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WILLIAMS' COLORED SINGERS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST

HARMONIZING OCTETTE



JUNIUS B. MAXWELL
FIRST TENOR



LILLIAN LUCKY
DRAMATIC SOPRANO



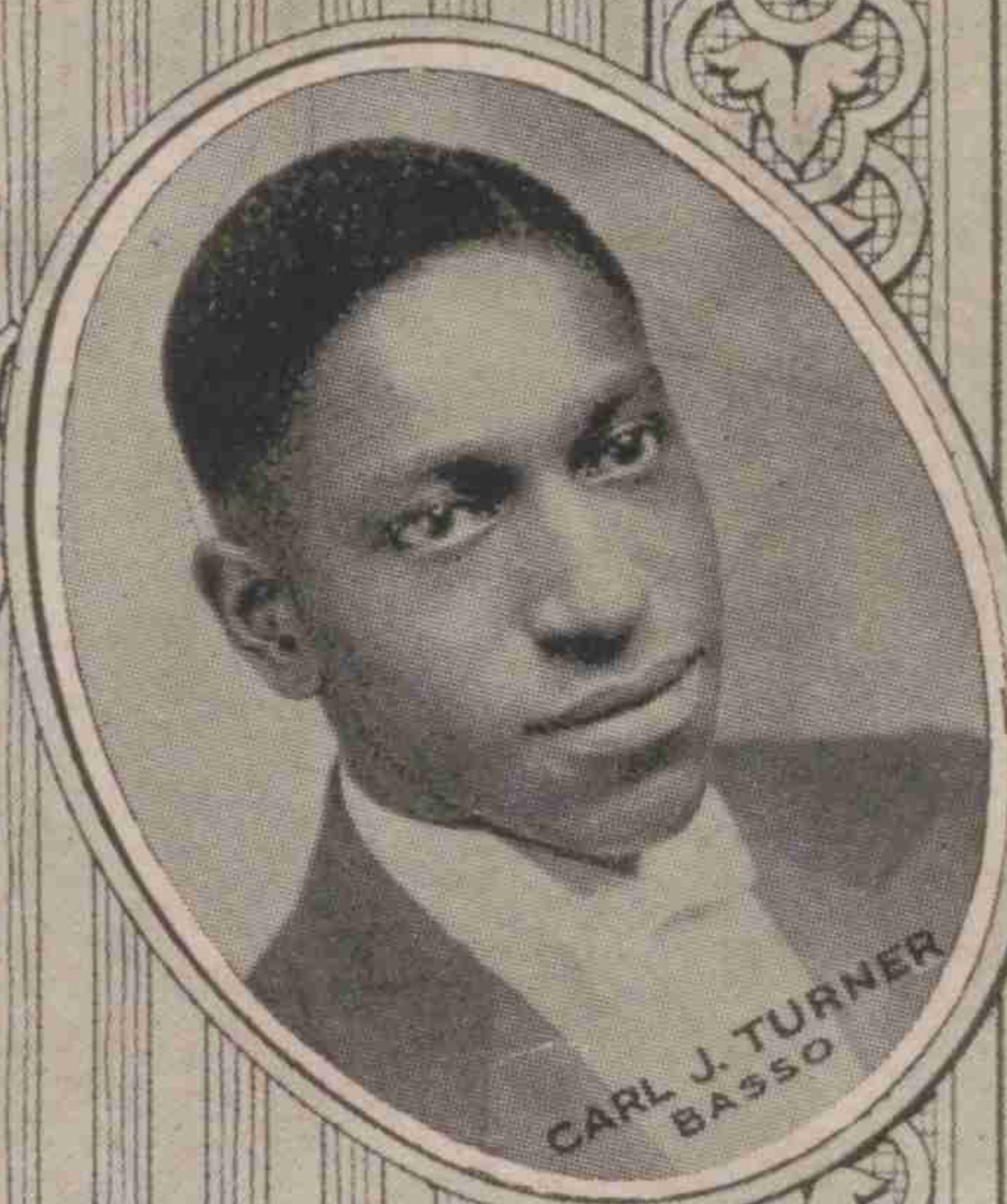
ETHEL M. BOMAR
SOPRANO & PIANIST



CLARA K. WILLIAMS
CONTRALTO



OSCAR B. PLANT
BARITONE



CARL J. TURNER
BASS



NELLIE DOBSON
LYRIC SOPRANO

Williams' Lyceum
Bureau

Chas. P. Williams, Mgr.
6618 Vernon Avenue
Chicago, U. S. A.

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AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

AS SUNG BY

WILLIAMS' JUBILEE SINGERS

DAR'S A JUBILEE.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.

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

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

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

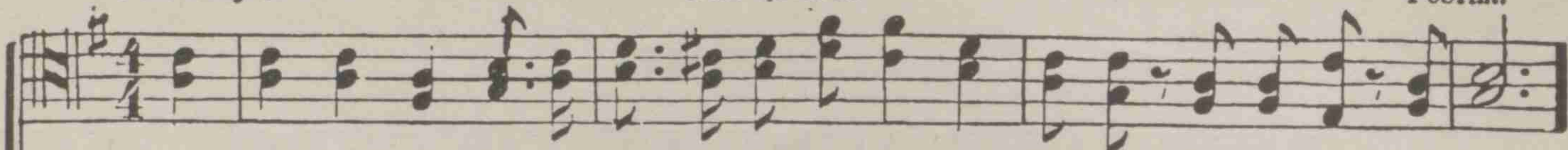
D. C.
I've broke his chains, am free at - last, Way down on de ole camp ground.
For God knows de se - cret of ev - 'ry heart, Way down on de ole camp ground.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME GOOD NIGHT.

Poco adagio.

Male Quartet.

FOSTER.



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



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



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



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



CHORUS.



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



My Old Kentucky Home Good Night. Concluded.

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

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure marked 'rit.' (ritardando). The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

WHO STOLE THE LOCK?

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

The musical notation is in 2/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody, which includes a series of eighth notes and a final measure with a fermata. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords.

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

The musical notation continues the melody from the previous block, featuring a key signature change to two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature. The treble staff shows the melody with various note values, and the bass staff provides accompaniment.

CHORUS.

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

The chorus is written in 2/4 time. The treble staff shows the melody, which includes a series of eighth notes and a final measure with a fermata. The bass staff provides accompaniment with chords.

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


The musical notation continues the chorus melody. The treble staff shows the melody with a key signature change to one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The bass staff provides accompaniment with chords.

PETER, GO RING DEM BELLS.

Words adapted.

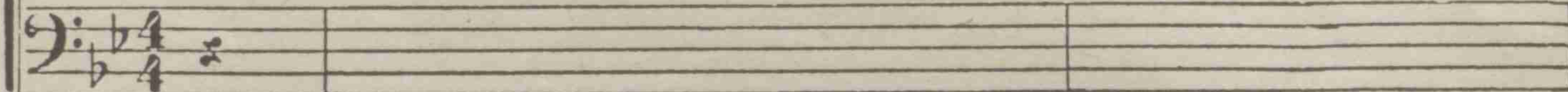
Solo for tenor or Soprano.

Negro Melody.




1. { Well, I heard a might - y rumb - ling, it was way up in the clouds
It was noth - ing but Mas - ter Moses, he was read ing of de laws.



2. { Well go a - way poor sin - ner don't you grieve, long aft er me,
Kase I have a heap of troub - le tryin' to buy your lib er - ty,




1 2 CHORUS.




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


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




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

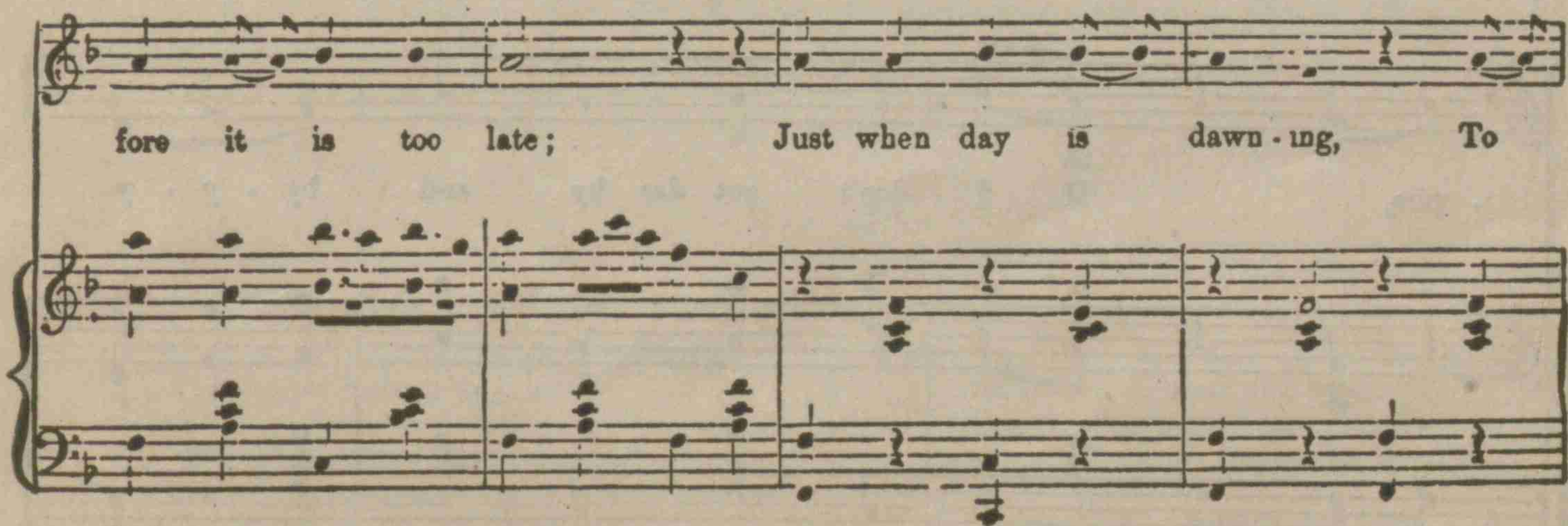
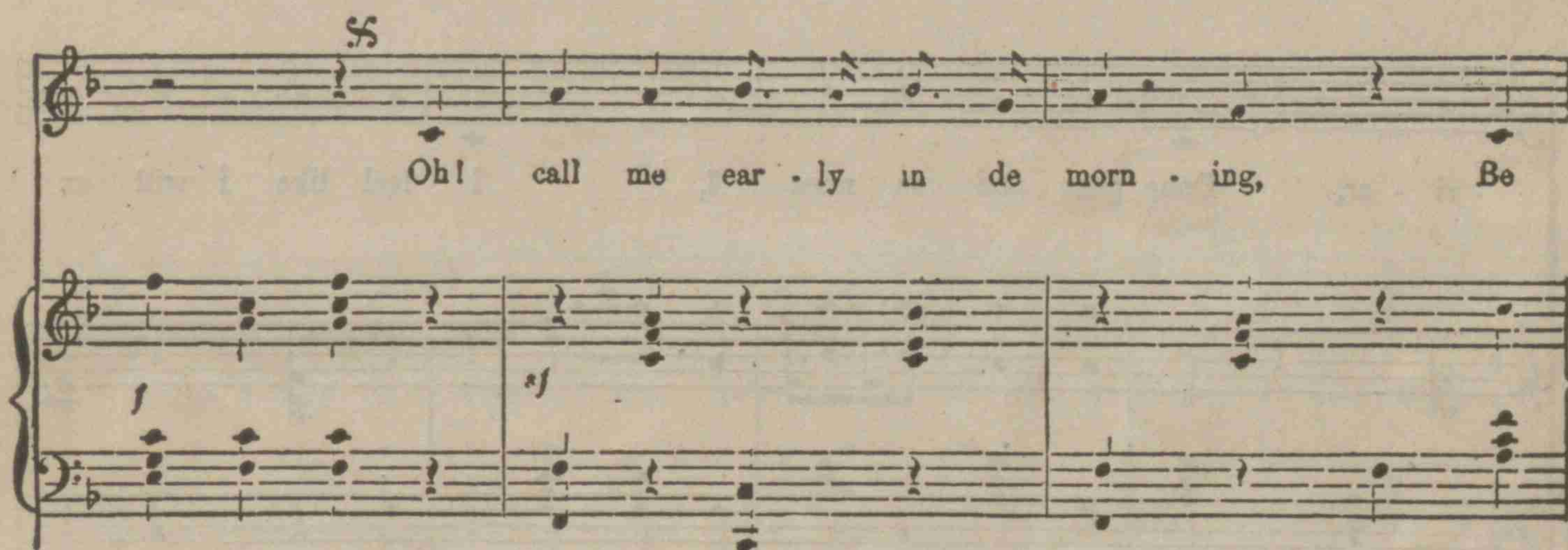
Pet - er, go ring dem bells, Pet - er, go ring dem bells, I've heard from heav'n to day.



SWINGING ON DE GOLDEN GATE.

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

INTRODUCTION.



SWINGING ON THE GOLDEN GATE. Continued.

swing on de gol - den gate, Sis - ter Lou, Broth - er Joe, and Aunt Ma -

The first system of music features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

ri - ar, Done gone and so must I, I feel like I will ex -


The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

pire, If I don't get dar by and by - y - y

The third system concludes the page's musical notation. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics end with a triple 'y'.


SWINGING ON THE GOLDEN GATE. Concluded.

SOPRANO & ALTO.





Den a - wake me, shake me, Don't let me sleep to late, For I am a



TENOR & BASS.



ACCOMP.

gwine a - way in de morn - ing, To swing on de gold en ga - a - ate, gate.

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

Swinging on de golden gate. 481-2.

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

HARD TRIALS.

SOLO.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

FINE. SOLO

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

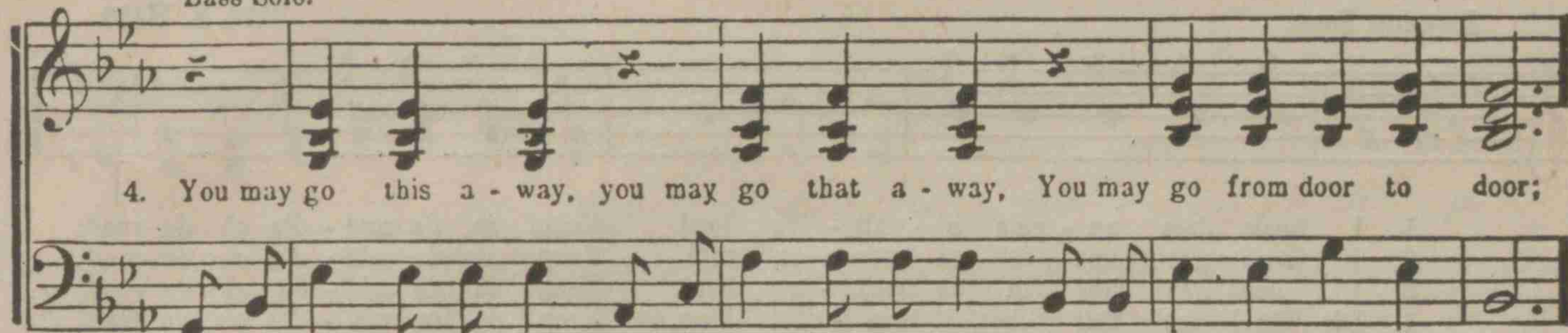
D S. Cho. after each verse.

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

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

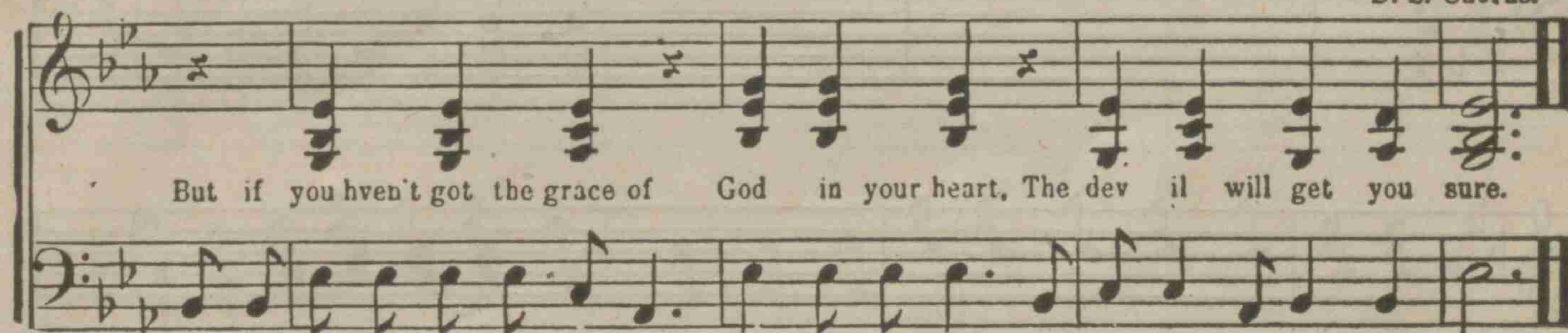
Hard Trials. Concluded.

Bass Solo.



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

D. S. Chorus.



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

STEAL AWAY.

CHORUS.



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

FINE.



haint got long to stay here.

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

D. C.



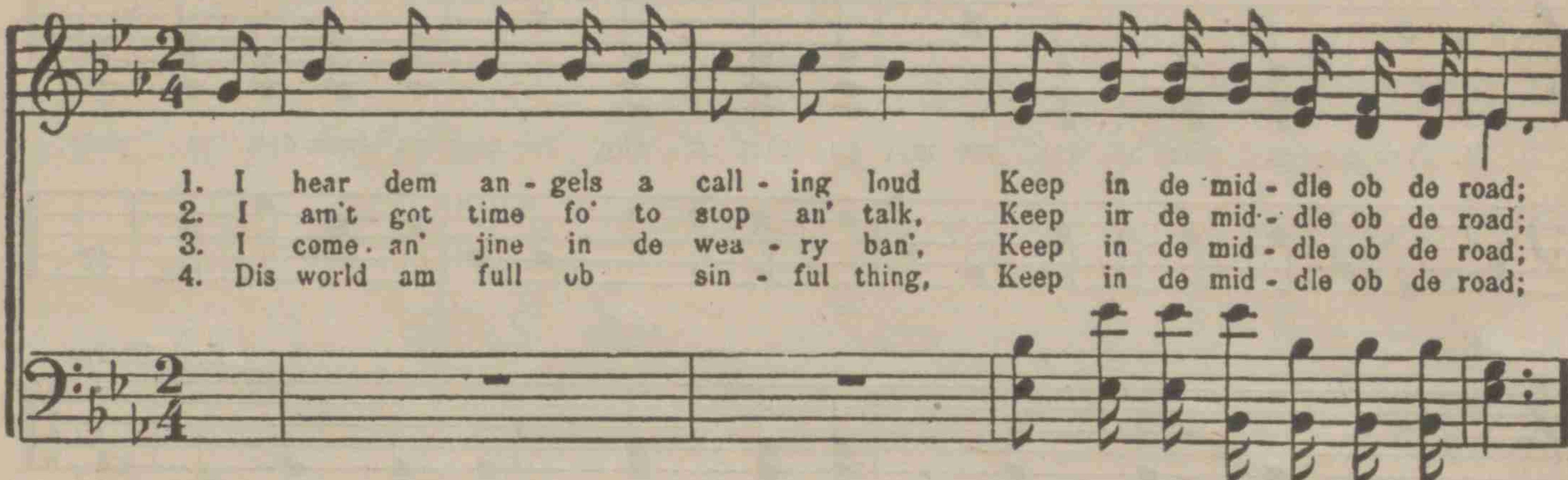
thund - er;
trem - bling;
light - ning;
trem - bling.

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

KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OF DE ROAD.

SOPRANO SOLO.

WILL S. HAYS.

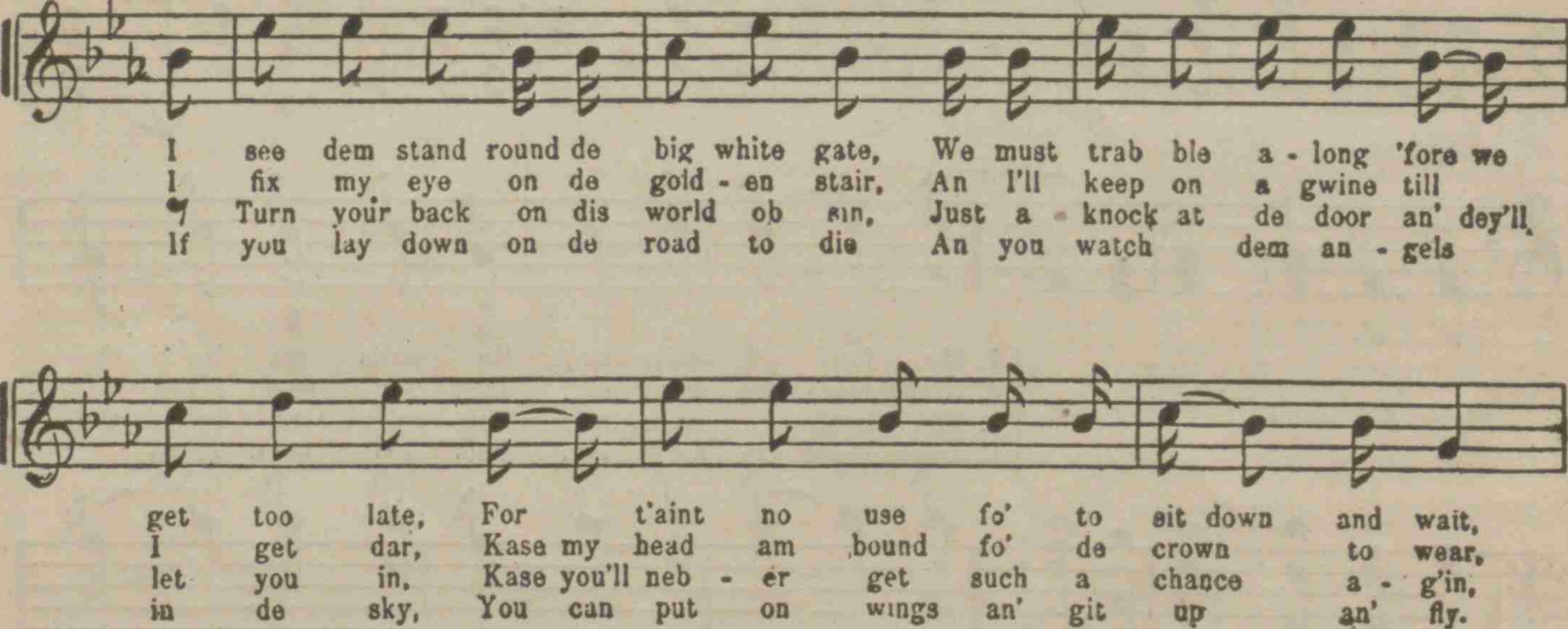


1. I hear dem an - gels a call - ing loud Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 2. I am't got time fo' to stop an' talk, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 3. I come an' jine in de wea - ry ban', Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 4. Dis world am full ob sin - ful thing, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;



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

TENOR



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

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

ALL VOICES.

CHORUS.



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

Keep In De Middle of De Road. Concluded.

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

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

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

PREPARE ME, Lord.

Plantation Melody.

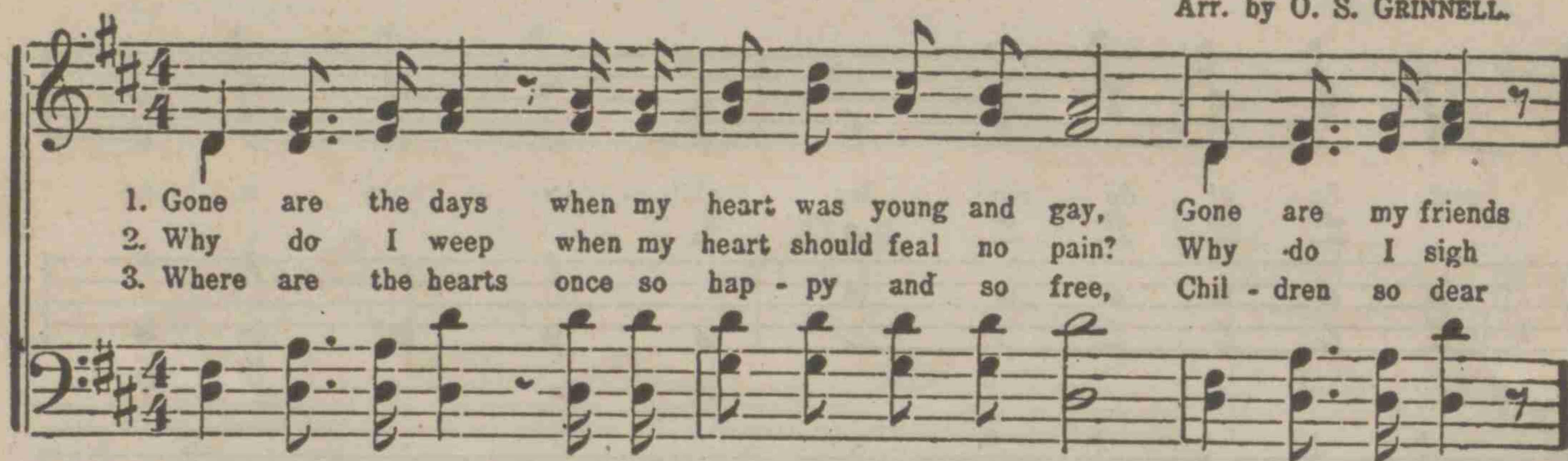
FINE.

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

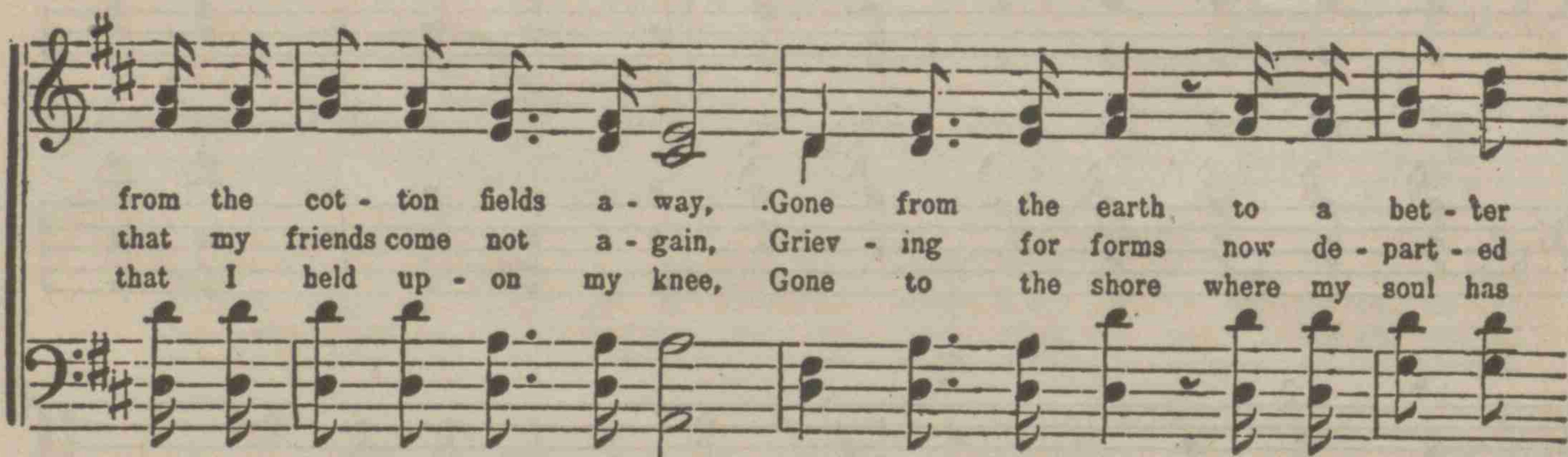
1. { As I go down the stream of time, When death shall shake this frame. }
 { I'll leave this sin ful world be hind, When death shall shake this frame. }
 2. { If you get there be - fore I do, When death shall shake this frame. }
 { Look out for me I'm com - ing to When death shall shake this frame.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

OLD BLACK JOE.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.



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

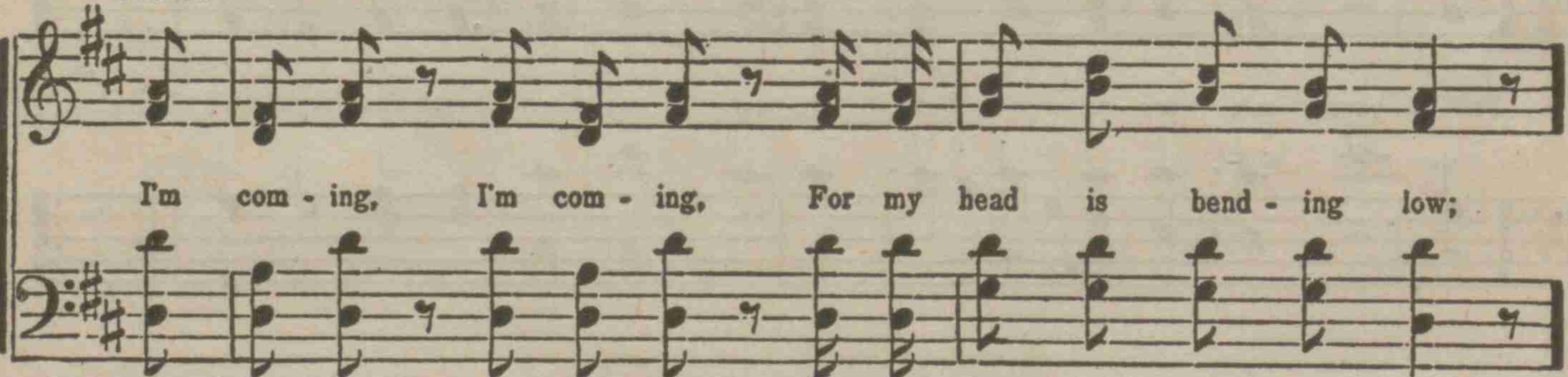


from the cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter
 that my friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed
 that I held up - on my knee, Gone to the shore where my soul has




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

CHORUS.



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

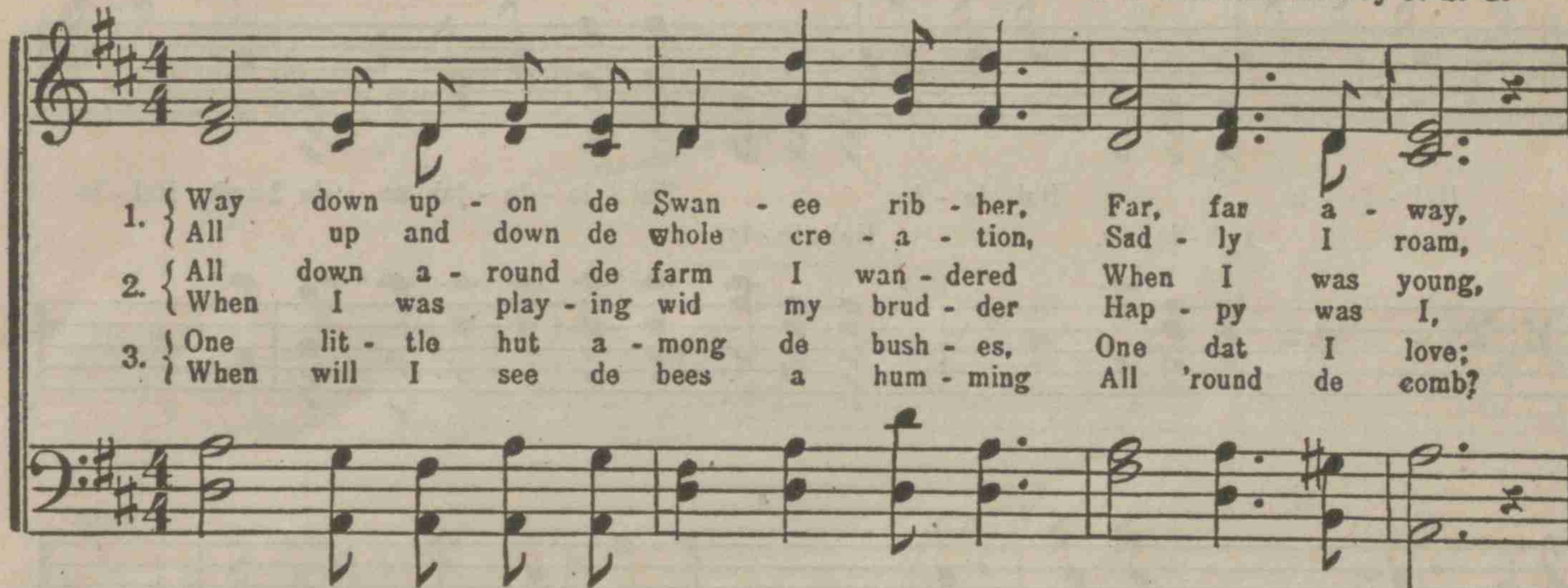


I hear those gen - tle an - gels call - ing "Old Black Joe."

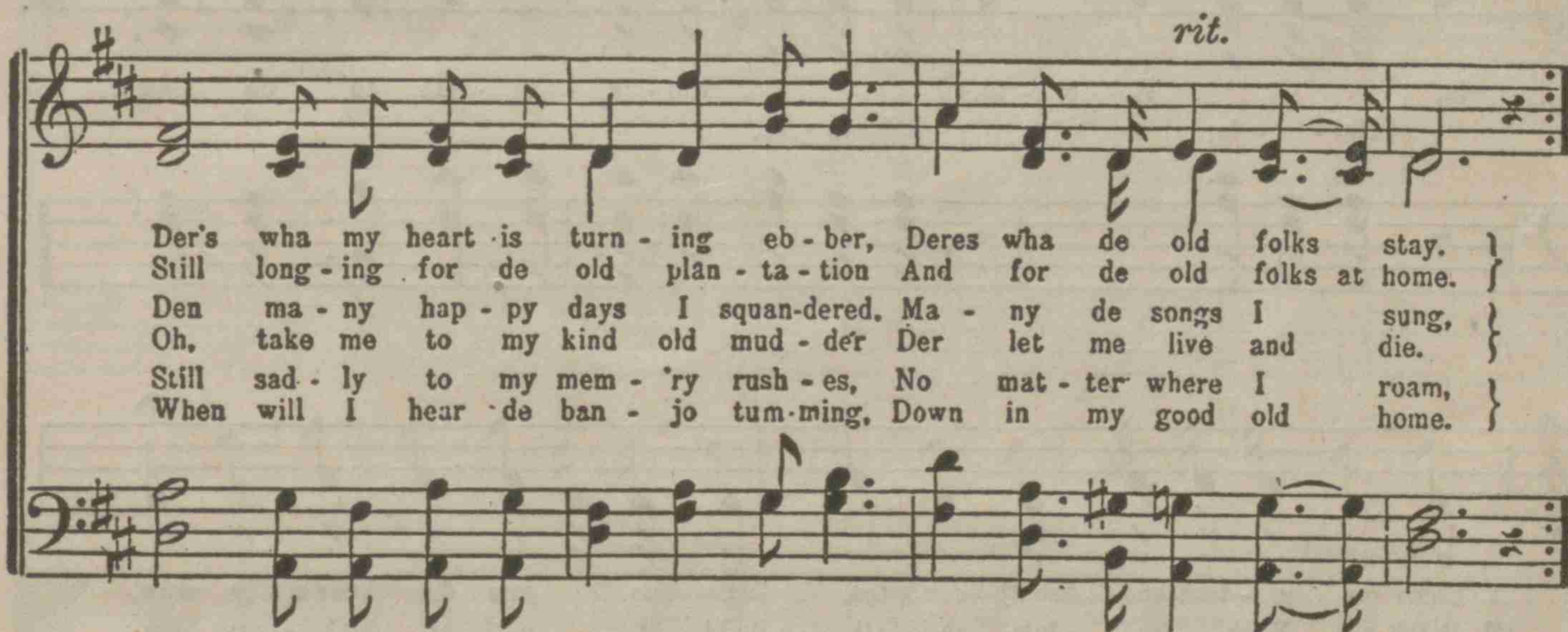
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

F. P. CHRISTY.

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



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



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

CHORUS.



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



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

HALLELUJAH.

With spirit.

Plantation Melody.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.

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

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

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

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

ROLL, JORDAN ROLL.

With spirit.

Negro Melody.

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

FINE.

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

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

D. C.

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

JOSHUA AT JERICHO.

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

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

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

1 **2** *Fine.* **SOLO.**

down, I tell you; down. Good morn - ing, broth - er pil - grim, Pray
My name it is Bold Pil - grim; To

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

1 **2** *D. C. al. Fine.*

On this en chant ed ground; ground dis morn 'in.

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

My Lord's writing all the time.*

Solo.

Refrain.

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

Solo.

Refrain.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

I want to be ready;

OR, WALK IN JERUSALEM JUST LIKE JOHN.

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

Fine.

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

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

D. C.

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

Rise and Shine.

Oh, brethren, rise and shine, and give God the glo-ry, glo-ry.
 Then you must rise, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

year of Ju-bi-lee?

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

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

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

Bright sparkles in the Churchyard.

(As sung by the "Hampson Students.")

May the Lord, He will be glad of me, ... May the Lord, He
will be glad of me, ... May the Lord, He will be glad of me.
In the heav-en He'll re-joice ... In the heaven once, In the
heav-en twice, In the heav-en He'll re-joice; In the
heaven once, In the heaven twice, In the heaven He'll re-joice.

Duo—Soprano and Tenor.

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

Trio—1st and 2d Soprano and Alto.

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

QUARTETTE.

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

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

Tutti.

My mother once, my mother twice, my mother, she'll re-

joice, In the heav-en once, In the heav-en twice,

1st time.

2d time.

In the heaven she'll re-joice; In the heaven she'll re-joice.

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

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

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

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

QUARTETTE.

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

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

day, all the day, Oh, rock me in the
... all the day, ...

cra-dle all the day. Oh, mother, don't you love your darling

1st time 2d time

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

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

1st time

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

2d time QUARTETTE

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

Oh, rock me in the cra dle all the day

day.

all the day all the day, all the day, all the day, Oh

rock me in the cra dle all the day You may

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

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

Dim - in - u - en - do.

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

John Brown's Body.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

lu-jah, His soul's marching on. 2. He captured Harper's Ferry with his

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

trembled thro' and thro'. They hang him for a traitor, there-

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

In bright Mansions above.

In bright mansions above, In bright mansions a-bove, Lord, I

want to live up yon-der, In bright man-sions a-bove.

1. My fa-ther's gone to glo-ry; }
2. My broth-er's gone to glo-ry; } I want to live there too, Lord, I
3. The Chris-tian's gone to glo-ry; }

want to live up yon-der, In bright man-sions a-bove.

My Lord, what a Mourning.

My Lord, what a mourning, My Lord, what a mourning,

My Lord, what a mourning, When the stars begin to fall. { 1. You'll
2. You'll
3. You'll

hear the trum-pet sound To wake the na-tions un-der ground,
hear the sin-ner mourn, To wake the na-tions un-der ground,
hear the Chris-tian shout, To wake the na-tions un-der ground,

Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars be-gin to fall

We'll stand the Storm.

1. Oh! stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by-and-by.

Stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by-and-by.

1. My ship is on the o-cean, We'll anchor by-and-by. My

ship is on the o-cean, We'll anchor by-and-by.

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

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

Way over Jordan.

Oh, way o-ver Jor-dan, View the land, view the land;

Way o-ver Jor-dan, Oh, view the heav'nly land.

want to go to heaven when I die, View the land, view the land; To

shout sal-va-tion as I fly, Oh, view the heav'nly land.

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

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

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

Wrestling Jacob.

1. Wrestling Ja - cob, Ja - cob, day is a breaking,

Wrestling Ja - cob, Ja - cob, I will not let thee go.

Let me go, Ja - cob. I will not let thee go.

Let me go, Ja - cob. I will not let thee go, Un -

til thou bless me, I will not let thee go: Un -

til thou bless me, I will not let thee go.

Wrest - ling Ja - cob, Ja - cob, day is a - break - ing,

Wrest - ling Ja - cob, Ja - cob, I will not let thee go. I'll
(Or this.) I'll

hold thee till the break of day, I will not let thee go, Un -
wres - le till the break of day, I will not let thee go, Un -

til thou tell me what's thy name, I will not let thee go.
til thou come and bless my soul, I will not let thee go.

The Gospel Train.

UNISON.
1. The gos - pel train is coming, I hear it just at hand,
2. I hear the bell and whistle, The coming round the curve,
3. No sig - nal from an - oth - er train To fol - low on the line,

I hear the car-wheels moving. And rumbling thro' the land.
She's playing all her steam and pow'r And straining every nerve.
O, sin - ner, you're forever lost, If once you're left be - hind.

Get on board, children, Get on board, children, Get on

board, children, For there's room for many a more. more

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

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

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

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

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

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

BIOGRAPHY

of the world-famous

Williams' Jubilee Singers



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

The "Williams' Jubilee Singers," organized in the summer of 1904, owes its existence to Chas. P. Williams, who has had many and varied experiences in the entertainment field. This company has succeeded from the very first. They began their work in the west, where competition was not so keen, and have had the pleasure of singing in or under the auspices of nearly all the Colleges, Y. M. C. A.'s and Normal Schools on the Pacific Coast. Their personnel has been practically the same throughout their history, and it has become a common saying among applicants that a member must die before there is a vacancy among the "Williams' Jubilee Singers."

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

In 1903 Mr. Williams was married to Miss Clara Kindle, who was born in Detroit, Mich., and who, prior to her joining the Dixie Jubilee Singers, had attended Oberlin University, taking a musical and literary course which fitted her for following her studies with a season's travel with Maggie Porter-Cole's Fisk Jubilee

Singers, and thence with the Dixie Jubilee Singers, where she met Mr. Williams. Clara Kindle-Williams has since been a useful associate in her husband's business, and she has the love and admiration of each member of her husband's company.

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Junius B. Maxwell was born in Charlotte, N. C. His parents moved to Portsmouth, Va., when he was very young. From there he went to Philadelphia to study music.

He studied voice at the Hahn Conservatory of Music, Philadelphia, and he studied piano under Profs. William L. King and Carl Diton.

He comes to the Williams' Singers fully able to maintain the high standard of entertainment attained by them.

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Miss Ethel M. Bowmer was born in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and reared in Iowa's wonderful musical center and capitol city, Des Moines.

Being the only child of one of Des Moines well known families, her natural inclinations along musical lines received much care. Having had the good fortune to have been associated with America's sterling and most brilliant tenor, George I. Holt, Miss Bowmer's surroundings have always been musical.

She graduated from high school at an early age and entered Drake University. Under the tutelage of Dean Holmer Cowper, she made rapid progress in her studies, graduating from Drake June 15, '21, with honor.

Miss Bowmer has spent many years as Organist of St. Paul Church and comes to the Williams' Singers well prepared to fill her place most admirably. Miss Bowmer is a graduate both of voice culture and the piano.

❖ ❖ ❖

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

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

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

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Oscar B. Plant, son of Prof. and Mrs. A. M. Plant, of Texarkana, Texas, was born at Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

He received his educational training at Wiley College, Marshall, Texas, where he graduated from the College Department in 1923.

For several years he was a member of the Wiley College Quartette. He has had several years of experience in individual song recitals.

Carl J. Turner was born in Knoxville, Tenn. He received his literary training at Morristown Normal, Morristown, Tenn., and Livingstone College at Salisbury, N. C., and his vocal training from Miss L. W. Braden, a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music.

He traveled with the College Quartette of both the schools.

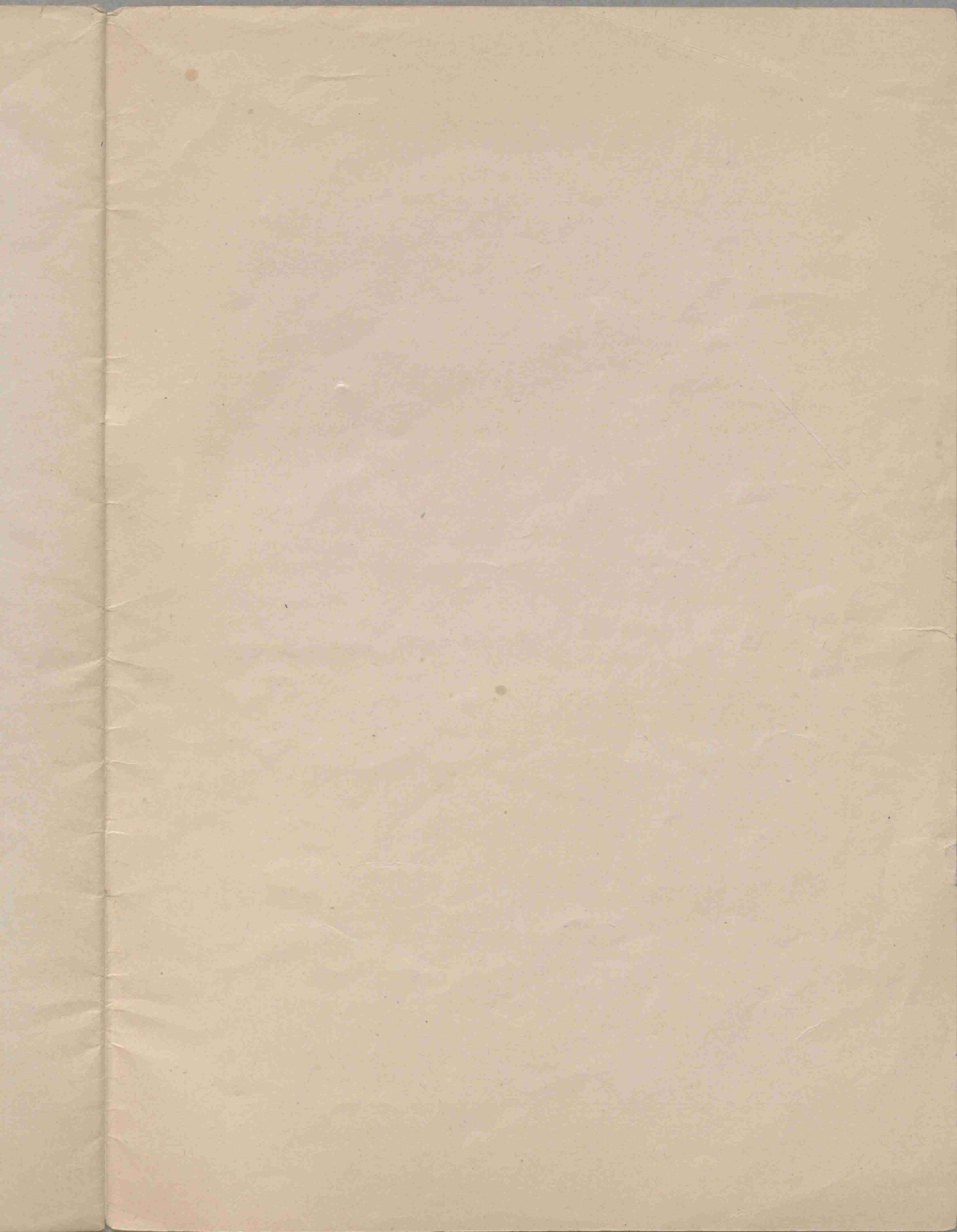
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Miss Lillian Lucky was born in Macon, Georgia, and moved with her parents to Tampa, Florida, in her youth.

She received her literary training at Daytona Normal and Industrial Institute, Daytona, Florida, and Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. And she received her musical education at Fisk University and the Chicago Musical College.

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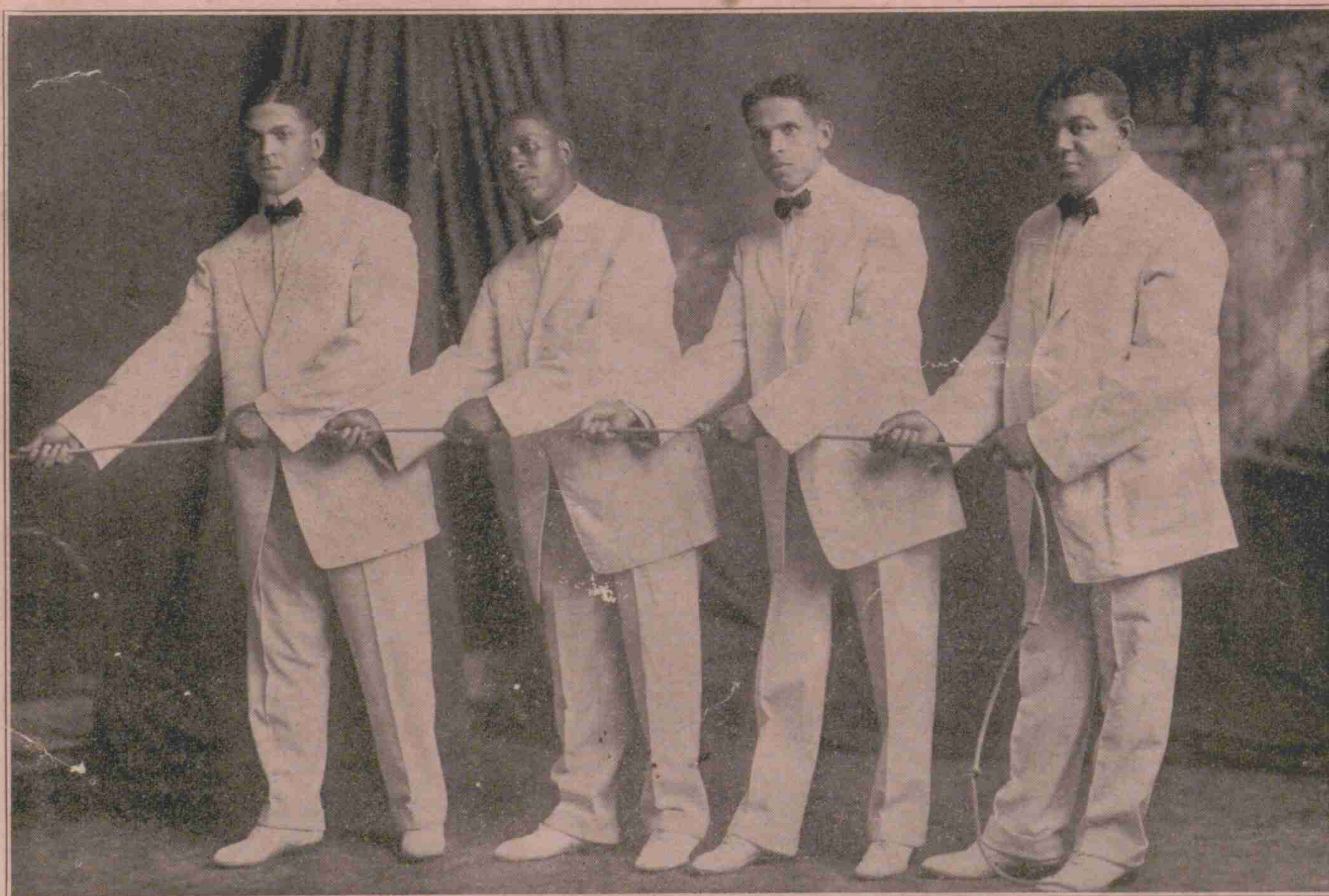
To years of constant devotion to their life's work in the United States and Canada, they have added a year of travel and study in England, Scotland, Wales, Holland, Belgium, Germany and France. They were eighteen weeks in London, where they gave 130 performances, singing in many of its best-known theatres,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



WILLIAMS' JUBILEE SINGERS



Our Quartette is a Special Feature and is Always a Favorite



**"Our Ship Now Goes with a Pleasant Gale"
EVERY ONE A STAR**

PRESS OF ROSENOW CO., CHICAGO