

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

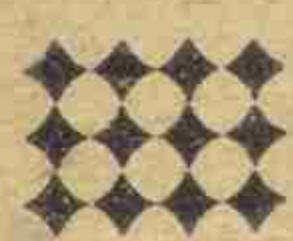
As Sing by the

CARTER'S CAROLINIAN

Jubilee Singers



Published by

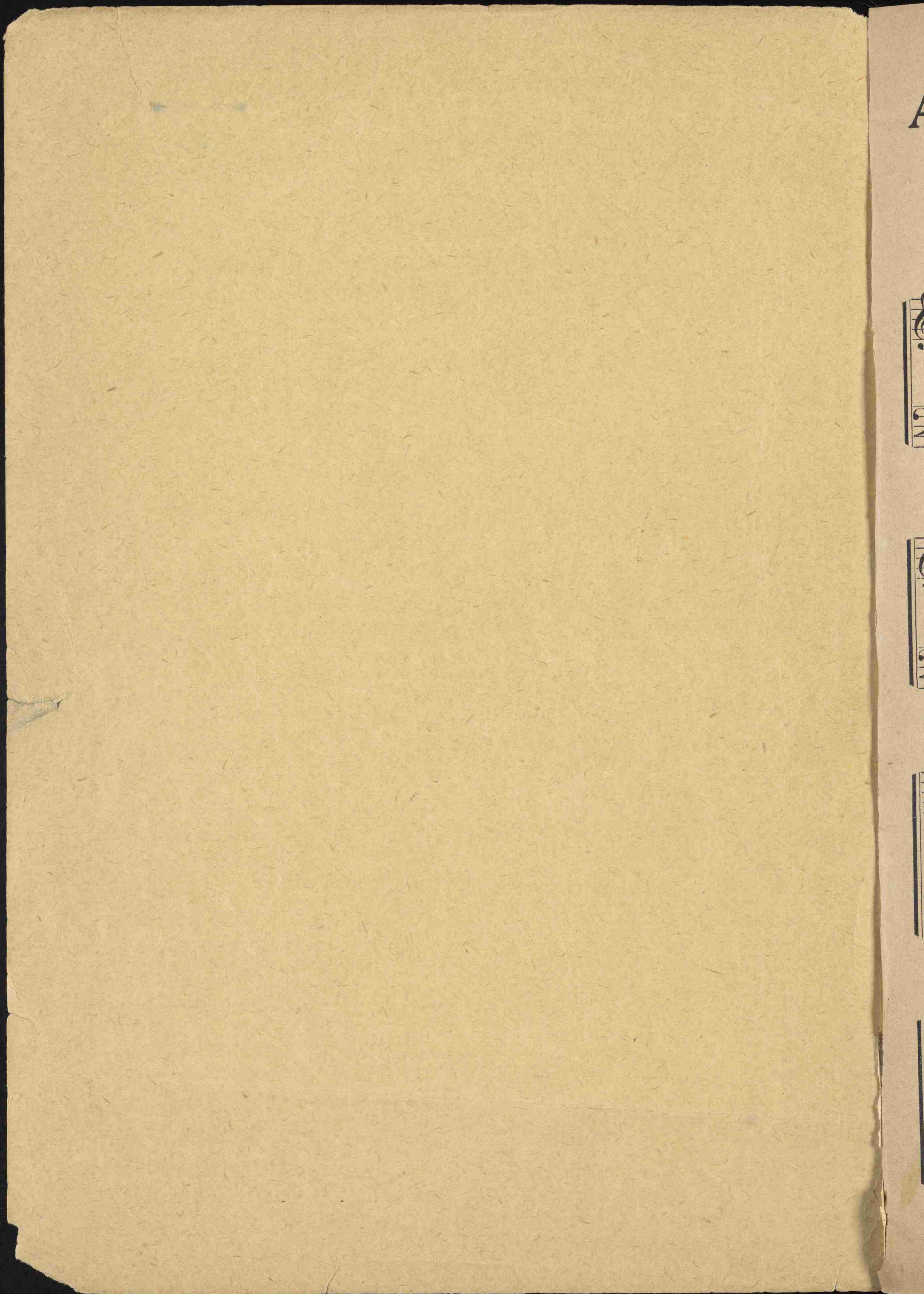


Glazier Lyceum Bureau



CHICAGO

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AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

DAR'S A JUBILEE.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.

Dar's a ju - bi - lee, Dar's a ju - bi - lee, Dar's a

The first system of music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody starting on a half note, followed by quarter notes, and ending with a dotted quarter note. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes.

ju - bi - lee Way down on de old camp ground, Come o - ver, ground.

The second system continues the melody. It includes a first ending marked with a '1' and a second ending marked with a '2' and the word 'FINE.' The treble staff has a key signature change to one sharp (F#) for the final measure. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

1. De dev - il tho't he had me fast, Way down on de ole camp ground;
2. You can fool us so, but you can't fool God, Way down on de ole camp ground;

The third system introduces two verses. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff has a simple accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes.

I've broke his chains, am free at - last, Way down on de ole camp ground.
For God knows de se - cret of ev - 'ry heart, Way down on de ole camp ground.

The fourth system continues the two verses. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff has a simple accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

THE LITTLE OLD CABIN IN THE LANE.

WILL S. HAYS.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.

1. I'm get - ting old and fee - ble now, I can - not work no more I've
 2. Dar was a hap - py time to me, t'was ma - ny years a - go, When de
 3. De foot path now is cov - ered o'er, dat led us round de hill, And de

laid de rust - y blad - ed hoe to rest, (hoe to rest,) Ole mas - sa
 dark - ies used to gath - er round de door, (round de door,) When dey used to
 fen - ces all are go - ing to de - cay, (to de - cay,) And de creek is

an ole misses am dead, dey's sleep - ing side or side, Derr spir - its now are
 dance an sing at night, I played de ole dan - jo, But a - las! I can - not
 all drien up where we used to go to mill, De time has turned its

roam - ing wid de blest, De scenes are changed a - bout de place, de
 play it a - ny more, De hing - es de got rust - ed an' de
 course an - oth - er way, But I aint got long to stay here an' what

dark - ies am all gone, I'll neb - er hear dem sing - ing in de
 door has tum - bled down, And de roof lets in de sun - shine and de
 lit - tle time I've got I'll try an' be con - tent - ed to re-

The Little Old Cabin in the Lane. Concluded.

3

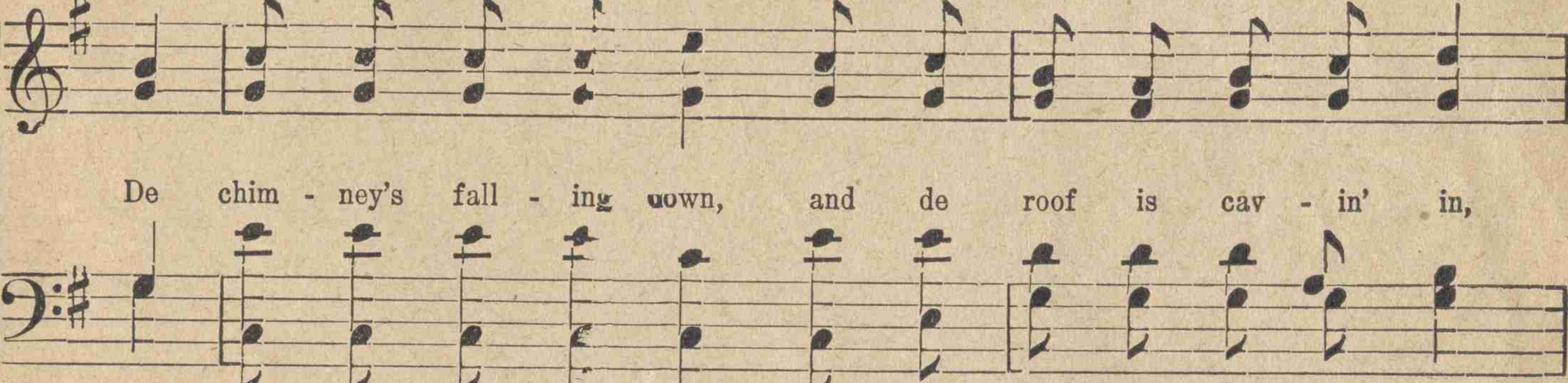


cane, (in de cane,) And I'se de on - ly one dat's left wid
rain, (and de rain,) And de on - ly friend I've got now is dis
main, (to re - main,) Till death shall call my dog an' me to



dis old dog of mine, In de lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.
good old dog of mine, In de lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.
find a bet - ter home, In de lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.

CHORUS.



De chim - ney's fall - ing wown, and de roof is cav - in' in,



I haint got long round here to re - main, But de an - gels watch - es o'er me



when I lays me down to sleep, In de lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free, Chil - dren so dear



from the cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter
 that my friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed
 that I held up - on my knee, Gone to the shore where my soul has



land I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe."
 long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe."
 longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.



I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;



I hear those gen - tle an - gels call - ing "Old Black Joe."

THE OLD CABIN HOME.

5

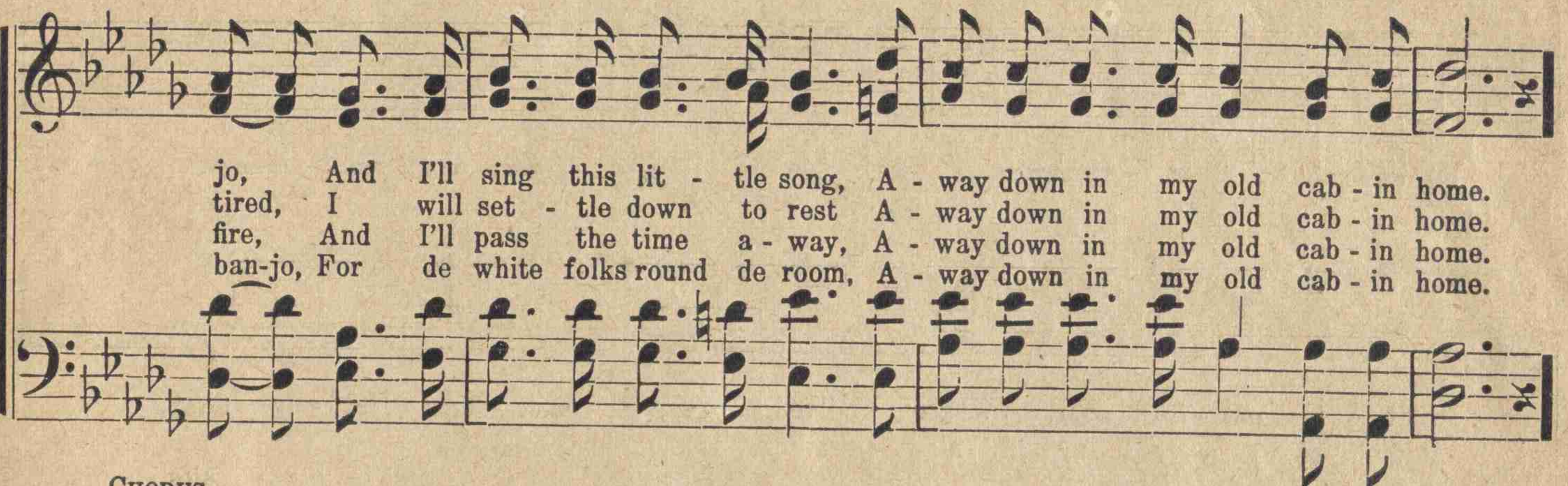
Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.



1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the
 2. I am going to leave this land, With this our dark - y band, To
 3. When old age comes on us And my hair is turn - ing gray, I will
 4. 'Tis there where I roam, A - way down on the farm Where



Mis - sis - sip - pi riv - er I am go - ing, I will take my old ban-
 trav - el all the wide world o - ver, And when I get
 hang up the ban - jo all a - lone, I'll set down by the
 all de dark - ies am free, O mer - ri - ly sound de



jo, And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my old cab - in home.
 tired, I will set - tle down to rest A - way down in my old cab - in home.
 fire, And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my old cab - in home.
 ban-jo, For de white folks round de room, A - way down in my old cab - in home.

CHORUS.



Here is my old cab - in Home— Here is my sis - ter and my broth-er,



Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its moth - er.

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

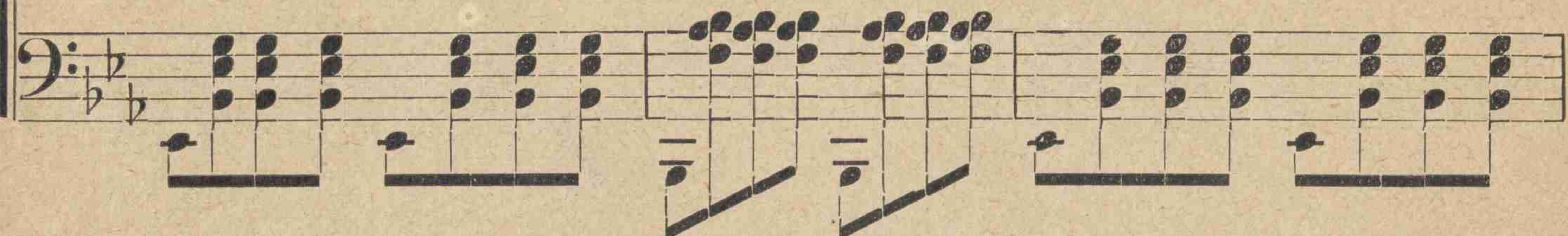
Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.



1. There's a low green val - ley on the old Ken - tuck - y shore, There I've
 2. When the moon had climb'd the mount - ain and the stars were shin - ing too, Then I
 3. One night I went to see her, but "she's gone," the neigh - bors say, The
 4. My ca - noe is un - der wa - ter, and my ban - jo is un - strung, I'm
 5. My eyes are get - ting blind - ed and I can - not see the way, Hark! there's



whiled ma - ny hap - py hours a - way, A sit - ting and a sing - ing by the
 take my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my
 white man had bound her with a chain, They had tak - en her to Geor - gia for to
 tired of liv - ing a - ny more, My eyes shall look downward and my
 some bod - y knock - ing at the door, Oh! I hear the an - gels call - ing and I



lit - tle cot - tage door, Where ilved my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray.
 lit - tle red ca - noe While my ban - jo sweet - ly I would play.
 wear her life a - way As she toils in the cot - ton and the cane.
 song shall be un - sung, While I stay on the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
 see my Nel - ly Gray, Fair well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.



CHORUS.



1-4 Oh! my poor Nel - ly Gray they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll
 5 Oh! my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray up in heav - en there they say, That they'll

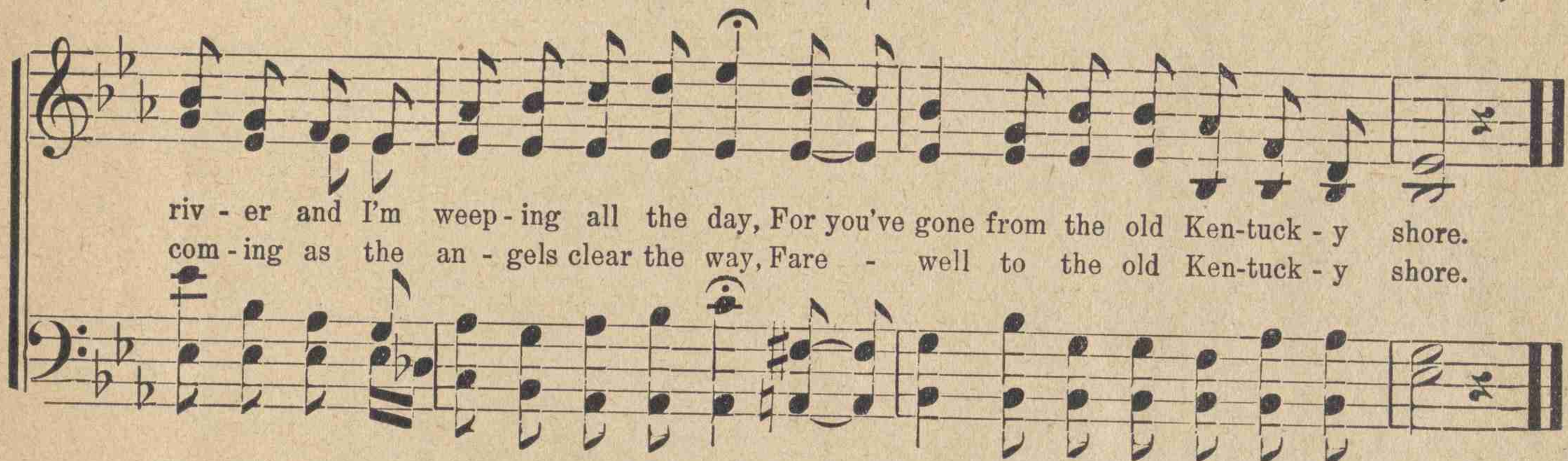


Darling Nelly Gray. Concluded.

7



nev - er see my dar - ling a - ny more, I'm sit - ting by the
nev - er take you from me a - ny more, (a - ny more.) I'm com - ing, com - ing,

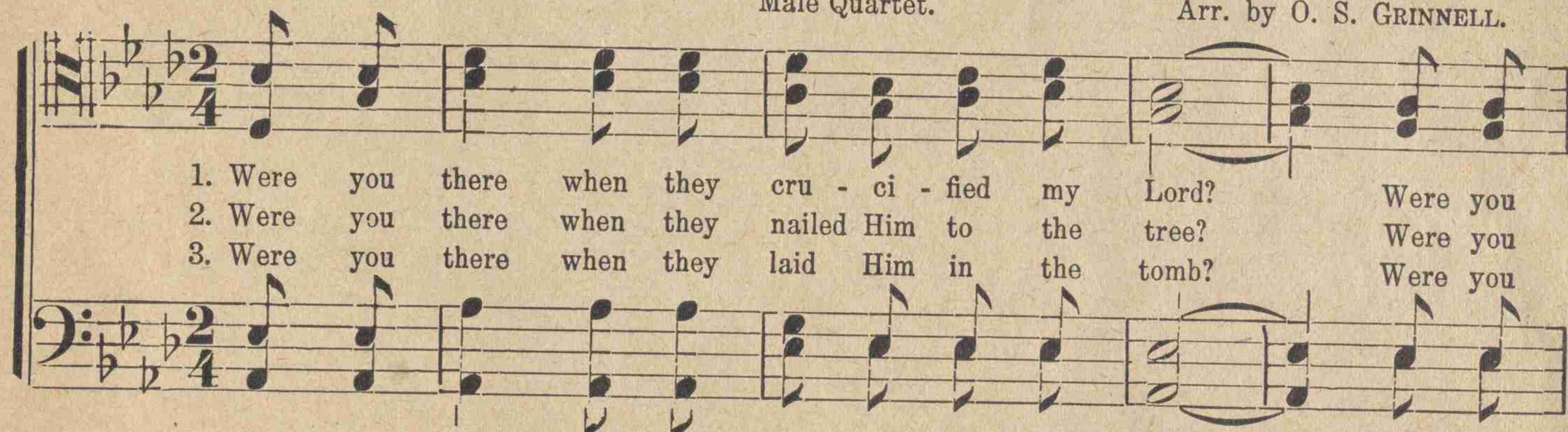


riv - er and I'm weep - ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck - y shore.
com - ing as the an - gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck - y shore.

IT SOMETIMES MAKES ME TREMBLE.

Male Quartet.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.



1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? Were you
3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you



there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Oh, it some - times makes me
there when they nailed Him to the tree? Oh, it some - times makes me
there when they laid Him in the tomb? Oh, it some - times makes me



trem - ble, trem - ble, Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
trem - ble, trem - ble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
trem - ble, trem - ble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

ALICE HAWTHORN.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.



1. I'm dream - ing now of Hal - ly, sweet Hal - ly, sweet Hal - ly, I'm
 2. Ah! well I yet re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, Ah!
 3. When the charms of spring a - wak - en, a - wak - en, a - wak - en, When the



dream - ing now of Hal - ly, For the thought of her is one that nev - er dies; She's
 well I yet re - mem - ber When we gath - er'd in the cot - ton side by side; 'Twas
 charms of spring a - wak - en, And the mock - ing bird is sing - ing on the bough, I



sleep - ing in the val - ley, the val - ley, the val - ley, She's
 in the mild Sep - tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, 'Twas
 feel like one for - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en, I



sleep - ing in the val - ley, And the mock - ing bird is sing - ing where she lies.
 in the mild Sep - tem - ber, And the mock - ing bird was sing - ing far and wide.
 feel like one for - sak - en, Since my Hal - ly is no long - er with me now.

CHORUS.



List - en to the mock - ing bird, List - en to the mock - ing bird, The mock - ing

Listen to the Mocking Bird. Concluded.

9



bird still sing - ing o'er her grave; List - en to the mock - ing bird, List - en to the



mock - ing bird, Still sing - ing where the weep - ing wil - lows wave.

STEAL AWAY.

CHORUS.



Steal a - way, steal a - way, Steal a - way to Je - sus! Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I

FINE.



haint got long to stay here.

1. My Lord	calls me,	He calls me	by the
2. Green trees are	bend - ing,	Poor sin - ners	stand
3. My Lord	calls me,	He calls me	by the
4. Tomb - stone are	burst - ing,	Poor sin - ners	stand



D. C.



thund - er;
trem - bling;
light - ning;
trem - bling;

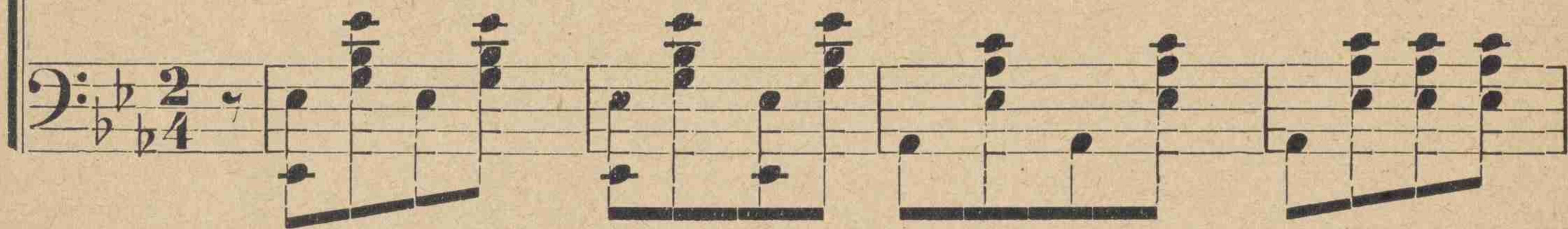
The trum - pet sounds it in my soul, I haint got long to stay here.



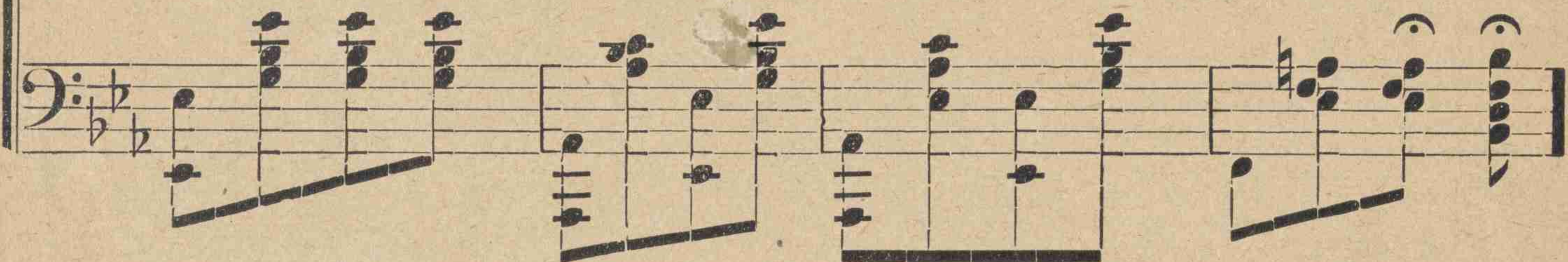
WILL HAYS.



1. Come down Ga - bri - el, blow your horn, Call me home in de ear - ly morn,
2. I've lived for months, an I've lived for years, Can't get used to my weep - ing tears;
3. Plant my foot on de gold - en rocks, Put my mon - ey in de mis - sion box, When
4. Stand back sin - ners, let me pass, I see de lane to de house at last,
5. Dem an - gels aint got long to wait; Dey's stand - ing now at de gold - en gate; When



Send de char - i - ot down dis way, Come and haul me home to stay, Oh!
 Lost my way on de road in sin, Wake up, an - gels pass me in, Oh!
 I get dar an' you hear me call, Come on den for dar's room for all, Oh!
 Come an' join de angel band, We'll all get home to dat hap - py land, Oh!
 we get dar on de to - der shore, Dey'll go in side an' dey'll shut de door, Oh!



CHORUS.



An - gels meet me at the cross roads, meet me, An - gels meet me at de cross roads, meet me,



An - gels meet me at de cross roads, meet me, Don't charge a sin - ner a - ny toll.
 Meet me, meet me, meet me, meet me,



OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

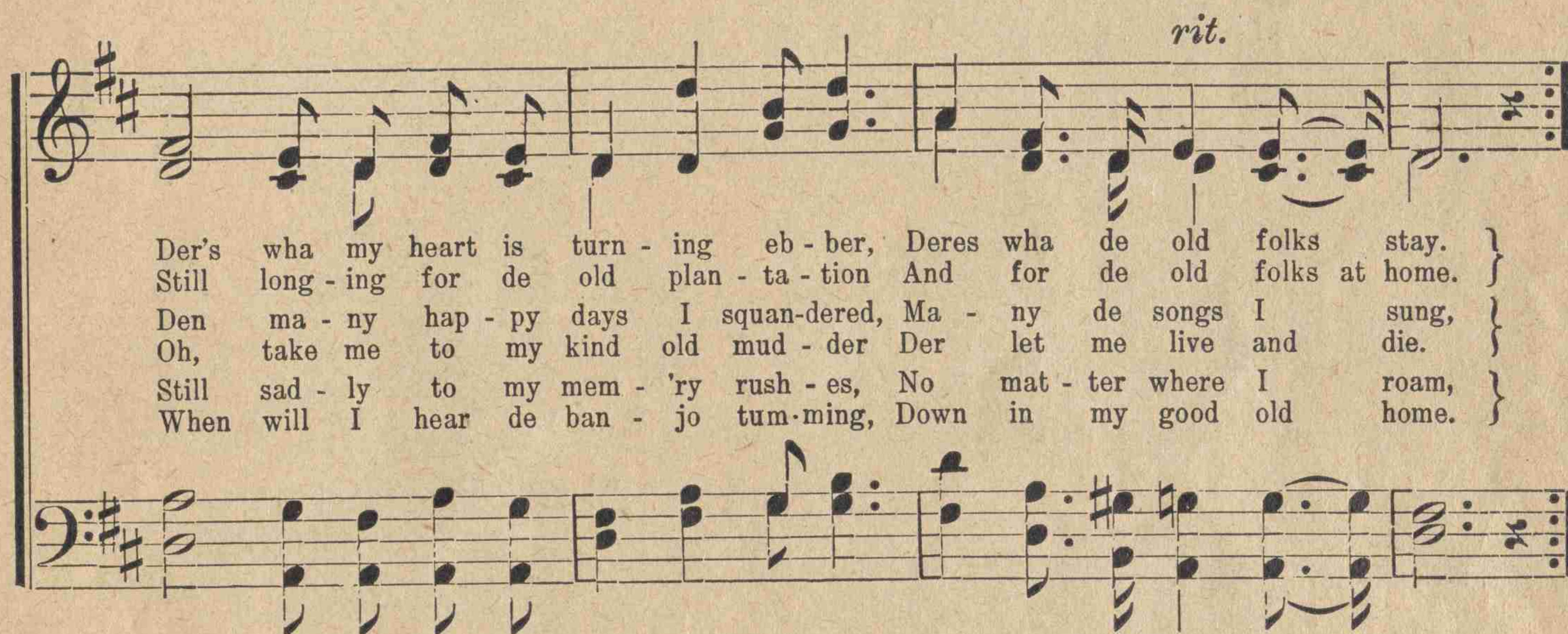
11

F. P. CHRISTY.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by O. S. G.



1. { Way down up - on de Swan - ee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
 { All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 2. { All down a - round de farm I wan - dered When I was young,
 { When I was play - ing wid my brud - der Hap - py was I,
 3. { One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love;
 { When will I see de bees a hum - ming All 'round de comb?



rit.
 Der's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Deres wha de old folks stay. }
 Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion And for de old folks at home. }
 Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan - dered, Ma - ny de songs I sung, }
 Oh, take me to my kind old mud - der Der let me live and die. }
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I roam, }
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home. }

CHORUS.



All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam,



Ad. lib. espressione.
 Oh! dark - ies how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.

HARD TRIALS.

SOLO.

1. The fox-es have holes in the ground And the birds their nests in the air,

And ev - 'ry thing has a hid - ing place, But we poor sin - ners have none.

CHORUS.

Now ain't them hard tri - als? great trib - u - la-tions? Ain't them hard tri - als, I'm

FINE. SOLO.

bound to leave this world. 2. Meth-o-dist, Meth-o-dist is my name, Meth-o-dist till I
3. Bap - tist, Bap - tist is my name, Bap - tist till I

D. S. Cho. after each verse.

die; I'll be bap - tised in the Meth-o - dist faith And live on the Meth-o-dist side.
die; I'll be bap - tised in the Bap - tist church, And live on the Bap - tist side.

Adapt names of different churches as in verses 2 and 3.

Hard Trials. Concluded.

13

Bass Solo.



4. You may go this a - way, you may go that a - way, You may go from door to door;

D. S. Chorus.



But if you hven't got the grace of God in your heart, The dev - il will get you sure.

WHEN DE ROCKS AND DE MOUNTAINS.

Adapt the words.

Negro Melody.



When de rocks and de mount - ains shall all pass a - way, And

FINE.



you shall have a new rest - ing place that day.

1. Doub - ter, doub - ter, give
2. Mour - ner, mour - ner, give
3. Sin - ner, sin - ner, give
4. Sis - ter, sis - ter, give
5. Moth - er, moth - er, give
6. Chil - dren, chil - dren, give

D. C.



up your heart to God, And you shall have a new hid - ing - place that day.

HALLELUJAH.

With spirit.

Plantation Melody.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.

Hal - le - lu, Hal - le - lu, Hal - le - lu - jah to de Lamb, Hal - le -

lu, Hal - le - lu, Hal - le - lu, Hal - le - lu - jah to de Lamb. FINE.

1. Come my sis - ters and breath - ren, too, Let us jine dis heav'n - ly crew,
 2. Didn't old Noah build him an ark, Build it out of hick - ory bark,
 3. Animals come in two by two, Rhi - noc - e - ros and Kan - ga - roo,
 4. Animals come in four by four, Noah got mad and shouted for more,
 5. Animals come in six by six, Hyena laughed at the mon - key's tricks,
 6. Animals come in eight by eight, No - ah hollered "Go shut dat gate,"

D. C.
 Lord's don ben here, paid de fare, Gwine to ride in de mid - dle of de air.
 Animals come in one by one, Cow a chew - ing a car - a - way bun.
 Animals come in three by three, Bear a bug and a bum - ble - bee.
 Animals come in five by five, Thus the an - i - mals did ar - rive.
 Animals come in seven by seven, Said the ant to the el - e - phant, "Who's you shoving?"
 Animals come in nine by nine, No - ah hollered "Go cut dat line."

WHAT KIND OF SHOES?

15

Words arranged.

Negro Melody.

Arranged by O. S. GRINNELL.

1. What kind of shoes you going to wear, (gold - en shoes,)
 2. What kind of crown you going to wear, (star - y crown,)
 3. What kind of robe you going to wear, (white robe,)
 4. What kind of song you going to sing, (new song)

What kind of shoes you going to wear, (gold - en shoes,)
 What kind of crown you going to wear, (star - y crown,)
 What kind of robe you going to wear, (white robe,)
 What kind of harp you going to play, (gold - en harp,)

Gold - en shoes I'm bound to wear and out - shine the glit - ter - ing sun.
 Star - ry crown I'm bound to wear and out - shine the glit - ter - ing sun.
 Long white robe I'm bound to wear and out - shine the glit - ter - ing sun.
 Gold - en harp I'm bound to play and out - shine the glit - ter - ing sun.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, yes, my Lord, I'm going to join the heav'n - ly choir,
 Oh, yes, yes, my Lord,

Oh, yes, yes, my Lord, I'm a sol - diers of the cross.
 Oh, yes, yes, my Lord,

ROLL, JORDAN ROLL.

With spirit.

Negro Melody.

Roll, Jor - dan roll, , Roll, Jor - dan roll, I

want to go to Heav - en when I die, To hear Jor - dan roll.

1. O	broth - ers,	you	ought	t'have	been	there,	Yes,	my	Lord,
2. O	preach - ers	you	ought	t'have	been	there,	Yes,	my	Lord,
3. O	sin - ners	you	ought	t'have	been	there,	Yes,	my	Lord,
4. O	mour - ners	you	ought	t'have	been	there,	Yes,	my	Lord,
5. O	seek - ers	you	ought	t'have	been	there,	Yes,	my	Lord,
6. O	moth - ers	you	ought	t'have	been	there,	Yes,	my	Lord,
7. O	chil - dren	you	ought	t'have	been	there,	Yes,	my	Lord,

A sit - tin' in the king - dom, To hear Jor - dan roll.

D. C.

PETER, GO RING DEM BELLS.

17

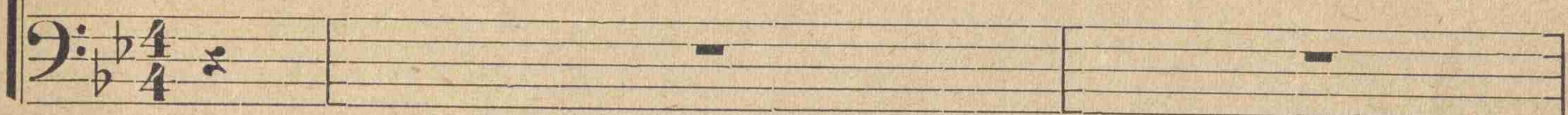
Words adapted.

Solo for tenor or Soprano.

Negro Melody.



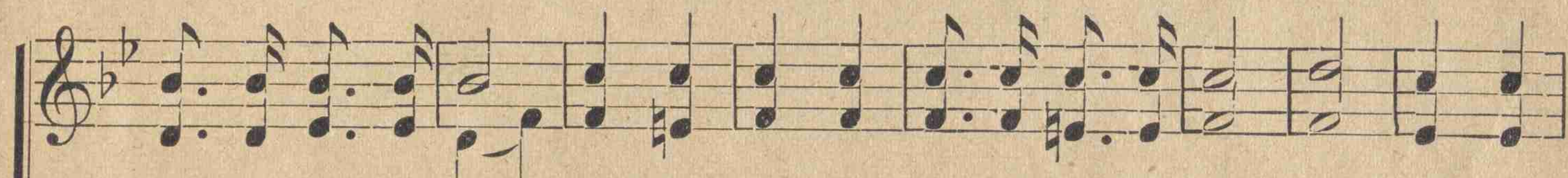
1. { Well, I heard a might - y rumb - ling, it was way up in the clouds
It was noth - ing but Mas - ter Moses, he was read - ing of de laws,
2. { Well go a - way poor sin - ner don't you grieve, long aft - er me,
Kase I have a heap of troub - le tryin' to buy your lib - er - ty,



1 2 CHORUS.



Oh, shout the glo - ry, Glo - ry in my soul. We'll shout and sing to

make de welk - in' ring, All join hands, march to de heav'n-ly King; Oh, chil - dren




'twont be long 'fore we hear Gabriel's trum - pet sound, Well Pet - er, go ring dem bells




Pet - er, go ring dem bells, Pet - er, go ring dem bells, I've heard from heav'n to day.



PUT ON YOUR GOLDEN SWORD.

Look o - ver yon - der, what did I see— Put on your gold - en sword;
Band of an - gels aft - er me—

The first system of music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The treble staff contains the melody, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and a half note A4. The bass staff provides accompaniment with chords. A first ending bracket is placed over the final two measures of the system.

Put on your gold - en sword. O chil - dren, come a - long,
come a - long,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a second ending bracket over the final measures, which repeat the phrase 'come a - long'.

O chil - dren, come a - long, come a - long, O chil - dren,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment, repeating the phrase 'O chil - dren, come a - long'.

come a - long Till we climb to de moon so high,

The fourth system concludes the piece with the final phrase 'come a - long Till we climb to de moon so high'.

Put On Your Golden Sword. Concluded.

19



By and by we'll wear de gold - en crown, By and by in de



land be - yond de sky, By and by we'll wear de gold - en



crown in de land so bright and fair, dear chil - dren.

CHORUS.



By and by we'll wear de gold - en crown, by and



by, in de land be - yond de sky, By and by we'll



wear de gold - en crown, In de land so bright and fair.



JOSHUA AT JERICHO.

SOLO. CHORUS.

Josh - ua fought de bat - tle of Jer - i - cho, Jer - i - cho, Jer - i - cho;

Josh - ua fought the bat - tle of Jer - i - cho, And de walls came tum - bling

1 2 *Fine.* SOLO.
down, I tell you; down. { Good morn - ing, broth - er pil - grim, Pray
My name it is Bold Pil - grim; To

tell me where you're bound; Tell me where you're trav - 'ling to
Ca - naan I am bound, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness

1 2 *D. C. al Fine.*
On this en - chant - ed ground; ground dis morn - 'in,

2 You may talk about your King of Gideon,
You may talk about your man of Saul,
But there's none like good old Joshua
At the battle of Jericho.
Up to the walls of Jericho
He marched with spear in hand;
"Go blow them rams' horns," Joshua cried,
"Kase de battle am in my hand."
Den de lamb-ram-sheep horns begin to blow,
Trumpets begin to sound,
Joshua commanded de children to shout,
And de walls came tumblin' down dat mornin'.—CHORUS.

KING IMMANUEL.

21

Who do you call the King Im-man - u - el? I call my Je - sus,

This system contains the first two staves of the hymn. The treble staff begins with a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts on a whole note G4, followed by a half note F4, a quarter note E4, and a quarter note D4. The lyrics 'Who do you call the King Im-man - u - el?' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff begins with a whole note G2, followed by a half note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The lyrics 'I call my Je - sus,' are written below the bass staff.

King Im-man - u - el, Some call Him Je - sus, but I call Him

This system contains the third and fourth staves. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note C4, a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, and a quarter note G3. The lyrics 'King Im-man - u - el,' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues with a half note C2, a quarter note B1, a quarter note A1, and a quarter note G1. The lyrics 'Some call Him Je - sus, but I call Him' are written below the bass staff.

Lord: I call my Je - sus, King Im-man - u - el.

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves. The treble staff begins with a half note G3, a quarter note F3, a quarter note E3, and a quarter note D3. The lyrics 'Lord: I call my Je - sus,' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff begins with a half note G2, a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The lyrics 'King Im-man - u - el.' are written below the bass staff.

Oh, de King Im-man - u - el is a might - y 'Man - u - el;

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves. The treble staff begins with a half note G3, a quarter note F3, a quarter note E3, and a quarter note D3. The lyrics 'Oh, de King Im-man - u - el is a might - y 'Man - u - el;' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff begins with a half note G2, a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The lyrics 'Oh, de King Im-man - u - el is a might - y 'Man - u - el;' are written below the bass staff.

I call my Je - sus, King Im-man - u - el.

This system contains the ninth and tenth staves. The treble staff begins with a half note G3, a quarter note F3, a quarter note E3, and a quarter note D3. The lyrics 'I call my Je - sus,' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff begins with a half note G2, a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, and a quarter note D2. The lyrics 'King Im-man - u - el.' are written below the bass staff.

POOR OLD SLAVE.

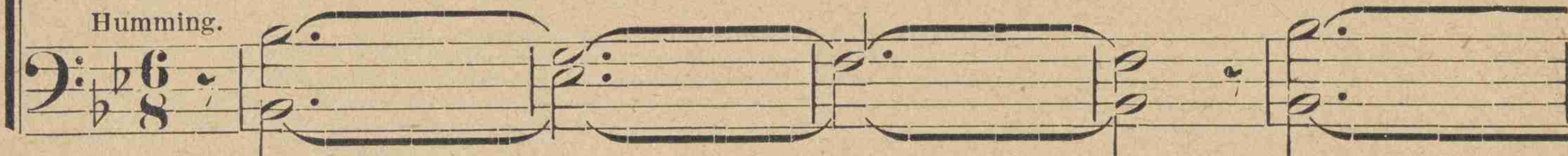
Legato.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.



1. 'Tis just one year a - go to - day, That I re - mem - ber well, I sat down by poor
 2. She took my arm, we walked a - long In - to an o - pen field, And there she paused to
 3. But since that time how things have changed, Poor Nelly that was my bride Is lain be - neath the

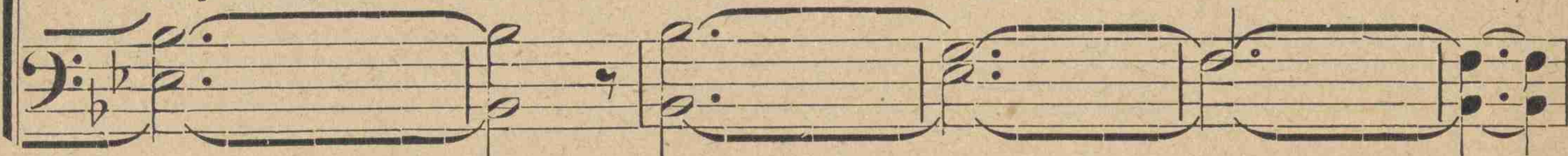
Humming.



Nel - ly's side An' a sto - ry she did tell, 'Twas 'bout a poor un - hap - py slave That
 breath a - while Then to his grave did steal, She sat down by that lit - tle mound And
 cold grave sod, With her fa - ther by her side, I plant - ed there up - on her grave The



lived for many a year; But now he's dead and in his grave, No mas - ter does he fear.
 soft - ly whis - pered there; Come to me fa - ther 'tis thy child, Then gen - tly dropped a tear.
 weep - ing wil - low tree; I bathed its roots with many a tear That it might shel - ter me.



The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free,



Dis - turb him not but let him rest, Way down in Ten - na - see.



YOU WILL OUTSHINE.

23

O. S. G.

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. When you give your heart to Je - sus, You will out - shine, you will out - shine,
 2. When you live as Je - sus bids you, You will out - shine, you will out - shine,
 3. When you quit your grum - bling, brud - der, You will out - shine, you will out - shine,
 4. When you quit your sin - ful talk - ing, You will out - shine, you will out - shine,

You will out - shine the glit - ter - ing sun. When you give your heart to Je - sus,
 You will out - shine the glit - ter - ing sun. When you live as Je - sus bids you,
 You will out - shine the glit - ter - ing sun. When you quit your grum - bling, brud - der,
 You will out - shine the glit - ter - ing sun. When you quit your sin - ful talk - ing,

You will out - shine, you will out - shine, You will out - shine the glit - ter - ing sun.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, my Lord, with Je - sus the vic - t'ry will be won, Then

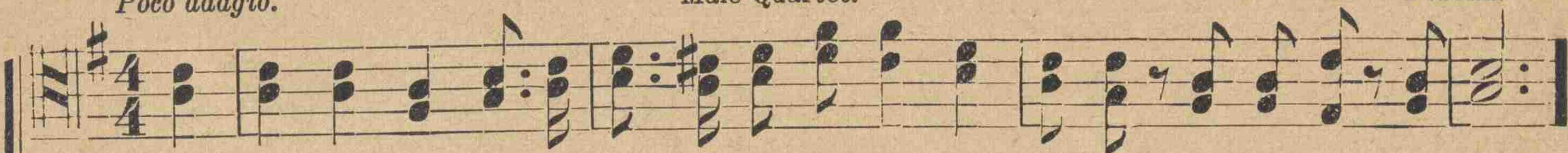
trab - ble on, trab - ble on, And out - shine the glit - ter - ing sun.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME GOOD NIGHT.

Poco adagio.

Male Quartet.

FOSTER.



1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay,
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend Where-ev-er the dark-ies may go,



The corn top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day;
 They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon On the bench by the old cab-in door;
 A few more days and the troub-le will all end In the field where the sug-ar-canes grow;



The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py, and bright,
 The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart With sor-row where all was de-light,
 A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter 'twill nev-er be light,



By'n by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home good night.
 The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home good night.
 A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home good night.



CHORUS.



Weep no more my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day, We will sing one song



My Old Kentucky Home Good Night. Concluded.

25

rit.

for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a-way.

WHO STOLE THE LOCK?

1. My old friend was cute as a mouse, He stole down to the chick-en house,
 2. Down in the hen house on my knees, Tho't I heard a chick-en sneeze,
 3. As I went cross a for-ty acre field A rattle snake bit me on the heel

He took all the chickens that were in sight, Then says to me "my friend good night."
 'Twas the old roost-er say-ing his pray'rs, Sing-ing a hymn to the hens up-stairs.
 Turned right a-round for to do my best My left foot stuck in a hor-nets nest.

CHORUS.

Well who stole the lock? I don't know Who stole the lock from the hen house door;

I'll find out be-fore I go Who stole the lock from the hen house door?

KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OF DE ROAD.

SOPRANO SOLO.

WILL S. HAYS.



1. I hear dem an - gels a call - ing loud Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 2. I ain't got time fo' to stop an' talk, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 3. I come an' jine in de wea - ry ban', Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 4. Dis world am full ob sin - ful thing, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;

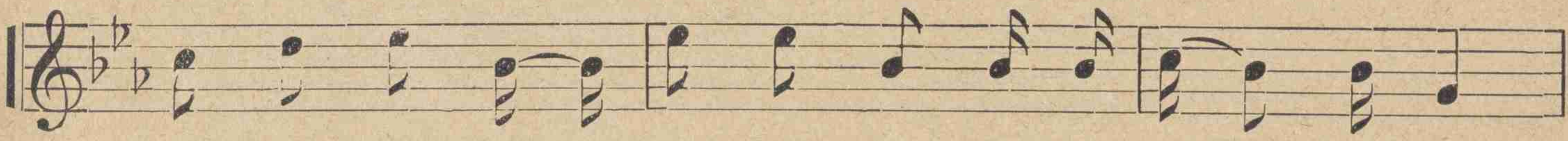


Dey's a wait - in' dar in a great big crowd, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 Kase de road am rough an' its hard to walk, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 Kase we bound fo' home in de hap - py land, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 When de feet gets tired put on de wings, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;

TENOR.



I see dem stand round de big white gate, We must trab - ble a - long 'fore we
 I fix my eye on de gold - en stair, An I'll keep on a gwine till
 Turn your back on dis world ob sin, Just a knock at de door an' dey'll
 If you lay down on de road to die An you watch dem an - gels



get too late, For t'aint no use fo' to sit down and wait,
 I get dar, Kase my head am bound fo' de crown to wear,
 let you in, Kase you'll neb - er get such a chance a - g'in,
 in de sky, You can put on wings an' git up an' fly.

ALL VOICES.

CHORUS.



Keep in de mid - dle ob de road. Den chil - dren keep in de

Keep In De Middle of De Road. Concluded.

27

mid - dle of de road, Den chil - dren keep in de

mid - dle ob de road, Don't you look to de right, don't you

look to de left, But keep in de mid - dle of de road.

PREPARE ME, Lord.

Plantation Melody.

FINE.

Pre - pare me, pre - pare me, Lord, Pre-prepare me when death shall shake this frame.

1. { As I go down the stream of time, When death shall shake this frame. }
 { I'll leave this sin - ful world be - hind, When death shall shake this frame. }
 2. { If you get there be - fore I do, When death shall shake this frame. }
 { Look out for me I'm com - ing to When death shall shake this frame. }

I' SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

Not too fast.

C. A. WHITE. Arr. O. S. G.

1. I' se gwine back to Dix - ie, No more I' se gwine to wan - der; My
 2. I' ve hoed in fields of cot - ton, I' ve worked up - on the riv - er, I
 3. I' m trav' l - ing back to Dix - ie, My steps is slow and fee - ble; I

heart turns back to Dix - ie, I can't stay here no long - er, I miss the ole plan -
 used to think if I got off I' d go back there no nev - er; But time has changed the
 pray the Lord to help me, And lead me from all e - vil; And should my strength for -

ta - tions, My home and my re - la - tions; My heart turns back to Dix - ie, And
 old man, His head is bend - ing low; His heart turns back to Dix - ie, And
 sake me, Then kind friends come and take me; My heart turns back to Dix - ie, And

CHORUS.

I must go.
 I must go. I' se gwine back to Dix - ie, I' se gwine back to Dix - ie; I' se
 I must go.

gwine where the or - ange blos - soms grow, For I hear the chil - dren call - ing, I

see their sad tears fall - ing; My heart turns back to Dix - ie, And I must go.

This system features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble, and the bass line provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.

Negro Melody.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home;

This system is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (F major or D minor). The melody is in the treble, and the bass line is mostly whole notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

FINE.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

This system continues the melody and bass line from the previous system, ending with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see Com - ing for to car - ry me home?
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com - ing for to car - ry me home;

This system introduces a two-part vocal melody. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

D. C.

A band of an - gels com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

This system continues the two-part vocal melody and ends with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS.

JASPER A. BLAND.

1. { Oh, my gold - en slippers am laid a - way, Kase I don't spect to
 And my long white robe dat I bought last June, I'm gwine to git
 2. { Oh, my ole ban - jo hangs on de wall, Kase it aint been
 Dar's ole Brud - der Ben and Sis - ter Luce, Dey will tele - graph de
 3. { So, its good - bye, chil-dren, I will have to go Whar de rain don't
 But yer gold - en slip-pers must be nice and clean, And yer age must

wear 'em till my wed - din' day, And my long - tail'd coat, dat I
 changed Kase it fits too soon. And de ole gray hoss dat I
 tuned since way last fall, but de darks all say we will
 news to Un - cle Bac - co Juice what a great camp - meetin' dere will
 fall or de wind don't blow And yer uls - ter coats, why, yer
 be Just sweet six - teen and yer white kid gloves yer will

loved so well, I will wear *uw* in de char - iot in de morn. }
 used to drive, I will hitch *nuu* to de char - iot in de morn. }
 hab a good time, When we ride *uw* in de char - iot in de morn. }
 be dat day, When we ride *uw* in de char - iot in de morn. }
 will not need, When yer ride *uw* in de char - iot in de morn. }
 have to wear, When yer ride *uw* in de char - iot in de morn. }

CHORUS. *First time pp, repeat ff.*

Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers! Gold - en slip-pers Ise

Oh, Dem Golden Slippers, Concluded.

31

gwine to wear, be-kase dey look so neat; O dem gold-en slip-pers! O dem gold-en

slip-pers! Gold-en slip-pers Ise gwine to wear, To walk de gold-en street. street.

MARCHING ON.

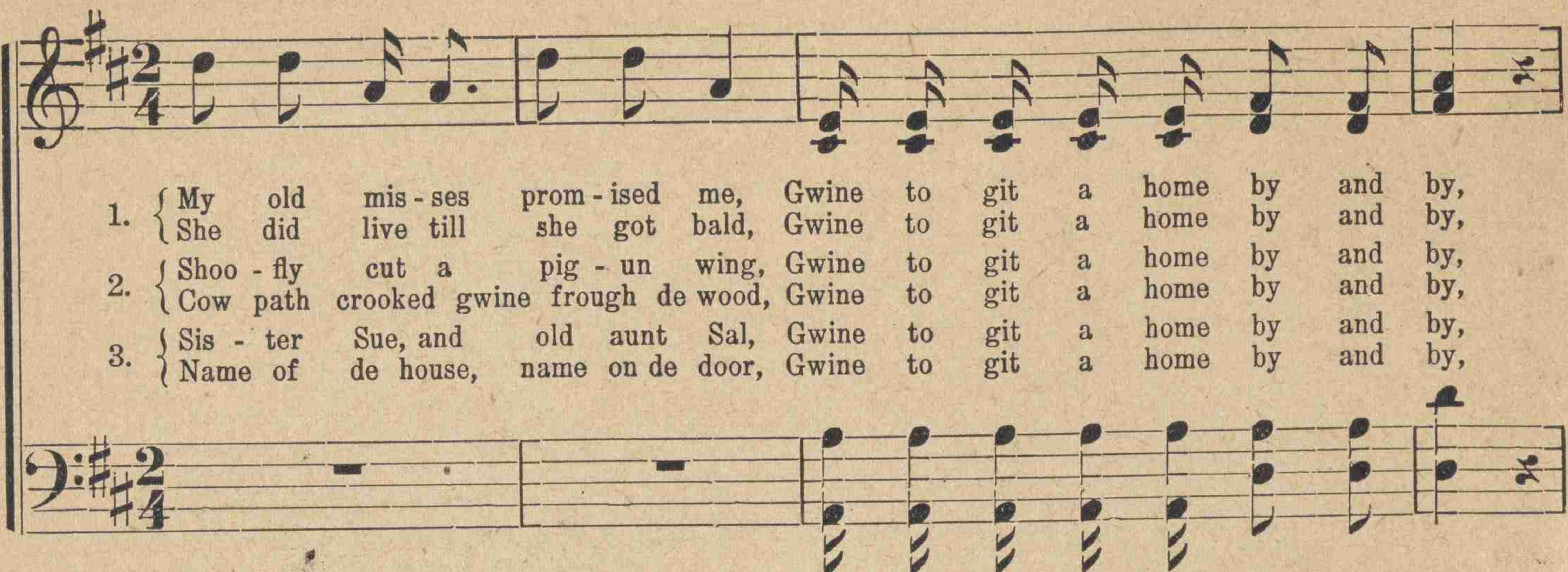
Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL

1. { Way o-ver in the E-gypt land, You shall gain the vic-tor-y, } gain the day.
 2. { When Pe-ter preached at Pen-ti-cost, You shall gain the vic-tor-y, } gain the day.
 3. { When Pe-ter was a fishing in the sea, You shall gain the vic-tor-y, } gain the day.
 { He dropped his net and fol-lowed me, You shall

CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

March on and you shall gain the vic-to-ry; March on, and you shall gain the day.



1. { My old mis-ses prom-ised me, Gwine to git a home by and by,
 { She did live till she got bald, Gwine to git a home by and by,
 2. { Shoo-fly cut a pig-un wing, Gwine to git a home by and by,
 { Cow path crooked gwine frough de wood, Gwine to git a home by and by,
 3. { Sis-ter Sue, and old aunt Sal, Gwine to git a home by and by,
 { Name of de house, name on de door, Gwine to git a home by and by,



When she died she'd set me free, Gwine to git a home by and by, }
 And she nev-er died at all, Gwine to git a home by and by, } by.
 Rattle snake rolled in a 'pos-sum's skin, Gwine to git a home by and by, }
 Miss-es ses I shan't, I ses I should, Gwine to git a home by and by, } by.
 Both lived down in Shin-bone al, Gwine to git a home by and by, }
 Big green spot on de Gro-cery store, Gwine to git a home by and by, } by.

CHORUS.



Den oh, dat wa-ter mel-on, Lamb of good-ness, you must die,



I'm gwine to join the con-tra-band chil-dren, Gwine to git a home by and by.

