaven.—Concluded.

Help me t' sing de song, Sittin' down side o' de Holy Lamb,

Help me to move a-long, Sittin' down side o' de Holy Lamb.

2 Oh, when I git t' Heaven gwine t' sit an' tell,
Three archangels gwine t' ring de bell,
Sittin' down side o' de Holy Lamb.—Ref.

3 Oh, when I git t' Heaven gwine t' ease, ease,
Me an' my God gwine t' do as we please,
Sittin' down side o' de Holy Lamb.—Ref.

Did You Hear How Dey Crucified My Lord?

1. Did you hear how dey cru-ci-fied my Lord? Did you
2. Did you hear how He hung on de cross? Did you

hear how dey cru-ci-fied my Lord? Oh.... how it makes me....
hear how He hung on de cross? Oh.... how it makes me....

trem-ble, trem-ble, Did you hear how dey cru-ci-fied my Lord?
trem-ble, trem-ble, Did you hear how He hung on de cross?

3 Did you hear how He groaned, bled an' died? :
Oh, how it makes me tremble, tremble,
Did you hear how He groaned, bled an' died?

4 Did you hear how dey laid Him in de tomb? :
Oh, how it makes me tremble, tremble,
Did you hear how dey laid Him in de tomb?

5 Did you hear how He rose from de grave, :
. Oh, how it makes me tremble, tremble,
Did you hear how He rose from de grave?
I've Been Toilin' at De Hill.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes,

I've been toil-in' at de hill so long, I've been

Thank God,

toil-in' at de hill so long, I've been toil-in' at de hill so

FINE.

long, my Lord, An' a-bout t' git t' Hebben at las'.

Oh, Mother, aint you glad?
Oh, Father, aint you glad?

Oh, yes.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

I've Been Toilin' at De Hill.—Concluded.

Thank God,

An' about t' git t' Hebben at las'.
An' about t' git t' Hebben at las'.

3 Oh, sister, aint you glad?
Sister, aint you glad?
Oh, sister, aint you glad, my Lord!
An' about t' git t' Hebben at las'.

4 Oh, brother, aint you glad?
Brother, aint you glad?
Oh, brother, aint you glad, my Lord!
An' about t' git t' Hebben at las'.

Cho.

Grace Before Meat at Hampton.

Thou art great and Thou art good, And we thank Thee for this food;

By Thy hand must we be fed, Give us Lord our dai-ly bread. A-men.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

When I Come t' Die.

1. Oh, when I come t' die, I wan' t' be read-y.

When I come t' die, Wan' t' walk about Je-ru-sa-lem jus' like Job.

When I come t' die, I wan' t' be read-y, When I come t' die.

1. When I git dere I will sit down an' tell, Tell a-bout de world I
2. Walk a-bout Hebben an' car-ry de news, Tell a-bout de world I
3. I'li' skip 'round Hebben an' car-ry de news, Tell a-bout de world I
4. Chris-tian, Chris-tian be en-gaged, Ole Sa-tan's git-tin' in a
When I Come t' Die.

When I come from, Wan't walk about Je - ru - sa - lem jus' like Job.
When I come from, Wan't walk about Je - ru - sa - lem jus' like Job.
When I come from, Wan't walk about Je - ru - sa - lem jus' like Job.

The Enlisted Soldiers.

(Sung by the men of the U. S. Colored Volunteers.)

Note.—While recruiting and drilling the 9th. Regiment, U. S. Colored troops at Benedict, Maryland, in the winter of 1863-64, the men gathered around the camp-fire would sing by the hour the melodies of the plantation slave life that they had just left—not always very melodious; but late one evening I was startled by a magnificent chorus from nearly a thousand black soldiers, that called me from my tent to listen to its most inspiring strains, and I caught the following words which I called the 'Negro Battle Hymn.'—S. C. Armstrong.

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum - pet - ers, They call for vol - un - teers,
2. Their hors - es, while their ar - mor bright, With cour - age bold they stand,
3. It sets my heart quite in a flame, A sol - dier thus to be,

On Zi - on's bright and flow - ry mount, Be - hold the of - fi - cers,
En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, To march to Canaan's land.
I will en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.

All armed and dressed in un - i - form, They look like men of war.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Prayer is de Key of Heaven.

CHORUS.

Prayer is de key of Heav-en, Prayer is de key of Heav-en,

Fine.

Prayer is de key of Heav-en, Faith un-locks de do', I know dat.

1. I think it 'twas 'bout twelve o' clock, Faith un-locks de do', When
2. I remember de day, I know de time, Faith un-locks de do', When
3. My head got wet with de mid-night dew, Faith un-locks de do', De

Je-sus led me to de rock, Faith un-locks de do', I know dat.
Je-sus freed dis soul o' mine, Faith un-locks de do', I know dat.
morn-in' star was wit-ness too, Faith un-locks de do', I know dat.
My Soul Wants Something That's New.

Chorus.

My soul wants something that's new, that's new, My soul wants something that's new, My soul wants something that's new, that's new, My soul wants something that's new, that's new, My soul wants something that's new.

Fine.

soul wants something that's new. 1. Dark was the night and cold the ground, On which the Lord was laid, His sweat like drops of blood run down, In agony He prayed. 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned upon the tree? A-maz-ing pi-ty, grace un-known, And love beyond de-gree.

D.C.
I Know I Would Like To Read.

CHORUS.

I know I would like to read, like to read,

Like to read a sweet story of old, I would like to read,

like to read, I would like to read a sweet story of old;

I would like to read, like to read, Like to read a sweet

sto - ry of old, I would like to read, like to read,
\textbf{I Know I Would Like To Read.—Concluded.}

I would like to read a sweet story of old.

1. Come on brudder an' help me sing, Like to read a sweet story of old, De story of a King Manu-el, \\

2 If ebbner I get up on de other sho'
Like to read a sweet story of old.
By de grace of God I'll come here no mo'
I would like to read a sweet story of old.

3 I des wan' to get up on de mountain top,
Like to read a sweet story of old.
I'll praise my God an' nebbber stop,
I would like to read a sweet story of old.

\textit{Cho.}
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Don't Call De Roll.

CHORUS.

Oh, don’t call de roll.... Don’t call de roll,...........

FINE.

Don’t call de roll, Don’t call de roll till I git there.

1. Ja-cob’s lad-der slim an’ tall, Don’t call de roll till I get there,
2. Two white angels come a walking down, Don’t call de roll till I get there,

D.C.

Haint got de faith surely yo’ mus’ fall, Don’t call de roll till I git there.
Long white robe an’ a starry crown, Don’t call de roll till I git there.
Jesus Ain't Comin' Here t' Die No Mo'.

Refrain.

But He ain't com-in' here t' die no mo',

Ain't com-in' here t' die no mo'.

1. Virgin Mary had one Son, The cruel Jews had him hung.

2 Hallelujah t' de Lamb,
   Jesus died for every man.
   But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
   Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.

3 He died for yo' He died for me,
   He died t' set po' sinner free.
   But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
   Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.

4 He died for de rich, He died for de po'
   He ain't comin' here to' die no mo',
   But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
   Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.

5 He died for de blind, He died for de lame,
   He bore de pain an' all de blame.
   But He ain't comin' here t' die no mo',
   Ain't comin' here t' die no mo'.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

**Sioux “Night Dance” Song.**

*Allegro.*

Ha...... Repeat *ad libitum.*

*Sioux “War Song.”*

Ha...... Repeat *ad libitum.*

*Sioux “Love Song.”*

Si ce o wo tan na ma ni na si ce o wo tan na mo ni na ni ya kna ya kna wa u kta Si ce o wo tan na ma ni ma ni ya kna wa u kta.

Translated—Brother-in-law, walk straight forward, I will try and follow you.

**Note.**—I have indicated as far as possible the actual tones of the above songs. It is impossible to put in notation the literal manner in which they are sung, as it depends entirely on the singer to change as his fancy dictates.

* Sing throughout to the tone produced by saying *Ha* through the nose, and as throaty as possible.
Tencho-Setzu no Uta.
(Song for the Emperor's birthday.)

Note.—This song, the words of which were composed by Baron Takasaki, the poet-laureate of Japan, shows the divine honors that are paid to the Son of Heaven, as the Japanese love to call their Emperor. The feeling toward the Emperor is not so much patriotic as religious, and the song is a hymn of praise.

The glory of the sun never fails nor grows dim,
Though swift-passing clouds may ofttimes hide his light.
Now he shines through their screen, now clouds hide his rim,
Then again the winds arise and the shadows take flight.
So our nation's Sun, though hidden through ages of night,
Now rises in glory; the fresh breezes come at his call;
Clouds are fled that through centuries darkened his light.
The people now rejoice, for their Sun shines upon all.

Chorus.—Glory to our King, long live our King.
Glory to our King, long live our King.
Long may he live.

Words by Baron Takasaki.

Music by Mr. S. Isawa.
Harmonized by Prof. G. Sauvlet.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Tencho—Setsu no Uta.—Continued.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Allegretto.} & \\
\text{ha - re - mi ku - mo - ri - mi sa - da - ma - ra - de} & \\
\text{Ya - ma - to da - ma - shi - i ta - gu - i na - ki} & \\
\text{Ya - shi - ma no u - mi no ka - gi - ri - na - ku} & \\
\text{ko - no ō - ni - yo ni u - ma - re - zu - ba} & \\
\text{na - na mo - mo - to - se ni na - ri - nu - ru wo} & \\
\text{hi - ka - ri ma - su - masu so - i - nu be - ku} & \\
\text{hi - ro - kī mi - ko - koro shi - ta - i - tsu - tsu} & \\
\text{ko - no sachi i - ka - de e - ra - ru be - ki} & \\
\text{i - ma wa to o - ko - ru to - ki - tsu ka - ze} & \\
\text{hi - ra - ki ta - ma - e - ru mo - ro - mo - ro... no} & \\
\text{ō - bu - ne o - bu - ne ku - ni - tsu mo - no} & \\
\text{ta - ma no u - te - na... mo shi - ba no to... mo} & \\
\text{yo - mo no nu - ra - ku - mo fu - ki ha - ra - - i} & \\
\text{ma - na - bi no mi - chi mo na - su wa - za... mo} & \\
\text{tsu - mi - te ha - ko - be - ba to - shi do - shi... ni} & \\
\text{wa - ga - ō - ki - mi no yo - ro - zu - yo... wo} & \\
\end{align*}
\]
Tencho-Setsu no Uta.—Concluded.

*Tempo, mf*

\[
\text{Kimi wa chiyo ma-se ya-chi-yo ma-se}
\]

\[
\text{Kimi wa chiyo ma-se ya-chi-yo ma-se}
\]
Words by King Kalakaua. Composed by H. Berger.

Hawaii Pono'i.

Helu 1. Ha-wa-ii pono-i Na-na-i kou Mo-i Ka la ni

Helu 2. Ha-wa-ii pono-i Na-na-i na-li-i Na pu a

Helu 3. Ha-wa-ii pono-i E ka la-hui... e O kau ha-

A-lii Ke A-li-i. Ma ku a la ni e Ka me ha-

muli kou Na po-ki-i Ma ku a la ni e Ka me ha-

na nui E u-i e Ma ku a la ni e Ka me ha-


Hawaii Ponoī.—Concluded.

Aloha Oe.

(MY LOVE TO YOU.)

SONG AND CHORUS.

Composed by Liliuokalani,
Princess Regent of Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Aloha 'Oe.—Continued.

1. Ha-a-heo ka u-a i-na pak
1. Stolz zieht die Wolke über den Fells,
1. Proudly swept the rain-cloud by the cliff,

Ke
Und
As

nihia-e-la ka na-hele
als sie durch die Bäume schwebt
on it glided by the trees,

E ha-ha-i ana i ka
Folgt mit Trauer ihr die
Still following with grief the

"like,"
"like,"
"like,"

Pu-a A-hi-hi le-hu-a o uka...........
Die A-hi-hi le-hu-a des Thals...........
The A-hi-hi le-hu-a of the vale...........
Aloha Oe.—Continued.

1. A-lo-ha o-e, a-lo-ha o-e, E ke

1. Nun le-be wohl,.... du Viel-ge-lieb-te, Du....

1. Farewell to thee,.... farewell to thee,.... Thou

o-na-o-na no-ho i-ka li-po A fond em-brace a
Zau-ber-in in schatt gen Lauben woh-nend, Um-ar-me mich, ich
charming one who dwells among the bow-ers, One fond em-brace be-
Aloha Oe.—Concluded.

ho-i-a-e au, Un-till we meet a-again.

scheide nun von dir, Um bald dich wieder zu seh'n.

fore I now de-part, Un-till we meet a-again.

2 O ka ha 'lo-ha i niki mai,
Ke hone ae nei ku'u nanaiva.
O oe no ka i paloha
A lo ko e hana nei.
Chorus. Aloha oe, etc.

3 Mao popo ku'n ike i ka nani,
Na pua rose o Maunavili,
Haila niaai namanu
Miki ala i ka nani o ka liko.
Chorus. Aloha oe, etc.

2 Dein Andenken kommt zurück zu mir,
Bringt dein Bild vor meine Seele.
Ja, Geliebte, ja : Du bist mein.
Für dich mein treues Herz soll stets schlagen.
Chorus. Nun lebe wohl, etc.

3 Deine Anmut hat bezaubert mich,
Süssé Ros' von Maunaville,
Hier wohnen die Vögel der Liebe,
Und trinken Honig von schönen Lippen.
Chorus. Nun lebe wohl, etc.

2 Thus sweet memories come back to me
Bring fresh remembrance of the past:
Dearest, dearest, thou art mine,
From thee true love shall ne'er de-part.
Chorus. Farewell to thee, etc.

3 I have seen and watched thy love-
liness,
Thou sweet Rose Maunaivili,
And 'tis there the birds of love do dwell,
To kiss the honey from their lips.
Chorus. Farewell to thee, etc.
Chinese Song.

"THE LILY SONG."

Furnished and translated by Loo Kee Chung, a Student at Hampton.

How pretty lily flowers! How pretty lily flowers! When the new ones come, then are the old ones flowers! Beauty and sweet countenance, Have the lily gone, down fall the petals softly In the middle of the flowers! pond. The happy people sing, To honor the good king.
Hampton (or Hadan).

Note.—Hadán or hadan (the call to prayer), sung by the Muezzins from the towers or minarets of the mosques, which means "God is most great," (repeated four times); "I testify that there is not a deity but God," (twice); "I testify that Mohammed is God's Apostle," (twice); "Come to prayer," (twice); "Come to security, (twice); "God is most great," (twice); "There is no deity but God."

Al-lá hu-ak-bar,  Al-lá hu-ak-bar,  Al-lá hu-ak-bar,  Al-lá......

............... h hu-ak-bar.  Ash hadu

an la i la ha illa i lah,  Ash ha du an la i

la ha illa i la......................... h

Ash ha du an-na Mo-ham-ma dar ra soolu-i-lah,  Ash ha du
Hadán (or Hadan).—Concluded.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{an-na Moham-ma dar rasool-i-la.} \cdots & \\
\text{Hei-ya 'a la-s-sa la} \cdots & \\
\text{Hei-ya a-la-l-fe-lah,} & \\
\text{Heiya 'a la-l-fe-lá} \cdots & \\
\text{Al-la hu-ak-bar,} & \\
\text{bar, la-i-la-ha i-l-lal-lah.}
\end{align*}
\]
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