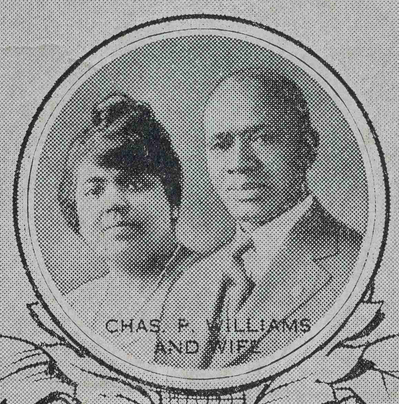
THE WORLD-FAMOUS

WILLIAMS' COLORED SINGERS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST

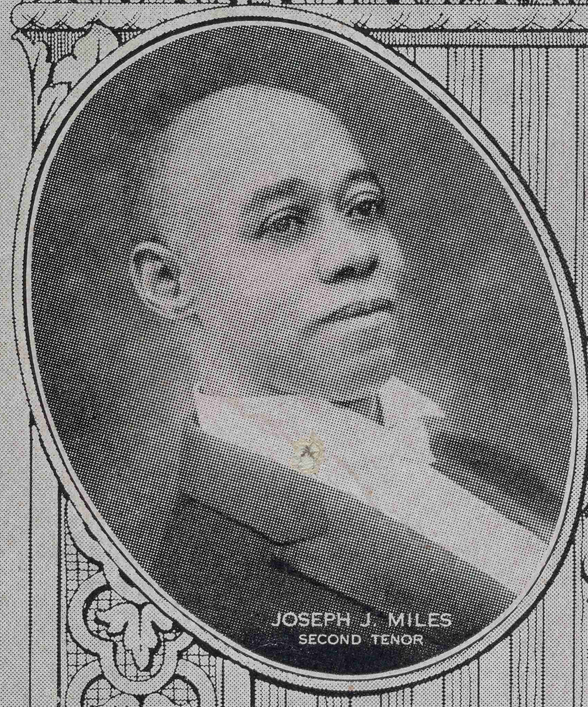
HARMONIZING OCTETTE



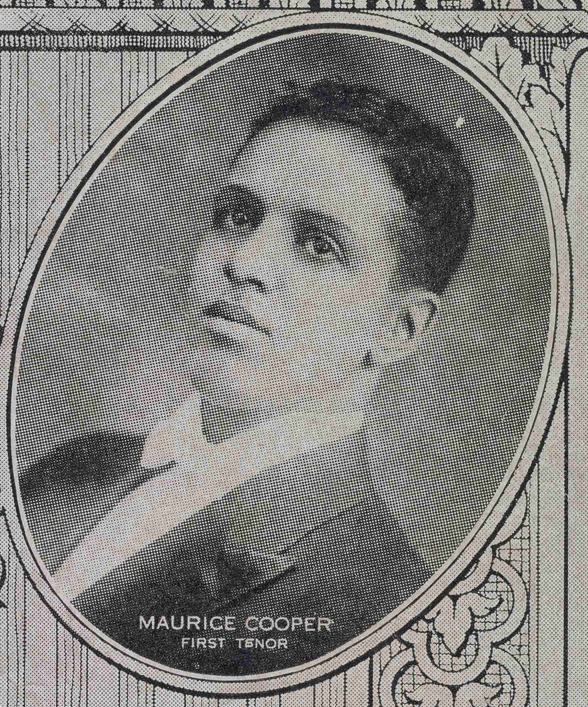
CHAS. P. WILLIAMS AND WIFE



GLADYS SPARKS BRUCKER
DRAMATIC SOPRANO



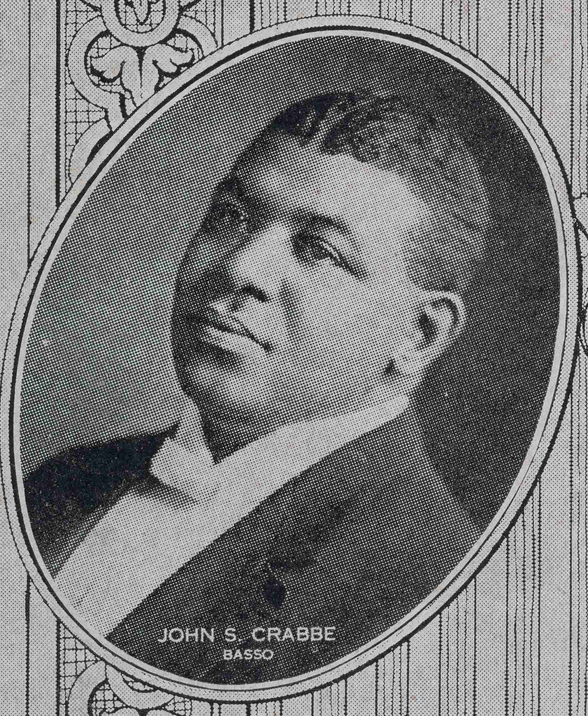
JOSEPH J. MILES
SECOND TENOR



MAURICE COOPER
FIRST TENOR



NELLIE DOBSON
LYRIC SOPRANO



JOHN S. CRABBE
BASSO



OSCAR [illegible] LAUT
BARITONE



VIVIAN WARWICK PARKER
PIANIST

J. S. CRABBE
Mgr. Enroute

Chas. P. Williams
Manager
6618 Vernon Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

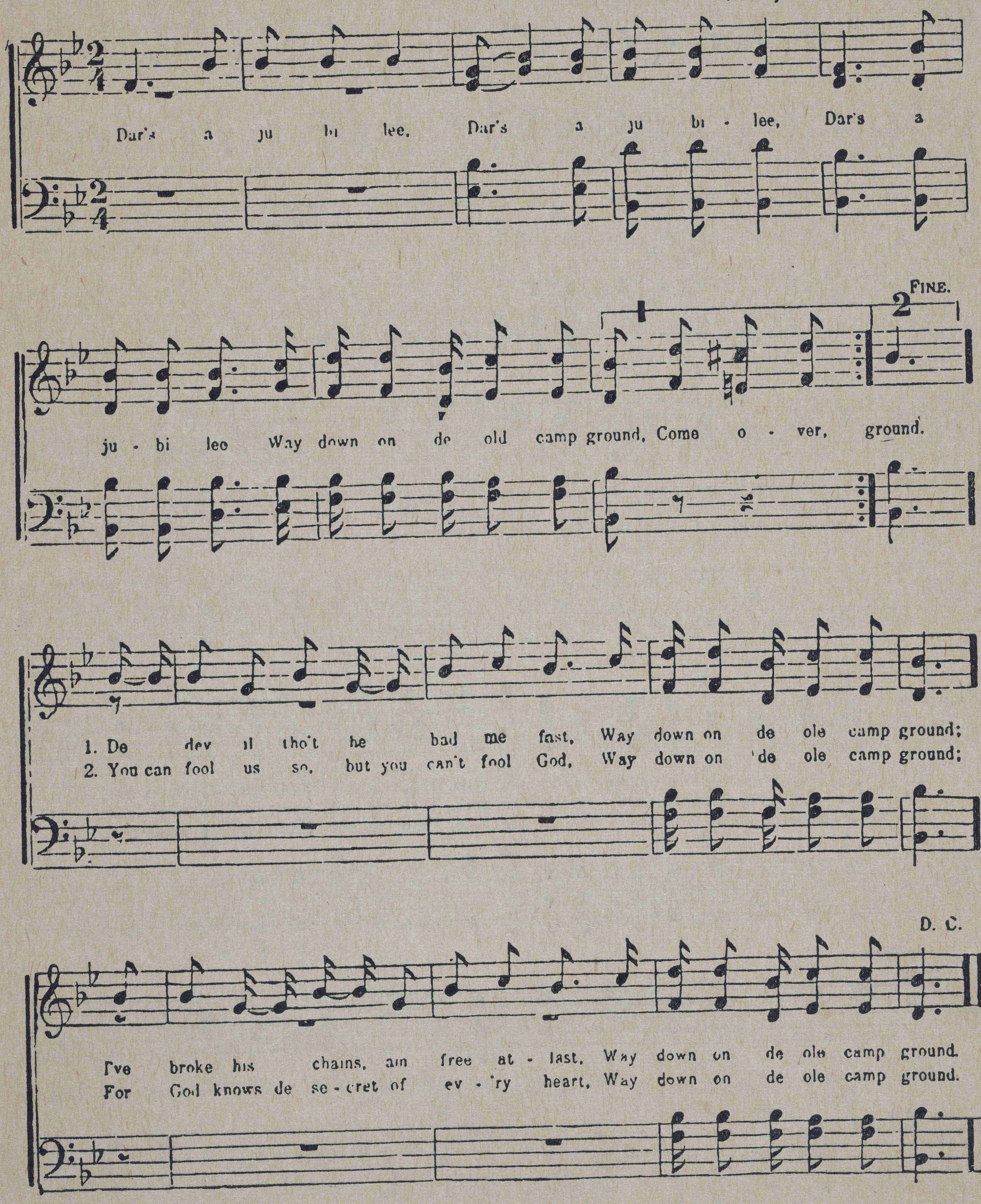
AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

AS SUNG BY

WILLIAMS' JUBILEE SINGERS

DAR'S A JUBILEE.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.



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,

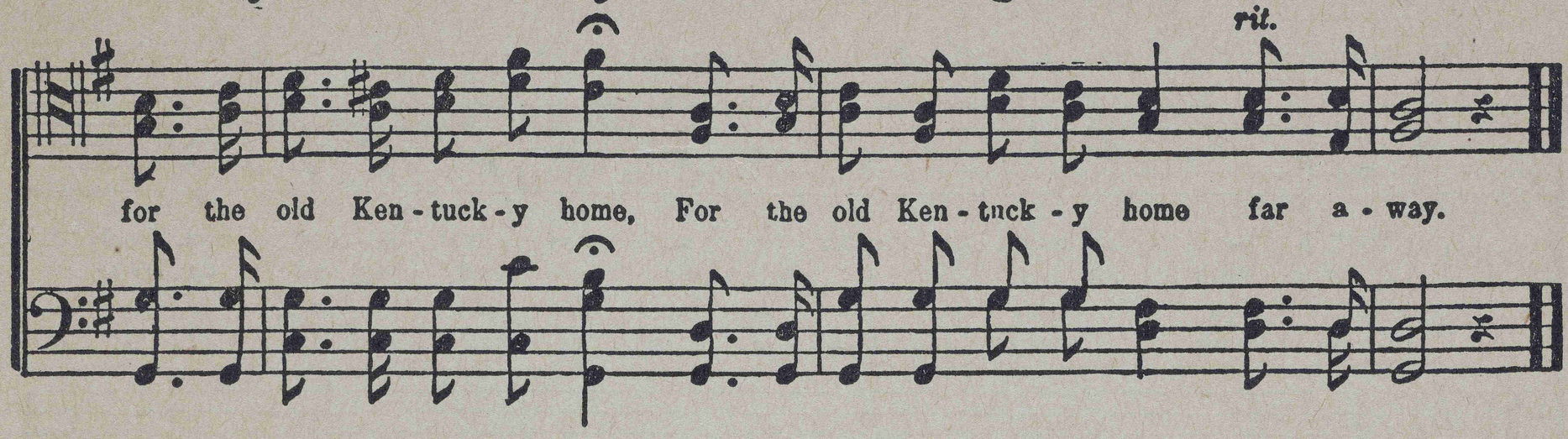
The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py, and bright,
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart With sor-row where all was de-light,
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter 'twill nev-er be light,

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.

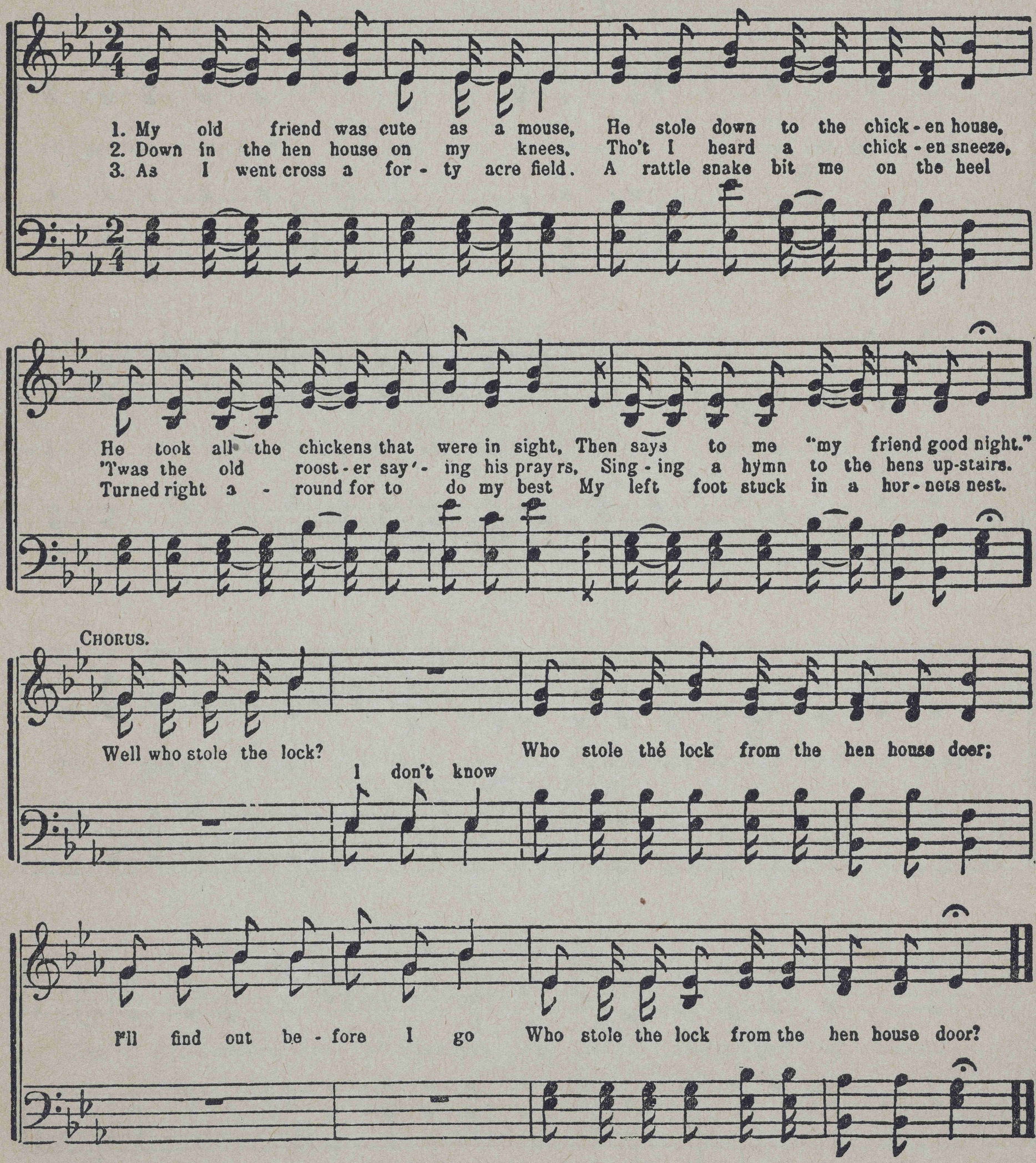
CHORUS.

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

My Old Kentucky Home Good Night. Concluded.



WHO STOLE THE LOCK?



PETER, GO RING DEM BELLS.

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
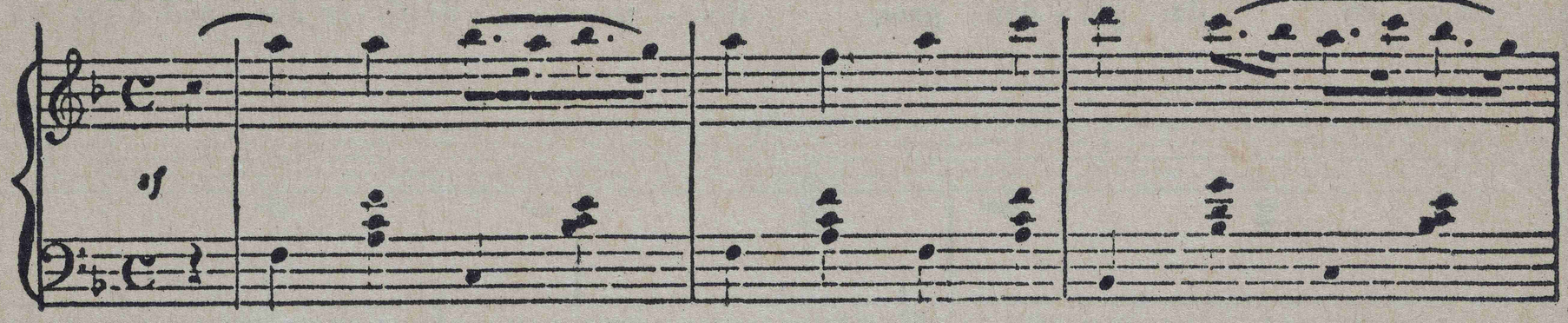
'twont be long 'fore we hear Gabriel's trum - pet sound, Well Pet - er, go ring dem bells
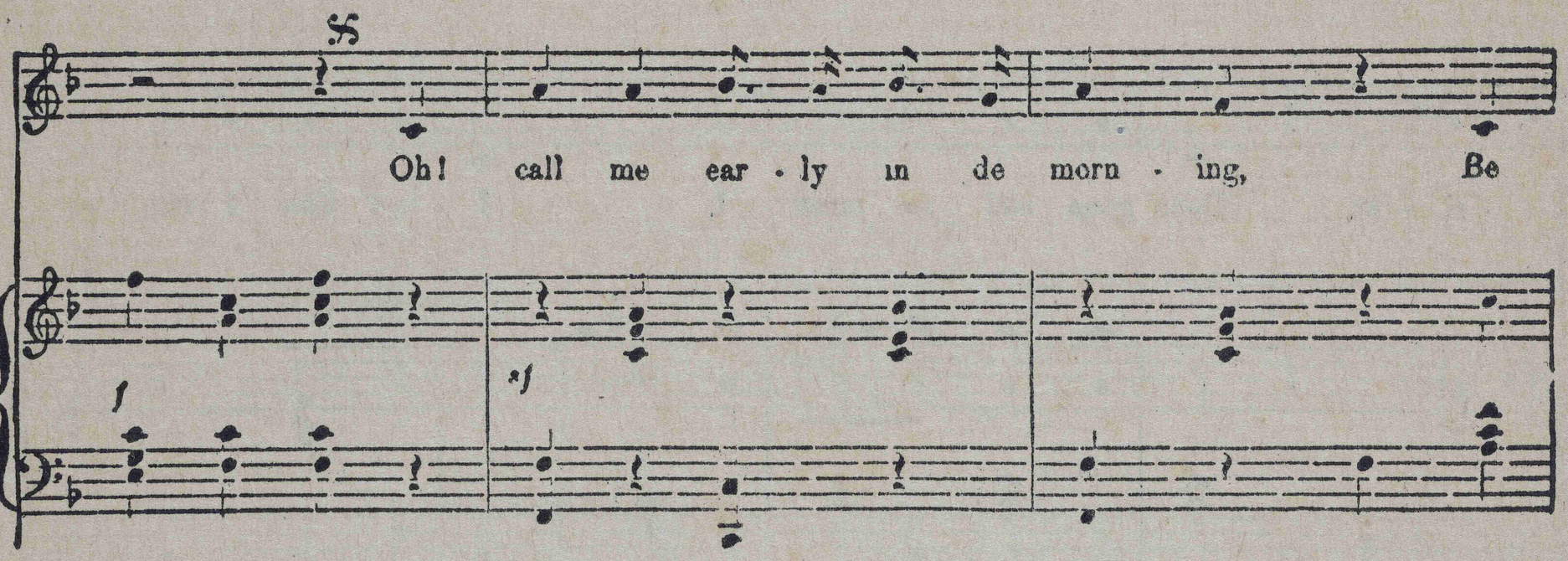
Pet - er, go ring dem bells, Pet - er, go ring dem bells, I've heard from heav'n to day.
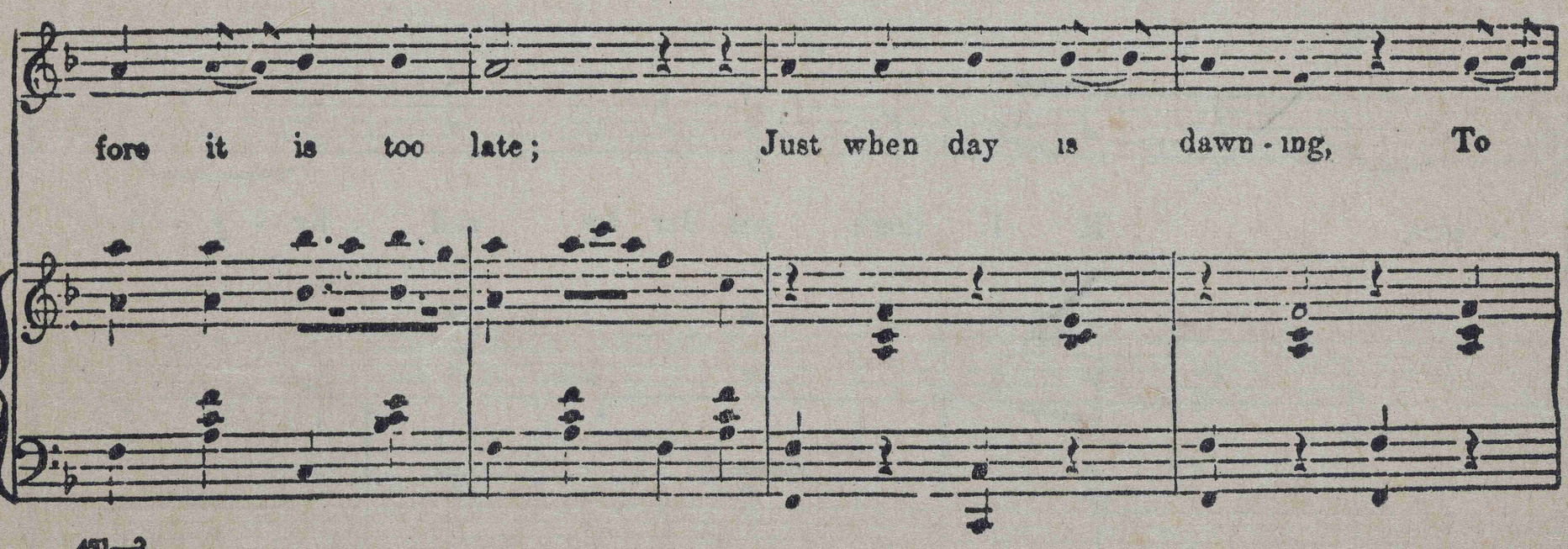
SWINGING ON DE GOLDEN GATE.

Words and Music by FRED LYONS.
Author of "I must go," and "Great day in de Morning."

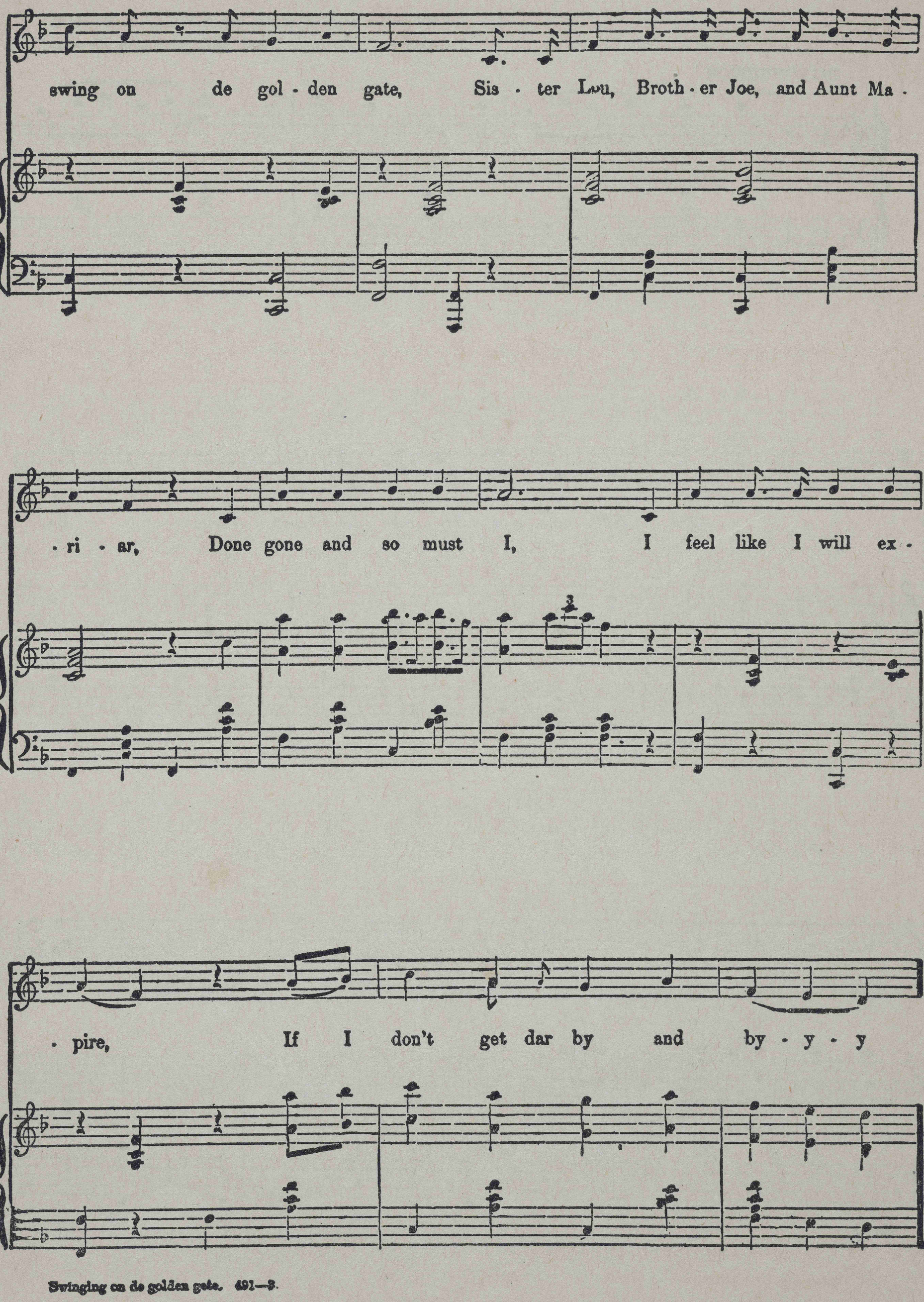
INTRODUCTION.



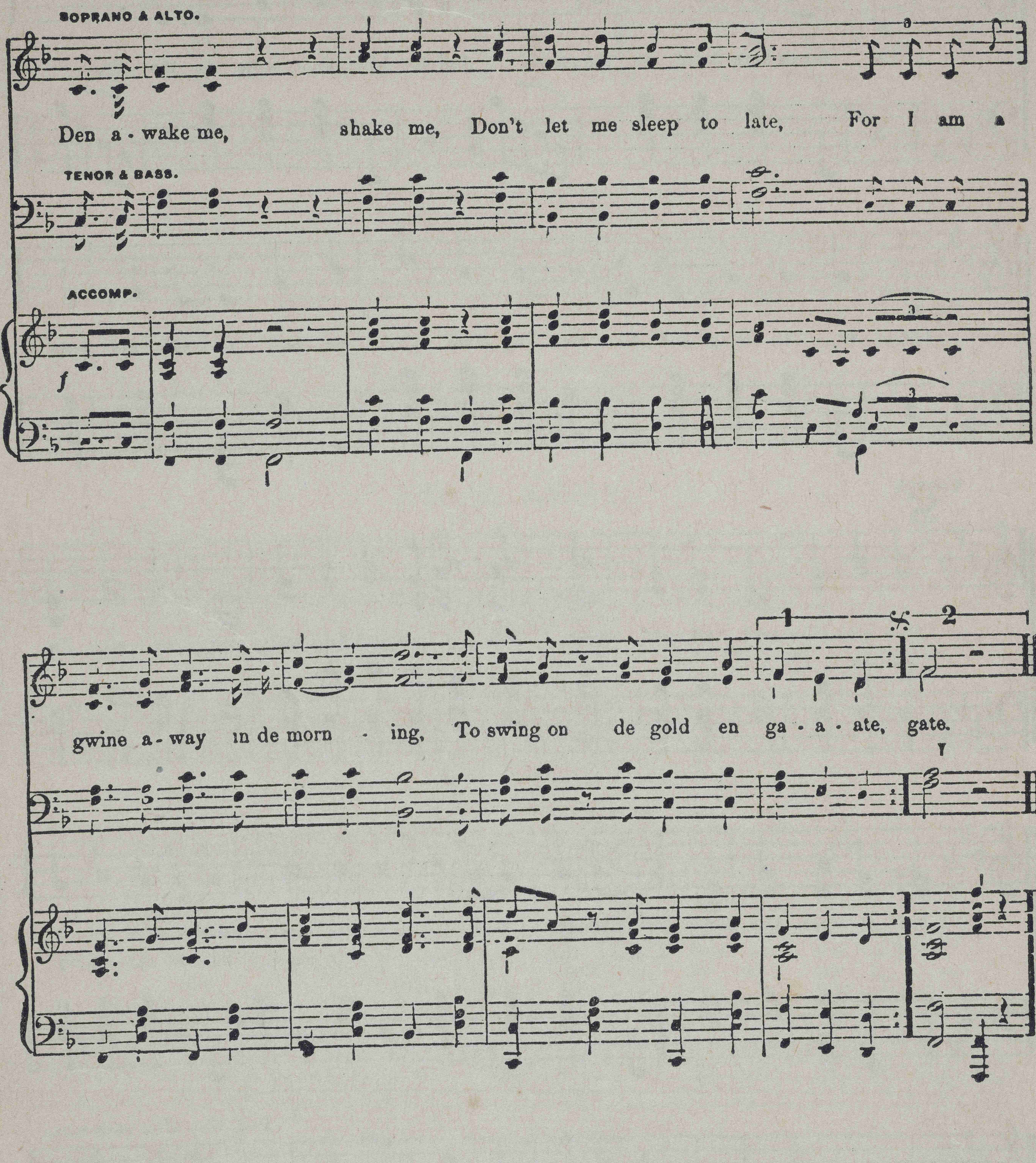




SWINGING ON THE GOLDEN GATE. Continued.



SWINGING ON THE GOLDEN GATE. Concluded.



Oh de ship's gwine to sail on to-morrow,
Get your tickets at half rate;
I'll bid good-bye to sorrow,
When I swing on the golden gate;
Dere will be a mighty singing and a shouting,
When we get on de Isle dat day,
Dere will be no weeping and a pouting,
Kase we all's gwine to feel so gay.

Won't you come and jine the emogration,
I don't want to leave you behine;
We'll rase a great sensation,
When we reach dat happy, happy clime,
Just hand me down dat duster,
Kase I am bound to look first-rate;
I must not lose my luster,
When I swing on de golden gate.

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.

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.

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 ben l 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.

KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OF DE ROAD.

WILL S. HAYS.

SOPRANO SOLO.

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' 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 get too late,
I fix my eye on de gold - en stair, An I'll keep on a gwine till I get dar,
Turn your back on dis world ob sin, Just a knock at de door an' dey'll let you in,
If you lay down on de road to die An you watch dem an - gels in de sky,

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

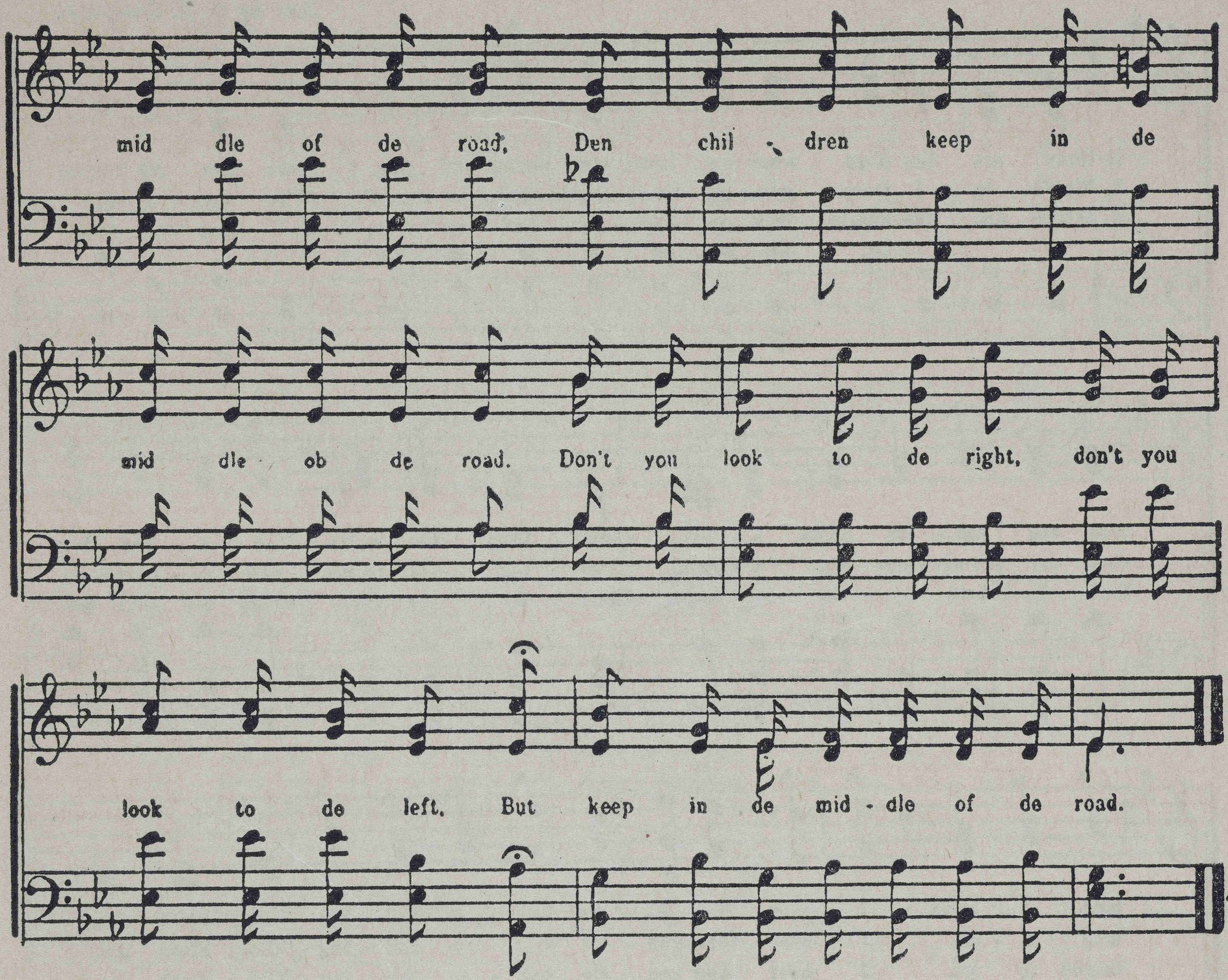
ALL VOICES.

Keep in de mid - dle ob da road.

CHORUS.
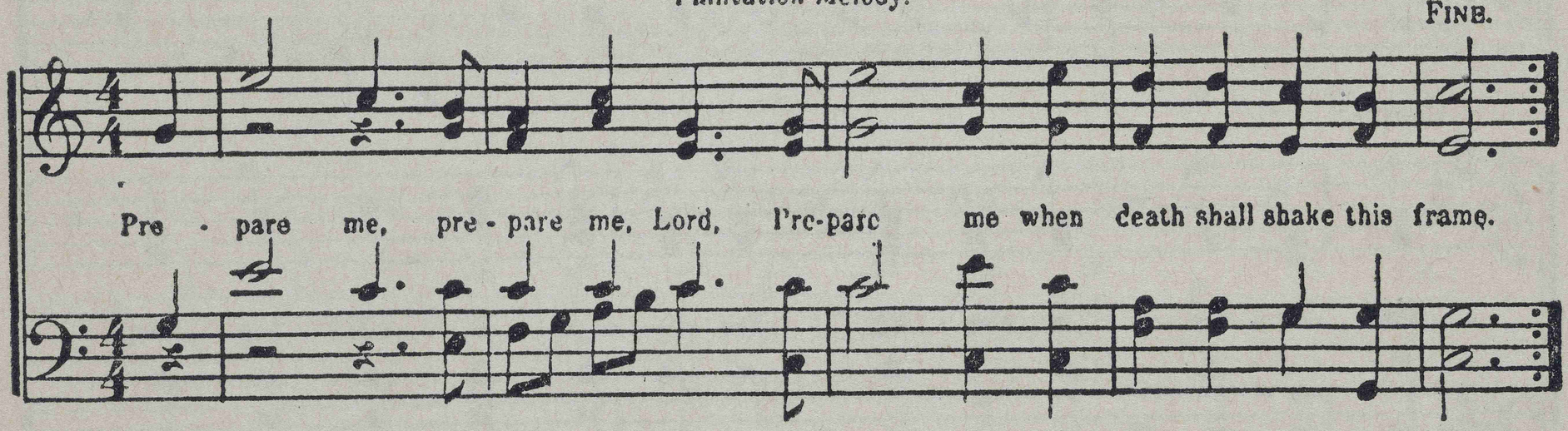
Den chil - dren keep in de
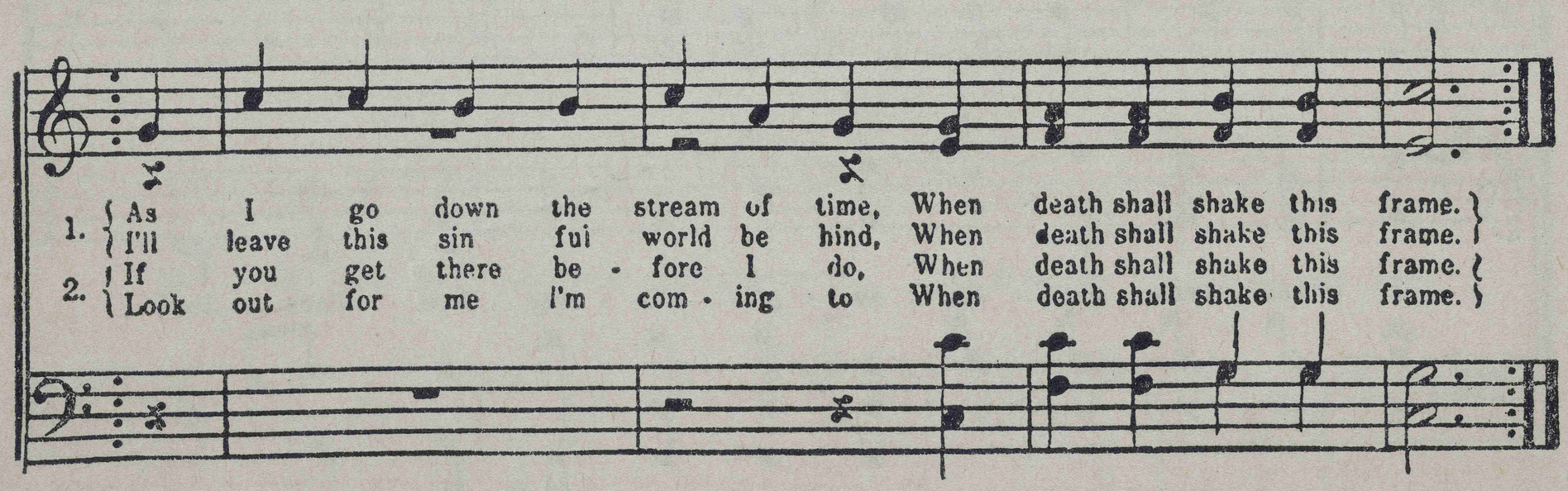
Keep In De Middle of De Road. Concluded.



PREPARE ME, Lord.

Plantation Melody.





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 feal 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."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

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?

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.

rit.

CHORUS.

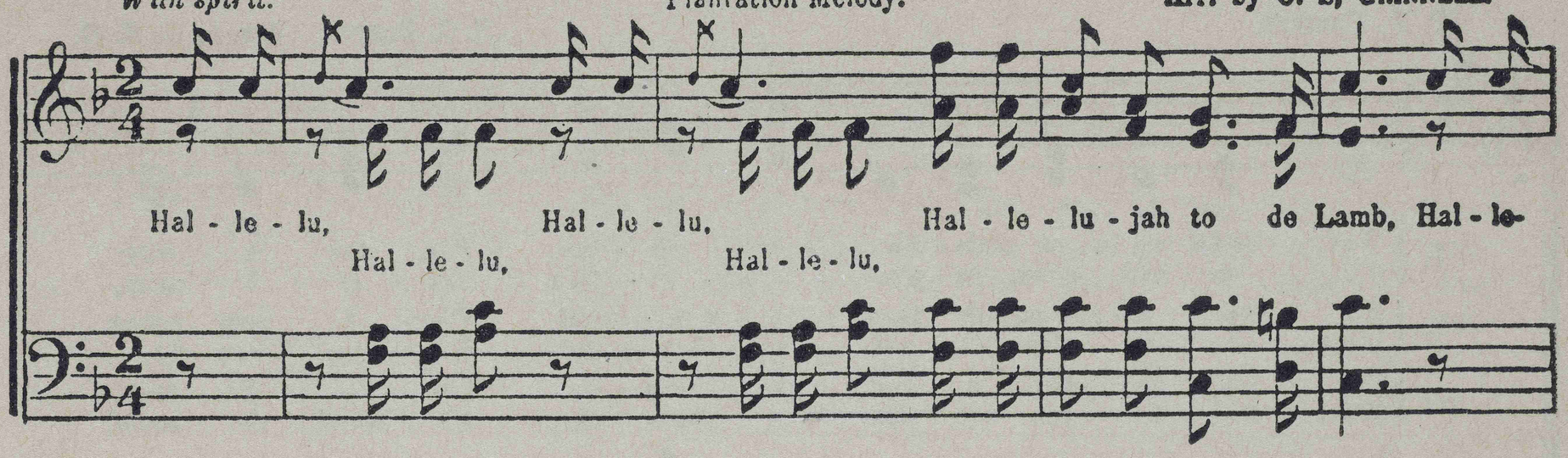
All de world am sad and drear - y. Eb - ry where I roam.
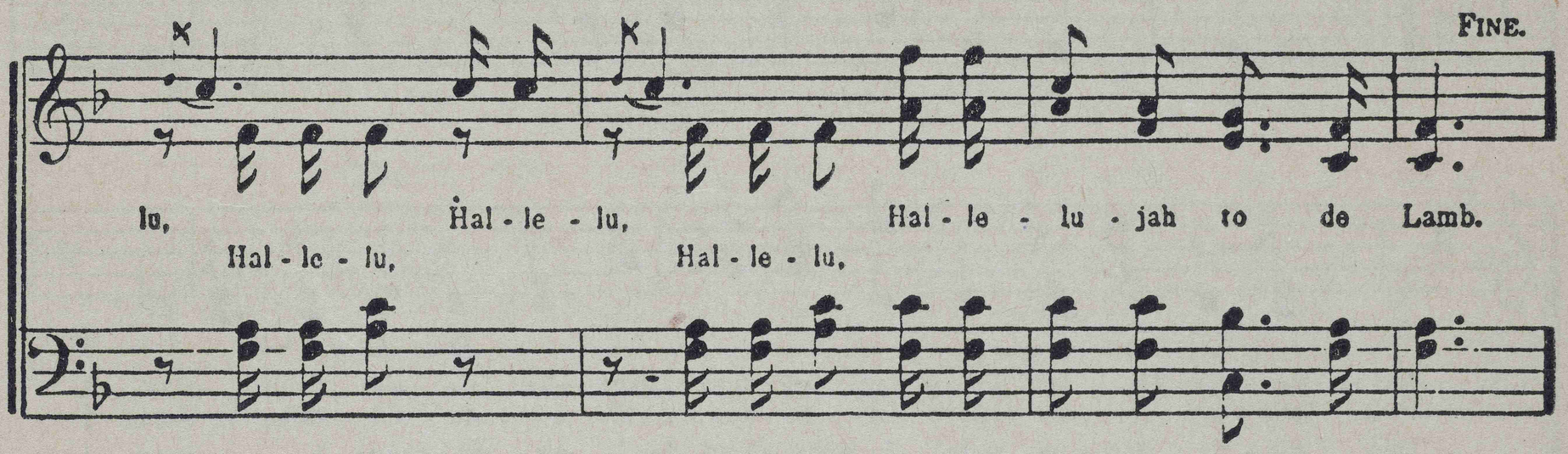
Ad. lib. expressione.

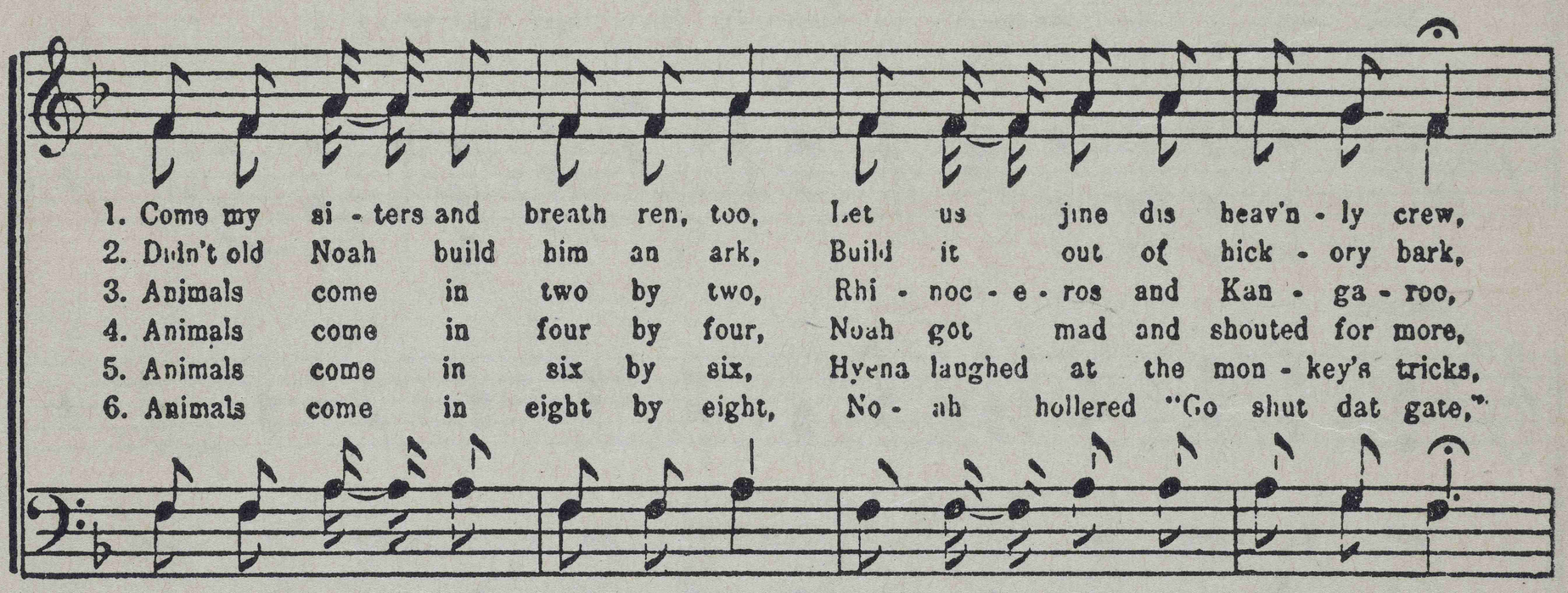
Oh! dark - ies how my heart grows wear - y. Far from de old folks at home.

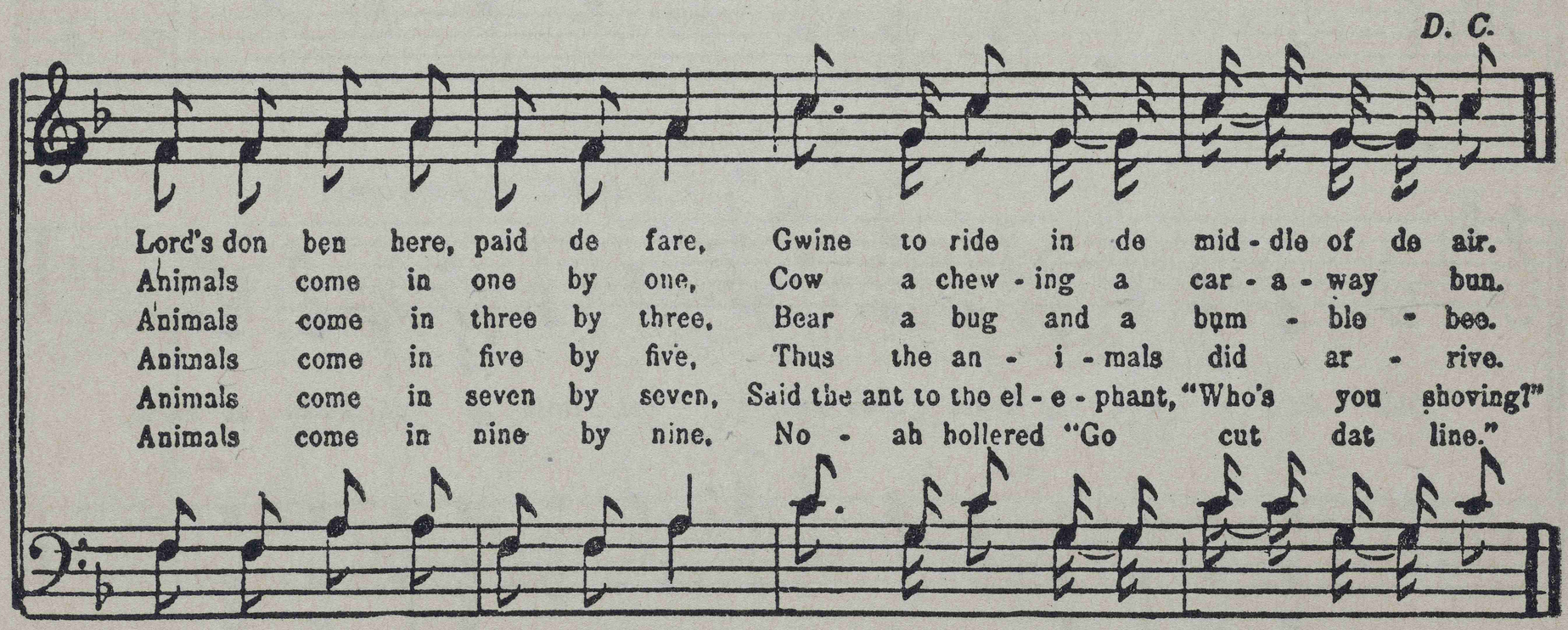
HALLELUJAH.

With spirit. Plantation Melody. Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.









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.

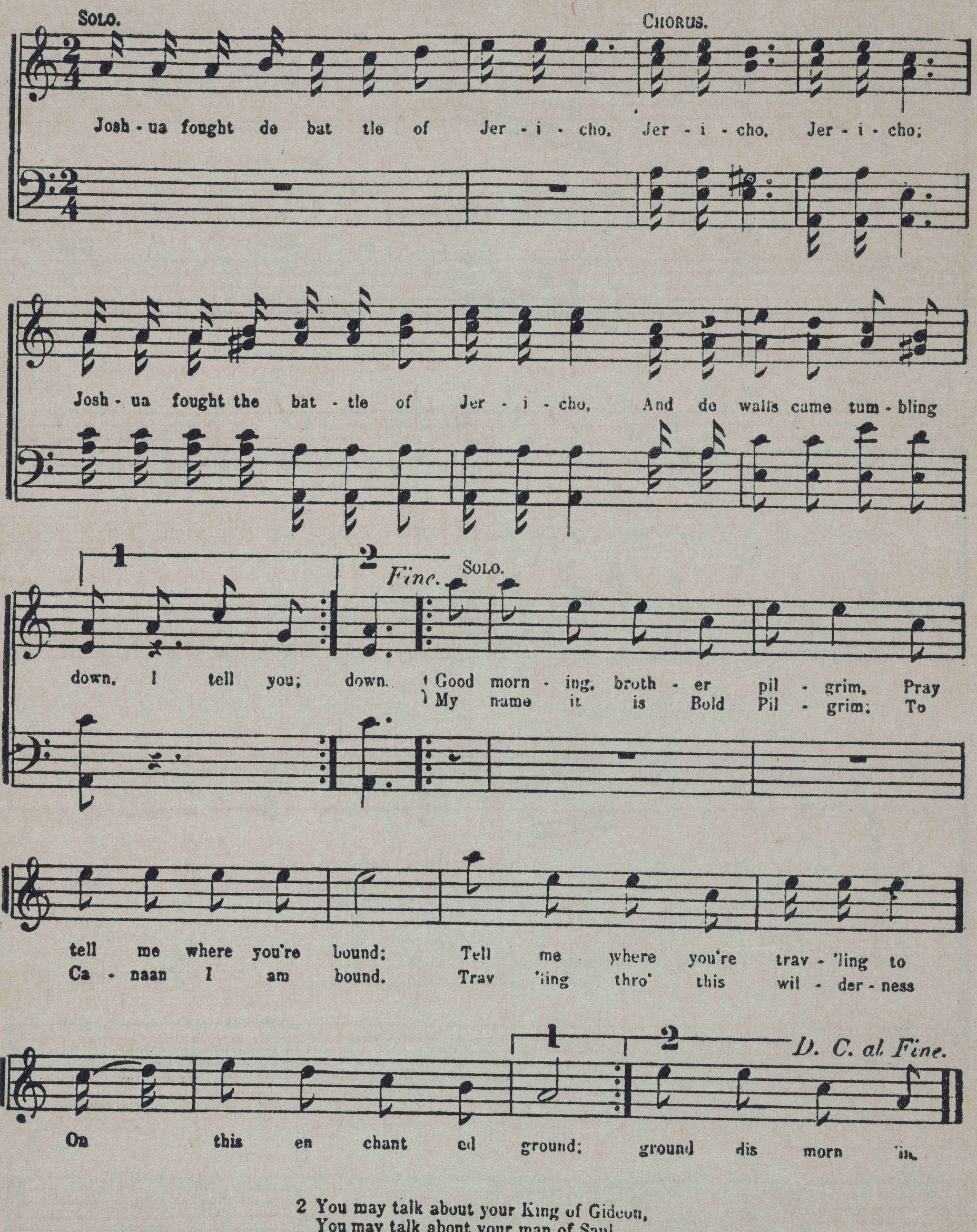
FINE.

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.

D. C.

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

JOSHUA AT JERICHO



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 morniu." — Chorus.

My Lord's writing all the time.*

Solo. Refrain.

1. Come down, come down. My Lord, come down, My Lord's writing all the
2 When I was down in Egypt's land, My Lord's writing all the
3. O christians you had bet-ter pray. My Lord's writing all the
4. King Jesus rides in the middle of the air, My Lord's writing all the

Solo. Refrain.

time And take me up to wear the crown. My Lord's writing all the time.
time. I heard some talk of promised land, My Lord's writing all the time.
time For Satan's round you every day, My Lord's writing all the time.
time. He's calling sinners from everywhere, My Lord's writing all the time.

CHORUS.

Oh, he sees all you do, He hears all you say.

pp

My Lord's writing all the time, O he sees all you do, He

hears all you say. My Lord's writing all the time.

I want to be ready;

OR, WALK IN JERUSALEM JUST LIKE JOHN.

I want to be read y, I want to be read - y,...

Fine.

I want to be read - y To walk in Je-rusalem just like John.

1 John said the city was just four-square.
2 Oh, John! oh, John! what do you say?
3. When Peter was preaching at Pentecost.
} Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem just like John;

D. C.

And he declared he'd meet me there,
That I'll be there at the coming day,
He was endowed with the Holy Ghost,
} Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem just like John.

Rise and Shine.

Oh, brethren, rise and shine, and give God the glo-ry, glo-ry.

Then you must rise, &c.

Rise and shine, and give God the glo-ry, glo-ry.

Fine.

Rise and shine, and give God the glory, for the year of Ju-bi-lee.

1 Don't you want to be a sol-dier, sol-dier, sol-dier, Don't you

want to be a sol-dier, sol-dier, sol dier? Don't you

want to be a sol-dier, sol-dier, sol-dier For the

year of Ju-bi-lee?

2 Do you think I will make a soldier
For the year of Jubilee?

3 Yes, I think you will make a soldier
For the year of Jubilee!

Sing the three verses in succession, and after the third verse go back to the beginning, and sing the words, "Then you must rise," &c.

Bright sparkles in the Churchyard.

(As sung by the "Hampton Students.")

May the Lord, He will be glad of me,... May the Lord, He will be glad of me,... May the Lord, He will be glad of me,..

... In the heav-en He'll re - joice .. In the heaven once, In the heav - en twice, In the heav - en He'll re - joice; In the heaven once, In the heaven twice, In the heaven He'll re - joice.

Duo—*Soprano and Tenor.*

Bright sparkles in the church-yard Give light un - to the tomb;

Trio—*1st and 2d Soprano and Alto.*

Bright summer, spring's over, Sweet flowers in their bloom.

Quartette.

Bright sparkles in the church-yard Give light un - to the tomb; Bright summer, spring's over, Sweet flowers in their bloom.

Tutti.

My mother once, my mother twice, my mother, she'll re - joice, In the heav - en once, In the heav - en twice, In the heaven she'll re-joice; In the heaven she'll re-joice.

1st time. *2d time.*

Mother, rock me in the cra - dle all the day,..... Mother, all the day,

rock me in the cra - dle all the day,..... Mother,

rock me in the cra-dle all the day,..... Mother, all the day,

rock me in the cra - dle all the day.....

Quartette.

All the day, ... all the day,..... Oh, all the day, all the day,

rock me in the cra-dle all the day. .... all the day, all the day, all the day, ... all the day, ... all the day, Oh, rock me in the cra-dle all the day. Oh, mother, don t you love your darling

1st time 2d time

child, Oh, rock me in the cra-dle all the day. .... day

ff

Mother, rock me in the cra dle, Mother, rock me in the

1st time

cradle, Mother, rock me in the cra dle all the day . .

2d time QUARTETTE

Mother, day . All the day all the day, all the day, .

all the day all the

Oh, rock me in the cra dle all the day

day,

all the day, all the day, Oh

all the day all the day

p

rock me in the cra dle all the day You may

lay me down to sleep, my mother dear, Oh, rock me in the cradle all the

day . . . . . You may lay me down to sleep, my mother dear,

Dim - in - u - en - do.

... Oh, rock me in the cra-dle all the day.....

all the day.

John Brown's Body.

[Sing the verses in the order in which they are numbered. Do not sing the chorus after the third verse, but go at once to the fourth, and then close with the chorus.]

1. John Brown's bod - y lies a - mould'ring in the grave,
3. John Brown died .. that the slave.... might be free,
*4. Now has come.. the.... glo - rious ju - bi - lee,

John Brown's bod y lies a - mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown died that the slave . might be free,
Now has come . the ... glo - rious ju - bi - lee.

John Brown's bod-y lies a - mould'ring in the grave, But his
John Brown died that the slave... might be free, But his
Now has come the.... glo - rious ju bi - lee, When all

soul's marching on
soul's marching on.
man kind are free.
} Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le -

lu - jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le - lu - jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal - le-

lujah, His soul's marching on. 2. He captured Harper's Ferry with his

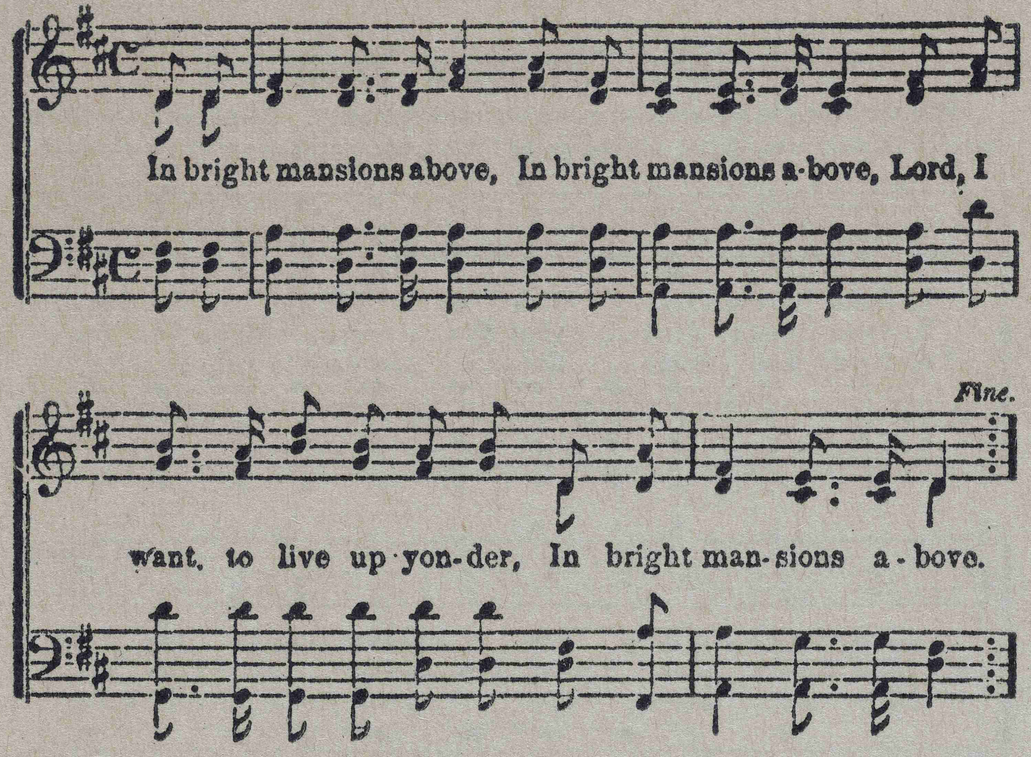
nineteen men so true, And he frightened old Vir-gin-ia till she

trembled thro' and thro'. They hung him for a traitor, them-

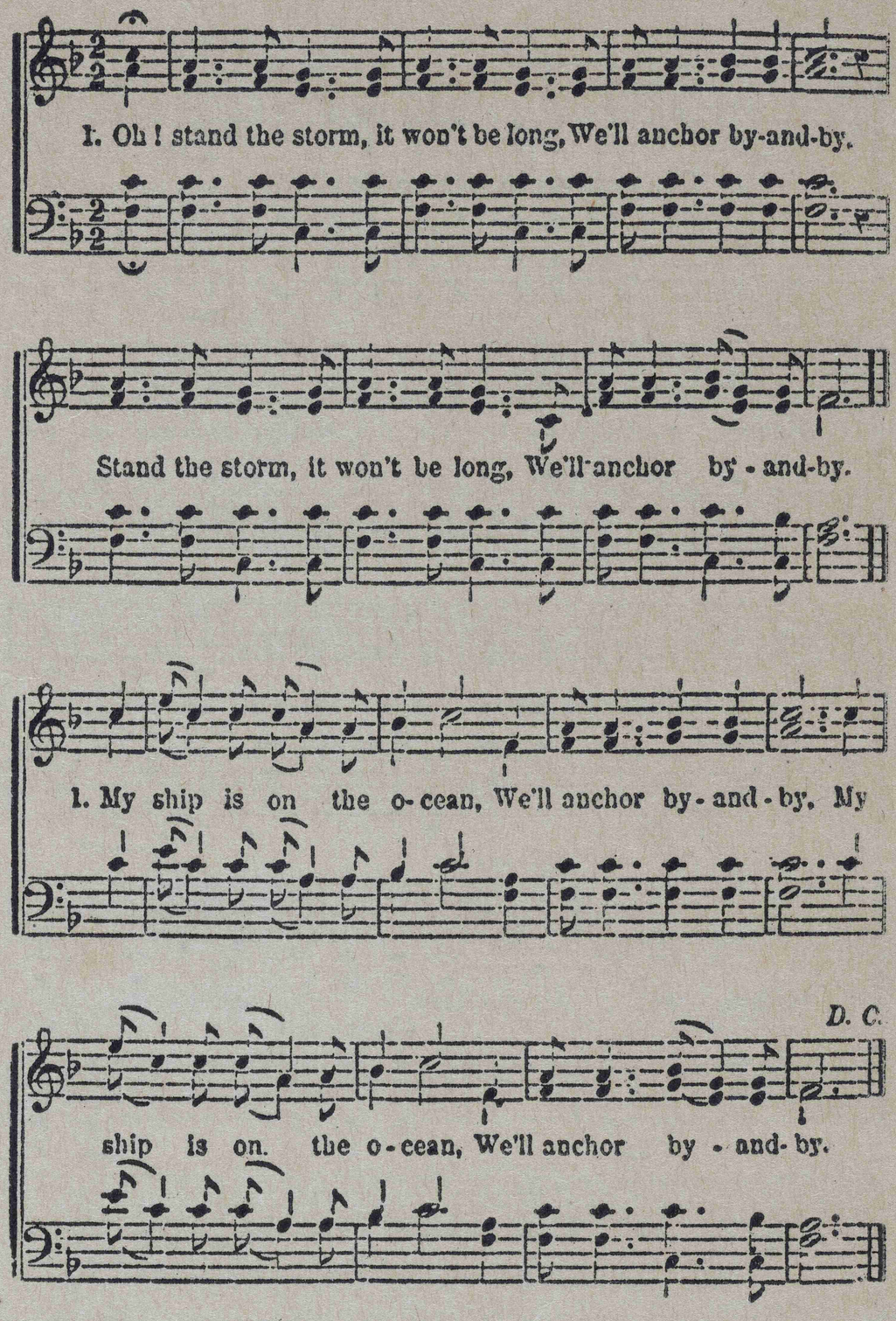
selves the trait - or crew, But his soul's marching on.

* The words of the fourth verse do not correspond fully to the notes, but the adaptation can be easily made by the singer

In bright Mansions above.



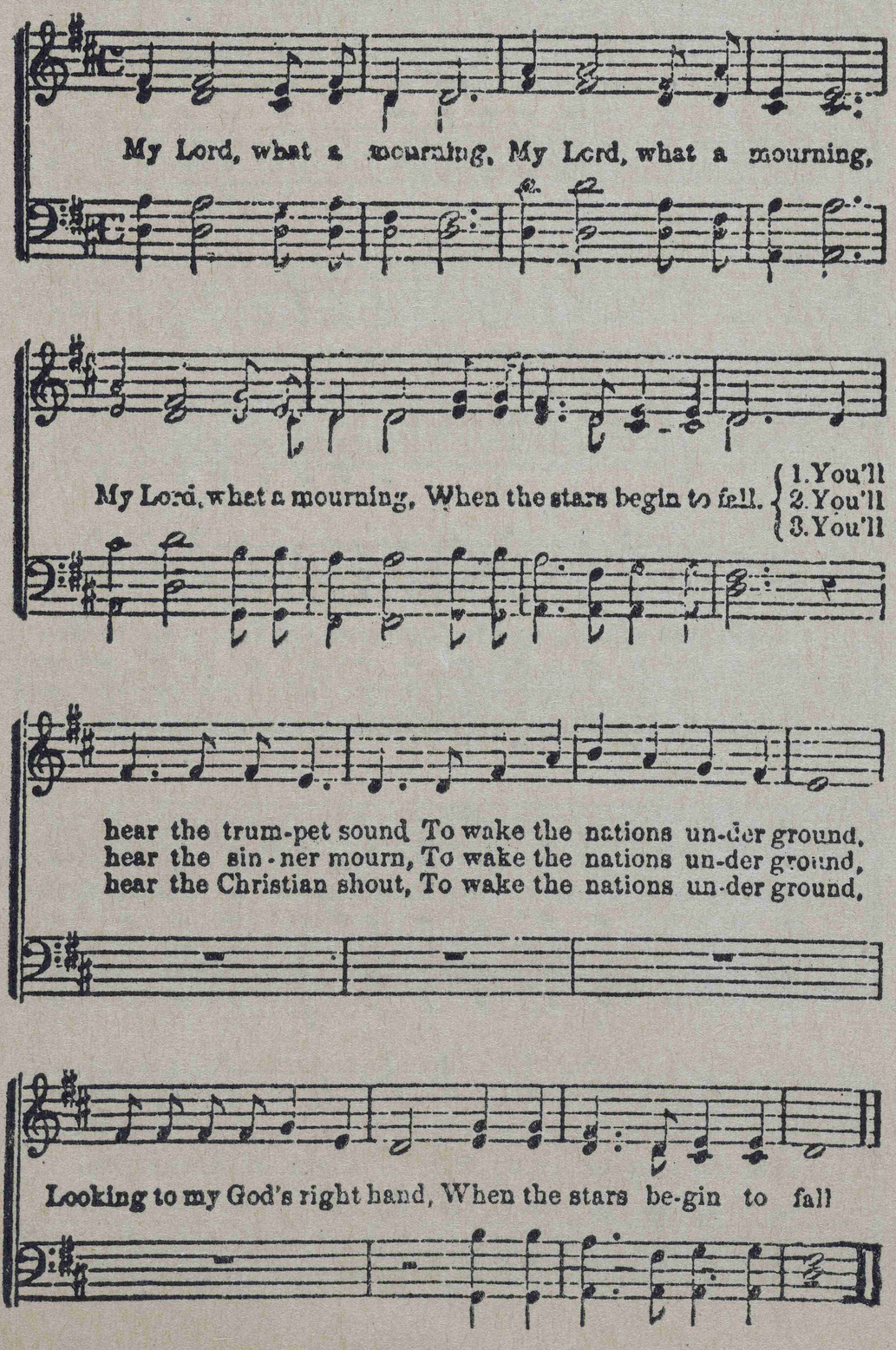
We'll stand the Storm.



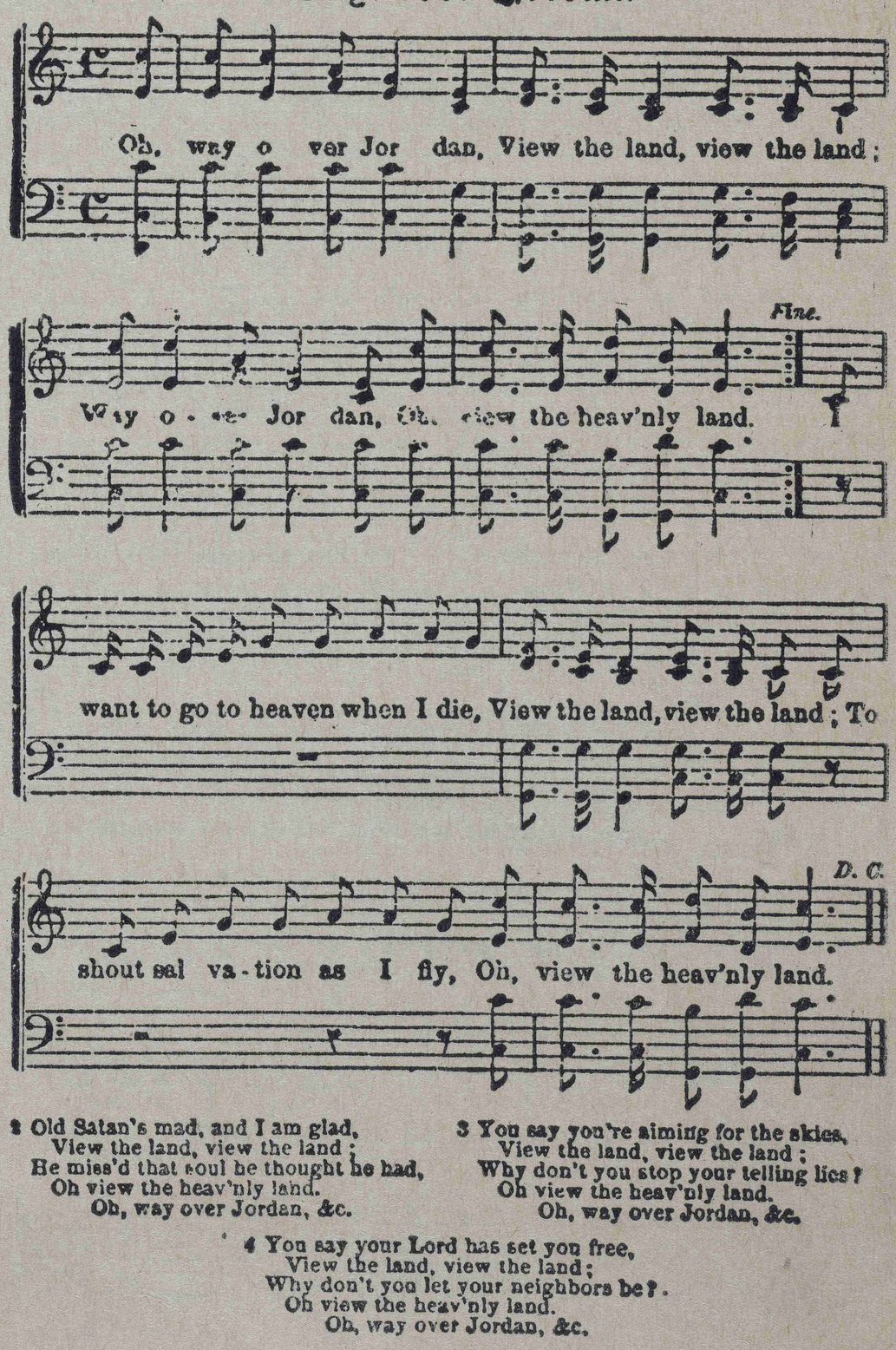
2 She's making for the kingdom,
We'll anchor, &c.

3 I've a mother in the kingdom,
We'll anchor, &c.

My Lord, what a Mourning.



Way over Jordan.
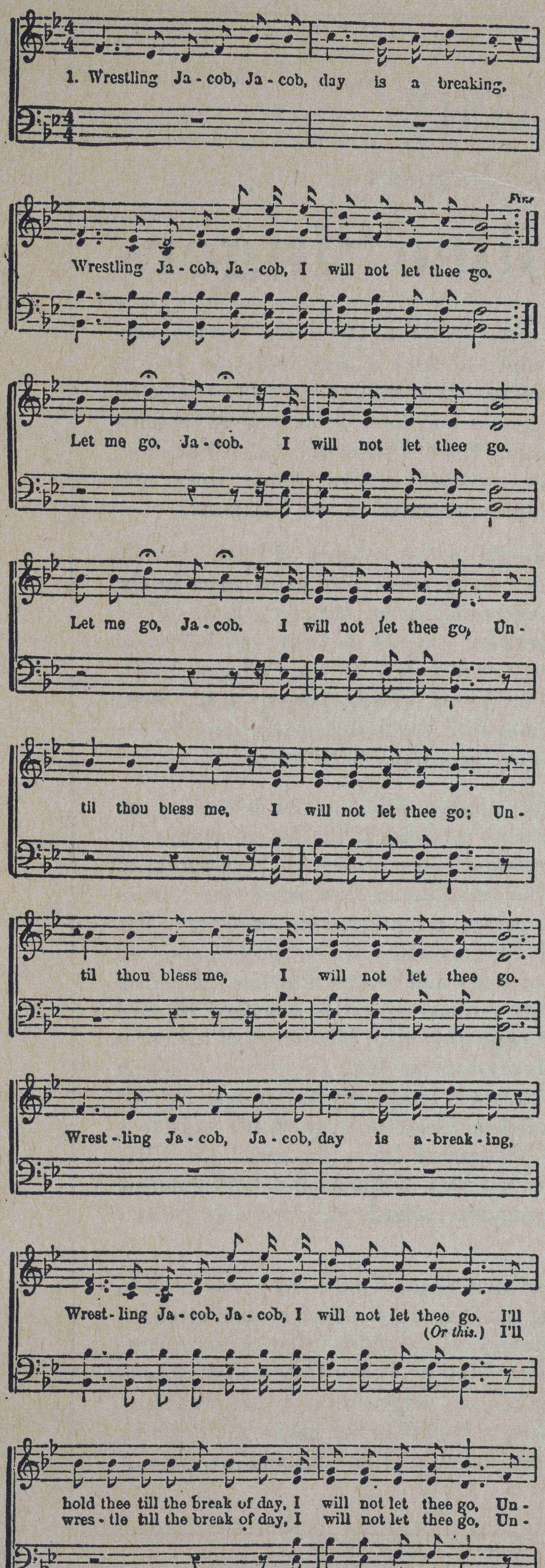


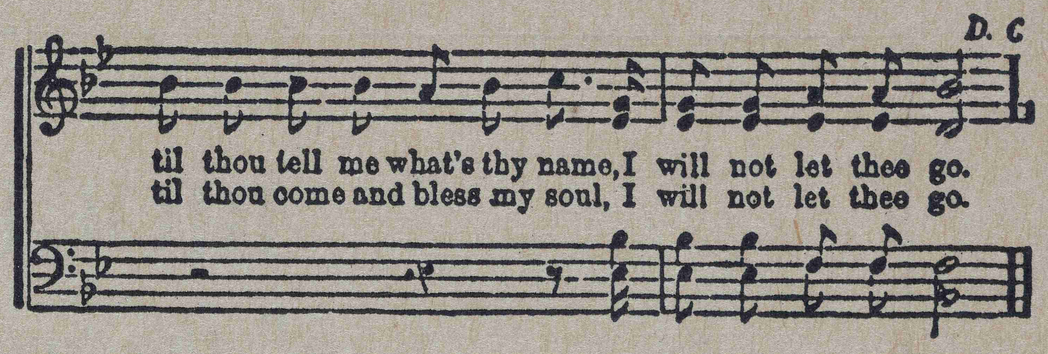
2 Old Satan's mad, and I am glad,
View the land, view the land;
He miss'd that soul he thought he had,
Oh view the heav'nly land.
Oh, way over Jordan, &c.

3 You say you're aiming for the skies,
View the land, view the land;
Why don't you stop your telling lies?
Oh view the heav'nly land.
Oh, way over Jordan, &c.

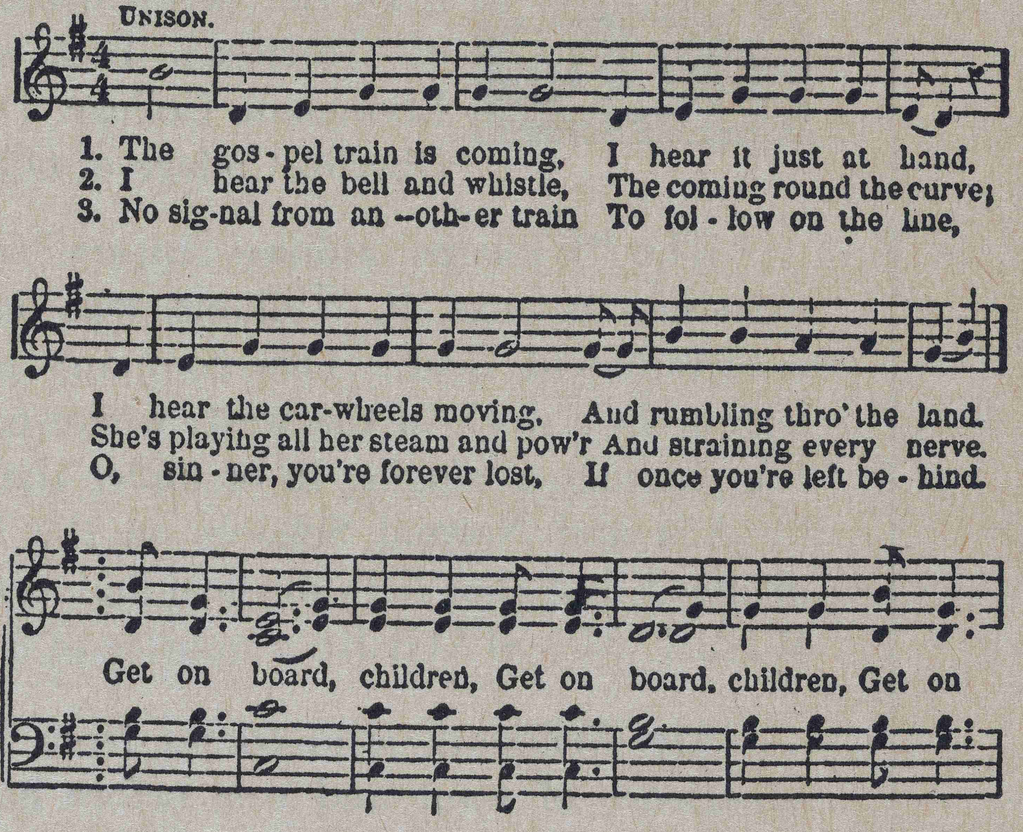
4 You say your Lord has set you free,
View the land, view the land;
Why don't you let your neighbors be?
Oh view the heav'nly land.
Oh, way over Jordan, &c.

Wrestling Jacob.





The Gospel Train.



4 This is the Christian banner,
The motto's new and old,
Salvation and Repentance
Are burnished there in gold.
Cho.—Get on board, children, &c.

5 She's nearing now the station,
O, sinner, don't be vain,
But come and get your ticket,
And be ready for the train.
Cho.—Get on board, children, &c.

6 The fare is cheap and all can go,
The rich and poor are there,
No second-class on board the train,
No difference in the fare.
Cho.—Get on board, children, &c.

7 There's Moses, Noah and Abraham,
And all the prophets, too,
Our friends in Christ are all on board.
O, what a heavenly crew
Cho.—Get on board, children, &c.

8 We soon shall reach the station,
O, how we then shall sing,
With all the heavenly army,
We'll make the welkin ring
Cho —Get on board, children, &c.

9 We'll shout o'er all our sorrows,
And sing forever more,
With Christ and all his army,
On that celestial shore.
Cho.—Get on board, children, &c.

BIOGRAPHY

of the world-famous

Williams' Jubilee Singers

IN PRESENTING THIS COMPANY to the public the management has made special effort to have a high moral as well as musical standard. Therefore, our members have been selected from the best Christian homes and have been trained in some of America's best schools; Rust University of Mississippi, Livingston College, Drake University of Des Moines, Iowa, and Oberlin College of Ohio, are represented in our Company.

The "Williams' Jubilee Singers," organized in the summer of 1904, owes its existence to Chas. P. Williams, who has had many and varied experiences in the entertainment field. This company has succeeded from the very first. They began their work in the west, where competition was not so keen, and have had the pleasure of singing in or under the auspices of nearly all the Colleges, Y. M. C. A.'s and Normal Schools on the Pacific Coast. Their personnel has been changed, but that high musical and moral standard which was established by the WILLIAMS SINGERS a quarter of a century ago, remains the same.

Mr. Williams, who comes from Holly Springs, Miss., could tell many an experience of want and woe before he became established in the entertainment business. His father, D. A. Williams, Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church, of Mississippi, and one of the leading men of his race, having died when Charles was eighteen years of age, he was left with the care of a mother and five sisters. He had, prior to this time, been a student at Rust University, Holly Springs, and had known no responsibility greater than that of study and college athletics. Charles, however, went to Chicago, and working in various capacities managed to take care of the family and home. He was not contented with the nature of his occupation, and finally secured a position with a traveling Male Quartette, which in time was abandoned by its leader, and which was ultimately taken over by Mr. Williams. With the remaining members of that quartette he, with the assistance ot Dr. Frank L. Loveland, of the M. E Church of Iowa, organized the Dixie Jubilee Singers. In the spring of 1904 Mr. and Mrs. Williams and J. H. Johnson resigned from the last-named company to organize what is at present the famous "Williams' Jubilee Singers."

In 1903 Mr. Williams was married to Miss Clara Kindle, who was born in Detroit, Mich., and who, prior to her joining the Dixie Jubilee Singers, had attended Oberlin University, taking a musical and literary course which fitted her for following her studies with a season's travel with Maggie Porter-Cole's Fisk Jubilee Singers, and thence with the Dixie Jubilee Singers, where she met Mr. Williams. Clara Kindle-Williams has since been a useful associate in her husband's business, and she has the love and admiration of each member of her husband's company.

J. S. Crabbe, the basso, was born in Galva, Ill. He comes from a musical family, and sings as naturally as the sun shines. He left home early in life to follow the profession of his heart, music. He had traveled with Mr. Williams in his first quartette venture, and after a season or two, he resigned and took the management of a company for the Mutual Lyceum Bureau. But after one year, he returned to his former associate, Mr. Williams.

Mr. Crabbe has recently returned from a three year's tour abroad. He toured Great Britain and many of the countries of continental Europe, appearing many times in the city of London, which city was his headquarters, and also in Dublin, Glasgow, Cardiff, Paris, Berlin, Hamberg, Marseilles and many other important cities. While in London, he was employed by the British Government to do recording and broadcasting.

Mr. Crabbe's millions of American admirers welcome him home again.

* * *

Joseph J. Miles, Tenor and Impersonator, was born in Frankfort, Ky. He attended the High School of that city and the State Normal School which is located only a short distance from Frankfort. In early manhood, Mr. Miles moved to Chicago and soon took up the work of singing and impersonating. Having natural talent along these lines, within a few years, he developed into one of Chicago's most popular entertainers.

He possesses a beautiful tenor voice and is equally at home when singing the sentimental ballad or the humorous or comic selection.

His imitations of the antibellum characters of the South are equalled by few performers and excelled by none.

He has had several years of experience in travel with various organizations in the United States and Canada.

As a performer, Joe Miles has graduated from the College of experience. We are glad to present him to our patrons.

* * *

Miss Nellie Mae Dobson was born in Oakland, California. She graduated from the Oakland High School in 1916.

Miss Dobson is also a graduate from the Oakland Conservatory of Music, tutored by Prof. A. Dolph Gregory. She came to Chicago in 1920 and entered Chicago Musical College under the tutorship of Prof. John Miller.

She possesses a rare voice of wonderful range and beautiful tone.

* * *

Oscar B. Plant, Baritone, was born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., son of Prof. and Mrs. A. M. Plant of Texarkana, Texas.

Mr. Plant is a graduate of Wiley College, Marshall, Texas, having completed his college work in 1923. He has had several years experience in individual song recitals, was a member of his college quartet and glee club. He is a student of Alexander Nakutin of Chicago.

Maurice Cooper, Lyric Tenor, was born in Kansas City, Kans. He attended school at George R. Smith College, Crane Junior College, Chicago and Wendell Phillips High School, Chicago, graduating from the latter at the age of 17.

Mr. Cooper secured his musical training at the Chicago Musical College under Prof. Chas. Keep.

Mr. Cooper possesses a rare voice of great range and beauty. He has taken the tenor role in several operas and was the soloist in the Glee Clubs of the High School and College while a student.

Aside from his singing, Mr. Cooper is a good pianist, and is a member of the Verdi Opera Co., a local organization.

* * *

Miss Gladys Sparks Boucree, Dramatic Soprano, was born in Junction City, Kans. She is a graduate of the High School of that city.

Miss Boucree began the study of music under the Music Sisters of St. Joseph. After moving to Chicago, she continued her musical studies at the Chicago Musical College, under Prof. Chas. H. Keep. She is a Member of the Verdi Opera Co., a local organization and one of the most popular singers of the city. Miss Boucree also plays the piano.

* * *

Miss Vivian Warrick Parker, Pianist, Mezzo Soprano, was born in Des Moines, Iowa. She is a graduate of the High School of that city. She is also a product of Drake University, having studied voice culture and piano in the music department of that University.

Miss Parker had charge of music in the National Training School For Girls in Washington, D. C., and had been accompanist for many of our noted artists. Aside from playing the piano, she is a singer of no small ability.

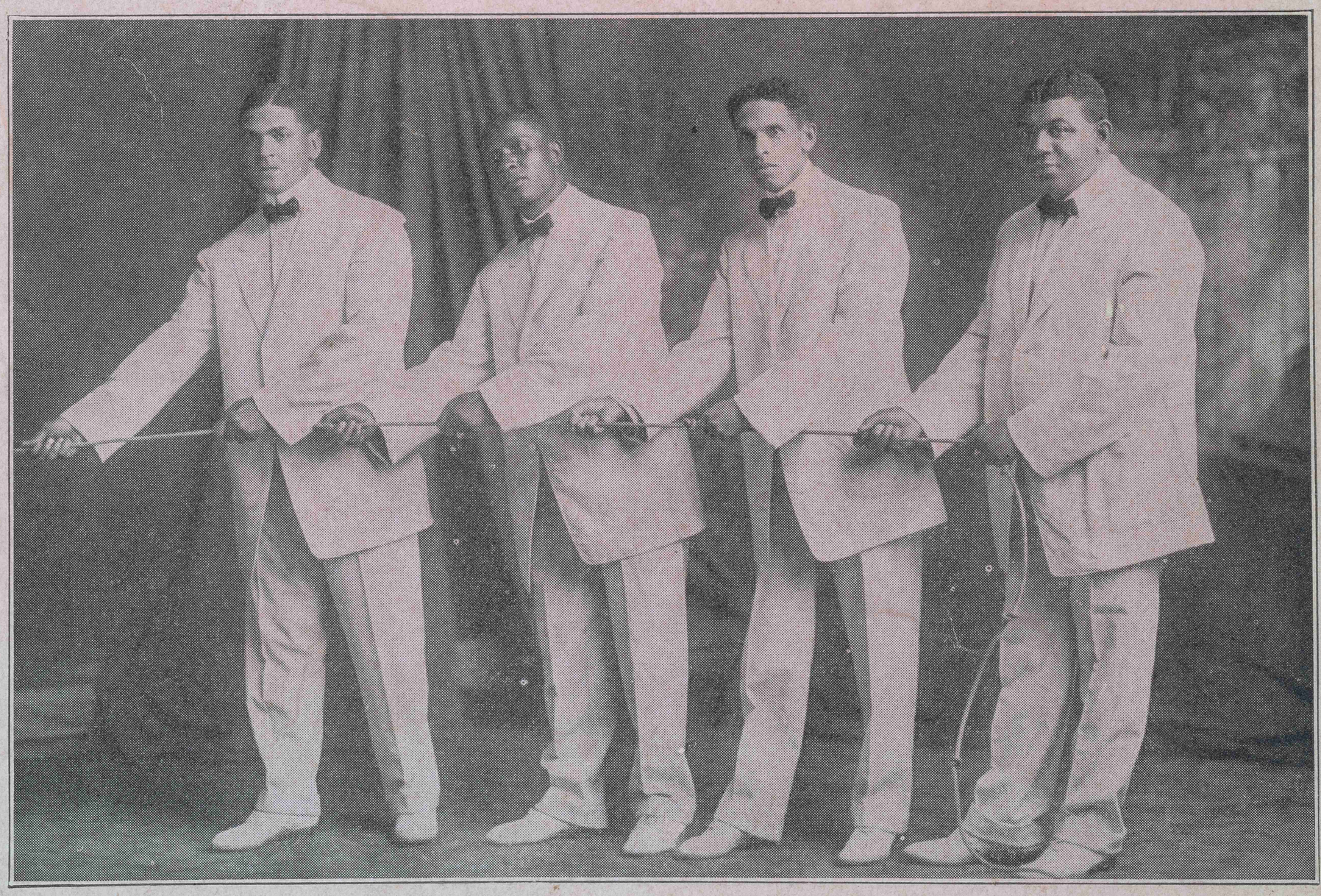
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To years of constant devotion to their life's work in the United States and Canada, they have added a year of travel and study in England, Scotland, Wales, Holland, Belgium, Germany and France. They were eighteen weeks in London, where they gave 130 performances, singing in many of its best-known theatres, among which was the World-famous Coliseum. While in London the entire company was under the instruction of one of the world's greatest vocal teachers—Miss Ira Aldridge, who is a scholar of the London Royal Conservatory of Music, and whose early teacher was the famous Jennie Lind. This experience added to natural talent and former years of faithful application enhances the ability of each individual singer, and has produced in their case a remarkable musical combination. The company is now stronger than ever, and they are glad to be again touring America—their native land.

WILLIAMS'
JUBILEE SINGERS



Our Quartette is a Special Feature and is Always a Favorite



"Our Ship Now Goes with a Pleasant Gale"

EVERY ONE A STAR

PRESS OF ROSENOW CO., CHICAGO