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Music

THE MOST POPULAR PLANTATION SONGS



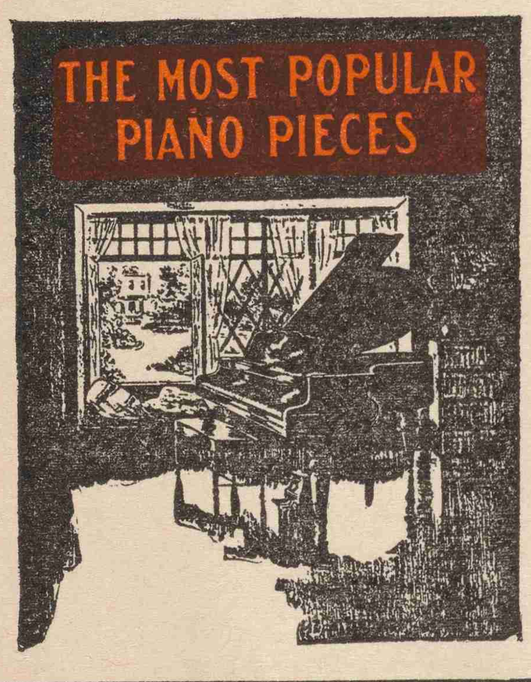
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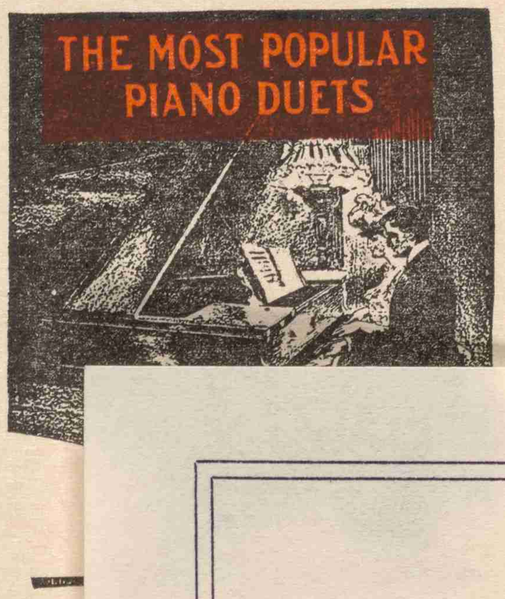
"THE MOST POPULAR" MUSIC BOOKS

Published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., New York City

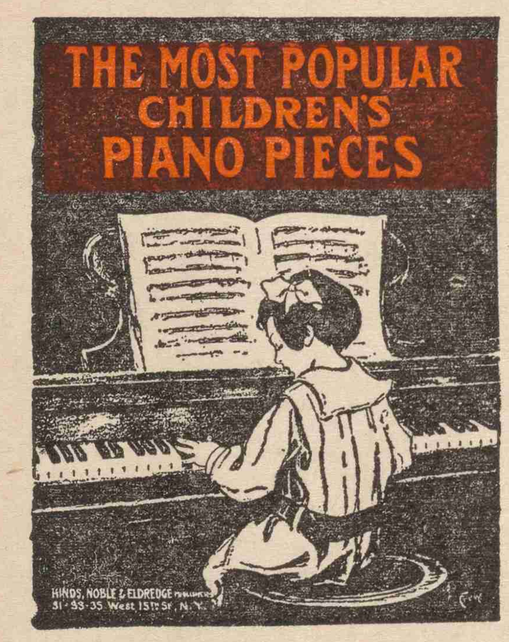
A happy inspiration seems to have guided the work of the compilers of the "Most Popular" music books. In no series of books does the choice from the great mass of material available betray such excellence of judgment and such nicety of distinction between what should be and what should not be included. ***All Prices Net. No Discount.***



A collection of 35 standard piano pieces arranged and in some instances simplified by the famous American composer and musician George Rosey, intended especially for the use of second and third year piano students, and for the use of amateurs who wish to have good piano music which they can play without any great degree of technical ability. The contents includes a wide variety of compositions and is of such a nature as to appeal to every lover of piano music.

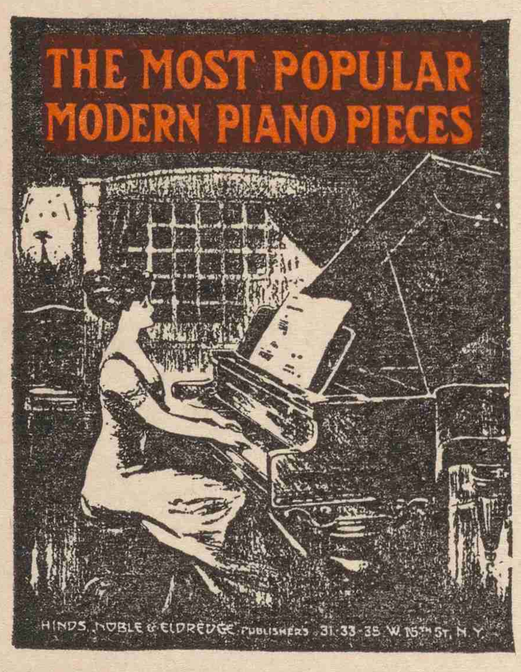


A collection of 19 piano classics arranged for four hands by the celebrated American composer and musician George Rosey. These arrangements while being in no sense of the word difficult are extremely effective and original, being different in the effect they produce upon the listener from any other



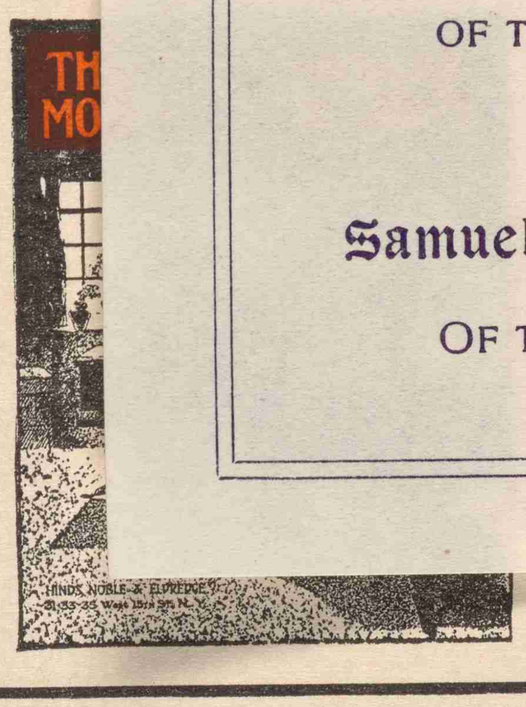
This high-class collection of standard pieces has been especially arranged and adapted for the use of first and second grade students.

The teacher will find this book of invaluable aid in the instruction of young students, as extreme care has been used in the selection and arrangement of each composition and a glance at the contents will prove that there is not a number in the book that will not help in cultivating the appreciation of good music.

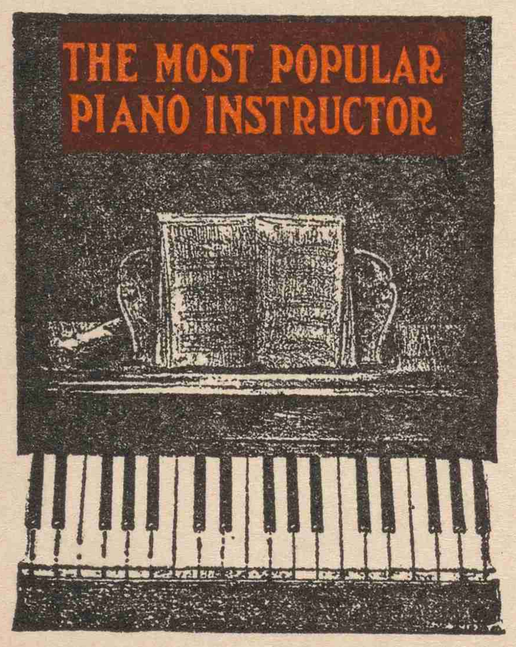


Here is a book that set about to overcome a prejudice and finds itself most strongly supported by the very class that proverbially looks askance at low-priced collections of music.

"The Most Popular Modern Piano Pieces" has found its way into the libraries of the musically educated. More than that, in satisfying the critic taste, our Modern Piano Pieces have not sacrificed in any instance the heart qualities that make the amateur love them not for any technical reason, but just because he must.

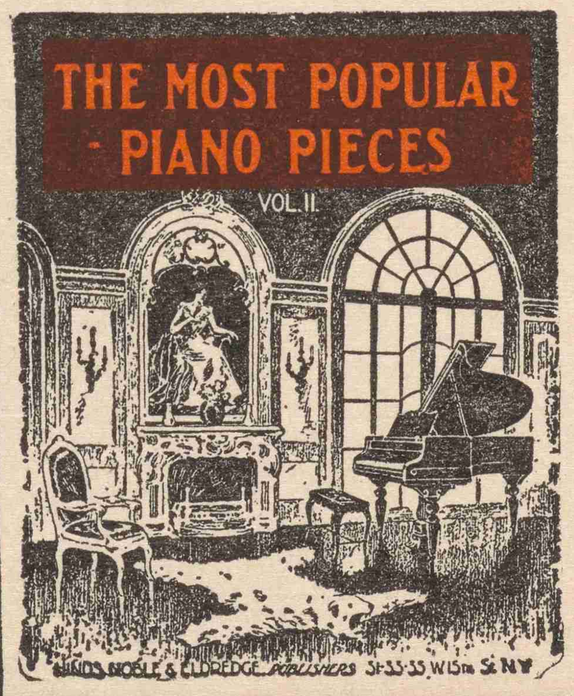


nation wide.



Teachers will find in this book an instructor that not only will replace the old methods by presenting the elements of music in a manner to meet the requirements of modern conditions and modern teaching methods, but in doing so will interest even the most indifferent student.

The little compositions used as exercises throughout the book is a new departure that will act as an incentive to the student by making him feel that he is progressing.



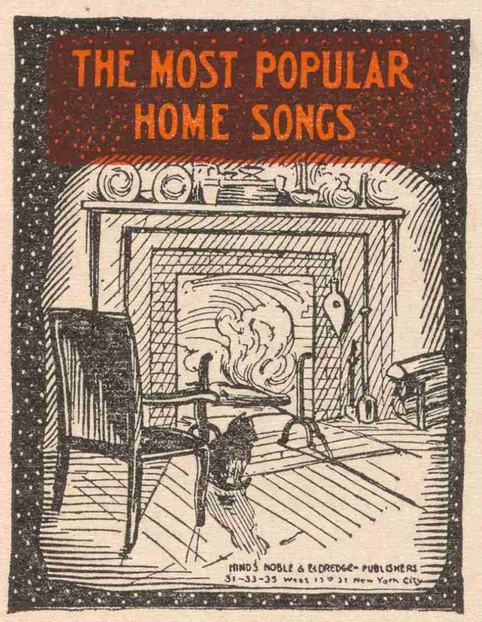
The Most Popular Piano Pieces has set an example in contents and arrangements that has been closely adhered to in this volume. Compositions of the same style and character by the same composers have been arranged and edited in the same grade of difficulty by the same arranger. Those who have enjoyed its predecessor will surely welcome this companion volume.

IN MEMORY
OF
Albert Gorton Greene
OF THE CLASS OF 1820
FUND GIVEN BY
Samuel Coffin Eastman
OF THE CLASS OF 1857

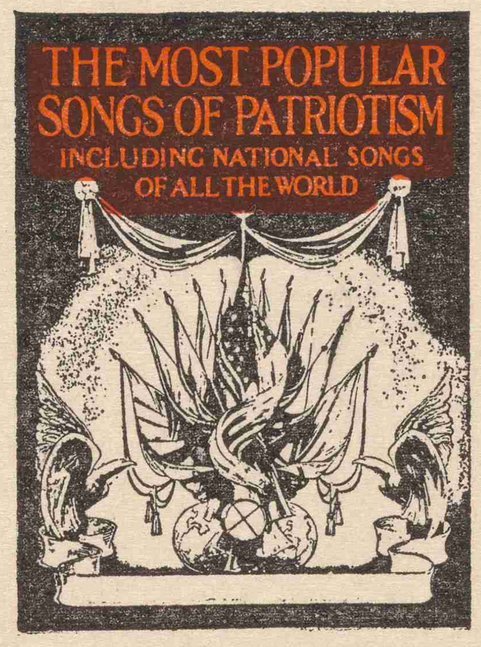
"THE MOST POPULAR" MUSIC BOOKS

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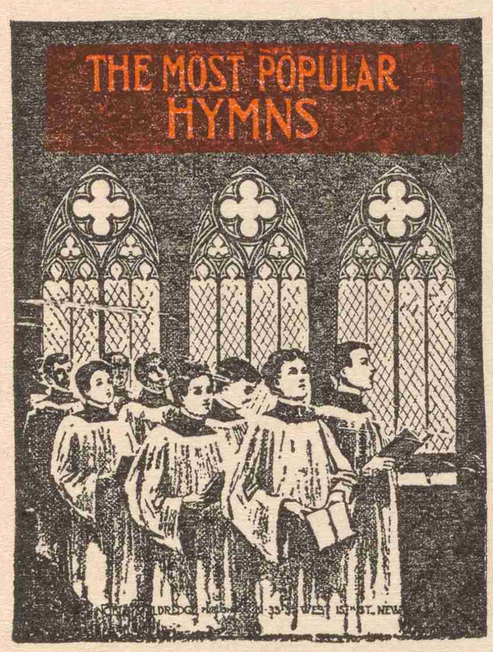
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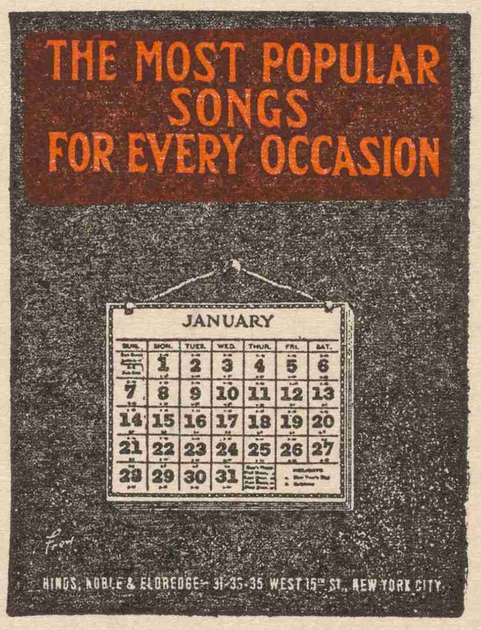
A collection containing one hundred and thirty-five of the old, familiar and favorite songs which seem to be in themselves a part of American home life. The varied contents, including songs of sacred, sentimental, humorous, pathetic and patriotic character, include every really "popular" home song, making this book one which cannot well be spared in any home where music plays a part in recreative hours.



This is unquestionably the most complete collection of National and Patriotic Songs ever compiled. Besides containing every well-known and popular American patriotic song, including the new songs adopted during the past few years by the various Patriotic Organizations throughout the United States, the contents includes the national song of every other nation in the civilized world, in both the original text and the English translation.

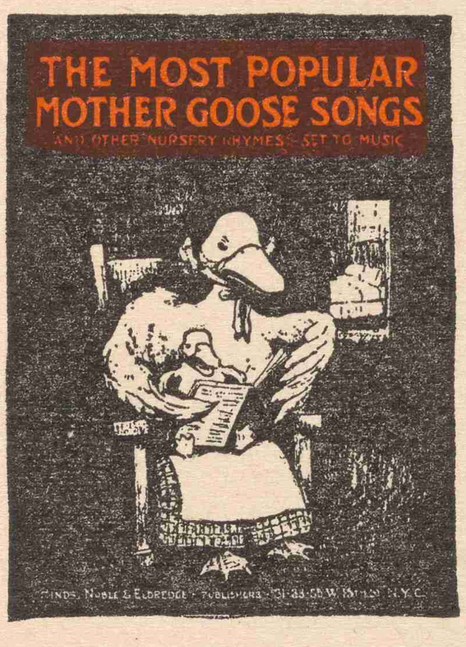


This book contains the words and music of hymns like Nearer My God to Thee, Rock of Ages, Lead Kindly Light, Almost Persuaded, I Need Thee Every Hour, In the Sweet Bye and Bye and over one hundred others that we all know. Not one of the really popular hymns has been omitted as a glance at the list of contents will show. The music is arranged so that every one can take part in the singing. No collection like this has ever been published for general use.

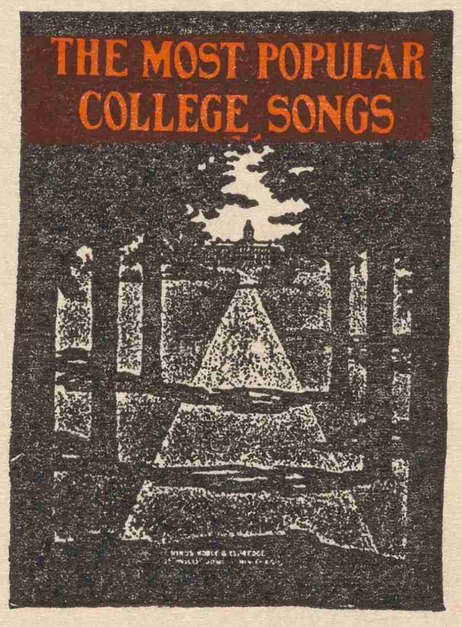


A collection of songs for the home, the school, the club, the college, or the campus; for the children and the grown-ups, to sing at all times and all places.

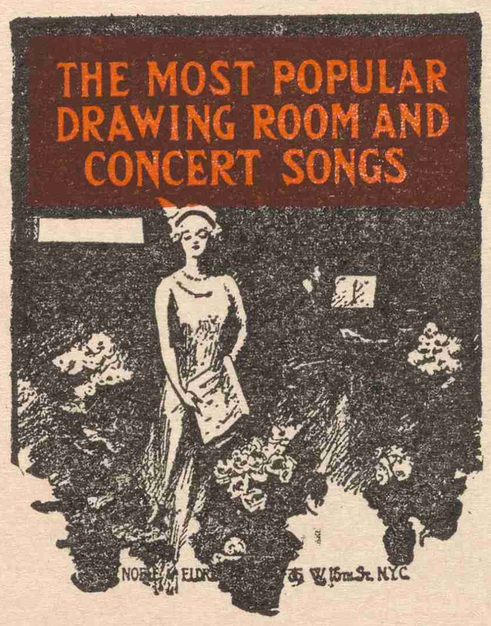
New and old songs for every holiday in the year, for each month and for the four seasons; all the old and new songs that are sung at reunions, conventions, entertainments, social gatherings, devotional exercises, children's exercises, school and college exercises, including commencement and graduation exercises, are found in this book of 176 pages.



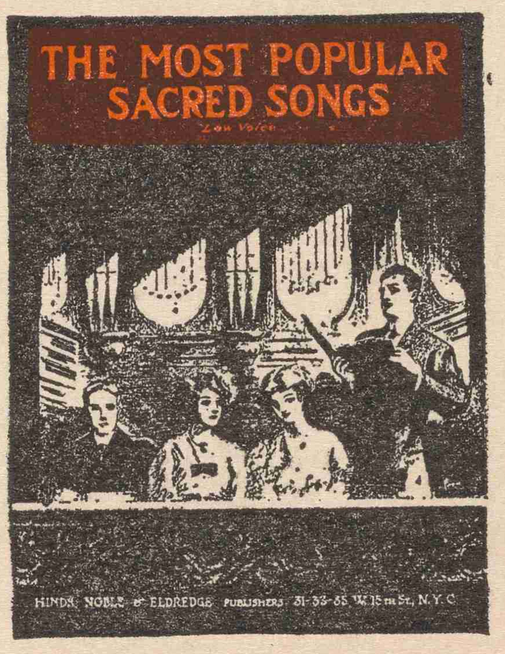
No one until now has ever combined under one cover and at a low price all the dear, old Mother Goose and Nursery songs that mothers and children everywhere, both rich and poor, know and love to sing. This is the most complete collection of children's songs ever published. The music has been specially arranged to suit children's voices.



A collection of one hundred and twenty-five college songs which includes not only all the old standard favorites which are known and sung wherever college songs are used, but also many new ones which have come into vogue during the past few years. Another special feature of this collection is the addition of a supplement in the back of the book containing the typical songs of the most prominent American Universities and Colleges.



Made to satisfy that large class of singers whose musical tastes do not run to ragtime or the common variety of the popular song, but who, because of their moderate ability, cannot compass the more difficult songs of a higher musical standard. Arranged by William B. Olds, A. B., Professor of the Art of Singing and Theory of Music at the Milliken Conservatory, for Low Voice (Alto or Baritone Solos) and for High Voice (Tenor or Soprano Solos) with Piano Acc. The songs are all written in easy keys and are within the range of the average amateur's voice.



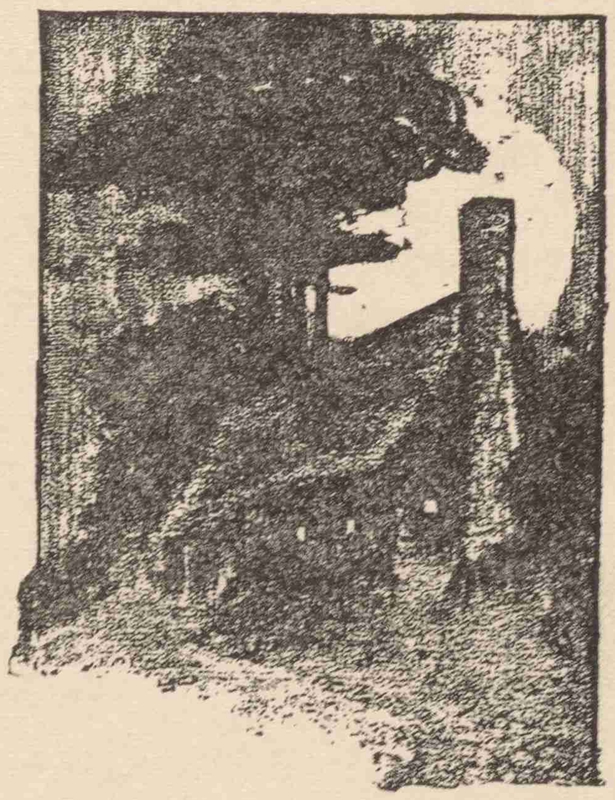
A collection of 24 of the world's best Sacred Songs edited and arranged by E. J. Biedermann with the express purpose in mind of giving those singers whose technical knowledge is not great, an opportunity of rendering effectively these wonderfully brilliant Sacred Solos. Published in two volumes, for High Voice (Tenor or Soprano Solo) and Low Voice (Alto or Baritone Solo). The accompaniment is equally suitable for either piano or organ.

THE MOST POPULAR PLANTATION SONGS

Selected and Arranged by

GILBERT CLIFFORD NOBLE, A. B. (HARVARD)

Compiler of "The Most Popular Home Songs," "The Most Popular National Songs," "The Most Popular Hymns," "The Most Popular College Songs," "The Most Popular New College Songs," and "The Most Popular Love Songs."



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New York City

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Music

Mar. 14, 1928
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Preface

YOU have hummed plantation songs since you were a child. Perhaps, before your voice was musical, you went to sleep to them.

Have you wondered out of what sort of a past the melodies you remember came? Have you wondered why you care for them?

It was not so long ago that almost every cotton-field of the Old South made room for its cabin. Those huddled little corners where the fences leaned at just the easiest angles were never silent or glum.

In the heat of high noon the demands of toil were harsh. There was confusion around the crowded board. But under the low, sun-baked roof or off in the cotton patch there were looks and words that showed that the heart side of life was not cramped by the conditions of slavery.

In the evenings the negro gave us the gift of his child mind. That gift was simple song. It couldn't have been written if the negro did not suffer as a child suffers when he is hurt, and laugh at the world as a child laughs at it when he is fed and unfettered.

Plantation songs get hold of one's heart-strings because they are the natural expression of tense elemental emotions.

Have we found the songs that are just the ones you have known and have liked?

We have looked for those songs of yours through the North and through the South. Plantation owners, freed-men, industrial teachers, minstrels have generously helped us in our search.

If, for all this, some genuine negro melody that you have liked has escaped us, write us of it. Better still, send us the song bodily. "The Most Popular Plantation Songs" in its next edition will be richer if it may contain something which, through its association with what you have thought, has become yours.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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THE MOST POPULAR PLANTATION SONGS.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Poco adagio.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the cot - ton-fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh when my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de-part - ed long a - go, I
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil-dren dear, that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

CHORUS.

hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Melody by S. C. Foster. **Arranged by George Rosey.**

1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the whole cre-a-tion,
mem-'ry rush-es, No matter where I rove. When shall I see the bees a-humming

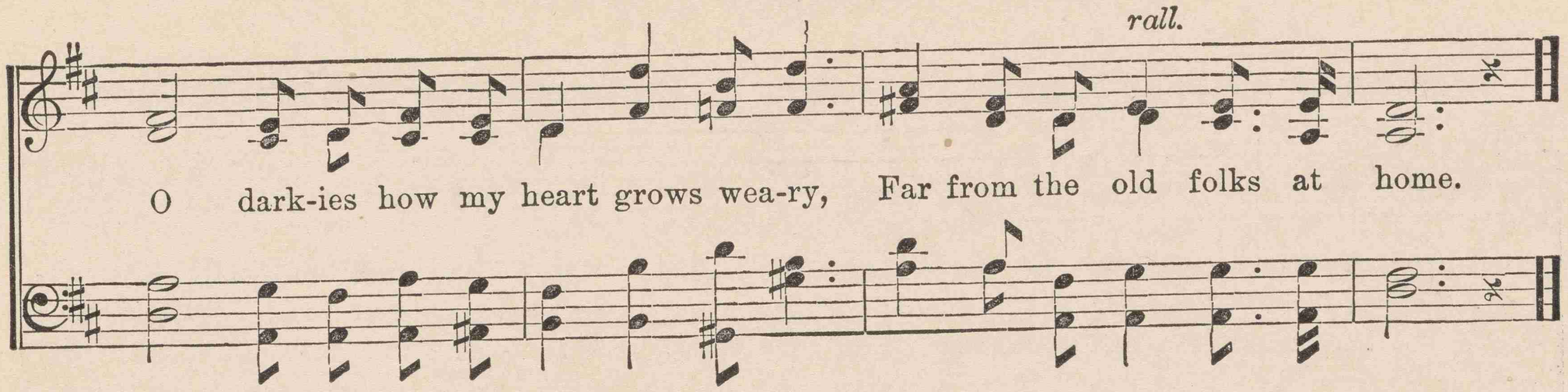
Sad-ly I roam, Still longing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.

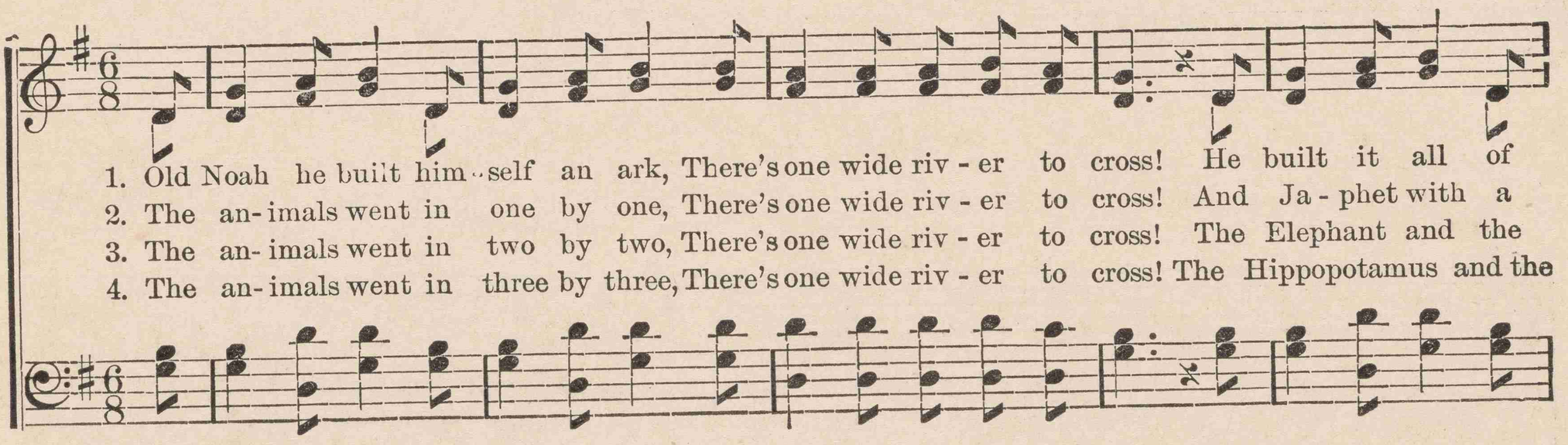
All the world am dark and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam,.....

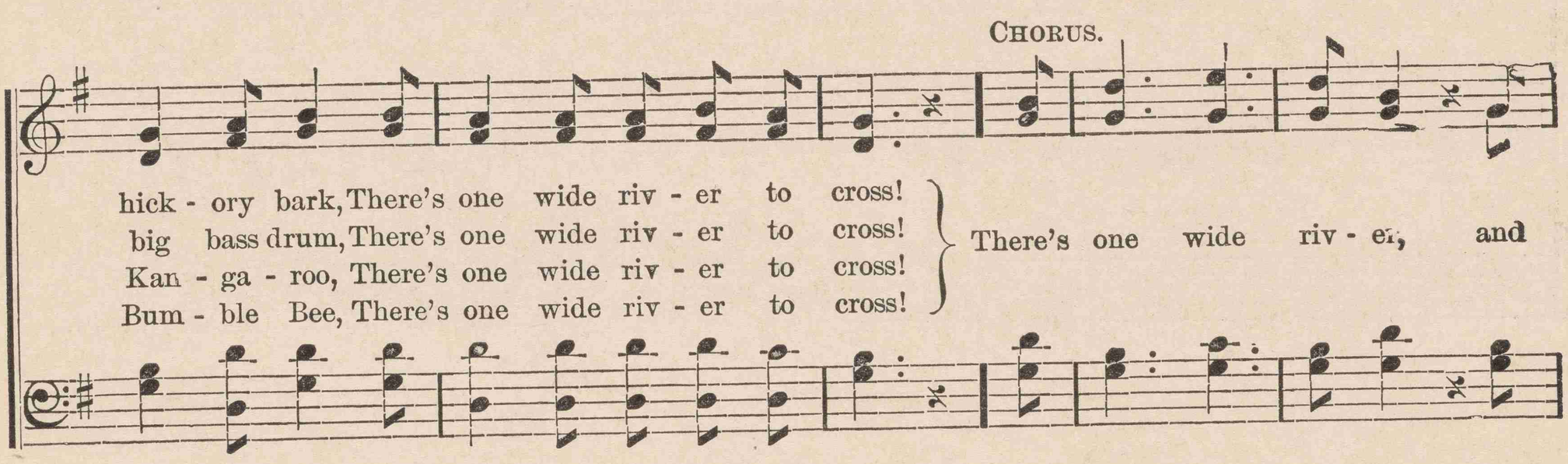
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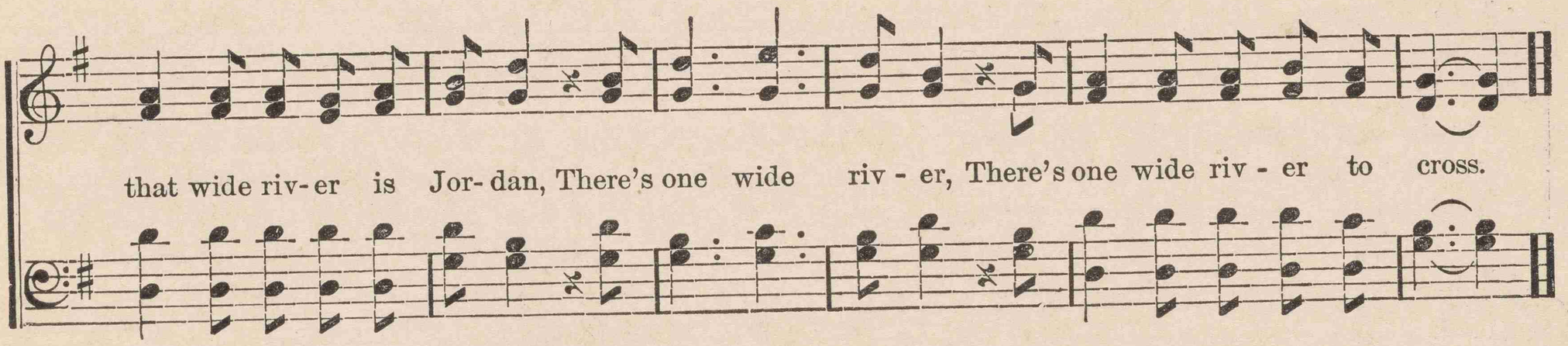
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



NOAH'S ARK.







5 The animals went in fives by fives,
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives,

6 And when he found he had no sail,
He just ran up his old coat tail,

7 And as they talked on this and that,
The ark it bumped on Arrarat.

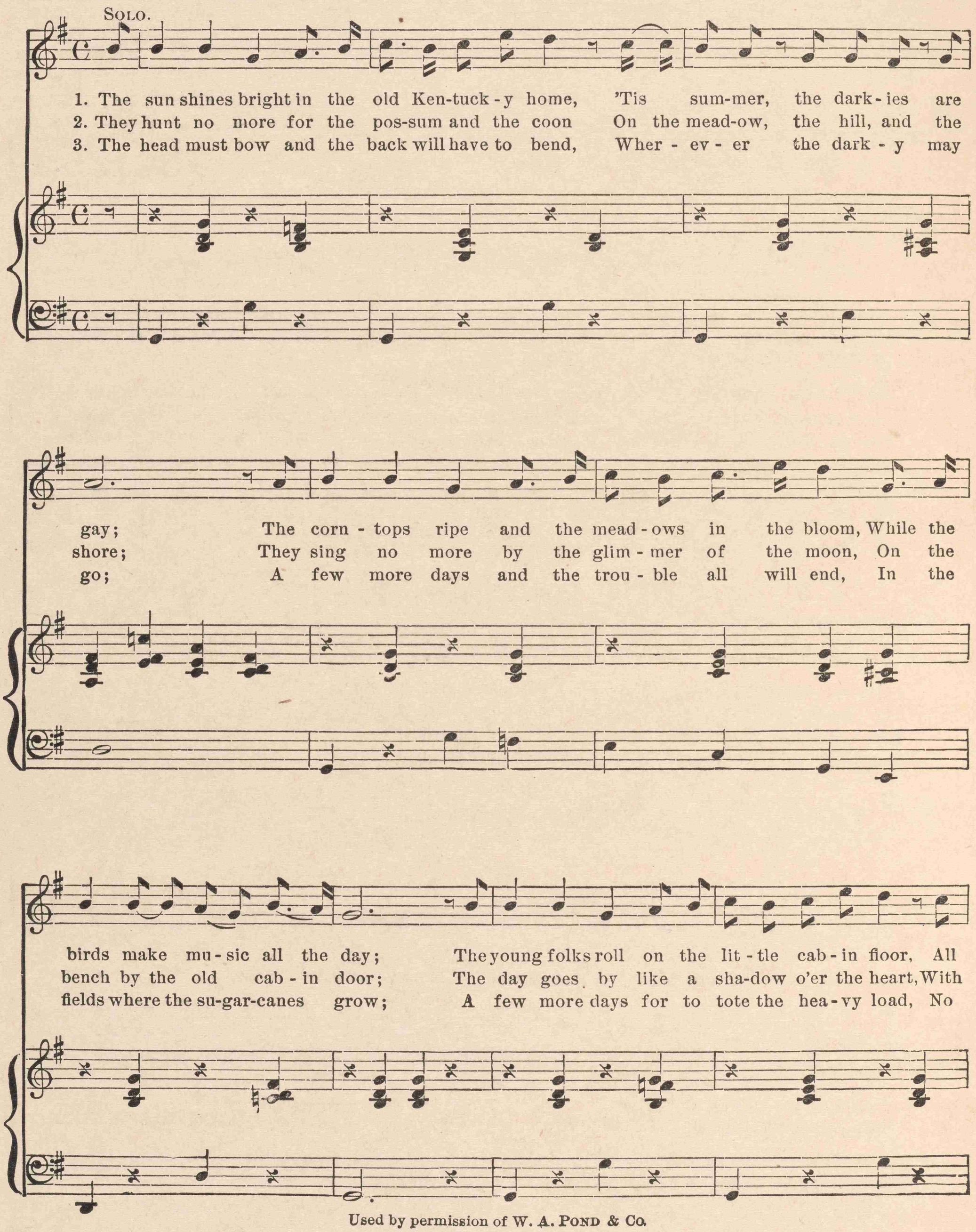
8 Oh, Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
And kicked the old gentleman out of his bunk

9 Oh, Noah, he went on a spree,
And banished Ham to Afrikee,

10 Perhaps you think there's another verse,
But there ain't!

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster. **Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.**



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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my

old Kentuck-y home, good-night.

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will
sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

Words and Music by Benj. R. Hanby.

1. There's a low green val - ley on the old Ken-tuck - y shore, Where I've whiled man - y hap-py hours a - way, A - sit - ting and a - sing-ing by the lit - tle cot - tage door, Where lived my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray.
2. When the moon had climbed the moun-tain, and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I'd take my dar-ling Nel - ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my lit - tle red ca - noe, While my ban - jo sweet - ly I would play.
3. My eyes are get - ting blind - ed, and I can - not see my way Hark! there's some - bod - y knock-ing at the door— Oh, I hear the an-gles call-ing, and I see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

CHORUS.

1-2. O my poor Nel - ly Gray, They have tak - en you a way, And I'll nev - er see my dar-ling an - y more; I'm sit-ting by the riv - er and I'm
3. O my dar-ling Nel - ly Gray, Up in heav - en there, they say, That they'll nev - er take you from me an - y more; I'm a com-ing—com-ing—com-ing, as the

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.
an - gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

Music by WIliiam Steffe.

1. John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a -
2. The stars of heav-en are look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are
3. He's gone to be a sol-dier in the arm - y of the Lord, He's gone to be a sol-dier in the
4. John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is

mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on!
look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heaven are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown!
arm - y of the Lord, He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord! His soul is marching on!
strapped upon his back, John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back! His soul is marching on!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -
lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march-ing on.

OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS.

Words and Melody by Jas. A. Bland.

Moderato.

1. Oh, my gold-en slip-pers am laid a - way, Kase I don't 'spect to ware 'em till my wed-din' day, And my long-tail'd coat, dat I loved so well, I will wear up in de
2. Oh, my old ban - jo hangs on de wall, Kase it ain't been tuned since way last fall, But de darks all say we will hab a good time, When we ride up in de
3. So, it's good bye, children, I will have to go Whar de rain don't fall or de wind don't blow, And yer uls-ter coats, why, yer will not need, When yer ride up in de

char - iot in de morn. And my long, white robe dat I bought last June, I'm gwine to get changed Kase it fits to soon, And de old gray hoss dat I
char - iot in de morn. Dar's ole brud - der Ben and sis - ter Luce, Dey will tel - e-graph de news to Un - cle Bac - co Juce, What a great camp-meet-in' der will
char - iot in de morn. But de gold - en slip-pers must be neat and clean, And yer age must be Just sweet six - teen, And yer white kid gloves yer will

OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS.

used to drive, I will hitch him to de char - iot in de morn.
be dat day, When we ride up in de char - iot in de morn.
have to wear, When yer ride up in de char - iot in de morn.

CHORUS. *1st time p, 2d time f.*

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

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

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

THE POOR OLD SLAVE.

Arr. by H.

Legato.

1. 'Tis just one year a - go to - day, That I re - mem - ber well,....
2. She took my arm, we walk'd a - long, In - to an o - pen field,....
3. But since that time how things have changed, Poor Nell that was my bride,....

I sat down by poor Nel - ly's side And a sto - ry she did tell:....
And there she paused to breathe a - while Then to his grave did steal,...
Is laid be - neath the cold, gray sod, With her fa - ther by her side....

'Twas 'bout a poor un - hap - py slave That lived for man - y a year;....
She sat down by that lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whis - pered, there;....
I plant - ed there up - on her grave, The weep - ing wil - low tree;....

But now he's dead, and in his grave, No mas - ter does he fear.....
Come to me, fa - ther, 'tis thy child, Then gen - tly dropped a tear.....
I bathed its roots with many a tear, That it might shel - ter me.....

THE POOR OLD SLAVE.

CHORUS.

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

Ritard.

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

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I SEE, LORD!

Slowly.

No-bod - y knows the trou-ble I see, Lord, No-bod - y knows the trou-ble I see,

FINE.

No - bod - y knows the trou-ble I see, Lord, No - bod - y knows like Je - sus.

1. Broth-ers, will you pray for me, Broth-ers, will you pray for me,
2. Sis - ters, will you pray for me, Sis - ters, will you pray for me,
3. Moth-ers, will you pray for me, Moth-ers, will you pray for me,
4. Preachers, will you pray for me, Preachers, will you pray for me,

D.C.

Broth-ers, will you pray for me And help me to drive old Sa - tan a - way.
Sis - ters, will you pray for me And help me to drive old Sa - tan a - way.
Moth-ers, will you pray for me And help me to drive old Sa - tan a - way.
Preachers, will you pray for me And help me to drive old Sa - tan a - way.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Round de mea - dows am a - ring - ing De dark - ey's mourn - ful song, While de
2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey

mock-ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am
sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn - ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work be - fore to -

creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing,
bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,
mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

CHORUS.

Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful
Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.
Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

sound; All de dark - eys am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.

Andante.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - in - a for to car - ry me home,

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

FINE.

A trifle faster here.

1. I looked o - ber Jor - dan and what did I see, Com - in - a for to car - ry me
2. If you get dere be - fore I do Com - in - a for to car - ry me
3. The bright-est day that ev - er I saw Com - in - a for to car - ry me
4. I'm some-times up and some - times down Com - in - a for to car - ry me

D. C.

home? A band of an - gels com-ing af-ter me, Com - in - a for to car - ry me home.
home? Jess tell my friends I'm com - in' too, Com - in - a for to car - ry me home.
home? When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Com - in - a for to car - ry me home.
home? But still my soul feels heav-en-ly bound, Com - in - a for to car - ry me home.

NELLY WAS A LADY.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Moderato.

1. Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I
2. Now I'm un - hap - py, and I'm weep - ing, Can't tote de
3. When I saw my Nel - ly in de morn - ing, Smile till she
4. Close by de mar - gin ob de wa - ter, Whar de lone
5. Down in de mead - ow, 'mong de clob - er, Walk wid my

trab - ble on de way, All night de cot - ton - wood I'm tot - ing,
cot - ton - wood no more; Last night, while Nel - ly was a sleep - ing,
o - pen'd up her eyes, Seem'd like the light of day a - dawn - ing,
weep - ing wil - low grows, Dar lib'd Vir - gin - ny's lub - ly daugh - ter;
Nel - ly by my side; Now all dem hap - py days am o - ber,

CHORUS

pp Adagio, with expression.

Sing for my true - lub all de day.
Death came a - knock - in' at de door.
Jist 'fore de sun be - gin to rise.
Dar she in death may find re - pose.
Fare - well, my dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

Nel - ly was a la - dy,

slower.

Last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

TURN BACK PHARAOH'S ARMY.

SOLO. *Moderato.*

1. Going to write to Mas - sa Je - sus, To send some val - iant sol - dier,
2. If you want your souls con - vert - ed, You'd bet - ter be a - pray - ing,
3. When the chil - dren were in bond - age, They cried un - to the Lord,
4. When Mo - ses smote the wa - ter, The chil - dren all passed o - ver,
5. When Pha - raoh crossed the wa - ter, The wa - ters came to - geth - er,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

To turn back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le-
To turn back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le-
He turn'd back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le - lu! He turn'd back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le-
And turn'd back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le - lu! And turn'd back Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le-
Anddrown'd ole Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le - lu! And drown'd ole Pharaoh's ar-my, Hal - le-

lu - jah! To turn back Pha-raoh's ar - my, Ha - le - lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's

ar - my, Hal - le - lu - jah! To turn back Pha-raoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu!

ELLIE RHEE.

Music by Sep. Winner.

With expression.

1. Sweet El - lie Rhee, so dear to me, Is lost for ev - er - more;
2. Oh, why did I from day to day Keep wish - ing to be free,
3. They said that I would soon be free And hap - py all de day,
4. The war is ov - er now at last, De col - or'd race am free,

Our home was down in Ten - nes - see, Be - fore dis cru - el war.
And from my mas - sa run a - way, And leave my El - lie Rhee.
But if dey take me back a - gain I'll neb - er run a - way.
Dat good time com - in' on so fast: I'se wait - in' for to see.

REFRAIN.

Then car - ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Back where I long to be;
A - mong the fields of yel - low corn; To my dar - ling El - lie Rhee.

LUCY LONG.

1. Oh! I jist come out a - fore you, To sing a lit – tle song;
2. Miss Lu - cy she is hand-some, Miss Lu - cy she is tall;
3. Oh! Miss Lu - cy's teeth is grin-ning Jist like an ear ob corn;
4. I axed her for to mar - ry My - self de tod - er day;
5. If she makes a scold - ing wife, As sure as she was born;

I plays it on de ban - jo, And dey calls it Lu - cy Long.
To see her dance Ca - chu - cha, Is death to nig - gers all.
And her eyes dey look so win-ning! Oh! would I'd ne'er been born.
She said she'd rath-er tar - ry, So I let her hab her way.
I'll tote her down to Geor-gia, And trade her off for corn.

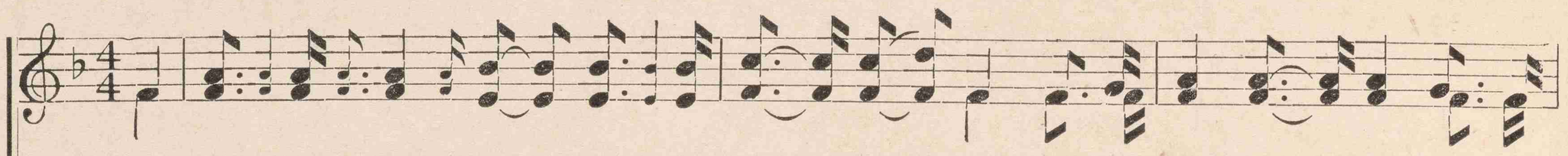
CHORUS.

Oh! take your time, Miss Lu - cy, take your time, Miss Lu - cy Long;
Oh! take your time, Miss Lu - cy, take your time, Miss Lu - cy Long;
Oh! take your time, Miss Lu - cy, take your time, Miss Lu - cy Long;
Pray take your time, Miss Lu - cy, take your time, Miss Lu - cy Long;
Then take your time, Miss Lu - cy, take your time, Miss Lu - cy Long;

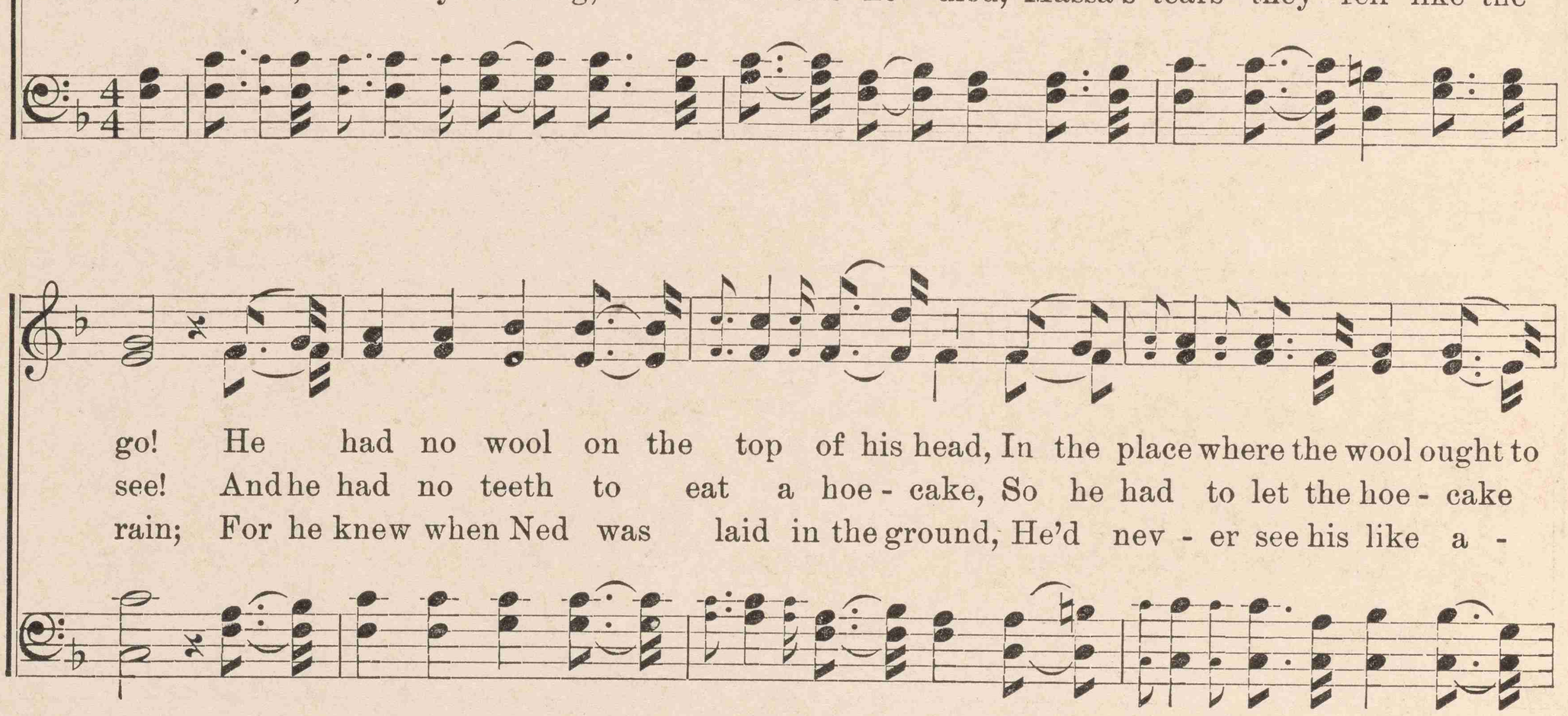
Oh! take your time, Miss Lu - cy, take your time, Miss Lu - cy Long.

UNCLE NED.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.



1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long a-go, long a-
2. His fin-gers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to
3. One cold, frost-y morning, Un-cle Ned he died, Massa's tears they fell like the



go! He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to
see! And he had no teeth to eat a hoe-cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake
rain; For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd nev-er see his like a-



CHORUS.

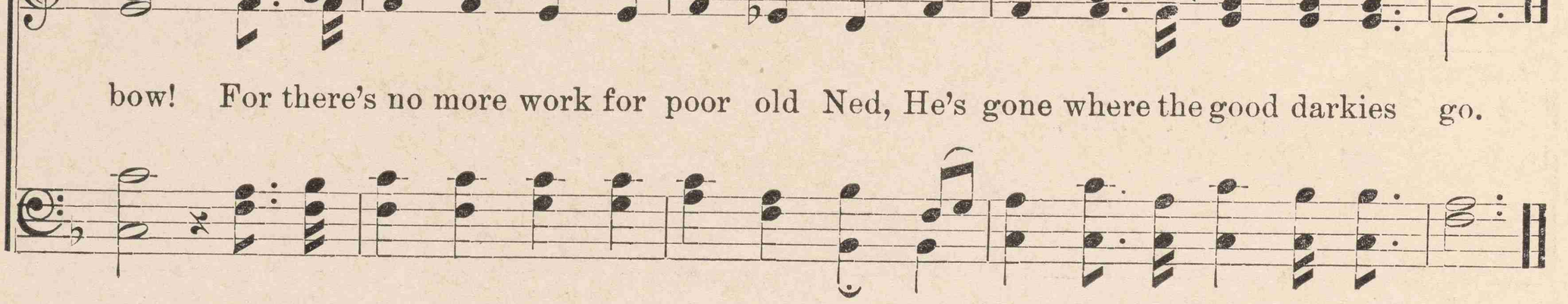
grow.
be.
gain.

Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe,..... Hang up the fid-dle and the



slower.

bow! For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.



STOP THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

1. I once did lub a col - ored gal Whose name was Su - zy Brown,
2. She was the prit - tiest yel - low gal That eb - er I did see,
3. Oh, de first one that cum in de room, Was a dar - key dressed to death,

She came from old Vir - gin - ny She was the fair - est in de town;
She neb - er would go walk - ing Wid an - y col - ored man but me;
He looked just like de show - man What dey used to call Mack-beth;

Her eyes so bright, dey shine at night When de moon am gone a - way;
And when I took my ban - jo down, And played three tunes or more,
He was a Cal - i - for - ni man, And just had come on shore;

She used to call this dar - key up Just a - fore de broke of day:
All at once I heard three pret - ty hard raps, Come bang a - gain my door.
I ax him whare-fore he did rap So hard a - gain my door?

STOP THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

REFRAIN.

Wid a who dar? who dar? who dar? An' a who dar a-knock-ing at my

door? Am dat you, Sam? am dat you, Sam?

Soprano Voice. Why, Sam!

No, you

Bass Voice. Aint you gwan to let me in?

bet - ter stop that knocking at my door. Stop that knock-ing. Stop that

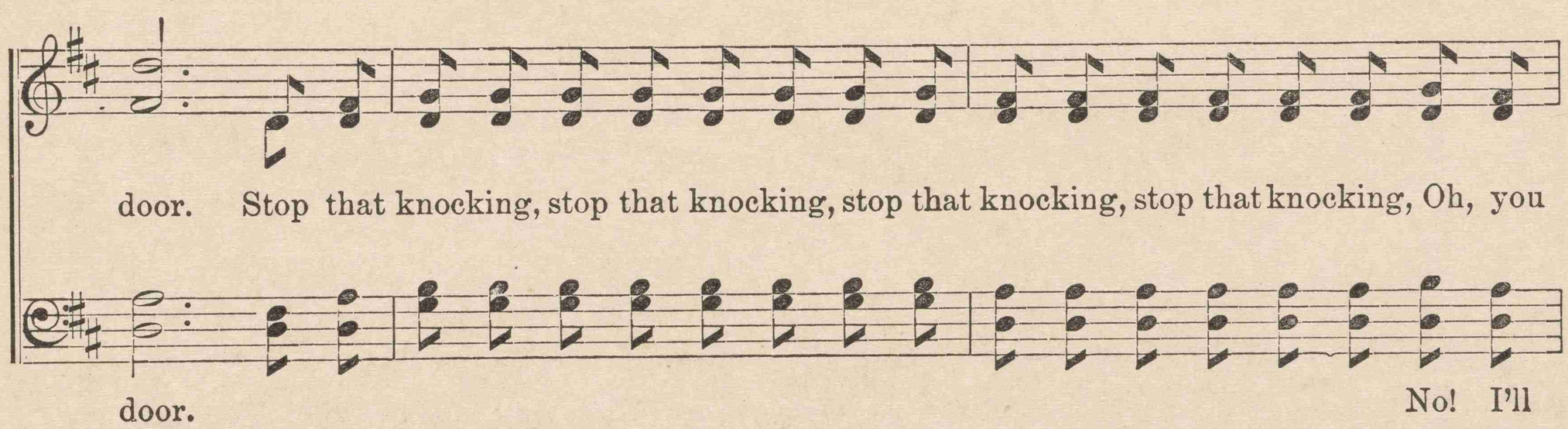
Let me in. Let me in.

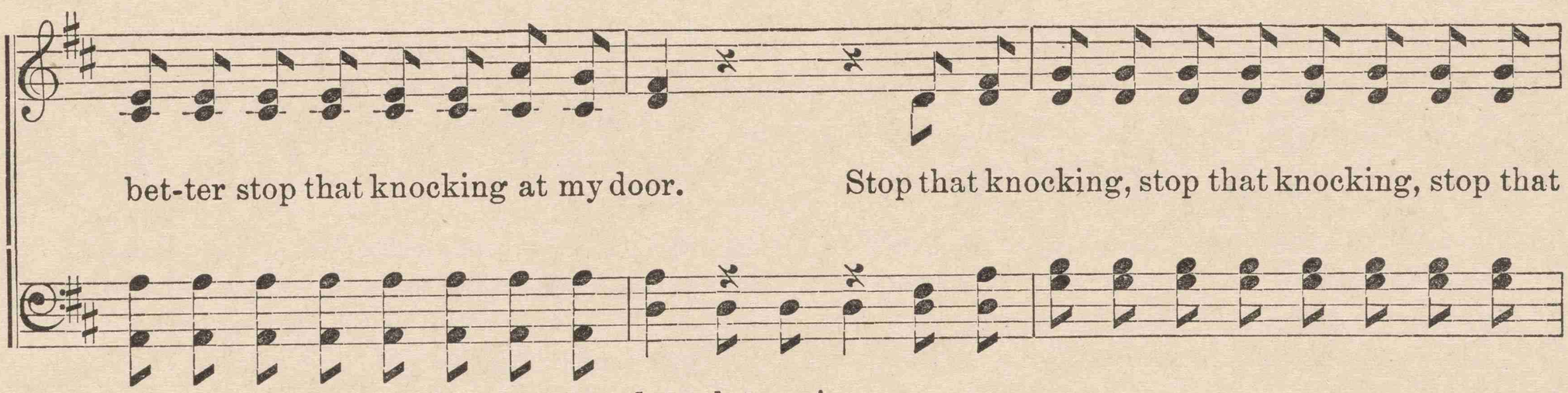
knocking. Oh! you bet-ter stop that knocking at the door. Stop that

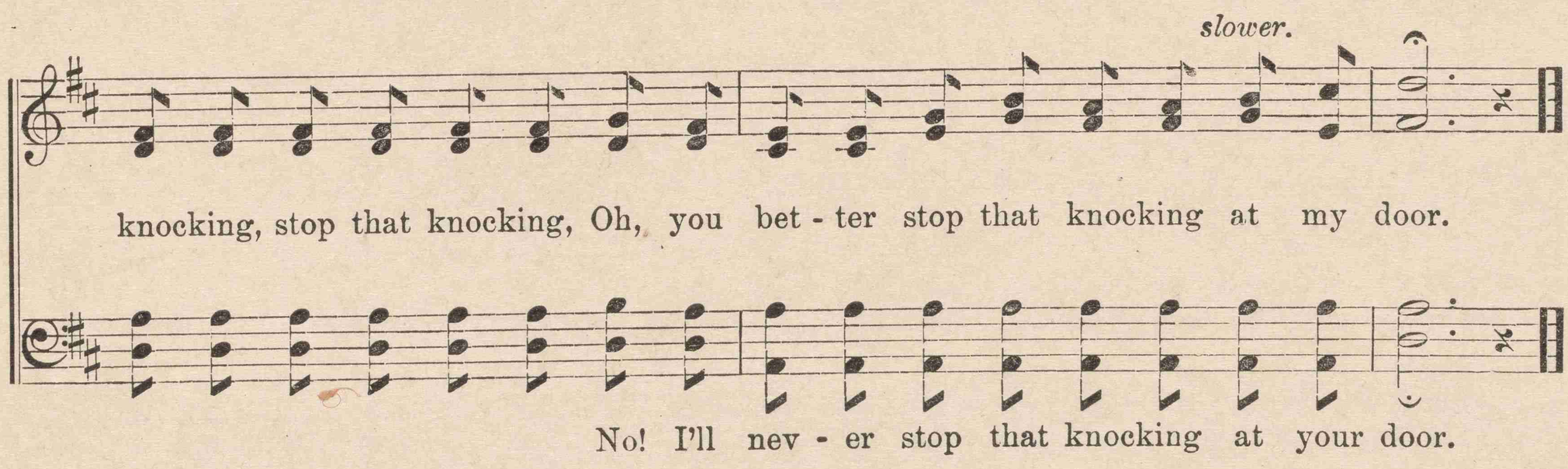
Let me in. Oh! I'll nev - er stop that knocking at the door. Let me in.

STOP THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.









BELLE OB BALTIMORE.

Words and Music by J. G. Evans.

1. I've been thro' Car - o - li - na, I've been to Ten - nes - see, I sail'd the Mis - sis -
2. My Belle is tall and slen - der, And sings so ber - ry clear, You'd tink she was an
3. I found her by de rib - ber, My er-rand I did tell, Says she "You gay de -
4. I wrote my lub a let - ter, And scent-ed it so sweet, De musk, de clobes and

sip - pi, For mas - sa set me free; I've kiss'd de lub - ly cre - ole On
owlingale, If once her voice you hear; I walk'd down to her cab - in, And
cei - ber, I know your tricks too well; I seen you kiss an-udder gal, De
peppermint, Stuck out a - bout a feet; But all my trouble was no use, I

Loui - si - an - a's shore, But I neb-ber found de gal to match De blooming Belle ob
rapp'd up - on de door, I went to gub my dog - ger - type To my sweet Belle ob
ber - ry night a - fore," Wid dat she turn'd up - on her heel, And off went Belle ob
neb - ber seen her more, For I squash'd de ten - der 'feck-shins ob My blooming Belle ob

CHORUS.

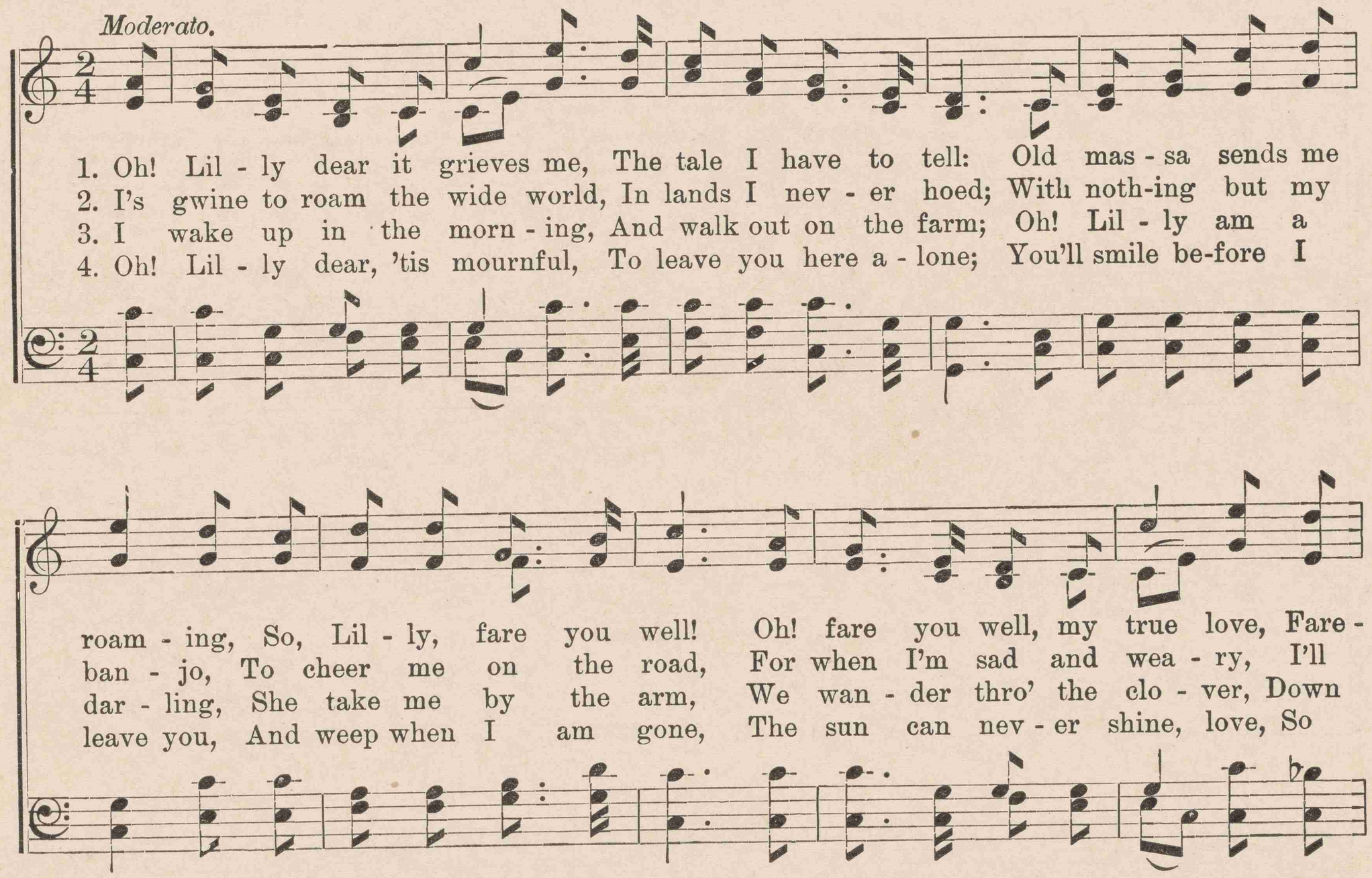
Bal - ti - more. Oh, boys, Bell's a beau - ty, Eyes so bright and check so soot - y; No

BELLE OB BALTIMORE.



FAREWELL, MY LILLY DEAR.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.



TOM-BIG-BEE RIVER.

Words by S. S. Steele.

1. On Tom-big-bee riv-er so bright I was born, In a hut made ob husks ob de
2. All de day in de field de soft cot-ton I hoe, I tink of my Ju-la an

tall yal-ler corn, And dar I fust meet wid my Ju-la so true, An I row'd her a-
sing as I go; Oh, I catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true blue, An at night sail her

p

CHORUS.

bout In my Gum Tree Ca-noe. Singing row a-way, row, O'er de wa-ters so blue, Like a
round In my Gum Tree Ca-noe.

f

feather we'll float, In my Gum Tree Canoe.

3 Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar;
While de stars dey look down at my Jula so true,
An' dance in her eye in my Gum Tree Canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

4 One night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay:
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An it took us in tow wid my Gum Tree Canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

STEAL AWAY.

Moderato.

p

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

f *p* *rit.* FINE.

Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I've not got long to stay here.

f

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der;
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand tremb - ling; } The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning;

D.C. al Fine.

trum - pet sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.

GIDEON'S BAND.

1. Oh, keep your hat up - on your head, Oh, keep your hat up -
2. Oh, keep your nose up - on your face, Oh, keep your nose up -
3. Oh, keep your coat up - on your back, Oh, keep your coat up -
4. Oh, keep your pants up - on your legs, Oh, keep your pants up -

on your head, Oh, keep your hat up - on your head, For you will
on your face, Oh, keep your nose up - on your face, For a - ny where
on your back, Oh, keep your coat up - on your back, That you may be off
on your legs, Oh, keep your pants up - on your legs, That you may hang 'em

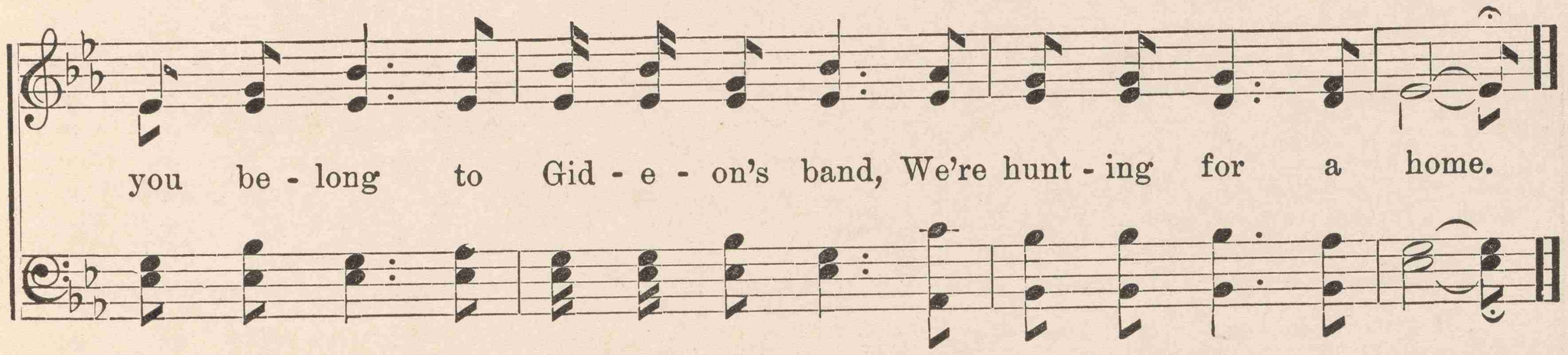
CHORUS.

want it..... when you're dead.
else its.... out of place.
on the.... oth - er track.
on the.... gold - en pegs.

If you be - long to

Gid - e - on's band, Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand; If

GIDEON'S BAND.



5 Oh, keep your shoes upon your feet,
Oh, keep your shoes upon your feet,
Oh, keep your shoes upon your feet,
That you may walk in the golden street.

6 Oh, stick your toenails in the ground,
Oh, stick your toenails in the ground,
Oh, stick your toenails in the ground,
That when you're wanted you may be found.

7 Oh, keep your money in your pocket,
Oh, keep your money in your pocket,
Oh, keep your money in your pocket,
So when it's wanted you've not forgot it.

8 'Twixt you and I, I really think,
'Twixt you and I, I really think,
'Twixt you and I, I really think,
It's pretty near time to take a drink.

GIVE ME JESUS.

MARY AND MARTHA.

1. Ma - ry and a Mar - tha's just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a
2. The preach-er and the eld - er's just gone 'long, The preach - er and the
3. My fa - ther and my moth - er's just gone 'long, My fa - ther and my
4. The Meth - o - dist and Bap - tist's just gone 'long, The Meth - o - dist and

Mar - tha's just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a Mar - tha's just gone 'long,
eld - er's just gone 'long, The preach - er and the eld - er's just gone 'long,
moth - er's just gone 'long, My fa - ther and my moth - er's just gone 'long,
Bap - tist's just gone 'long, The Meth - o - dist and Bap - tist's just gone 'long,

CHORUS.

To ring those charm - ing bells. Cry - ing: Free grace and dy - ing love,

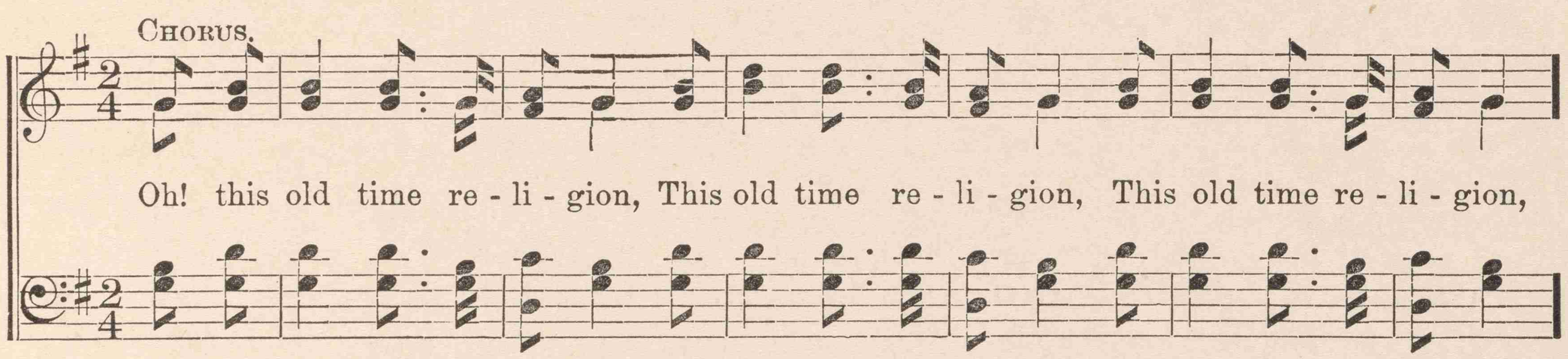
Free grace and dy - ing love, Free grace and dy - ing love, To

ring those charm - ing bells. Oh! way o - ver Jor - dan, Lord, Way o - ver

MARY AND MARTHA.



THIS OLD TIME RELIGION.





ANGELINA BAKER.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Way down on de old plan - ta - tion, dah's where I was born; I
2. I've seen my An - ge li - na in de spring-time and de fall, I've
3. An - ge - li - na am so tall she neb - ber sees de ground, She
4. Ear - ly in de morn - ing ob a lub - ly sum - mer day, I

used to beat de whole cre - a - tion hoe - in' in de corn: Oh!
seen her in de corn - field, and I've seen her at de ball; And
hab to take a tel - lum - scope to look down on de town;
ax for An - ge - li - na, and dey say she's gone a - way; I

den I work, and den I sing so hap - py all de day, Till
eb - 'ry time I met her she was smil - ing like de sun, But
An - ge - li - na likes de boys as far as she can see dem, She
don't know wha to find her, cayse I don't know wha she's gone; She

An - ge - li - na Ba - ker came and stole my heart a - way.
now I'm left to weep a tear cayse An - ge - li - na's gone.
used to run old mas - sa round, to ax him for to free dem.
left me here to weep a tear, and beat on de old jaw - bone.

ANGELINA BAKER.



I'M A TRAV'LING TO THE GRAVE.



A LITTLE MORE CIDER TOO.

1. I love the white girl and the black, and I love all the rest,
2. When first I saw Miss Snow-flake, 'twas on Broad - way I spied her,
3. Oh, I wish I was an ap - ple, and Snow - flake was an - oth - er,
4. But now old age comes creep-ing, we grow down and don't grow big-ger,

I love the girls for lov - ing me but I love my - self the best.
I'd give my hat and boots I would, if I could been beside her;
Oh, what a pret - ty pair we'd make up - on a tree to - gether;
And ci - der sweet and sour then, and I am just de nigger;

Oh dear, I am so thirst - y, I've just been down to sup - per,
She looked at me, I looked at her, and then I crossed the street,
How bad the dar - kies all would feel, when on the tree they spied her,
But let the cause be what it will, short, small or wid - er,

I drank three pails of ap - ple jack, and a tub of ap - ple but-ter.
And then she smil - ing said to me a lit - tle more ci - der sweet.
To think how we would be, when we're made up in - to ci - der.
She am de ap - ple of my soul, and I'm bound to be be - side her.

A LITTLE MORE CIDER TOO.



OH! GIVE ME THE WINGS.





CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

Words and Music by E. P. Christy.

Moderato.

1. On the float - ing scow of old Vir - gin - ny, I work'd in from day to
2. If I was on - ly young a - gain, I'd lead a dif - f'rent
3. And when I'm dead and gone place this Old ban - jo by my

day, A - rak - in' a - mongst de oys - ter beds, To me it
life; I'd save my mon - ey, and buy a farm, And take Di - nah
side; Let de pos - sum and coon to my fun - 'ral go, For dey was

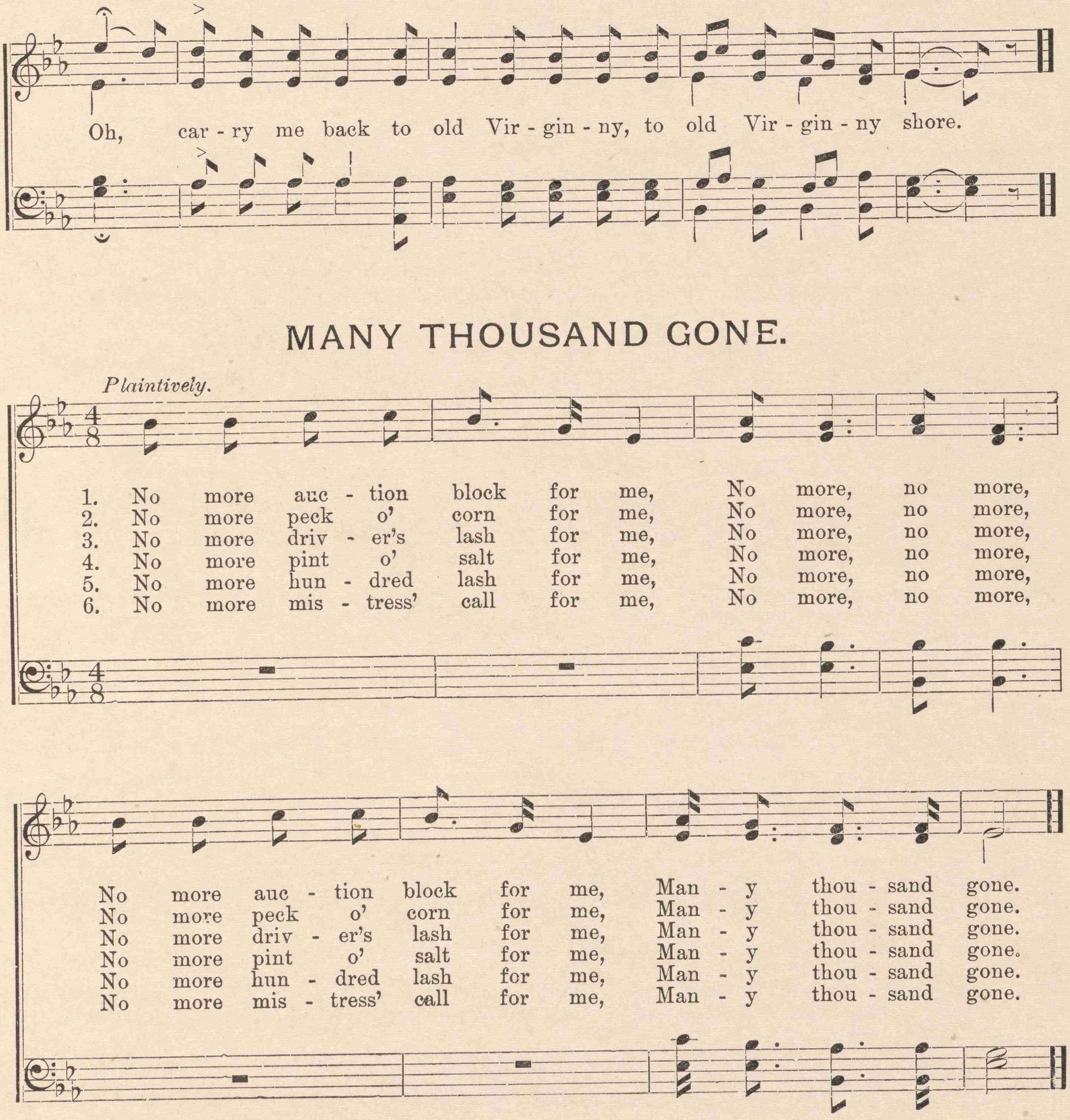
was but play; But now I'm grow-ing ver - y old, I can - not work an - y
for my wife; But now old age, he holds me tight, My limbs are grow - ing
al - ways my pride; And den in soft re - pose I'll sleep, And dream for eb - er -

more; So car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny's shore.
sore; So take me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny's shore.
more; You've car-ried me back to old Vir - gin - ny, To old Vir - gin - ny's shore.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.



MANY THOUSAND GONE.



DE CAMPTOWN RACES.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. De Camp - town la - dies sing dis song— Doo - dah!
2. De long - tail fil - ly, and de big black hoss— Doo - dah!
3. Ole mul - ey cow came on to de track— Doo - dah!
4. See dem fly - in' on a ten mile heat— Doo - dah!

doo - dah! De Camp - town race - track five mile long— Oh! doo - dah -
doo - dah! Dey fly de track, and dey both cut cross— Oh! doo - dah -
doo - dah! De bob - tail fling her o - ber his back— Oh! doo - dah -
doo - dah! Round de race - track, den re - peat— Oh! doo - dah -

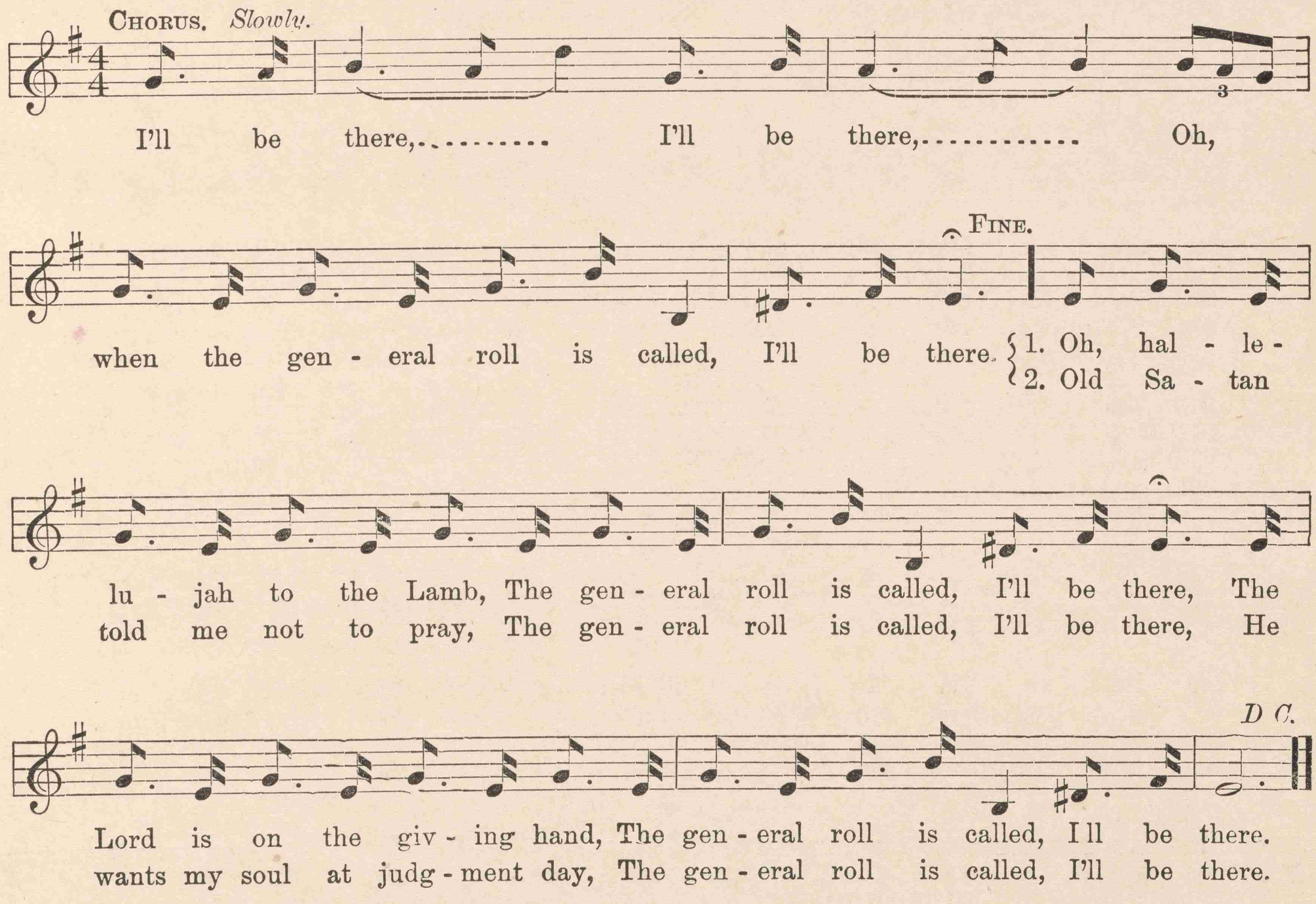
day! I come down dar wid my hat caved in— Doo - dah! doo - dah! I
day! De blind hoss stick - en in a big mud hole— Doo - dah! doo - dah! He
day! Den fly a - long like a rail - road car— Doo - dah! doo - dah! A -
day! I win my mon - ey on de bob - tail nag— Doo - dah! doo - dah! I

go back home wid a pock - et full of tin— Oh! doo - dah - day!
can't touch bot - tom wid a ten - foot pole— Oh! doo - dah - day!
run - nin' a race wid a shoot - in' star— Oh! doo - dah - day!
keep my mon - ey in an old tow bag— Oh! doo - dah - day!

DE CAMPTOWN RACES.



THE GENERAL ROLL.



OH! SUSANNA.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Moderato.

1. I came to Al - a - ba - ma, wid My ban - jo on my knee,
2. I jumped a - board de tel - e - graph, And trab - eled down de rib - er,
3. I had a dream de od - der night, When eb - 'ry ting was still;
4. I soon will be in New Or - leans, And den I'll look all 'round,

I'm g'wan to Lou - si - an - a, My..... true love for to see.
De 'lec - tric flu - id mag - ni - fied, And killed five hun - dred nig- ger.
I thought I saw Su - san - na, A - com - ing down de hill.
And when I find Su - san - na, I'll..... fall up - on de ground.

It rain'd all night de day I left, De wea - ther it was dry,
De bull - gine bust, de horse runs off, I real - ly thought I'd die;
De buck- wheat cake war in her mouth, De tear was in her eye;
But if I do not find her, Dis dark - ie'll sure - ly die;

De sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san - na, don't you cry.
I shut my eyes to hold my breath; Su - san - na, don't you cry.
Says I, I'm com - ing from de South, Su - san - na, don't you cry.
And when I'm dead and bur - ied, Su - san - na, don't you cry.

OH! SUSANNA.



RISE, MOURNERS.





KINGDOM COMING.

Words and Music by Henry C. Work.

1. Say dar - keys, hab you seen de mas - sa Wid de muff-stash on his face?
2. He six foot one way, two feet tud - der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred pounds,
3. De dar - keys feel so lone - some lib - ing In de log - house in de lawn,
4. De o - ber - seer he make us trou - ble, An' he dribe us round a spell;

Go long de road some time dis morn-in', Like he gwine to leab de place?
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tai - lor, An' it won't go half way round.
Dey move dar tings to mas - sa's par-lor For to keep it while he gone.
We lock him up in de smoke - house cel-lar, Wid de key trown down de well.

He seen a smoke way up de rib - ber, Whar de Lin - kum gun - boats lay;
He drill so much day call him Cap'an, An' he get so dref - ful tann'd,
Dar's wine an' ci - der in de kitchen, An' de dar - keys dey'll hab some;
De whip is lost, de han' - cuff broken, But de mas - sa'll hab his pay;

He took his hat an' lef' ber-ry sudden, An' I spec he's run a - way!
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees For to tink he's con - tra - band
I spose day'll all be con - fis - cat - ed When de Lin - kum so - jers come.
He's ole e - nough, big e-nough, ought to know better Dan to went an' run a - way.

KINGDOM COMING.

CHORUS.

De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho, ho! It mus' be now de king - dom com - in' An' de year ob Ju - bi lo!

I AIN'T GOING TO DIE NO MORE.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

Oh! ain't I glad,.... Oh! ain't I glad, Oh! ain't I glad.... I ain't a going to die no more;

FINE.

1. Going to meet those hap - py Christ - ians,
2. Go - ing shout - ing home to glo - ry,
3. Go - ing to wear the star - ry crown,
4. We will sing our trou - bles o - ver,

Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,

Soon - er in the morn - ing, Meet those hap - py Christ - ians,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Shout - ing home to glo - ry,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, To wear the star - ry crown,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Sing our trou - bles o - ver,

D. C.

Soon - er in the morn - ing, I ain't a going to die no more.

MELINDA MAY.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Lub - ly Me - lin - da,.. come now my dear, I'm wait-ing, I'm watching for you,
2. Laugh in the sun - shine, weep in de rain, And walk wha de lil - y bud bloom,
3. Lub - ly Me - lin - da is bright as de beam, No snow-drop was eb - ber so fair,
4. If I was a he - ro, and peo-ple would fall Wher-eb - er, I'd tell dem to lie,

Shut down de win - dow, dry up de tear, And walk wid me o - ber de dew.
Down in de mead - ow, o - ber de lane, Oh! come, my Me - lin - da lub come.
She smiled like de ros - es, dat bloom round de stream, And sings like de birds in de air.
I'd make my Me - lin - da de queen ob dem all, And lib on de light ob her eye.

CHORUS.

Lub - ly Me - lin - da, Me - lin - da, Me - lin - da, My sweet Me - lin - da May!

I could work in de field, and be hap - py all de day,

MELINDA MAY.



HARD TRIALS.



1. The fox - es have holes in the ground, The birds have nests in the air,
2. Old Sa - tan tempt - ed Eve, And Eve, she tempt - ed A - dam;
3. Oh, Methodist, Methodist is my name, Meth - o - dist till I die;
4. Oh, hard-shell Bap - tist is my name, Hard - shell till I die;
5. While march - ing on the road, A hunt - ing for a home,



Christ - ians have a hid - ing place, But we poor sin-ners have none.
And that's why the sin - ner has to pray so hard, To have his sins for - giv - en.
I'll be bap - tized on the Meth - o - dist side, And a Meth-odist will I die.
I've been bap - tized in the Bap - tist faith, Going to die on the hardshell side.
You had bet-ter stop your dif - frent names, And trav-el un - to God.





OH! BOYS, CARRY ME 'LONG.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Moderato.

1. Oh! car - ry me 'long; Dere's no more trou-ble for me: I'se guine to roam In a
2. All o - ber de land I've wandered ma - ny a day, To blow de horn And
3. Fare-well to de boys, Wid hearts so hap - py and light, Dey sing a song De
4. Fare-well to de hills, De meadows cov-ered wid green, Old bri - dle Boss, And de

hap - py home, Where all de nig - gas am free; I've work'd long in de fields, I've
mind de corn, And keep de pos - sum a - way; No use for me now, So,
whole day long, And dance de jub - ba at night; Fare - well to de fields Ob
old grey hoss, All beat - en, brok - en, and lean; Fare - well to de dog Dat

han - dled man - y a hoe: I'll turn my eyes Be - fore I die, And
dark - ies, bur - y me low: My horn is dry, And I must lie, Wha de
cot - ton, 'bac - co and all: I'se guine to hoe In a bress - ed row, Wha de
al - ways fol-lowed me round; Old San - cho'll wail, And drop his tail, When

CHORUS.

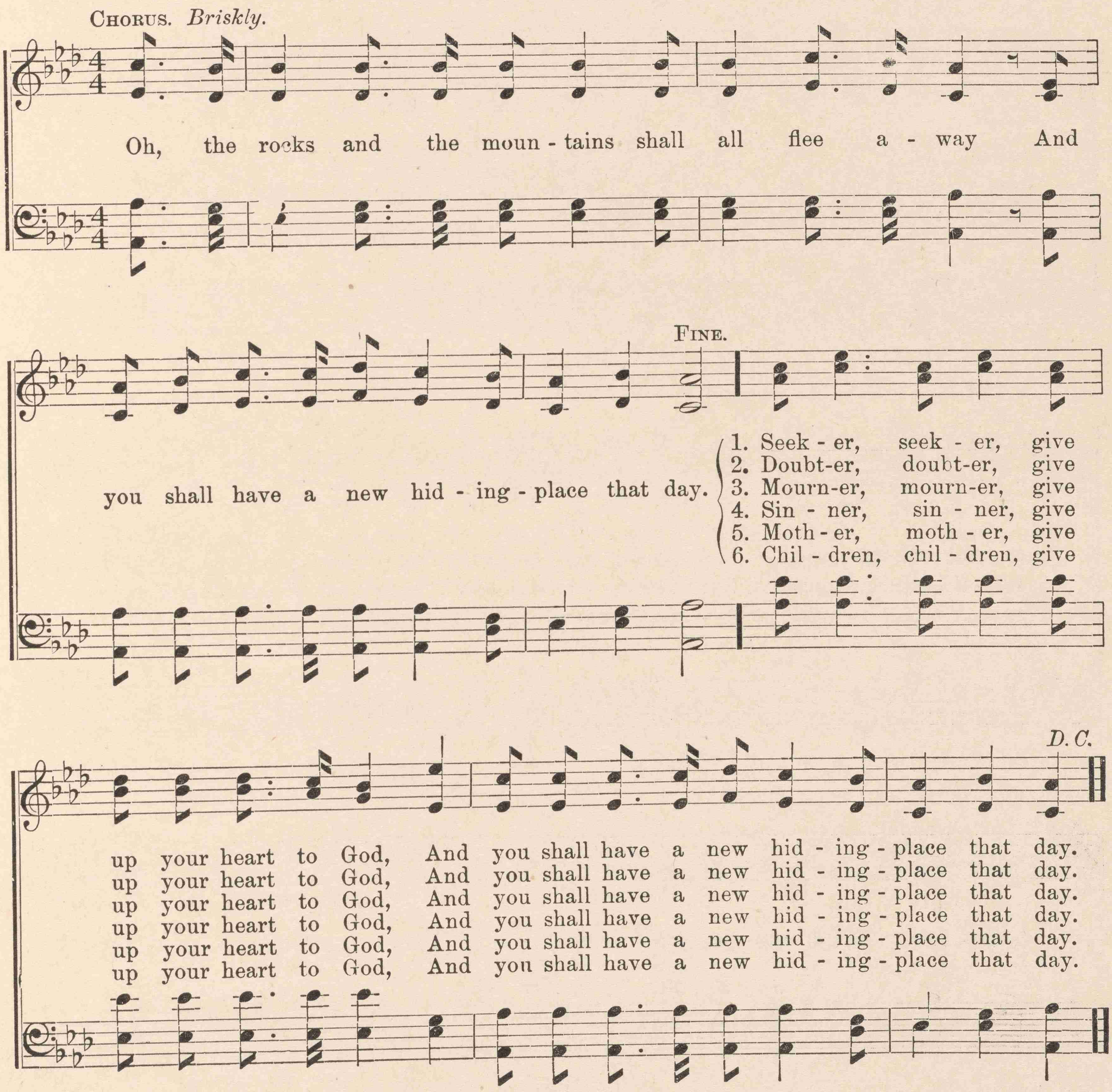
see de su-gar cane grow.
pos-sum neb-ber can go.
corn grows mellow and tall.
I am un-der de ground.

Oh, boys, car - ry me 'long, Car-ry me till I die;

OH! BOYS, CARRY ME 'LONG.



OH, THE ROCKS AND THE MOUNTAINS.



OLD DOG TRAY.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. The morn of life is past, And ev'-ning comes at last, It brings me a
2. The forms I call'd my own Have van-ish'd one by one, The lov'd ones, the
3. When tho'ts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast; I know that he

dream of a once hap - py day; Of youth - ful forms I've seen, Up -
dear ones have all pass'd a - way; Their hap - py smiles have flown, Their
feels what my poor heart would say; Al - though he can - not speak, I'll

on the vil-lage green, A sport-ing with my old dog Tray.
gen - tle voic - es gone; I've noth-ing left but old dog Tray.
vain-ly try to seek A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Old dog Tray's ev - er

faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way; He's gen - tle, he is kind; I'll

OLD DOG TRAY.

I'VE JUST COME FROM THE FOUNTAIN.



SUSAN JANE.

Words and Music by Will S. Hays.

1. I went to see my Su - san, She met me at the door; And told me that I
2. Her mouth was like a cel - lar, Her foot was like a ham, Her eyes were like an
3. Oh, Su - san's so de - ceiv - ing, She will not do to trust; I've threaten'd once to

need-n't come To see her an - y more; She fell in love with Ru - fus
owl's at night. Her voice was nev-er calm; Her hair was long and cur - ly, She
leave her, And leave her now I must; I'll nev - er love an - oth - er, To

An-drew Jack-son Payne, I look her in the face and said, "Good-bye, Su-san Jane."
looked just like a crane, I've bid fare-well to all my love, "Good-bye, Su-san Jane."
cause me an - y pain, I've tru t-ed her, and all the girls Are just like Su-san Jane.

CHORUS.

Oh! Su - san Jane! Oh! Su - san Jane!

Oh! Su-san, Su-san Jane! Oh! Su-san, Su-san Jane!

SUSAN JANE.

Oh! Su - san, quit your fool-in', And give my heart to me, Oh, give me back my
used to love you dear - ly, I can - not love a - gain; I'm going a - way to
love a - gain, And I will let you be: I leave you soon, Good-bye, Su-san Jane.

WAKE UP JACOB.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Wake up Ja - cob, day is a breaking, I'm on my way; O on my way.

1. I want to go to heaven when I die, Do love the Lord, I
want to go to heaven when I die, Do love the Lord, O
2. I've got some friends on the oth - er side, Do love the Lord, I've
got some friends on the oth - er side, Do love the Lord, O
3. If you want to get inside the golden gate, Do love the Lord, If
you want to get inside the golden gate, Do love the Lord, O

THE ROSE OB ALABAMA.

Arranged by S. S. Steele.

Sprightly.

1. A - way from Mis - sis - sip - pi's vale, Wid my ole hat dar for a sail,
2. I land - ed on de sand bank, I sat up - on a hol - ler plank,
3. Oh, ar - ter d'reck-ly, by an' by, De moon rose white as Ro - se's eye,
4. De riv - er rolled, de crick - ets sing, De light - nin' - bug he flash'd his wing,

I cross'd up - on a cot - ton bale, To Rose of Al - a - bam - a.
An' dare I made the ban - jo twank, For Rose of Al - a - bam - a.
Den like a young coon out so sly, Stole Rose of Al - a - bam - a.
And like a rope my arms I fling, Round Rose of Al - a - bam - a.

CHORUS.

O brown Ro-sey, The Rose of Al - a - bam - a, A sweet to - bac - co po - sey Is de

Rose of Al - a - bam - a, A sweet to - bac-co po - sey Is de Rose of Al - a - bam - a.

GOING TO RIDE UP IN THE CHARIOT.

1. Going to ride up in the char - iot, Soon-er in the morn-ing, Ride up in the char - iot,
2. Going to meet my brother there, Soon-er in the morn-ing, Meet my broth-er there,
3. Going to chat-ter with the an - gels, Soon-er in the morn-ing, Chat- ter with the an - gels,
4. Going to meet my mas- sa Je - sus, Soon-er in the morn-ing, Meet my mas - sa Je - sus,
5. Going to walk and talk with Je - sus, Soon er in the morn-ing, Walk and talk with Je - sus,

Soon- er in the morn- ing, Ride up in the char - iot, Soon- er in the morn-ing, And I
Soon- er in the morn- ing, Meet my brother there, Soon- er in the morn-ing, And I
Soon- er in the morn- ing, Chat-ter with the an - gels, Soon- er in the morn-ing, And I
Soon- er in the morn- ing, Meet my mas- sa Je - sus, Soon- er in the morn-ing, And I
Soon- er in the morn- ing, Walk and talk with Je - sus, Soon- er in the morn-ing, And I

CHORUS.

hope I'll join the band. O Lord have mer- cy on me, O Lord have mer-cy on me;

O Lord have mer - cy on me, And I hope I'll join the band.

OH! LEMUEL.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Oh! Lem - u - el, my lark, Oh! Lem - u - el, my beau, I'se guine to gib a ball to -
2. Oh! Lem - u - el, my hope, Oh! Lem - u - el, my joy, I'll tell you who'll be at de
3. Oh! Lem - u - el is tall, Oh! Lem - u - el is fair, Oh! Lem - u - el has gone to -

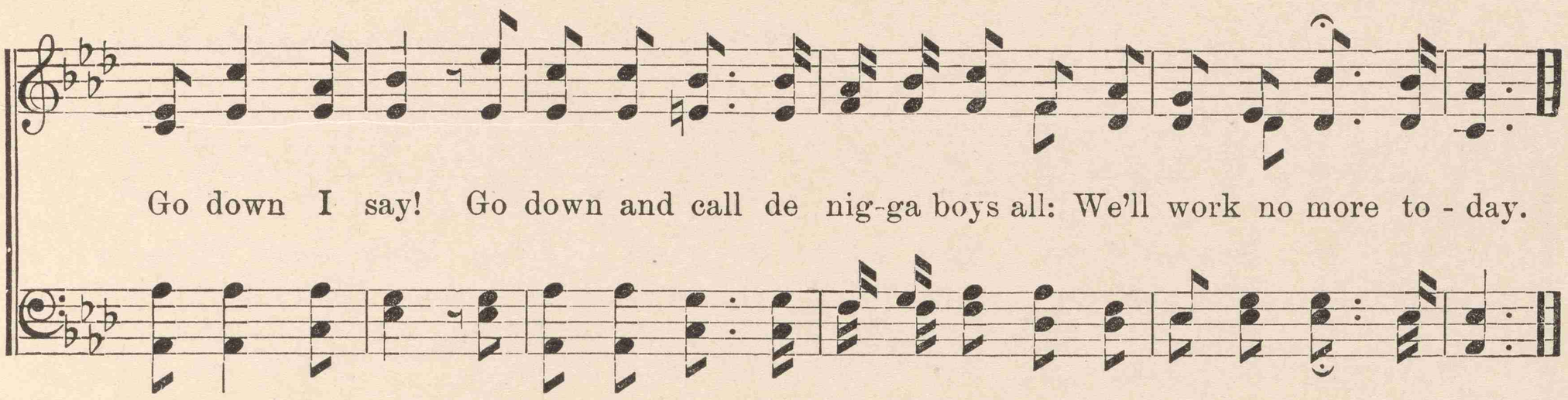
night, I'd hab you for to know; But if you want to dance Just dance out side de door; Be -
ball, My wool-y head-ed boy. Dere's Nelly Bly, you know, And Ju - li - an - na Snow, Dere's
day To take de morn-ing air. He makes de fid-dle hum, He makes de ban - jo tum, He

cause your feet so berry large Dey'll cover all de floor. Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem! Lem-u-el I say!
Cane-brake Kitty likes de boys, And she'll be sure to go. Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem! Lem-u-el I say!
rat - tles on de old jaw bone, And beats upon de drum. Oh! Lem! Lem! Lem! Lem-u-el I say!

CHORUS.

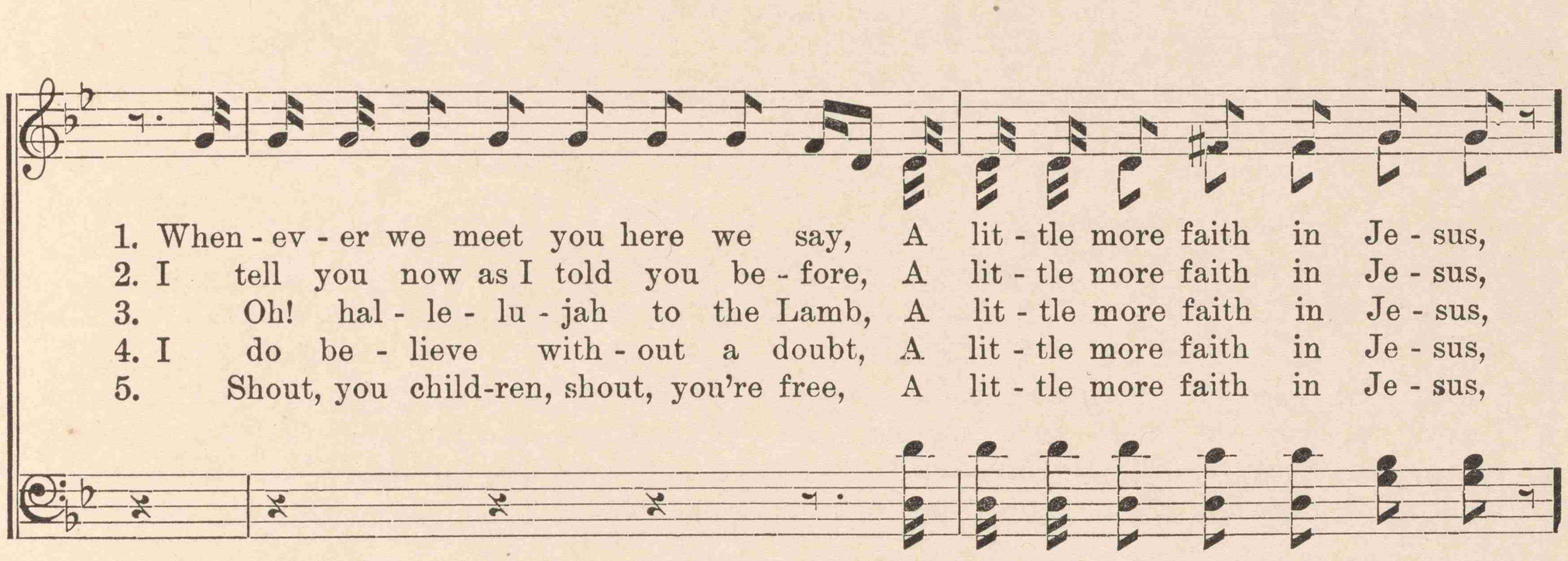
Go down to de cot-ton field, And bring de boys a - way. Go down to de cot-ton field!

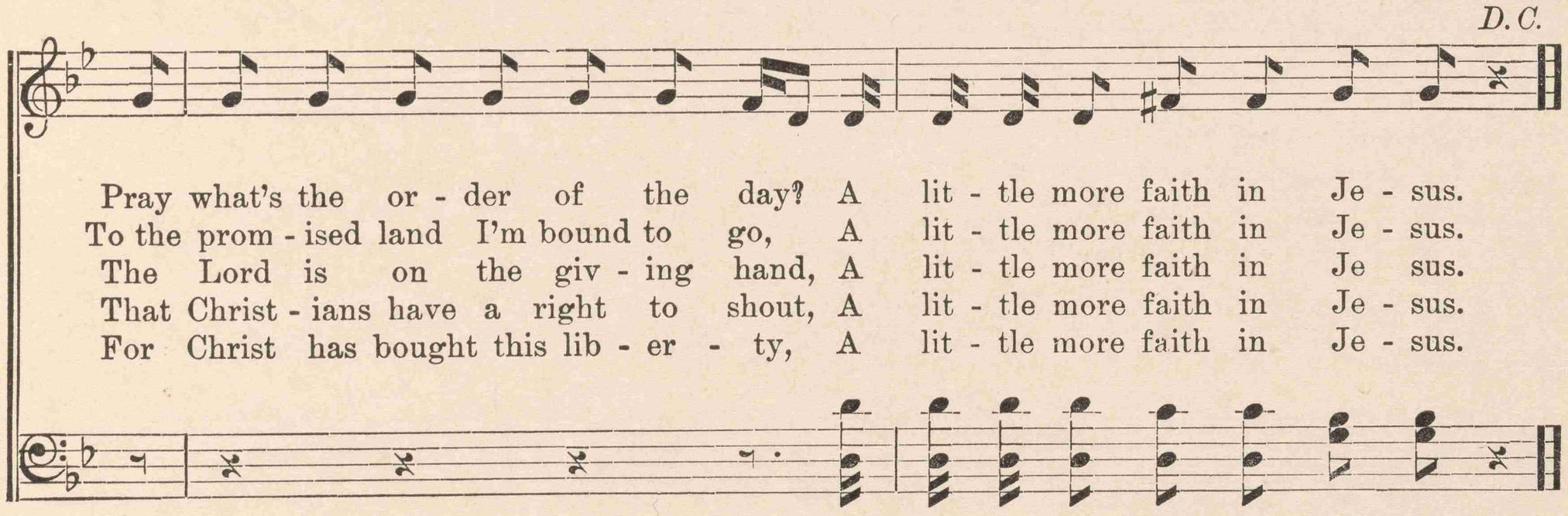
OH! LEMUEL.



A LITTLE MORE FAITH IN JESUS.







NELLY BLY.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Nel - ly Bly! Nel - ly Bly! bring de broom a - long, We'll sweep de kitch - en
2. Nel - ly Bly! hab a voice like de tur - tle dove, I hears it in de
3. Nel - ly Bly! shuts her eye when she goes to sleep, When she wak - ens
4. Nel - ly Bly! Nel - ly Bly! neb - ber, neb - ber sigh, Neb - ber bring de

clean, my dear, And hab a lit - tle song. Poke de wood, my la - dy lub, and
mead - ow, and I hears it in de grove; Nel - ly Bly, hab a heart warm
up a - gain her eye - balls gin to peep; De way she walks, she lifts her foot, and
tear - drop to de cor - ner ob your eye; For de pie is made ob pun - kins, and de

make de fire burn, And while I take de ban - jo down, Just gib de mush a turn.
as a cup ob tea, And big-ger dan de sweet po - ta - to down in Ten-nes - see.
den she brings it down, And when it lights der's mu - sic dah in dat part ob de town.
mush is made ob corn, Der's corn and pun-kins plen-ty, lub ly - ing in de barn.

slower.

CHORUS. *In time.*

f

Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly, list - en, lub, to me, I'll sing for you,

NELLY BLY.

play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy; Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly,

slower.

list - en, lub, to me, I'll sing for you, play for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy.

RUN TO JESUS.

CHORUS.

Run to Je - sus, shun the dan - ger. I don't ex - pect to stay much

lon - ger here, Run to Je - sus, shun the dan - ger,

FINE.

I don't ex - pect to stay much lon - ger here. 1. He will be our dear - est Friend,
2. Oh, I thought I heard them say,
3. Man - y man-sions there will be,

D.C.

And will help us to the end, I don't ex - pect to stay much lon - ger here.
There were li - ons in the way, I don't ex - pect to stay much lon - ger here.
One for you and one for me, I don't ex - pect to stay much lon - ger here.

OLE SHADY.

Benj. R. Hanby.

1. Oh! yah! yah! dar - kies laugh wid me, For de white folks say ole Sha - dy's free So don't you see dat de
2. Oh! mass' got scared and so did his la - dy Dis chile breaks for ole Un - cle Ab - y, O - pen de gates, out
3. Good bye mass' Jeff, good bye Mis'r Steph - ens 'Scuse dis nig - gah for tak - in' his leav - ins, 'Spect pret - ty soon you'll
4. Good bye hard work wid nev-er a - ny pay I'se a gwine up North where the good folks say, Dat white wheat bread and a
5. Oh, I've got a wife, and I've got a ba - by, Liv - ing up yon-der in low- er Ca - na - dy Won't dey laugh when dey

ju - bi - lee is a Com - ing, com - ing, Hail might - y day.
here's Ole Sha - dy a Com - ing, com - ing, Hail might - y day.
hear Un - cle A - bram's a Com - ing, com - ing, Hail might - y day.
dol - lar a day Are com - ing, com - ing, Hail might - y day.
see ole Sha - dy a Com - ing, com - ing, Hail might - y day.

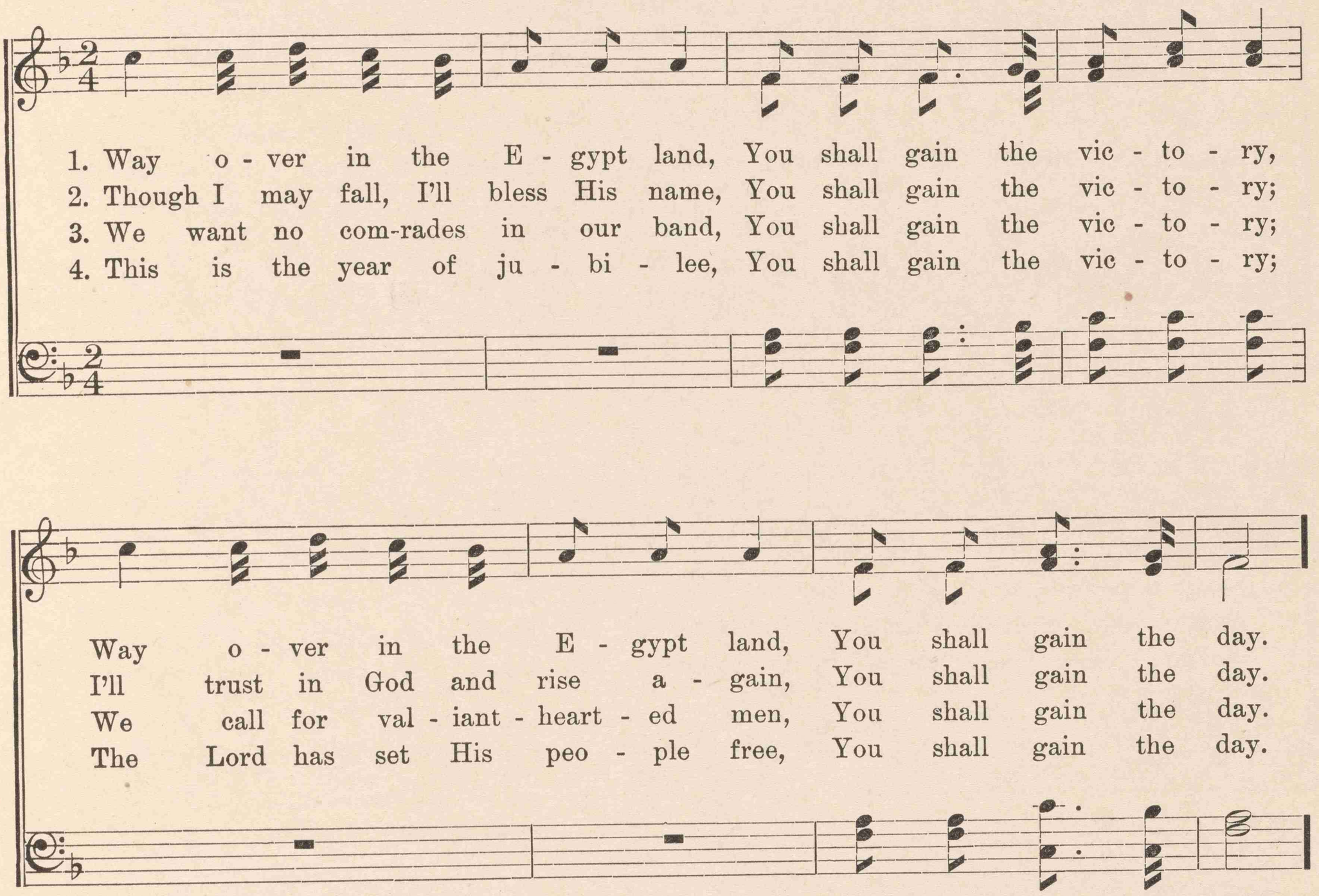
CHORUS.

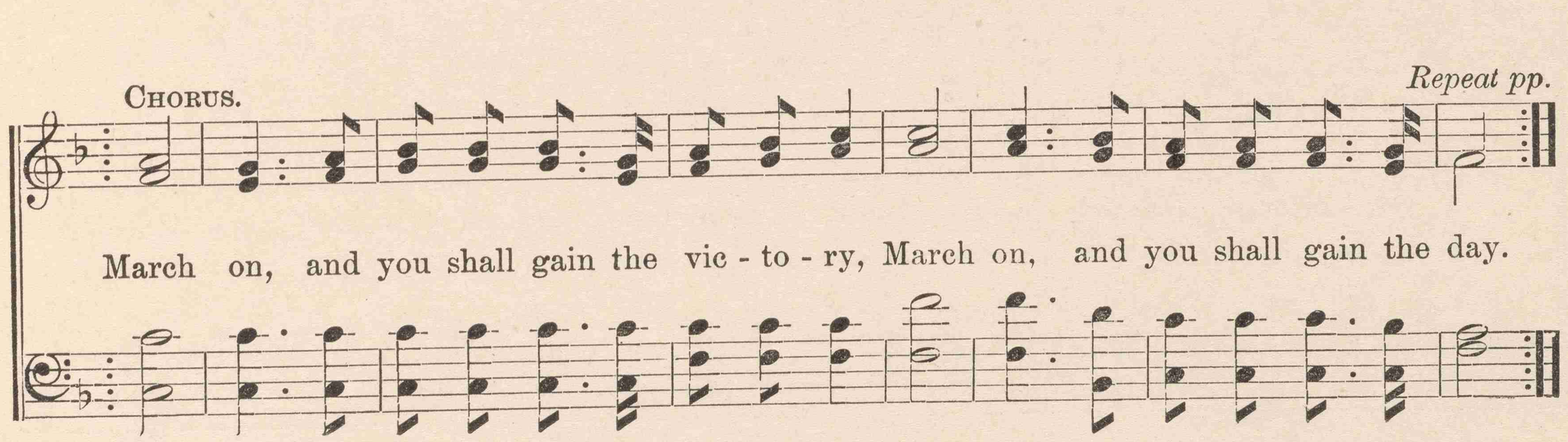
Den a-way, a-way, for I can't wait an - y long-er, Hoo-ray, hoo-ray I'm go-ing home.

OLE SHADY.



MARCH ON.





O REDEEMED.

CHORUS.

:8:

O re - deemed, re - deemed, I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb, O re -

deemed, re - deemed, I'm washed in the blood of the lamb.

FINE.

1. Al - though you see me going a long so, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, I have my tri - als
2. When I was a mourn-er just like you, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, I fast - ed and pray'd till
3. Re - lig - ion's like a bloom - ing rose, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, As none but those that

here be - low, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, O re - deemed, re - deemed.
I got through, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, O re - deemed, re - deemed.
feel it knows, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, O re - deemed, re - deemed.

D.S.

OH, WASN'T THAT A WIDE RIVER.

CHORUS.

Oh, was - n't that a wide riv - er, riv - er of Jor - dan, Lord?

wide riv - er! There's one more riv - er to cross, cross.

1 2 FINE.

1. Oh, the riv - er of Jor - dan is so wide, One more riv - er to cross;
2. I have some friends be - fore me gone, One more riv - er to cross;
3. Shout, shout, Sa - tan's a - bout, One more riv - er to cross;
4. Old Sa - tan is a snake in the grass, One more riv - er to cross;

D.C.

I don't know how to get on the oth - er side; One more riv - er to cross.
By the grace of God I'll fol - low on, One more riv - er to cross.
Shut your door and keep him out, One more riv - er to cross.
If you don't mind he'll get you at last, One more riv - er to cross.

DOLCY JONES.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Moderato.

1. Oh! la - dies don't you won - der when I a - gain ap - pear: I've just been o - ber yon - der To see my Dol - cy dear: For
2. Oh! when I go a - court - ing I ride thro' mud and rain: I leabe de old hoss snort - ing At de cor - ner ob de lane. I
3. I went up town dis morn - ing To sing a lit - tle song; Miss Dol - cy send me warn - ing To bring my boots a - long: For de

Dol - cy steps so light - ly A - mong de bricks and stones, Her
find my Dol - cy weep - ing, And charm her wid de bones, Bye'n
yard is paved wid cin - der, And de house is built ob stones, And a

CHORUS.

eyes dey shine so bright - ly, Oh! da - da, D' D' Dol - cy Jones! Bye, bye, my dar - ling!
bye I leabe her sleep-ing, Oh! da - da, D' D' Dol - cy Jones! Bye, bye, my dar - ling!
head is at de win - dow, Oh! da - da, D' D' Dol - cy Jones! Bye, bye, my dar - ling!

Sleep to de rat - tle ob de bones! Slum-ber till morn-ing, My lub - ly Dol - cy Jones.

LOU'SIANA BELLE.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. Oh, Lou' - si - an - a's de same old state, Whar mas - sa us'd to dwell,
2. I went to de ball de ud - der night I cut a might - y swell;
3. Dere's Dan - dy Jim ob Car - o - line I knows him by de swell,
4. Dere's first de B an den de E, And den de doub - le LL;

He had a lub - ly cul - lud gal, 'Twas de Lou' - si - an - a Belle;
I danc'd de Pol - ka pig - eon wing, Wid de Lou' - si - an - a Belle;
Try - in' to come it migh - ty fine, Wid de Lou' - si - an - a Belle.
An - od - der E to de end ob dat Spells Lou' - si - an - a Belle.

CHORUS.

Oh! Belle, don't you tell, don't tell mas - sa, don't you, Belle, Oh! Belle, de

Lou' - si - an - a Belle, I's gwine to mar - ry you, Lou' - si - an - a Belle.

OLE DAN TUCKER.

Henry Russell.

Allegro.

1. I come to town de ud - der night, I hear de noise an
2. Ole Dan he went down to de mill, To get some meal to
3. Ole Dan and I we did fall out And what you tink it
4. Ole Dan be - gun in ear - ly life To play de ban - jo
5. And now Ole Dan is a gone suck - er And neb - ber can go

saw de fight, De watch - man was a run - nin' roun',
put in the swill; The mil - ler he swore by the point of his knife
was a - bout? He tread on my corn; I kick him on the shin
and de fife; He play de nig - gers all to sleep
home to sup - per; Ole Dan he has had his last ride

Cry - in' "Old Dan Tuck - er's come to town,"
He..... nev - er seed such a man in his life!
And.... dat's the way dis row be - gin!
An..... den in - to his bunk he creep.
And de ban - jo's bur - ied by his side.

CHORUS.

So get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck - er, Get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck - er,

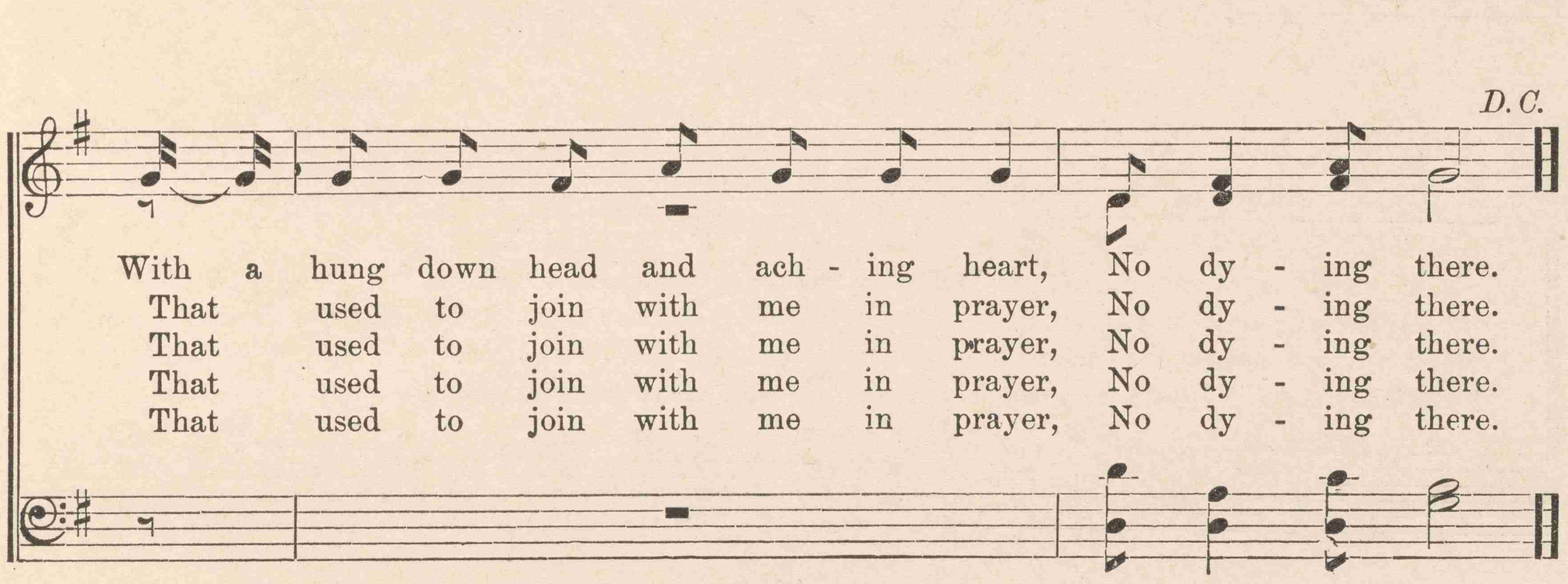
OLE DAN TUCKER.



I'M SO GLAD.







THE GLENDY BURKE.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. De Glen-dy Burke is a might-y fast boat Wid a might-y fast cap - tain too,
2. De Glen-dy Burke has a fun - ny old crew And dey sing de boat-man's song
3. I'll work all night in de wind and storm, I'll work all day in de rain,
4. My la - dy love is as pret-ty as a pink, I'll meet her on de way,

He sets up dah on de hur - ri - cane roof And he keeps his eye on de crew. I
Dey burn de pitch and de' pine - knot too, For to shove de boat a - long. De
Till I find my - self on de le - vy - dock In New Or-leans a-gain. Dey
I'll take her back to de sun-ny old south And dar I'll make her stay. So

can't stay here for de work's too hard; I'm bound to leave dis town; I'll take my
smoke goes up an de in-gine roars, And de wheel goes round and round; So fare ye
make me mow in de hay field here And knock my head wid de flail, I'll go wha dey
don't you fret, my hon-ey dear, Oh! don't you fret, Miss Brown, I'll take you

duds and tote 'em on my back When de Glen-dy Burke comes down.
well for I'll take a little ride When de Glen-dy Burke comes down. Ho! for Lou'-si - an - a!
work wid de sugar and de cane And roll on de cot - ton bale.
back 'fore de middle ob de week When de Glen-dy Burke comes down.

CHORUS.

THE GLENDY BURKE.



MY BRUDDER GUM.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.



RING, RING DE BANJO.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Moderato.

1. De time is neb - ber drear - y, If de dar - key neb - ber groans,
2. Oh! neb - ber count de bub - bles While dere's wa - ter in de spring;
3. Once I was so luck - y, My mas - sa set me free,
4. Ear - ly in de morn - ing Ob a lub - ly sum - mer day,
5. My lub, I'll hab to leabe you While de rib - ber's run - ning high;

De la - dies neb - ber wea - ry Wid de rat - tle ob de bones;
De dar - key hab no troub - les While he's got dis song to sing.
I went to old Ken - tuck - y To see what I could see:
My mas - sa send me warn - ing He'd like to hear me play.
But I neb - ber can de - ceibe you So don't you wipe your eye.

Den come a - gain Su - san - na, By de gas - light ob de moon
De beau - ties ob cre - a - tion Will neb - ber lose dere charm,
I could not go no far - der, I turn to mas - sa's door,
On de ban - jo tap - ping, I come wid dul - cem strain;
I'se gwine to make some mon - ey; But I'll come a nod - der day,

We'll tum de old pi - an - na When de ban - jo's out ob tune.
While I roam de old plan - ta - tion Wid my true lub on my arm.
I lub him all de hard - er, I'll go a - way no more.
Ole mas - sa fall a nap - ping He'll neb - ber wake a - gain.
I'll come a - gain, my hon - ey, If I hab to work my way.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring de ban-jo! I like dat good old song, Come again my true lub, Oh! wha' you been so long?

AWAY DOWN SOUF.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. We'll put for de Souf. ah! dats de place for de stee - ple chase and de bul - ly hoss race, Po - ker, brag, euch - er,
2. My lub she hab a ver - y large mouf, One cor - ner in de Norf, tud-der cor - ner in de Souf, It am so long it
3. I went last night to see my Sal - ly, Two sto - rey house in Pig - tail Al - ley, Where de skeeters buz and de

seven up and loo, Den chime in niggas, won't you come a - long too?
reach so far, Trabble all a-round it on a rail - road car.
fleas dey bite, And de bull - dogs howl, and de tom - cats fight.

CHORUS.

No use talk-in' when de nigga wants to go Whar de corntop blossom and de cane brake grow; Den

slow. *tempo.*

come a-long to Cu-ba and we'll dance de pol - ka - ju - ba, Way down Souf, whar de corn grow.

SALLY COME UP.

Arranged by H.

1. Mas - sa's gone de news to hear An' he has left de o - ber - seer
2. Mon - day night I gave a ball And I in-vite de nig-gars all;
3. De fid - dle was played by Pom - pey Jones, Un - cle Ned he shook de bones;

To look to all de nig - gar's here, While I make lub to Sal - ly.
De thick, de thin, de short, de tall, But none came up to Sal - ly.
Joe he played de pine stick stones, But I made lub to Sal - ly.

CHORUS.

She's such a belle, a real dark swell, She dress so slick, and look so well,

Dar's not a gal like Sal - ly. Sal - ly come up, Sal - ly go down,

SALLY COME UP.



WE'LL DIE IN THE FIELD.

UNISON.



CHORUS.

JORDAN AM A HARD ROAD TO TRABBEL.

T. F. Briggs.

With spirit.

1. I 'ribed in - to New York, to pass de time a - way,
2. Den I look to de Norf, and I look to de East,
3. Clem in de hay - loft, try'n to get a - sleep,
4. I went an' made a ban - jo, so well I kept it strung,

I trab-bel'd o'er de Russ pav' - ent ac - cord - in'. Da'r
And I hol - ler for de ox - cart to come on, Wid
Mas - sa John went out to maul um, He
An' rang'd all my mus - ic now ac - cord - in', I

gwine to hab it fiinish'd when de Cit - y Hall bell Sounds o - ber on de
four gray hors - es a dri-ven on de lead, To take us to de
hit him on de head wid a bar of soft soap, An' he land - ed on de
play'd up a tune call'd "go it while you're young," An' dey sing it on de

CHORUS.

oth - er side of Jor-dan. I took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve,

JORDAN AM A HARD ROAD TO TRABBEL.





INCHING ALONG.









DON'T BET YOUR MONEY ON DE SHANGHAI.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

1. De Shang - hai chick-en, when you put him in de pit He'll eat a loaf of bread up, but he can't fight a bit; De Shang - hai fid - dle is a fun - ny lit - tle thing And eb - 'ry time you tune him up, he goes ching, ching.
2. I go to de fair for to see de fun - ny fowls, De doub - le head - ed pig - eon and de one - eyed owls: De old lame goose wid no web be-tween his toes, He kills him - self a - laugh-ing when de Shang - hai crows.
3. De Shang - hai's tall but his ap - pe - tite is small, He'll on - ly swal-low eb - 'ry thing that he can o - ver - haul: Four bags of wheat just as cer - tain as your born, A bush - el of po - ta - toes and a tub full of corn.

CHORUS.

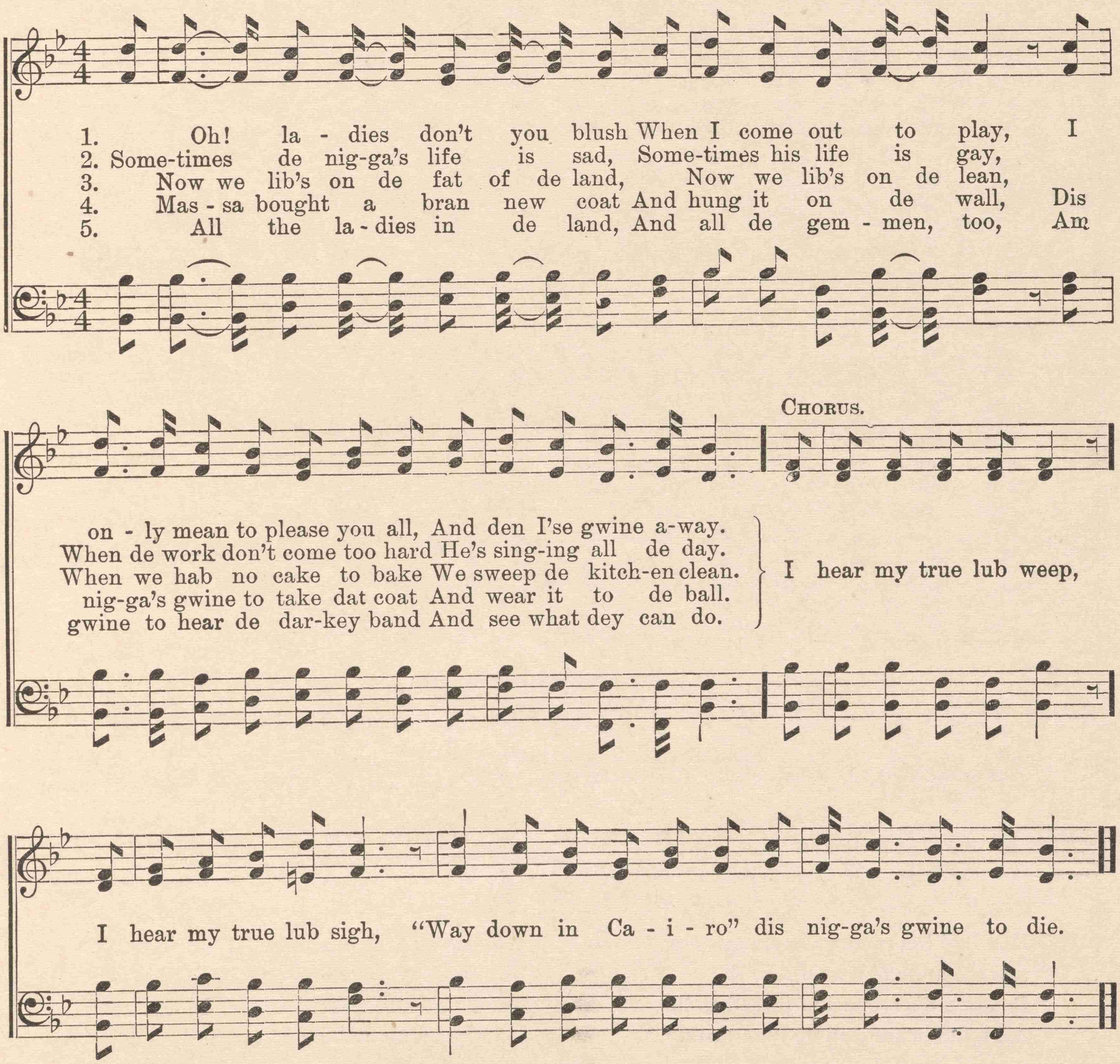
Oh! de Shang - hai, Don't bet your mon - ey on de Shang - hai; Take de lit - tle

DON'T BET YOUR MONEY ON DE SHANGHAI.



WAY DOWN IN CA-I-RO.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.



JIM CRACK CORN.

1. When I was young I.... used to wait On mas - sa, and hand
2. Den ar - ter din - ner mas - sa sleep, He bid dis nig - ger
3. An' when he ride in de ar - ter - noon, I fol - low wid a
4. De po - ney run, he.... jump an' pitch, An' tum - ble mas - sa

him de plate, Pass down de..... bot - tle when he get dry, An'
vig - il keep, An' when he..... gwine to.... shut his eye, He
hick - 'ry broom, De po - ney..... be - - ing... ber - ry shy, When
in de ditch; He died an' de ju - - ry.... won - der'd why De

CHORUS. *Faster.*

brush a - way de.... blue - tail fly.
tell me watch de.... blue - tail fly.
bit - ten by de.... blue - tail fly.
ver - dic' was de.... blue - tail fly.

Jim crack corn, I don't care,

slower.

Jim crack corn, I don't care, Jim crack corn, I don't care, Ole mas - sa gone a - way.

5 Dey laid 'im under a 'simmon tree,
His epitaph am dar to see:
"Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,
All by de means ob de blue-tail fly."

6 Ole massa gone, now let 'im rest,
Dey say all things am for de best;
I neber forget till de day I die,
Ole massa an' dat blue-tail fly.

NICODEMUS JOHNSON.

Music by J. B. Murphy.

Moderato.

1. I've just ar - rived in town to - day, And here I is be -
2. My mas - ter was a un - ion man, He did not like se -
3. I wish the war would on - ly end, And peace come frew de

fore you, To sing a - bout my name and oc - cu - pa -
ces - sion, And so he had to leave the old plan - ta -
na - tion, I'd go right back to Dix - ie's land and stay

tion; I..... come from old Vir - gin - ny State, The best in all the
tion; I..... thought to stay be - hind him there, 'Twould be an ag - gre -
dar; For I is - n't an - y con - tra - band, I love de old plan -

na - tion; O - ho! O - ho! To Nic - o - de - mus John - son.
va - tion; O - ho! O - ho! To Nic - o - de - mus John - son.
ta - tion; O - ho! O - ho! That's Nic - o - de - mus Jonn - son.

CARVE DAT POSSUM.

Words and Music by Sam Lucas.

1. De pos-sum meat am good to eat, Carve him to de heart; You'll al - ways
2. I reached up for to pull him in, Carve him to de heart; De pos - sum
3. De way to cook de pos - sum sound, Carve him to de heart; Fust par - bile

find him good and sweet, Carve him to de heart; My dog did bark and I
he be - gan to grin, Carve him to de heart; I car-ried him home and
him, den bake him brown, Carve him to de heart; Lay sweet po - ta - toes

went to see, Carve him to de heart; And dar was a pos - sum up dat tree,
dressed him off, Carve him to de heart; I hung him dat night in de frost,
in de pan, Carve him to de heart; De sweet - est meat in all de lan',

CHORUS.

Carve him to de heart.
Carve him to de heart.
Carve him to de heart.

} Carve dat pos - sum, carve dat pos - sum, child-ren,

CARVE DAT POSSUM.



GOOD BYE, BROTHER.





BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Words and Music by Henry C. Work.

1. Don't you see de black clouds Ris - in' o - ber yon - der
2. Don't you see de light - nin' Flash - in' in de cane - brake,
3. Way up in de corn - field, Whar' you hear de tun - der,
4. Mas - sa was de Ker - nel In de reb - el ar - my,
5. We will be de mas - sa, He will be de sar - vant—

Whar' de mas - sa's ole plan - ta - tion am? Neb - ber you be fright - en'd—
Like as if we gwine to hab a storm? No! you is mis - tak - en—
Dat is our ole for - ty - pound - er gun; When de shells are miss - in'
Eb - ber sence he went an' run a - way; But his lub - ly dark - eys,
Try him how he like it for a spell; So we crack de butt' - nuts,

Dem is on - ly dark - eys Come to jine and fight for Un - cle Sam.
'Tis de dark - eys bay - 'nets, An' de but - tons on dar u - ni - form.
Don' we load wid pun - kins, All de same to make de cow - ards run.
Dey has been a watch - in', An' dey take him pris - 'ner tud - der day.
So we take de Ker - nel, So de can - non car - ry back de shell.

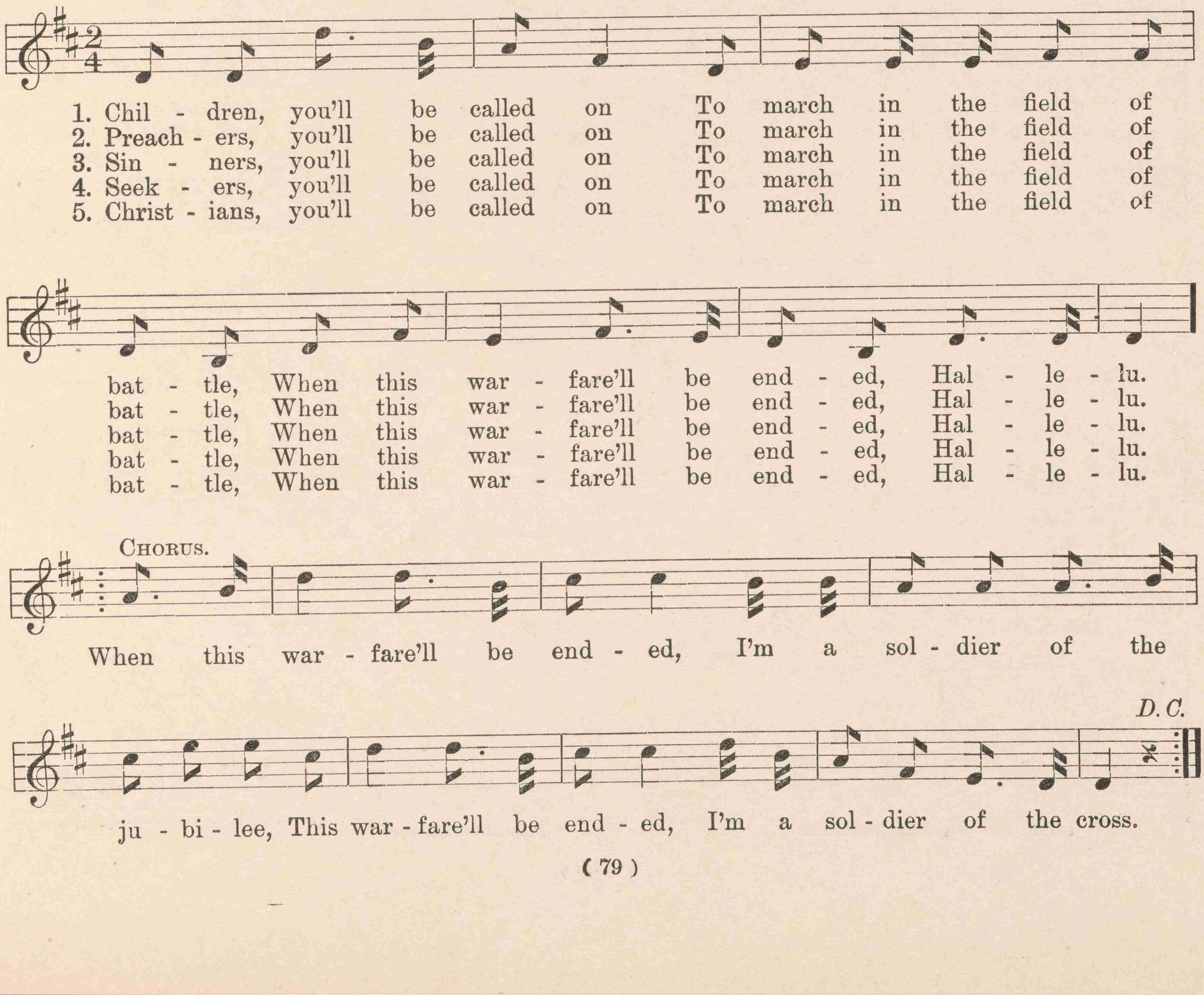
CHORUS.

Look out dar, now! We's a gwine to shoot! Look out, dar, don't you un - der -

BABYLON IS FALLEN.



CHILDREN YOU'LL BE CALLED ON.



DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan Emmet — Arranged by George Rosey.

Allegro.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot- ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a -
2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry "Will - de-weab- er," Will-ium was a gay de-ceab-er; Look a -
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a -

f *p*

way! Look a- way! Look a- way! Dix - ie Land. In Dix - ie Land whar
way! Look a- way! Look a- way! Dix - ie Land. But when he put his
way! Look a- way! Look a- way! Dix - ie Land. Old Mis - sus act - ed the

f *f*

I was born in, Ear - ly on one fros-ty mornin', Look away! Look a-way! Look a -
arm a-round-'er, He smiled as fierce as a for -ty pounder, Look away! Look a-way! Look a -
fool-ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look away! Look a-way! Look a -

CHORUS.

3

way! Dix - ie Land. Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! hoo-

ray! In Dix- ie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, a -

DIXIE'S LAND.



4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.

5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.

THE TEN VIRGINS.



ROSA LEE.

1. When I lib'd in Ten - nes - see U - li - a - li - o - la - e,
2. I said you lub - ly gal, dat's plain U - li - a - li - o - la - e,
3. My sto - ry yet is to be told, U - li - a - li - o - la - e,
4. Dey give her up, no pow'r could save, U - li - a - li - o - la - e,

I went court - in' Ro - sa Lee U - li - a - li - o - la - e,
Breff as sweet as su - gar cane U - li - a - li - o - la - e,
Ro - sa catched a shock - ing cold, U - li - a - li - o - la - e,
She ax me follow to her grave, U - li - a - li - o - la - e,

Eyes as dark as win - ter's night Lips as red as ber - ries bright;
Feet so large and come - ly too Might make a cra - dle of each shoe;
Send for de doc - tor, fetch de nurse Doc - tor came but made her worse
I take her hand, t'was cold as death— So cold I hard - ly draw my breff,

When first I did her woo - ing go She said "Now don't be fool - ish Joe."
Ro - sa, take me for your beau, She said "Now don't be fool - ish Joe."
I tried to make her laugh, but no— She said "Now don't be fool - ish Joe."
She saw my tears in sor - row flow And said, "Fare-well, my dear - est Joe."

ROSA LEE.



I'LL HEAR THE TRUMPET SOUND.



* Repeat the music of the first strain for all the verses but the first.

DEAREST MAE.

Words by Francis Lynch. Music by James Power.

1. Now, nig - gers, list - en to me, a sto - ry I'll re - late; It hap-pen'd in de val - ley, in de old Car - li - na state; Way down in de
2. Old mas - sa gib me hol - i - day, an' say he gib me more, I tank'd him be - ry kind - ly, an' shoved my boat from shore; So down de riv - er I
3. On de banks ob de riv - er whar de trees dey hang so low, De coon a-mong thar branches play, while de mink he keep be - low; Oh, dar is de
4. Be - neath de shad - y old oak tree, We sat for many an hour, As hap - py as de buz-zard bird, dat flies a - bout de flow'r; But oh, dear Mae, I

mead - ow,... 'twas dare I mow'd de hay; I al - ways work de glides a - long wid my heart so light and free, To de cot - tage ob my spot,..... an'... Mae she looks so neat, Her eyes they spark - le leff her,.... she cried when boff we part-ed, I bid sweet Mae a

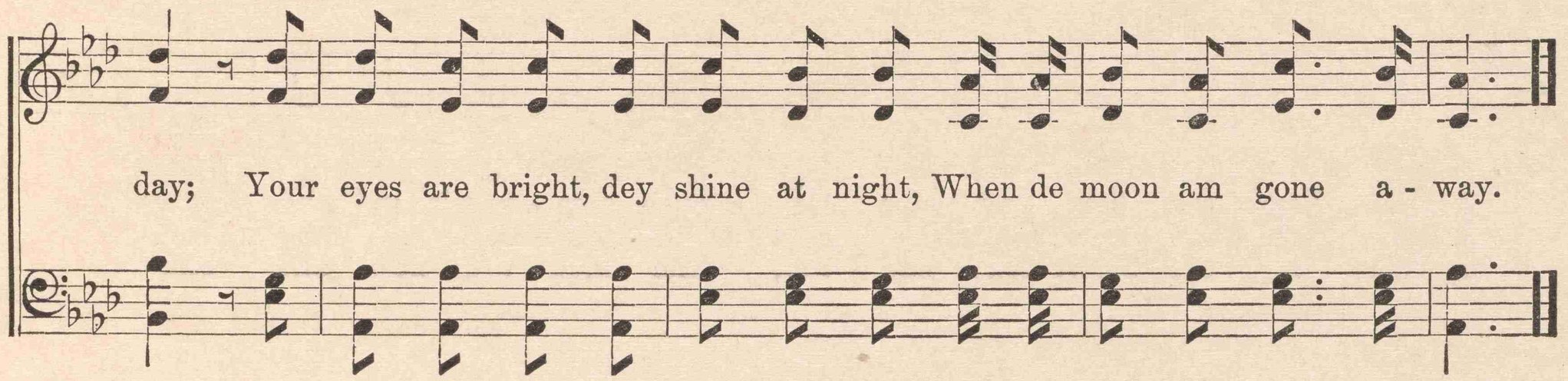
*Chorus.

hard - er when I think ob lub - ly Mae.
lub - ly Mae, I long'd so much to see.
like de stars, her lips are red as beet.
long fare-well, and back to mas - sa start-ed.

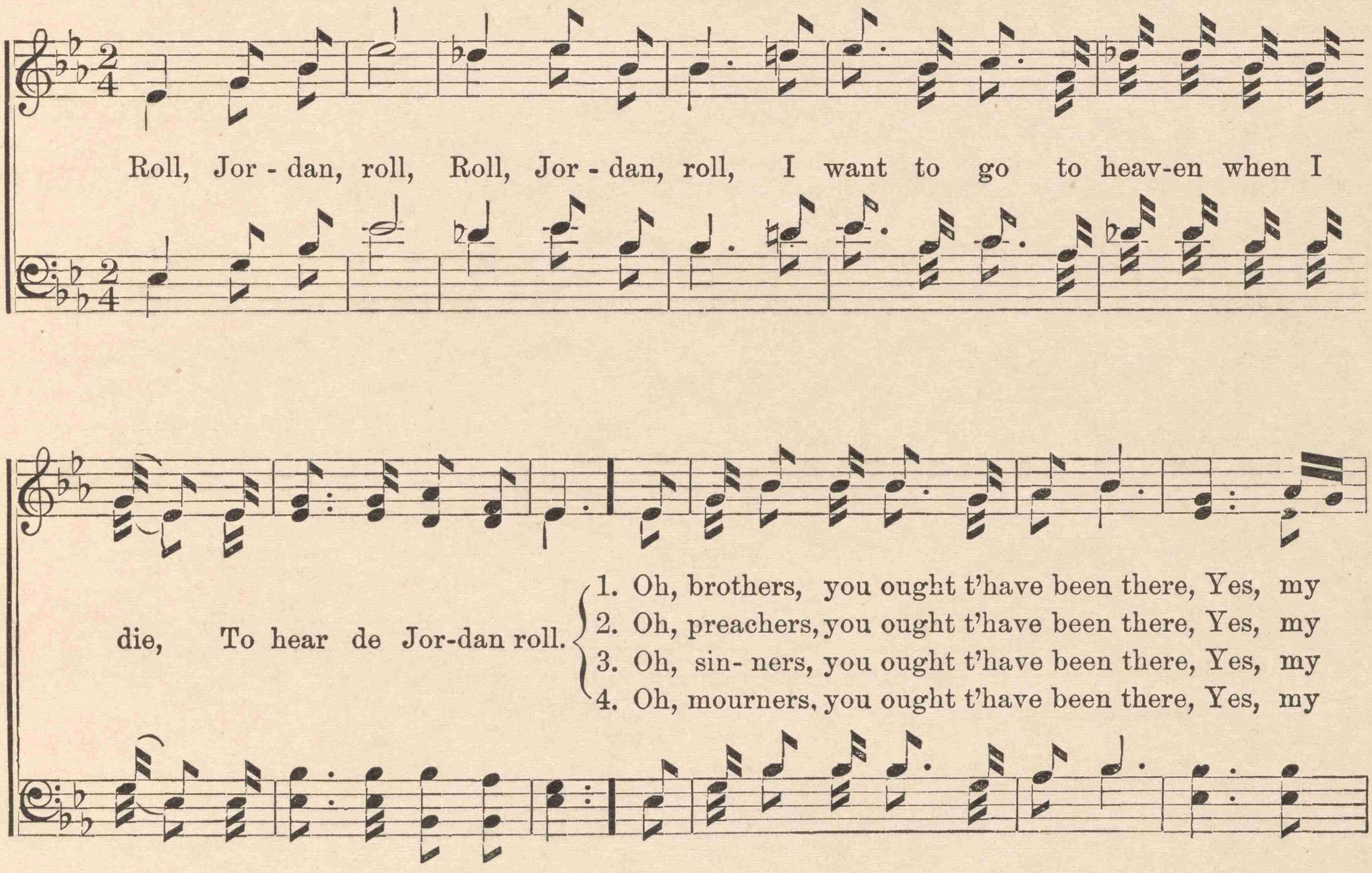
Oh, dear - est Mae, you're lub - ly as the

* Chorus may be repeated *pp*.

DEAREST MAE.



ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL.



THE GOSPEL TRAIN.



1. The gos - pel train is com - ing, I hear it just at hand,
2. I hear the bell and whis - tle, She's com - ing 'round the curve;
3. No sig - nal for anoth - er train To fol - low on the line,
4. This is the Christ-ian's ban - ner, The mot - to's new and old,



I hear the car wheels mov - ing, And rumb - ling thro' the land.
She's play - ing all her steam and pow'r And strain - ing ev - 'ry nerve.
O, sin - ner, you're for - ev- er lost, If once you're left be - hind.
Sal - va - tion and Re - pent - ance, Are burn - ished there in gold.

CHORUS.

Get on board, chil- dren, Get on board, chil-dren, Get on board, chil - dren,



For there's room for ma - ny a more; Get on board, chil- dren, Get on



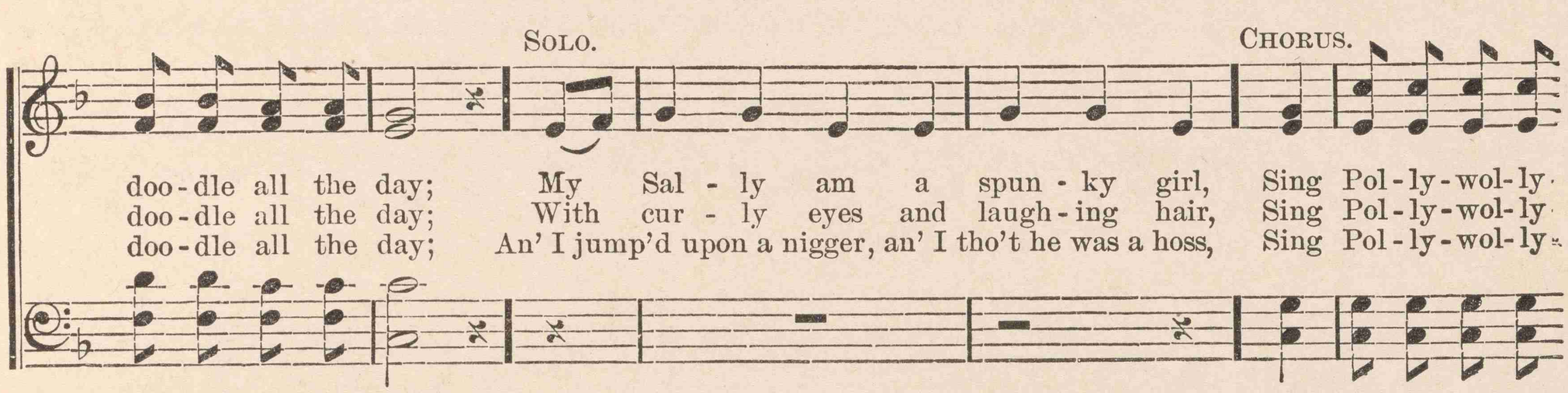
board, chil-dren, Get on board, chil- dren, For there's room for ma - ny a more.

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.

6 The fare is cheap, and all can go,
The rich and poor are there,
No second-class on board the train,
No diff'rence in the fare.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.









4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze

7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.
And so on, *ad infin.*

DOLLY DAY.

Words and Music by S. C. Foster.

Not too fast.

1. I've told you 'bout de ban - jo, de fid - dle and de bow, Likewise a-bout de cot-ton-field, de shub-ble and de hoe; I've sung a-bout de bul-gine dat blew de folks a - way, And
2. I like to see de clo - ver, dat grows a - bout de lane, I like to see de 'bac-co plant, I like de su - gar cane; But on the old plan - ta - tion, der's noth-ing half so gay, Der's
3. When de work is o - ver, I make de ban-jo play, And while I strike de dulcem notes, I think of Dol - ly Day; Her form is like a po - sy de lil - y of de vale, Her
4. Mas - sa give me mon-ey, to buy a peck of corn, I'se gwine to mar-ry Dol-ly Day, and build my - self a barn; Den when I'm old and fee - ble and when my head is gray, I'll

now I'll sing a lit - tle song, a-bout my Dol-ly Day.
noth-ing dat I love so much, as my sweet Dol-ly Day.
voice am far de sweet-est sound, dat floats up - on de gale.
trab - ble down de hill of life. a-long with Dol-ly Day.

Oh, Dol-ly Day, looks so gay, I run all round and round, To hear her fai - ry foot-steps play, As she comes o'er de ground.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.

Moderato.

1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears While we all sup sorrow with the poor:
2. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay There are frail forms fainting at the door:
3. There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away With a worn heart whose bitter days are o'er:
4. 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave. 'Tis a wail that is heard up-on the shore,

There's a song that will ling-er for - ev - er in our ears; Oh! hard times come a-gain no more.
Tho' their voic-es are si-lent, their pleading looks will say—Oh! hard times come a-gain no more.
Tho' her voice would be merry, 'tis sing - ing all the day—Oh! hard times come a-gain no more.
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,—Oh! hard times come a-gain no more.

CHORUS.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come a-gain no more;

ritard.

Ma - ny days you have linger'd around my cab-in door, Oh! Hard Times come again no more

I SEEN HER AT DE WINDOW.

Moderato.

1. As I walked out last Sun - day night, The wed - der it was ha - zy—
2. Her hair was curled tight round her head, I could not keep from grin-ning;
3. I go to de door and pull de string, De bell it kept a ring - ing;
4. I got in - side, I took a seat, And I thought I was a gon - ner;

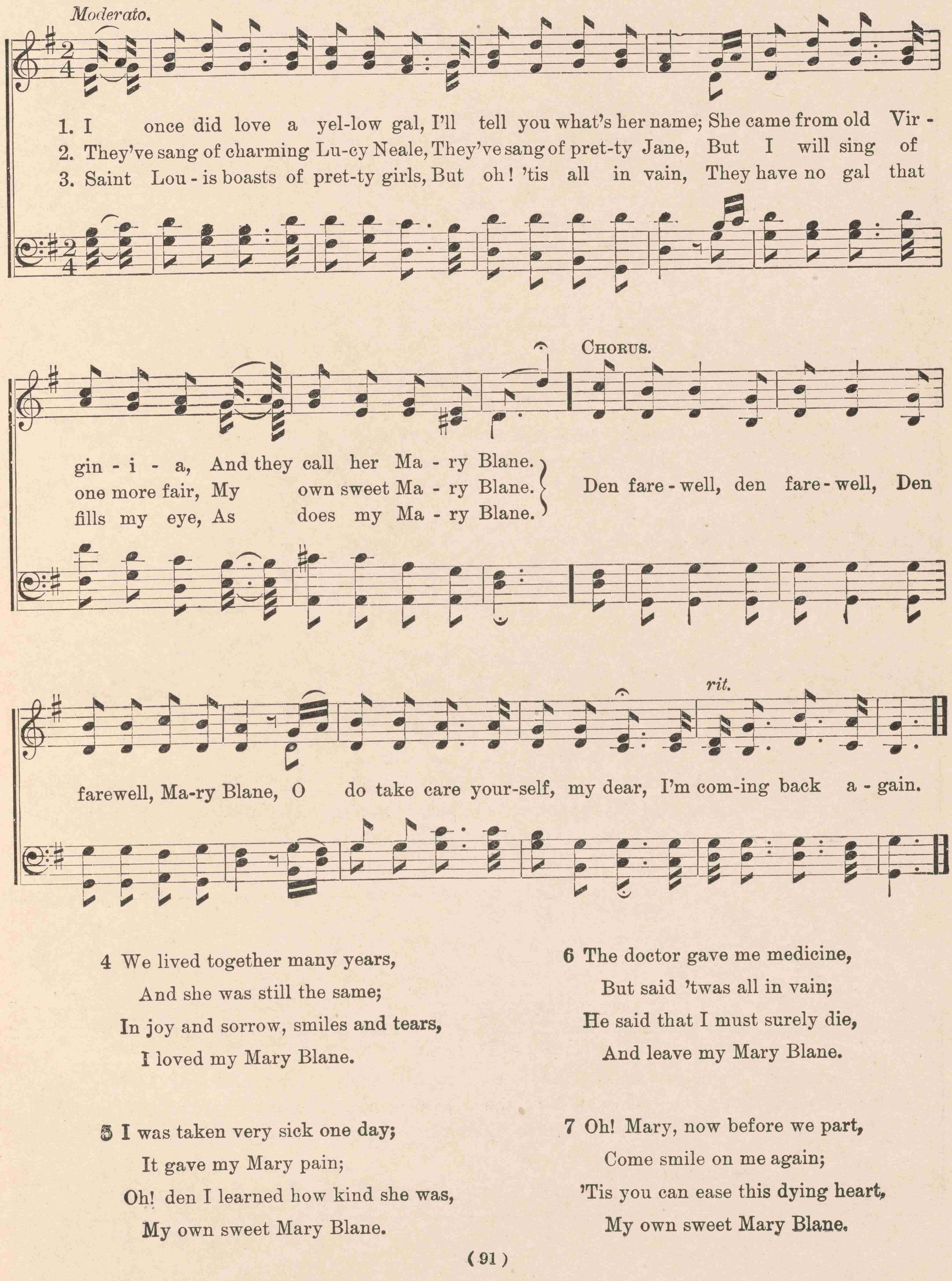
A pret - ty girl I chanced to meet— Oh! she set this col - or'd man cra - zy!
I real - ly thought I should sus - pire, When I heard that yal - ler girl sing - ing.
Den she cum down and let me in, And dis here song kept sing - ing.
Dar sat her beau, young Jul - ius Crow, A - nod - din in de cor - ner.

CHORUS.

Chorus for 1st, 2d and 3d Stanzas.
I seen her at de win - dow, It was my dear Lu - cin - da;
Chorus for 4th Stanza.
So I left her at de win - dow, I kissed my hand, Lu - cin - da;

She dress'd so neat, and looked so sweet, I'd gin my life to bin in thar.
She dress'd so neat, and looked so sweet, I wish dis nig - ga had - n't been dar.

MARY BLANE.



4 We lived together many years,
And she was still the same;
In joy and sorrow, smiles and tears,
I loved my Mary Blane.

5 I was taken very sick one day;
It gave my Mary pain;
Oh! den I learned how kind she was,
My own sweet Mary Blane.

6 The doctor gave me medicine,
But said 'twas all in vain;
He said that I must surely die,
And leave my Mary Blane.

7 Oh! Mary, now before we part,
Come smile on me again;
'Tis you can ease this dying heart,
My own sweet Mary Blane.

SHINE ON.

Music by Luke Schoolcraft.

1. Mon - key dress'd in sold - iers clothes, All cross o - ver to Jor - dan,
2. Make dat cof - fee good and brown, All cross o - ver to Jor - dan,
3. My old mas - ter liv'd in clo - ver, All cross o - ver to Jor - dan,

Went out in de wood to drill some crows, Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem.
Turn dat hoe cake round and round, Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem.
When he died he rolled right o - - ver, Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem. He

Gay bird sat on a hick - o - ry limb, All cross o - ver to
A for Ad - am P for Paul, All cross o - ver to
rolled his eyes, gave one long breath, All cross o - ver to

Jor - dan! I up with a rock and hit him on the shin,
Jor - dan! G for the gen - tle, great and small,
Jor - dan! He scared these nig - gers half to death,

SHINE ON.

CHORUS.





GO CHAIN THE LION DOWN.



THE OLD CABIN HOME.

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 - ey band,.. To
3. When old age.... comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray,... I'll

Mis - sis - sip - pi val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo,
trav - el all the wide.... world.. o - ver, And.. when I get.... tired,
hang... up the ban - jo all a - lone;.... I'll... sit down by the fire,

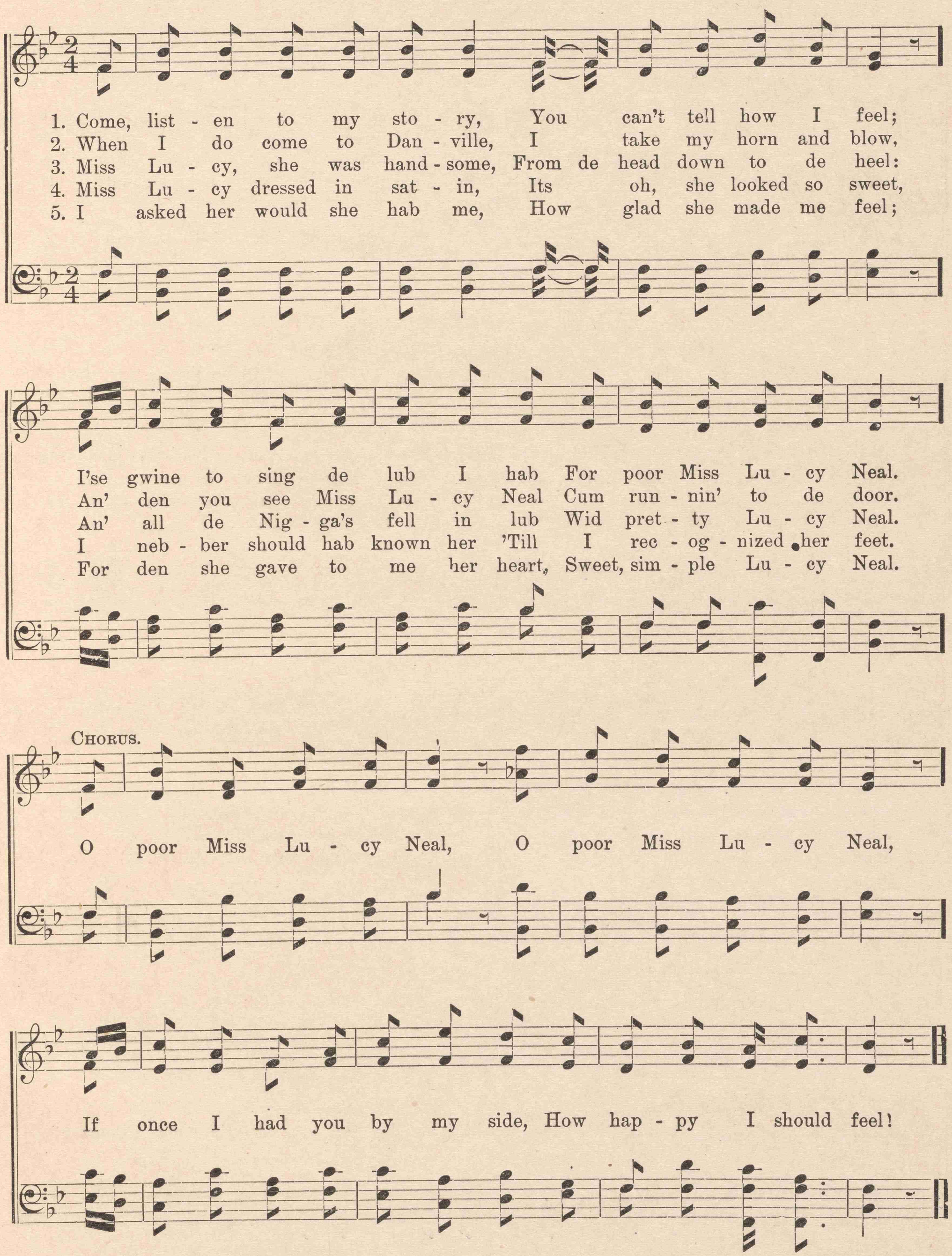
And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
I will set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

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.

LUCY NEAL.


1. Come, list - en to my sto - ry, You can't tell how I feel;
2. When I do come to Dan - ville, I take my horn and blow,
3. Miss Lu - cy, she was hand - some, From de head down to de heel:
4. Miss Lu - cy dressed in sat - in, Its oh, she looked so sweet,
5. I asked her would she hab me, How glad she made me feel;
I'se gwine to sing de lub I hab For poor Miss Lu - cy Neal.
An' den you see Miss Lu - cy Neal Cum run - nin' to de door.
An' all de Nig - ga's fell in lub Wid pret - ty Lu - cy Neal.
I neb - ber should hab known her 'Till I rec - og - nized her feet.
For den she gave to me her heart, Sweet, sim - ple Lu - cy Neal.
Chorus.
O poor Miss Lu - cy Neal, O poor Miss Lu - cy Neal,
If once I had you by my side, How hap - py I should feel!

NANCY TILL.

Moderato.

1. Down in the cane - brake, close by the mill, There liv'd a
2. O - pen the win - dow, love, O do, And list - en to the
3. Soft - ly the case - ment be - gins for to rise— The stars are a -
4. Fare - well, love, I must now a - way, I've a long way to

yel - low girl, her name was Nan - cy Till; She knew that I lov'd her, she
mu - sic I'm play - ing for you, The whisp- 'rings of love, so
shin - ing a - bove in the skies; The moon is de - clin - ing be -
trav - el be - fore the break of day, But the next time I come, be

knew it long, I'm go - ing to ser - e - nade her and I'll sing this song.
soft and so low, Har - mon - ize my voice with the old ban - jo.
hind yon-der hill, Re - flect - ing its rays on you, my Nan - cy Till.
read - y, love, to go, A - sail - ing on the banks of the O - hi - o.

CHORUS.

Come, love, come, the boat lies low, She lies high and dry on the O - hi - o; Come, love,

NANCY TILL.

OH! SINNER MAN.



LEVEE SONG.

Arranged.

SOPRANO AND ALTO. QUARTET.

I'm wuk-kin' on de le-vee;

TENOR AND BASS. SOLO. SOLO.

1. I once did know A girl named Grace— She done brung me to dis

QUARTET. CHORUS.

O' wuk-kin' on de le-vee. I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road

sad dis-grace

All de live-long day; I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road Ter pass de time a-way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whis-tle blow-in? Rise up so uh-ly in de mawn.

FINE.

Doan' yuh hyah de cap-'n shout-in', "Di-nah, blow yo' hawn?"

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LEVEE SONG.

SOLO.

2. Sing a song o' the cit - y; . . Roll dat cot - ton bale; .

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

p HUMMING CHORUS.

TENOR AND BASS.

Nig - gah ain' haif so hap - py . . . As when he's out o' jail.

Nor - folk foh it's oy - stah - shells, Bos - ton foh it's beans; . .

D.S. Chorus.

Cha'les - ton foh it's rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs— New - Aw - leans.

IN THE LOUISIANA LOWLANDS.

Sprightly.

1. Way down in Loui - si - an - a not so ma - ny years a - go,
2. One night old Pom - pey start - ed off to play for Cea - ser Clum,
3. Says he, old chap, just move a - long or else I'll spoil your face,
4. The stump it proved a lit - tle hard, too hard for Pom - pey's wool,

There liv'd a col - or'd gem - blum and his name was Pom - pey Snow,
But a - fore he went he fort - i - fied, with a good stout glass of rum:
But dis dar - key did - 'nt seem to move from out his hid - ing place,
For when he struck, the hick - 'ry knot went thro' the dar - key's skull:

He play'd up - on the ban - jo and on the tam - bo - rine,
When on de road he thought he saw a dar - key, tall and grim,
So draw - ing back, he crooked his head and down at him ca - chunk,
They found his ban - jo by his side and Pom - pey ly - ing dead,

And for rat - tling of de bones he was de great - est eb - ber seen
So Pom - pey laid de ban - jo down to break de dar - key's shin
But Pom - pey made a sad mis - take, 'twas noth - ing but a stump,
By the break - ing of his head,

SPOKEN.—And, ladies and gemblum, this is the first time upon record that it was ever known of a darkey's ever coming to his death.

In de Lou - i - si - an - a low - lands, low - lands low, In de
In de Lou - i - si - an - a low - lands, low - lands low, In de
In de Lou - i - si - an - a low - lands, low - lands low, In de
An' dey bur - ied him in the low - lands, low - lands low. In de

IN THE LOUISIANA LOWLANDS.



MOURNED IN DE VALLEY.



COAL BLACK ROSE.

Henry Russell.

1. Lub - ly Ro - sa, Sam - bo cum, Don't you hear de
2. Dat you Sam - bo? yes I cum, Don't you hear de
3. 'Tay a lit - tle Sam - bo? I cum soon, As I make a
4. I laf to tink if you's mine lub - ly Rose, I'd gib a

ban - jo tum, tum, tum, Lub - ly Ro - sa, Sam - bo cum,
ban - jo tum, tum, tum, Lub - ly Ro - sa, Sam - bo cum,
fire in de back - a room, 'Tay a lit - tle Sam - bo, I cum soon,
plen - ty God a-bove knows! Oh, pos - sum fat hom - i - ny, some-times rice;

CHORUS.

Don't you hear de ban - jo tum, tum, tum.
Don't you hear de ban - jo tum, tum, tum.
As I make a fire in de back - a room.
Cow heel, su - gar cane, eb - ry ting nice.

O Rose, de Coal black Rose,

I wish I may be scorch'd if I don't lub Rose: O Rose, de Coal black Rose.

LUBLY DINE.

Words and Music by J. Sanford.

1. O, has she den fail'd in her truth, Dat beau - ti - ful nig-ger I a - dore,
2. My Ca - to is just gone out And you will have noth - ing to fear,
3. Now my Di-nah, since faith-ful you proved I will cast off all thoughts of de - spair,

Shall I neb - ber a - gain see dat face, An' view dat lov'd form an - y more?
So o - pen de door and come in, An' Di - nah will meet you my dear.
And each mo - ment of pleas-ure that's lost, Is fresh in my mem-'ry, my dear.

CHORUS. *f*

Oh! Dine, Dine, Dine, I dear - ly love you, Dine, Oh! Dine, Dine, Dine, I

f cresc. *dim.*

dear - ly love you Dine, Oh! Dine, oh! Dine, oh! Dine, I dear - ly love you Dine.

DANDY JIM OB CAROLINE.

1. I've of - ten heard it said ob late Dat Souf Car - 'lin - a was de state
2. Dar's dan - dy nig - gas in each place Wid beef steak lips dat wink wid grace,
3. I went one ebe - 'nin' to de ball Wid lips combed out and wool quite tall,
4. And when I cut de pig - eon wing I fan de ceil - ing wid my fling,

Whar hand-some nig - ga's bound to shine Like Dan - dy Jim ob Car - o - line.
But none a - mong de gals shall shine Like Dan - dy Jim ob Car - o - line.
De la - die's eyes like snow-balls shine On Dan - dy Jim ob Car - o - line.
De la - dies all fell in a swine For Dan - dy Jim ob Car - o - line.

CHORUS.

For my ole mas - sa told me so, I'm de best look - in' nig - ga in de coun-try, O,

I look in de glass an' I found it so, Just as mas - sa tell me, O.

HOOP DE DOODEN DO!

A. Nish.

1. Some hun - dred years a - go or so, Good ole Mas - sa set me free,
2. I walk'd a - long a mile or two, Wid - out a boot, wid - out a shoe;
3. I did - 'nt go so ber - ry far, Be - fore I seen de rail - road car,
4. I went to pick a ba - by up, And look to see if it was hurt, Soon

Den de mis - sus she did cry; "Hoop de doo - den do!"
Den my feet did hurt me so,— "Hoop de doo - den do!"
Jump - ing ober a turn - pike bar; "Hoop de doo - den do!"
it be - gan a squeal - ing out; "Hoop de doo - den do!"

I clap't my trunk up - on my back, And start - ed for de rail - way track,
I stood my trunk down on de ground, Just for to take a look a - round,
I heard de noise and see de sight Den run a - way wid all my might:
An - oth - er fel - low broke his leg, He now goes on a wood - en peg;

And soon I heard de whis - tle hol - ler "Hoop de doo - den do!
De whis - tle scream'd wid all his might "Hoop de doo - den do!
(All de cars went off de track) "Hoop de doo - den do!
Don't ask for an - y more I beg— "Hoop de doo - den do!

GENTLE NETTIE MOORE.

M. S. Pike. G. S. Pike.

1. In a lit - tle white cot - tage, Where the trees are ev - er green, And the
2. Be - low us in the val - ley, On the San-tee's danc-ing tide. Of a
3. One sun - ny morn in au - tumn, Ere the dew had left the lawn, Came a
4. Since that time the world is drear - y, And I long from earth to rise, And
5. You are gone, my love - ly Net - tie, And my heart must sure - ly break, When the

climb-ing ros - es blos-som by the door: I've oft - en sat and lis-ten'd To the
sum-mer eve I'd launch my o - pen boat; And when the moon was ris-ing, And the
trad - er up from Loui-si - an - a bay; Who gave the mas - ter mon-ey, And then
join the hap - py an - gels gone be - fore; I ne - ver can be mer-ry, For my
tears come no more in - to my eyes: But when wea-ry life is past, I shall

mu - sic of the birds, And the gen - tle voice of charm-ing Net - tie Moore.
stars be - gin to shine, Down the riv - er we so mer - ri - ly would float.
shack-led her with chains, Then he took her off to work her life a - way.
heart is full of woe, And I'm pin - ing for my pret - iy Net - tie Moore.
meet her once a gain, In heav - en, dar - ling up a - bove the skies.

CHORUS.

mf

Oh! I miss you, Net - tie Moore, And my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a

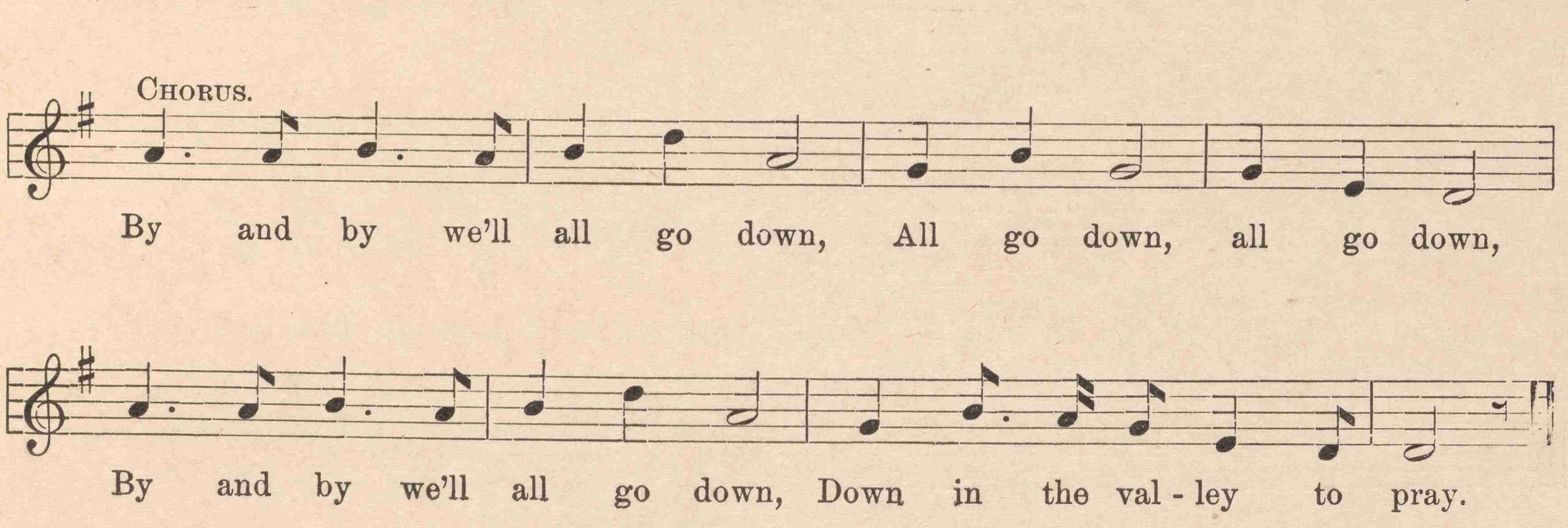
GENTLE NETTIE MOORE.





DOWN IN THE VALLEY.





KEEP ME FROM SINKING DOWN.

Slave song.

Slowly. *p* *f* *p*

1. Oh, Lord! oh, my Lord! oh, my good Lord! Keep me from sink-ing down.

f

1. I tell you what I mean to do; Keep me from sink-ing down:
2. I look up yonder, and what do I see? Keep me from sink-ing down:
3. When I was a mourner just like you; Keep me from sink-ing down:
4. I bless the Lord I'm gwine to die; Keep me from sink-ing down:

I mean to go to heav - en too; Keep me from sink-ing down.
I see the an - gels beck-'ning to me; Keep me from sink-ing down.
I mourned and mourned till I got thro'; Keep me from sink-ing down.
I'm gwine to judg-ment by - and - by; Keep me from sink-ing down.

p *f* *p*

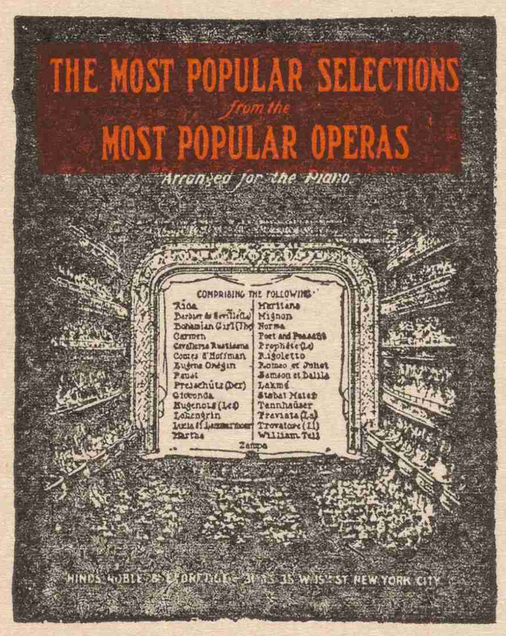
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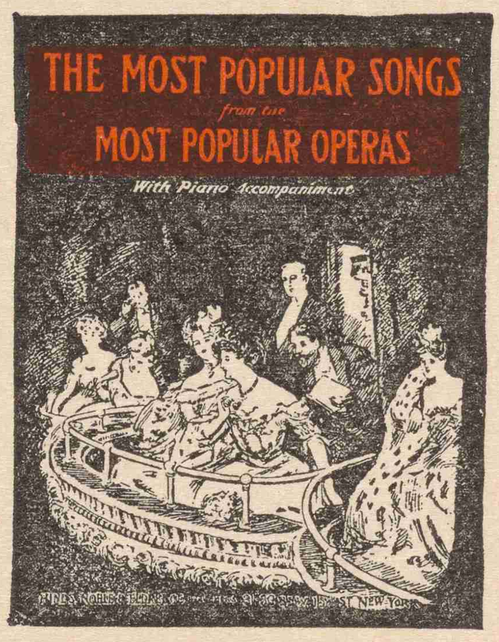
"THE MOST POPULAR" MUSIC BOOKS

Published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., New York City

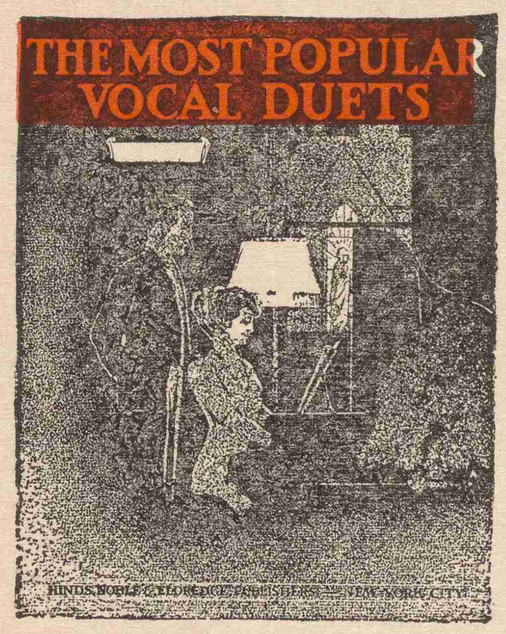
A happy inspiration seems to have guided the work of the compilers of the "Most Popular" music books. In no series of books does the choice from the great mass of material available betray such excellence of judgment and such nicety of distinction between what should be and what should not be included. ***All Prices Net. No Discount.***



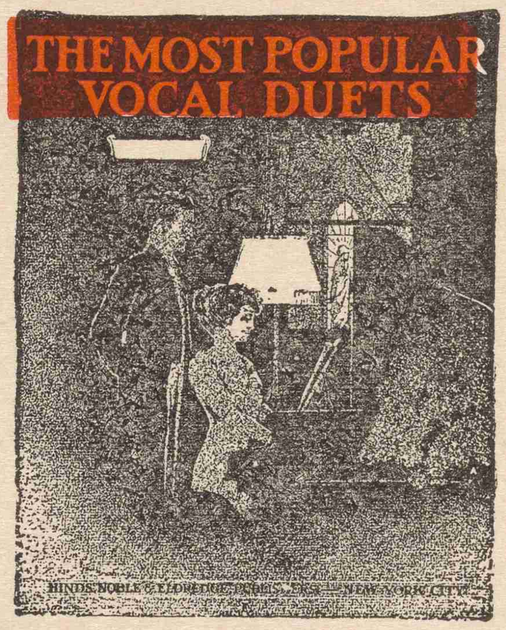
This collection will appeal most to lovers of gems from the operas through the fact that it is complete in every respect, and includes all the favorite standard operas. The melodies selected are the ones with which everybody is familiar and the arrangements and modern fingering are special features which will appeal to the intelligent lover of the piano.



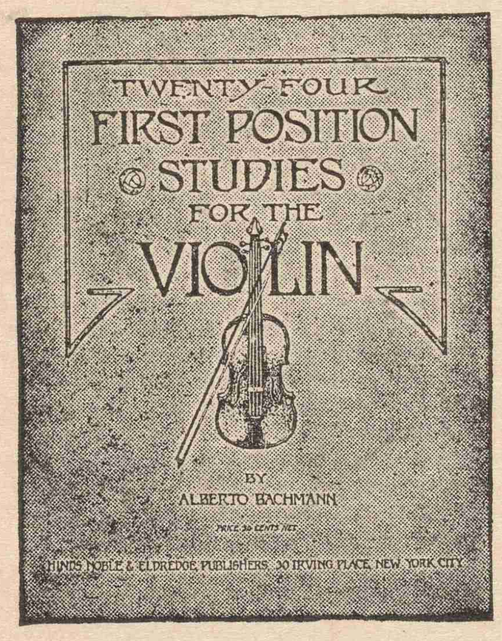
This collection, containing 24 arias from as many of the Standard Operas that are universally popular, is undoubtedly without a peer in the realm of Operatic Music. Each song has been especially arranged for medium voice, with piano accompaniment, and simplified so that it is within the reach of every singer of average ability. At the same time the beauty and force of the melody has been retained intact. The words are in English as well as in the original text.



Nineteen wonderful sacred songs for two voices—in most instances high and low—that have been carefully chosen from the best sacred music of all ages and all nations. The editing and arrangements of both voice parts and piano accompaniment by Dr. E. J. Biedermann bring every number within the ability of the average performers.



This collection, containing 23 world famous songs, some of them published for the first time for two voices, will undoubtedly appeal to all music lovers. New translations have been made for the foreign songs and the arrangements are almost without exception for high and low voices of average range. The piano accompaniment is also within the grasp of the average performer.



A collection of New and Original Violin Studies by Alberto Bachmann, each in the form of an interesting melody that the student will enjoy. There are studies for:

Precise fingering.

Graceful, light bowing.

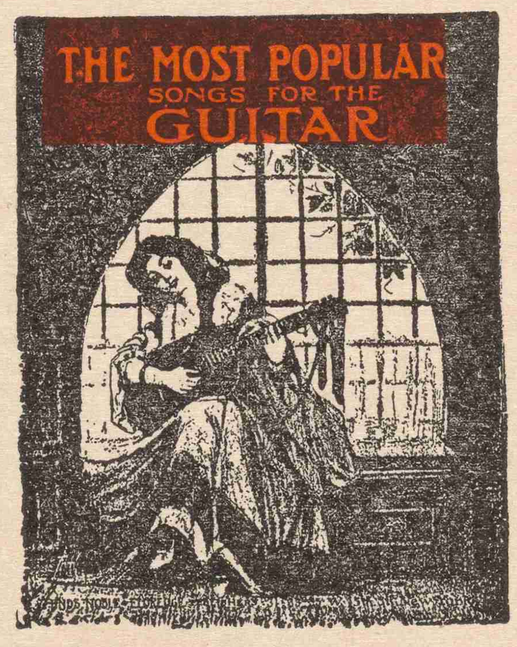
Contrasts in different tone qualities.

Practice in swelling and diminishing.

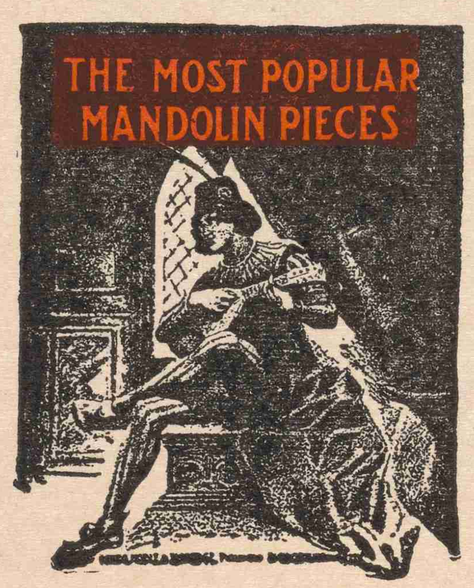
Rendering a melody within florid runs.

Playing a melody gracefully.

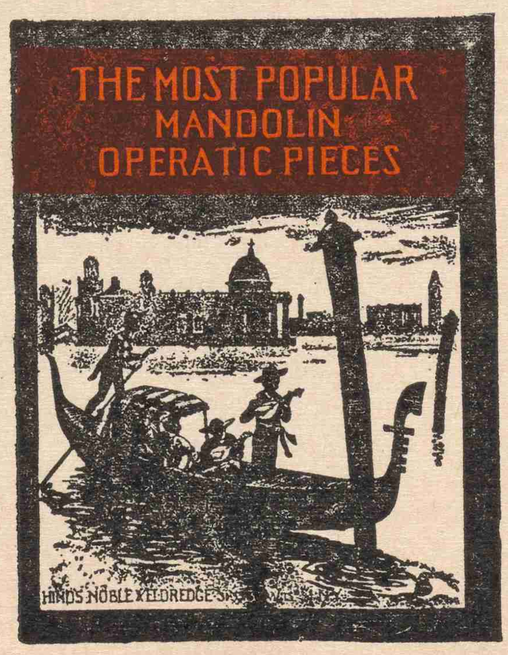
Etc., etc., etc.



The "Most Popular Songs for the Guitar" contains about 125 of the old familiar songs—Plantation, Patriotic, Sentimental, Humorous, and Sacred — that everybody knows and everybody loves. They are arranged with an easy guitar accompaniment that even the mediocre players can carry.



A collection which cannot fail to call forth unqualified approval from players of the Mandolin because it is the first attempt on the part of any publisher to give Mandolinists a collection of standard music carefully arranged and adapted to the Mandolin. The arrangements are ideal, in that they are strictly in the 1st position and therefore within the grasp of every amateur. 1st Mandolin, 2nd Mandolin, Guitar Acc. Piano Acc., Tenor Mandola, Mando-Cello, Piccolo Mando and Mando Bass, Harp Acc.

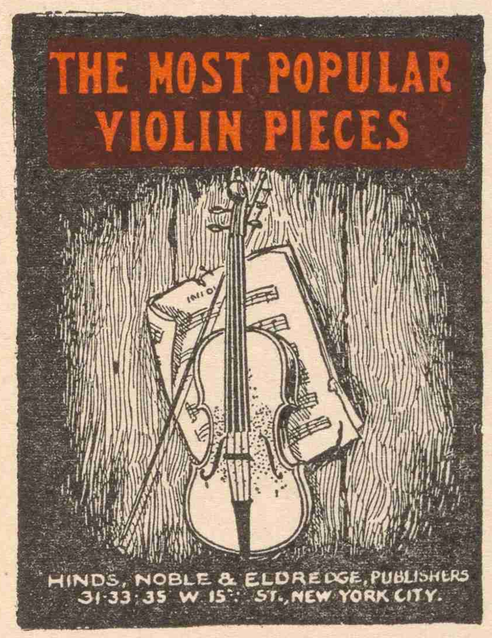


This is without doubt the most complete and carefully selected collection of operatic numbers ever published for the Mandolin family. The book contains 43 selections, each one peculiarly adaptable for Mandolin and arranged in the 1st position. 1st Mandolin, 2nd Mandolin, Guitar Acc., Piano Acc., Tenor Mandola and Mando-Cello, Flute, Cello and Cornet Ad Lib Parts, Harp Acc.

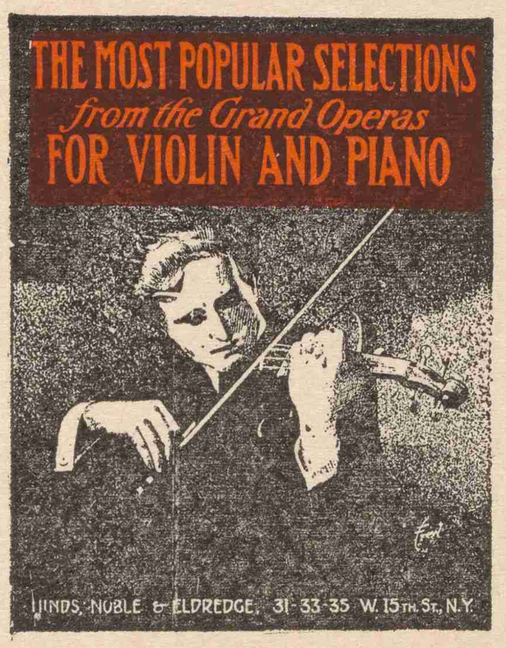
"THE MOST POPULAR" MUSIC BOOKS

Published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., New York City

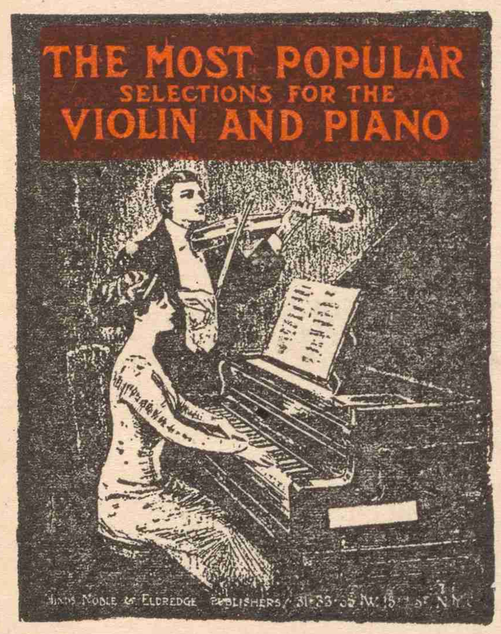
A happy inspiration seems to have guided the work of the compilers of the "Most Popular" music books. In no series of books does the choice from the great mass of material available betray such excellence of judgment and such nicety of distinction between what should be and what should not be included. ***All Prices Net. No Discount.***



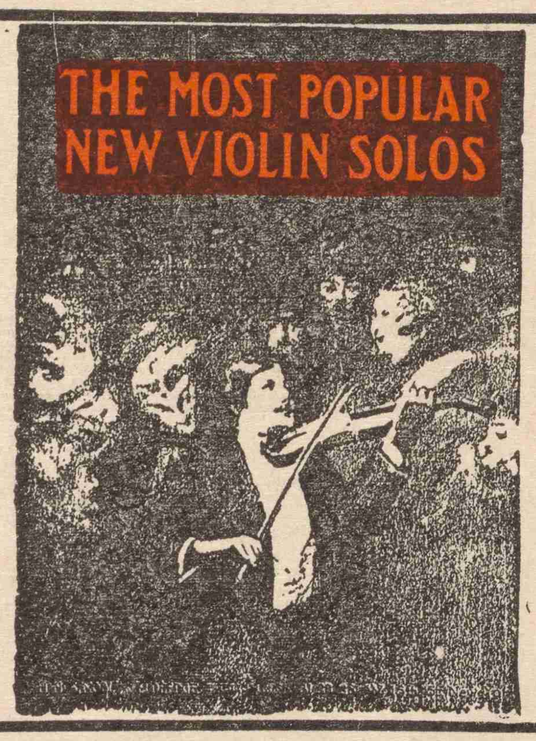
This is a collection of 29 pieces for Violin, selected from numbers which are regarded by violin teachers and students as being universally popular. While it is an admirable solo collection for any violinist, it has been made specially inviting to those whose musical attainments are moderate, by the fact that the violin part is written entirely in the 1st position. The entire collection is carefully bowed and fingered. Violin with Piano Acc.,



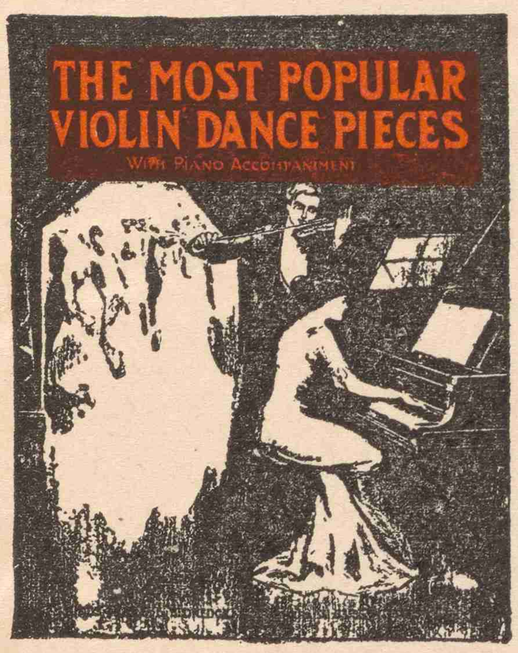
The 43 selections from the 24 standard operas contained in this collection have been culled from the world's masterpieces of grand and light opera, and every selection is particularly suited to the violin. What will appeal most strongly to the amateur, however, is the fact that every number is arranged in the 1st position.



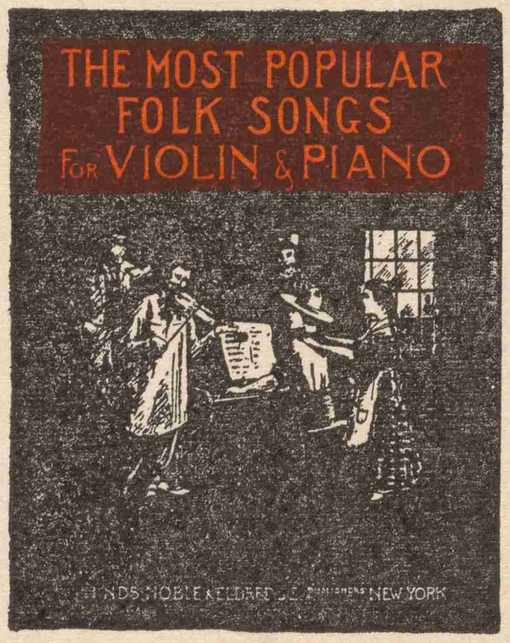
Arranged by Eugene Gruenberg in two volumes. The numbers are carefully graded, Volume II being slightly more difficult than Vol. I. Mr. Gruenberg has expended, perhaps, more time and pains in arranging, editing and revising the numbers in these two collections to meet the requirements of the beginner and the slightly advanced player (the numbers are limited in difficulty to the first five positions) than has ever been given to any similar work.



The 17 pieces in this book are mainly arrangements of famous piano compositions by celebrated composers, although there are three entirely new and original compositions contained in same. Both the Violin and Piano parts are moderately difficult, but will be found within the range of every advanced player. Violin with Piano Accompaniment,



This is without doubt the first high-grade collection of standard dances of this nature ever published for Violin and Piano, and will undoubtedly be much appreciated by violinists, not only because of the superiority of its contents but also because every number has been especially arranged and placed in the first position so that it is within the grasp of the average player.



It is well known that the violin comes nearest of all musical instruments to approaching the tone of the human voice. And this probably accounts for the fondness of the average violinist for beautiful song melodies. Because every number is a world-wide favorite this collection will undoubtedly appeal to every violinist. And more especially because the arrangements in the first and easy third positions are within the technical limitations of the amateur.

A NEW SYSTEM OF ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION

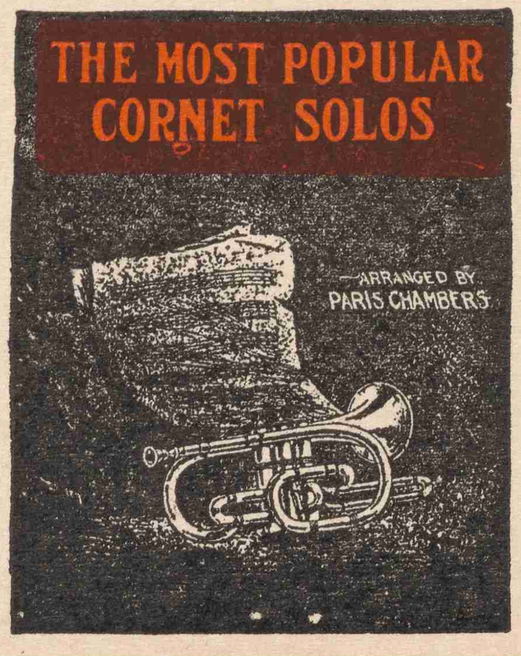
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By GOTTLIEB FEDERLEIN

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POSITION STUDIES FOR THE VIOLIN

A succeeding volume covering studies in the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th Positions.



This is a collection of twenty-eight beautiful compositions, especially adapted and arranged for cornet solo with piano accompaniment by W. Paris Chambers. The very fact that Mr. Chambers, famous as a virtuoso and musician, has arranged the selections will be a sufficient guarantee to any cornetist of the excellence and practical usefulness of this book. Particular attention is drawn to the infinitely great variety of the contents, making the collection one that will be useful on every occasion. (Cornet with Piano Accom.)

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