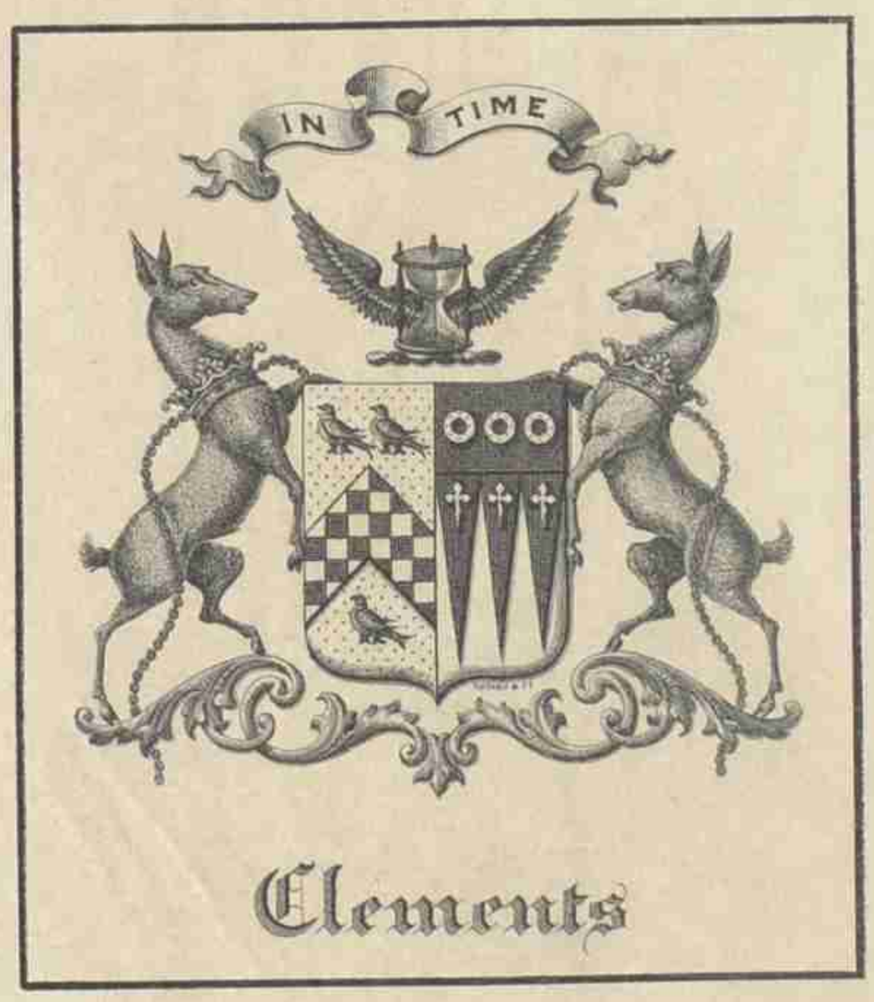
WILLIAM L. CLEMENTS
LIBRARY



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Charlotte L. Bishop.
Worcester

From Mrs Anthony -
at Providence Nov. 20th/67

SLAVE SONGS

OF THE

UNITED STATES.



New York:
A. SIMPSON & CO.,
1867.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by A. SIMPSON & Co.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of New York.

AGATHYNIAN PRESS, 60 Duane Street, New York.

THE musical capacity of the negro race has been recognized for so many years that it is hard to explain why no systematic effort has hitherto been made to collect and preserve their melodies. More than thirty years ago those plantation songs made their appearance which were so extraordinarily popular for a while; and if "Coal-black Rose," "Zip Coon" and "Ole Virginny nebber tire" have been succeeded by spurious imitations, manufactured to suit the somewhat sentimental taste of our community, the fact that these were called "negro melodies" was itself a tribute to the musical genius of the race. *

The public had well-nigh forgotten these genuine slave songs, and with them the creative power from which they sprung, when a fresh interest was excited through the educational mission to the Port Royal islands, in 1861. The agents of this mission were not long in dis-

---

* It is not generally known that the beautiful air "Long time ago," or "Near the lake where drooped the willow," was borrowed from the negroes, by whom it was sung to words beginning, "Way down in Raccoon Hollow."

covering the rich vein of music that existed in these half-barbarous people, and when visitors from the North were on the islands, there was nothing that seemed better worth their while than to see a "shout" or hear the "people" sing their "sperichils." A few of these last, of special merit,* soon became established favorites among the whites, and hardly a Sunday passed at the church on St. Helena without "Gabriel's Trumpet," "I hear from Heaven to-day," or "Jehovah Hallelujah." The last time I myself heard these was at the Fourth of July celebration, at the church, in 1864. All of them were sung, and then the glorious shout, "I can't stay behind, my Lord," was struck up, and sung by the entire multitude with a zest and spirit, a swaying of the bodies and nodding of the heads and lighting of the countenances and rhythmical movement of the hands, which I think no one present will ever forget.

Attention was, I believe, first publicly directed to these songs in a letter from Miss McKim, of Philadelphia, to *Dwight's Journal of Music*, Nov. 8, 1862, from which some extracts will presently be given. At about the same time, Miss McKim arranged and published two of them, "Roll, Jordan" (No. 1) and "Poor Rosy" (No. 8) —probably on all accounts the two best specimens that could be selected. Mr. H. G. Spaulding not long after gave some well-chosen specimens of the music in an article entitled "Under the Palmetto," in the *Continental*

---

* The first seven spirituals in this collection, which were regularly sung at the church.

Monthly for August, 1863, among them, "O Lord, remember me" (No. 15), and "The Lonesome Valley" (No. 7). Many other persons interested themselves in the collection of words and tunes, and it seems time at last that the partial collections in the possession of the editors, and known by them to be in the possession of others, should not be forgotten and lost, but that these relics of a state of society which has passed away should be preserved while it is still possible.*

The greater part of the music here presented has been taken down by the editors from the lips of the colored people themselves; when we have obtained it from other sources, we have given credit in the table of contents. The largest and most accurate single collection in existence is probably that made by Mr. Charles P. Ware, chiefly at Coffin's Point, St. Helena Island. We have thought it best to give this collection in its entirety, as the basis of the present work; it includes all the hymns as far as No. 43. Those which follow, as far as No. 55, were collected by myself on the Capt. John Fripp and neighboring plantations, on the same island. In all cases we have added words from other sources and other localities, when they could be obtained, as well as variations of the tunes wherever they were of sufficient importance to warrant it. Of the other hymns and songs

---

* Only this last spring a valuable collection of songs made at Richmond, Va., was lost in the *Wagner*. No copy had been made from the original manuscript, so that the labor of their collection was lost. We had hoped to have the use of them in preparing the present work.

we have given the locality whenever it could be ascertained.

The difficulty experienced in attaining absolute correctness is greater than might be supposed by those who have never tried the experiment, and we are far from claiming that we have made no mistakes. I have never felt quite sure of my notation without a fresh comparison with the singing, and have then often found that I had made some errors. I feel confident, however, that there are no mistakes of importance. What may appear to some to be an incorrect rendering, is very likely to be a variation; for these variations are endless, and very entertaining and instructive.

Neither should any one be repelled by any difficulty in adapting the words to the tunes. The negroes keep exquisite time in singing, and do not suffer themselves to be daunted by any obstacle in the words. The most obstinate Scripture phrases or snatches from hymns they will force to do duty with any tune they please, and will dash heroically through a trochaic tune at the head of a column of iambs with wonderful skill. We have in all cases arranged one set of words carefully to each melody; for the rest, one must make them fit the best he can, as the negroes themselves do.

The best that we can do, however, with paper and types, or even with voices, will convey but a faint shadow of the original. The voices of the colored people have a peculiar quality that nothing can imitate; and the intonations and delicate variations of even one

singer cannot be reproduced on paper. And I despair of conveying any notion of the effect of a number singing together, especially in a complicated shout, like "I can't stay behind, my Lord" (No. 8), or "Turn, sinner, turn O!" (No. 48). There is no singing in *parts*,* as we understand it, and yet no two appear to be singing the same thing—the leading singer starts the words of each verse, often improvising, and the others, who "base" him, as it is called, strike in with the refrain, or even join in the solo, when the words are familiar. When the "base" begins, the leader often stops, leaving the rest of his words to be guessed at, or it may be they are taken up by one of the other singers. And the "basers" themselves seem to follow their own whims, beginning when they please and leaving off when they please, striking an octave above or below (in case they have pitched the tune too low or too high), or hitting some other note that chords, so as to produce the effect of a marvellous complication and variety, and yet with the most perfect time, and rarely with any discord. And what makes it all the harder to unravel a thread of melody out of this strange network is that, like birds, they seem not infrequently to strike sounds that cannot be precisely represented by the gamut, and abound in

---

* "The high voices, all in unison, and the admirable time and true accent with which their responses are made, always make me wish that some great musical composer could hear these semi-savage performances. With a very little skilful adaptation and instrumentation, I think one or two barbaric chants and choruses might be evoked from them that would make the fortune of an opera."—*Mrs. Kemble's "Life on a Georgian Plantation," p.* 218.

"slides from one note to another, and turns and cadences not in articulated notes." "It is difficult," writes Miss McKim, "to express the entire character of these negro ballads by mere musical notes and signs. The odd turns made in the throat, and the curious rhythmic effect produced by single voices chiming in at different irregular intervals, seem almost as impossible to place on the score as the singing of birds or the tones of an Æolian Harp." There are also apparent irregularities in the time, which it is no less difficult to express accurately, and of which Nos. 10, 130, 131, and (eminently) 128, are examples.

Still, the chief part of the negro music is *civilized* in its character—partly composed under the influence of association with the whites, partly actually imitated from their music. In the main it appears to be original in the best sense of the word, and the more we examine the subject, the more genuine it appears to us to be. In a very few songs, as Nos. 19, 23, and 25, strains of familiar tunes are readily traced; and it may easily be that others contain strains of less familiar music, which the slaves heard their masters sing or play.*

On the other hand there are very few which are of an intrinsically barbaric character, and where this character does appear, it is chiefly in short passages, intermingled

---

* We have rejected as spurious "Give me Jesus," "Climb Jacob's Ladder," (both sung at Port Royal), and "I'll take the wings of the morning," which we find in Methodist hymn-books. A few others, the character of which seemed somewhat suspicious, we have not felt at liberty to reject without direct evidence

with others of a different character. Such passages may be found perhaps in Nos. 10, 12, and 18; and "Becky Lawton," for instance (No. 29), "Shall I die?" (No. 52) "Round the corn, Sally" (No. 87), and "O'er the crossing" (No. 93) may very well be purely African in origin. Indeed, it is very likely that if we had found it possible to get at more of their secular music, we should have come to another conclusion as to the proportion of the barbaric element. A gentleman in Delaware writes:

"We must look among their non-religious songs for the purest specimens of negro minstrelsy. It is remarkable that they have themselves transferred the best of these to the uses of their churches—I suppose on Mr. Wesley's principle that 'it is not right the Devil should have all the good tunes.' Their leaders and preachers have not found this change difficult to effect; or at least they have taken so little pains about it that one often detects the profane *cropping out*, and revealing the origin of their most solemn 'hymns,' in spite of the best intentions of the poet and artist. Some of the best *pure negro* songs I have ever heard were those that used to be sung by the black stevedores, or perhaps the crews themselves, of the West India vessels, loading and unloading at the wharves in Philadelphia and Baltimore. I have stood for more than an hour, often, listening to them, as they hoisted and lowered the hogsheads and boxes of their cargoes; one man taking the burden of the song (and the slack of the rope) and the others striking in with the chorus. They would sing in this

way more than a dozen different songs in an hour; most of which might indeed be warranted to contain 'nothing religious'—a few of them, 'on the contrary, quite the reverse'—but generally rather innocent and proper in their language, and strangely attractive in their music; and with a volume of voice that reached a square or two away. That plan of labor has now passed away, in Philadelphia at least, and the songs, I suppose, with it. So that these performances are to be heard only among black sailors on their vessels, or 'long-shore men in out-of-the-way places, where opportunities for respectable persons to hear them are rather few."

These are the songs that are still heard upon the Mississippi steamboats—wild and strangely fascinating—one of which we have been so fortunate as to secure for this collection. This, too, is no doubt the music of the colored firemen of Savannah, graphically described by Mr. Kane O'Donnel, in a letter to the Philadelphia *Press*, and one of which he was able to contribute for our use. Mr. E. S. Philbrick was struck with the resemblance of some of the rowing tunes at Port-Royal to the boatmen's songs he had heard upon the Nile.

The greater number of the songs which have come into our possession seem to be the natural and original production of a race of remarkable musical capacity and very teachable, which has been long enough associated with the more cultivated race to have become imbued with the mode and spirit of European music—often, nevertheless, retaining a distinct tinge of their native Africa.

The words are, of course, in a large measure taken from Scripture, and from the hymns heard at church; and for this reason these religious songs do not by any means illustrate the full extent of the debasement of the dialect. Such expressions as "Cross Jordan," "O Lord, remember me," "I'm going home," "There's room enough in Heaven for you," we find abundantly in Methodist hymn-books; but with much searching I have been able to find hardly a trace of the tunes. The words of the fine hymn, "Praise, member" (No. 5), are found, with very little variation, in "Choral Hymns" (No. 138). The editor of this collection informs us, however, that many of his songs were learned from negroes in Philadelphia, and Lt.-Col. Trowbridge tells us that he heard this hymn, before the war, among the colored people of Brooklyn.* For some very comical specimens of the way in which half-understood words and phrases are distorted by them, see Nos. 22, 23. Another illustration is given by Col. Higginson :†

"The popular camp-song of 'Marching Along' was entirely new to them until our quartermaster taught it to them at my request. The words 'Gird on the armor' were to them a stumbling-block, and no wonder, until

---

* We have generally preserved the words as sung, even where clearly nonsensical, as in No. 89; so "Why don't you move so slow?" (No. 22). We will add that "Paul and Silas, bound in jail" (No. 4), is often sung "Bounden Cyrus born in jail," and the words of No. 11 would appear as "I take my tex in Matchew and by de Revolutions—I know you by your gammon," &c.; so "Ringy Rosy Land" for "Ring Jerusalem."

† *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1867.

some ingenious ear substituted 'Guide on de army,' which was at once accepted and became universal. 'We'll guide on de army, and be marching along,' is now the established version on the Sea Islands."

I never fairly heard a secular song among the Port Royal freedmen, and never saw a musical instrument among them. The last violin, owned by a "worldly man," disappeared from Coffin's Point "de year gun shoot at Bay Pint."* In other parts of the South, "fiddle-sings," "devil-songs," "corn-songs," "jig-tunes," and what not, are common; all the world knows the banjo, and the "Jim Crow" songs of thirty years ago. We have succeeded in obtaining only a very few songs of this character. Our intercourse with the colored people has been chiefly through the work of the Freedmen's Commission, which deals with the serious and earnest side of the negro character. It is often, indeed, no easy matter to persuade them to sing their old songs, even as a curiosity, such is the sense of dignity that has come with freedom. It is earnestly to be desired that some person, who has the opportunity, should make a collection of these now, before it is too late.

In making the present collection, we have only gleaned upon the surface, and in a very narrow field. The wealth of material still awaiting the collector can be guessed from a glance at the localities of those we have, and from

---

* *i. e.*, November, 1861, when Hilton Head was taken by Admiral Dupont—a great date on the islands.

the fact, mentioned above, that of the first forty-three of the collection most were sung upon a single plantation, and that it is very certain that the stores of this plantation were by no means exhausted. Of course there was constant intercourse between neighboring plantations; also between different States, by the sale of slaves from one to another. But it is surprising how little this seems to have affected local songs, which are different even upon adjoining plantations. The favorite of them all, "Roll, Jordan" (No. 1), is sung in Florida, but not, I believe, in North Carolina. "Gabriel's Trumpet" (No. 4) and "Wrestle on, Jacob" (No 6) probably came from Virginia, where they are sung without much variation from the form usual at Port Royal; No. 6 is also sung in Maryland.* "John, John of the Holy Order" (No. 22) is traced in Georgia and North Carolina, and "O'er the Crossing" (No. 93) appears to be the Virginia original, variations of which are found in South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. As illustrations of the slowness with which these songs travel, it may be mentioned that the "Graveyard" (No. 21), which was frequently sung on Capt. John Fripp's plantation in the winter of 1863–4, did not reach Coffin's Point (five miles distant) until the following Spring. I heard it myself at Pine Grove, two miles from the latter place, in March. Somewhere

---

* It is worthy of notice that a song much resembling "Poor Rosy" was heard last Spring from the boat hands of an Ohio River steamboat—the only words caught being "Poor Molly, poor gal."

upon this journey this tune was strikingly altered, as will be seen from the variation given, which is the form in which I was accustomed to hear it. Nos. 38, 41, 42, 43, 118, 119, 122, 123, were brought to Coffin's Point after Mr. Ware left, by refugees returning to the plantation from "town" and the Main. No. 74, likewise, "Nobody knows the trouble I see," which was common in Charleston in 1865, has since been carried to Coffin's Point, very little altered.

These hymns will be found peculiarly interesting in illustrating the feelings, opinions and habits of the slaves. Of the dialect I shall presently speak at some length. One of their customs, often alluded to in the songs (as in No. 19), is that of wandering through the woods and swamps, when under religious excitement, like the ancient bacchantes. To get religion is with them to "fin' dat ting." Molsy described thus her sister's experience in searching for religion: "Couldn't fin' dat leetle ting—hunt for 'em—huntin' for 'em all de time—las' foun' 'em." And one day, on our way to see a "shout," we asked Bristol whether he was going:—"No, ma'am, wouldn't let me in—hain't foun' dat ting yet—hain't been on my knees in de swamp." Of technical religious expressions, "seeker," "believer," "member," &c., the songs are full.

The most peculiar and interesting of their customs is the "shout," an excellent description of which we are permitted to copy from the N. Y. *Nation* of May 30, 1867:

"This is a ceremony which the white clergymen are inclined to discountenance, and even of the colored elders

some of the more discreet try sometimes to put on a face of discouragement; and although, if pressed for Biblical warrant for the shout, they generally seem to think 'he in de Book,' or 'he dere-da in Matchew,' still it is not considered blasphemous or improper if 'de chillen' and 'dem young gal' carry it on in the evening for amusement's sake, and with no well-defined intention of 'praise.' But the true 'shout' takes place on Sundays or on 'praise'-nights through the week, and either in the praise-house or in some cabin in which a regular religious meeting has been held. Very likely more than half the population of the plantation is gathered together. Let it be the evening, and a light-wood fire burns red before the door of the house and on the hearth. For some time one can hear, though at a good distance, the vociferous exhortation or prayer of the presiding elder or of the brother who has a gift that way, and who is not 'on the back seat,'—a phrase, the interpretation of which is, 'under the censure of the church authorities for bad behavior;'—and at regular intervals one hears the elder 'deaconing' a hymn-book hymn, which is sung two lines at a time, and whose wailing cadences, borne on the night air, are indescribably melancholy. But the benches are pushed back to the wall when the formal meeting is over, and old and young, men and women, sprucely-dressed young men, grotesquely half-clad field-hands—the women generally with gay handkerchiefs twisted about their heads and with short skirts—boys with tattered shirts and men's trousers, young girls bare-

footed, all stand up in the middle of the floor, and when the 'sperichil' is struck up, begin first walking and by-and-by shuffling round, one after the other, in a ring. The foot is hardly taken from the floor, and the progression is mainly due to a jerking, hitching motion, which agitates the entire shouter, and soon brings out streams of perspiration. Sometimes they dance silently, sometimes as they shuffle they sing the chorus of the spiritual, and sometimes the song itself is also sung by the dancers. But more frequently a band, composed of some of the best singers and of tired shouters, stand at the side of the room to 'base' the others, singing the body of the song and clapping their hands together or on the knees. Song and dance are alike extremely energetic, and often, when the shout lasts into the middle of the night, the monotonous thud, thud of the feet prevents sleep within half a mile of the praise-house."

In the form here described, the "shout" is probably confined to South Carolina and the States south of it. It appears to be found in Florida, but not in North Carolina or Virginia. It is, however, an interesting fact that the term "shouting" is used in Virginia in reference to a peculiar motion of the body not wholly unlike the Carolina shouting. It is not unlikely that this remarkable religious ceremony is a relic of some native African dance, as the Romaika is of the classical Pyrrhic. Dancing in the usual way is regarded with great horror by the people of Port Royal, but they enter with infinite zest into the movements of the "shout." It has its

connoisseurs, too. "Jimmy great shouter," I was told; and Jimmy himself remarked to me, as he looked patronizingly on a ring of young people, "Dese yeh worry deyseff—we don't worry weseff." And indeed, although the perspiration streamed copiously down his shiny face, he shuffled round the circle with great ease and grace.

The shouting may be to any tune, and perhaps all the Port Royal hymns here given are occasionally used for this purpose; so that our cook's classification into "sperichils" and "runnin' sperichils" (shouts), or the designation of certain ones as sung "just sittin' round, you know," will hardly hold in strictness. In practice, however, a distinction is generally observed. The first seven, for instance, favorite hymns in the St. Helena church, would rarely, if ever, be used for shouting; while probably on each plantation there is a special set in common use. On my plantation I oftenest heard "Pray all de member" (No. 47), "Bell da ring" (No. 46), "Shall I die?" (No. 52), and "I can't stay behind, my Lord" (No. 8). The shouting step varied with the tune; one could hardly dance with the same spirit to "Turn, sinner," or "My body rock 'long fever," as to "Rock o' Jubilee," or "O Jerusalem, early in de morning." So far as I can learn, the shouting is confined to the Baptists; and it is, no doubt, to the overwhelming preponderance of this denomination on the Sea Islands that we owe the peculiar richness and originality of the music there

The same songs are used for rowing as for shouting. I know only one pure boat-song, the fine lyric, "Michael row the boat ashore" (No. 31); and this I have no doubt is a real spiritual—it being the archangel Michael that is addressed. Among the most common rowing tunes were Nos. 5, 14, 17, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 36, 46. "As I have written these tunes," says Mr. Ware, "two measures are to be sung to each stroke, the first measure being accented by the beginning of the stroke, the second by the rattle of the oars in the row-locks. On the passenger boat at the [Beaufort] ferry, they rowed from sixteen to thirty strokes a minute; twenty-four was the average. Of the tunes I have heard, I should say that the most lively were 'Heaven bell a-ring' (No. 27), 'Jine 'em' (No. 28), 'Rain fall' (No. 29), 'No man' (No. 14), 'Bell da ring' (No. 46), and 'Can't stay behind;' and that 'Lay this body down' (No. 26), 'Religion so sweet' (No. 17), and 'Michael row' (No. 31), were used when the load was heavy or the tide was against us. I think that the long hold on 'Oh,' in 'Rain fall,' was only used in rowing. When used as a 'shout' I am quite sure that it occupied only one measure, as in the last part of the verse. One noticeable thing about their boat-songs was that they seemed often to be sung just a trifle behind time; in 'Rain fall,' for instance, 'Believer cry holy' would seem to occupy more than its share of the stroke, the 'holy' being prolonged till the very beginning of the next stroke; indeed, I think Jerry

often hung on his oar a little just there before dipping it again."*

As to the composition of these songs, "I always wondered," says Col. Higginson, "whether they had always a conscious and definite origin in some leading mind, or whether they grew by gradual accretion, in an almost unconscious way. On this point I could get no information, though I asked many questions, until at last, one day when I was being rowed across from Beaufort to Ladies' Island, I found myself, with delight, on the actual trail of a song. One of the oarsmen, a brisk young fellow, not a soldier, on being asked for his theory of the matter, dropped out a coy confession. 'Some good sperituals,' he said, 'are start jess out o' curiosity. I been a-raise a sing, myself, once.'

"My dream was fulfilled, and I had traced out, not the poem alone, but the poet. I implored him to proceed.

"'Once we boys,' he said, 'went for tote some rice, and de nigger-driver, he keep a-callin' on us; and I say, 'O, de ole nigger-driver!' Den anudder said, 'Fust ting my mammy told me was, notin' so bad as nigger-drivers.' Den I made a sing, just puttin' a word, and den anudder word.'

"Then he began singing, and the men, after listening a moment, joined in the chorus as if it were an old ac-

* For another curious circumstance in rowing, see note to "Rain fall," No. 29.

quaintance, though they evidently had never heard it before. I saw how easily a new 'sing' took root among them."

A not inconsistent explanation is that given on page 12 of an "Address delivered by J. Miller McKim, in Sansom Hall, Philadelphia, July 9, 1862."

"I asked one of these blacks—one of the most intelligent of them [Prince Rivers, Sergeant 1st Reg. S. C. V.] —where they got these songs. 'Dey make 'em, sah.' 'How do they make them?' After a pause, evidently casting about for an explanation, he said: 'I'll tell you, it's dis way. My master call me up, and order me a short peck of corn and a hundred lash. My friends see it, and is sorry for me. When dey come to de praise-meeting dat night dey sing about it. Some's very good singers and know how; and dey work it in—work it in, you know, till they get it right; and dat's de way.' A very satisfactory explanation; at least so it seemed to me."

We were not so fortunate as Col. Higginson in our search for a poet. Cuffee at Pine Grove did, to be sure, confess himself the author of "Climb Jacob's Ladder;"—unfortunately, we afterwards found it in a Northern hymn book. And if you try to trace out a new song, and ask, "Where did you hear that?" the answer will be, "One strange man come from Eding's las' praise-night and sing 'em in praise-house, and de people catch 'em;" or "Titty 'Mitta [sister Amaritta] fetch 'em from Polawana, where she tuk her walk gone spend Sunday. Some of her fahmly sing 'em yonder." "But what does

'Ringy rosy land' [Ring Jerusalem, No. 21] mean ?"
"Me dunno."

Our title, "Slave Songs," was selected because it best described the contents of the book. A few of those here given (Nos. 64, 59) were, to be sure, composed since the proclamation of emancipation, but even these were inspired by slavery. "All, indeed, are valuable as an expression of the character and life of the race which is playing such a conspicuous part in our history. The wild, sad strains tell, as the sufferers themselves could, of crushed hopes, keen sorrow, and a dull, daily misery, which covered them as hopelessly as the fog from the rice swamps. On the other hand, the words breathe a trusting faith in rest for the future—in 'Canaan's air and happy land,' to which their eyes seem constantly turned."

Our original plan hardly contemplated more than the publication of the Port Royal spirituals, some sixty in all, which we had supposed we could obtain, with perhaps a few others in an appendix. As new materials came into our hands, we enlarged our plan to the present dimensions. Next to South Carolina, we have the largest number from Virginia; from the other States comparatively few. Few as they are, however, they appear to indicate a very distinct character in different States. Contrary to what might be expected, the songs from Virginia are the most wild and strange. "O'er the Crossing" (No. 93) is peculiarly so; but "Sabbath has no end" (No. 89), "Hypocrite and Concubine" (No. 91),

"O shout away" (No. 92), and "Let God's saints come in" (No. 99), are all distinguished by odd intervals and a frequent use of chromatics. The songs from North Carolina are also very peculiar, although in a different way, and make one wish for more specimens from that region. Those from Tennessee and Florida are most like the music of the whites.

We had hoped to obtain enough secular songs to make a division by themselves; there are, however, so few of these that it has been decided to intersperse them with the spirituals under their respective States. They are highly characteristic, and will be found not the least interesting of the contents of this work.

It is, we repeat, already becoming difficult to obtain these songs. Even the "spirituals" are going out of use on the plantations, superseded by the new style of religious music, "closely imitated from the white people, which is solemn, dull and nasal, consisting in repeating two lines of a hymn and then singing it, and then two more, *ad infinitum*. They use for this sort of worship that one everlasting melody, which may be remembered by all persons familiar with Western and Southern camp-meetings, as applying equally well to long, short or common metre. This style of proceeding they evidently consider the more dignified style of the two, as being a closer imitation of white, genteel worship—having in it about as little soul as most stereotyped religious forms of well instructed congregations."*

* Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in *Watchman and Reflector*, April, 1867.

It remains to speak of points connected with the typography of the songs.

We have aimed to give all the characteristic variations which have come into our hands, whether as single notes or whole lines, or even longer passages; and of words as well as tunes. Many of these will be found very interesting and instructive. The variations in words are given as foot-notes—the word or group of words in the note, to be generally substituted for that which precedes the mark: and it may be observed, although it seems hardly necessary, that these variations are endless; such words as "member," "believer," "seeker," and all names, male and female, may be brought in wherever appropriate. We have not always given all the sets of words that we have received often they are improvised to such an extent that this would be almost impracticable. In Nos. 16, 17, 19, etc., we have given them very copiously, for illustration; in others we have omitted the least interesting ones. In spelling, we proposed to ourselves the rule well stated by Col. Higginson at the commencement of his collection: "The words will be here given, as nearly as possible, in the original dialect; and if the spelling seems sometimes inconsistent, or the misspelling insufficient, it is because I could get no nearer."

As the negroes have no part-singing, we have thought it best to print only the melody; what appears in some places as harmony is really variations in single notes. And, in general, a succession of such notes turned in the

same direction indicates a single longer variation. Words in a parenthesis, with small notes, (as "Brudder Sammy" in No. 21), are interjaculatory; it has not, however, been possible to maintain entire consistency in this matter. Sometimes, as "no man" and "O no man," in No. 14, interchangeable forms are put, for convenience sake, in different parts of the tune.

It may sometimes be a little difficult, for instance in Nos. 9, 10, 20 and 27, to determine precisely which part of the tune each verse belongs to; in these cases we have endeavored to indicate it as clearly as is in our power. However much latitude the reader may take in all such matters, he will hardly take more than the negroes themselves do. In repeating, it may be observed that the custom at Port Royal is to repeat the first part of the tune over and over, it may be a dozen times, before passing to the "turn," and then to do the same with that. In the Virginia songs, on the other hand, the chorus is usually sung twice after each verse—often the second time with some such interjaculatory expression as "I say now," "God say you must," as given in No. 99.

We had some thought of indicating with each the *tempo* of the different songs, but have concluded to print special directions for singing by themselves. It should be remarked, however, that the same tune varied in quickness on different occasions. "As the same songs," writes Miss McKim, "are sung at every sort of work, of course the *tempo* is not always alike. On the water, the

oars dip 'Poor Rosy' to an even *andante;* a stout boy and girl at the hominy mill will make the same 'Poor Rosy' fly, to keep up with the whirling stone; and in the evening, after the day's work is done, 'Heab'n shall-a be my home' peals up slowly and mournfully from the distant quarters. One woman, a respectable house-servant, who had lost all but one of her twenty-two children, said to me: 'Pshaw! don't har to dese yer chil'en, missee. Dey just rattles it off—dey don't know how for sing it. I likes 'Poor Rosy' better dan all de songs, but it can't be sung widout *a full heart and a troubled sperrit.*

The rests, by the way, do not indicate a cessation in the music, but only in part of the singers. They overlap in singing, as already described, in such a degree that at no time is there any complete pause. In "A House in Paradise" (No. 40) this overlapping is most marked.

It will be noticed that we have spoken chiefly of the negroes of the Port Royal islands, where most of our observations were made, and most of our materials collected. The remarks upon the dialect which follow have reference solely to these islands, and indeed almost exclusively to a few plantations at the northern end of St. Helena Island. They will, no doubt, apply in a greater or less degree to the entire region of the southeasterly slave States, but not to other portions of the South. It should also be understood that the corruptions and peculiarities here described are not universal, even here. There are

all grades, from the rudest field-hands to mechanics and house-servants, who speak with a considerable degree of correctness, and perhaps few would be found so illiterate as to be guilty of them all.

Ordinary negro talk, such as we find in books, has very little resemblance to that of the negroes of Port Royal, who have been so isolated heretofore that they have almost formed a dialect of their own. Indeed, the different plantations have their own peculiarities, and adepts profess to be able to determine by the speech of a negro what part of an island he belongs to, or even, in some cases, his plantation. I can myself vouch for the marked peculiarities of speech of one plantation from which I had scholars, and which was hardly more than a mile distant from another which lacked these peculiarities. Songs, too, and, I suppose, customs, vary in the same way.

A stranger, upon first hearing these people talk, especially if there is a group of them in animated conversation, can hardly understand them better than if they spoke a foreign language, and might, indeed, easily suppose this to be the case. The strange words and pronunciations, and frequent abbreviations, disguise the familiar features of one's native tongue, while the rhythmical modulations, so characteristic of certain European languages, give it an utterly un-English sound. After six months' residence among them, there were scholars in my school, among the most constant in attendance, whom I could not understand at all, unless they happened to speak very slowly.

With these people the process of "phonetic decay" appears to have gone as far, perhaps, as is possible, and with it an extreme simplification of etymology and syntax. There is, of course, the usual softening of *th* and *v*, or *f*, into *d* and *b*; likewise a frequent interchange of *v* and *w*, as *veeds* and *vell* for *weeds* and *well*; *woices* and *punkin wine*, for *voices* and *pumpkin vine*. "De wile' (*vilest*) sinner may return" (No. 48). This last example illustrates also their constant habit of clipping words and syllables, as *lee' bro,'* for *little brother*; *plänt'shun*, for *plantation*. The lengthening of short vowels is illustrated in both these (*a*, for instance, rarely has its short English sound). "Een (in) dat mornin' all day" (No. 56).

Strange words are less numerous in their *patois* than one would suppose, and, few as they are, most of them may be readily derived from English words. Besides the familiar *buckra*, and a few proper names, as Cuffy, Quash, and perhaps Cudjo, I only know of *churray* (spill), which may be "throw 'way;" *oona* or *ona*, "you" (both singular and plural, and used only for friends), as "Ona build a house in Paradise" (No. 40); and *aw*, a kind of expletive, equivalent to "to be sure," as, "Dat clot' cheap." "Cheap aw." "Dat Monday one lazy boy." "Lazy aw—I 'bleege to lick 'em."

Corruptions are more abundant. The most common of them are these: *Yearde* (hear), as in Nos. 3, etc. "Flora, did you see that cat?" "No ma'am, but I yearde him holler." "*Sh'um*," a corruption of *see 'em*, applied (as *'em* is) to all genders and both numbers.

"Wan' to see how Beefut (Beaufort) stan'—nebber sh'um since my name Adam." *Huddy* (how-do?), pronounced *how-dy* by purists, is the common term of greeting, as in the song No. 20, "Tell my Jesus huddy O." "Bro' (brother) Quash sen' heap o' howdy." *Studdy*, (steady) is used to denote any continued or customary action. "He studdy 'buse an' cuss we," was the complaint entered by some little children against a large girl. "I studdy talk hard, but you no yearde me," was Rina's defence when I reproved her for not speaking loud enough. When we left, we were told that we must "studdy come back." Here, however, it seems to mean *steady*. *Titty* is used for mother or oldest sister; thus, Titty Ann was the name by which the children of our man-of-all work knew their mother, Ann. *Sic-a* or *sake-a*, possibly a condensation of *same* and *like*. "Him an' me grow up sic-a brudder an' sister." *Enty* is a curious corruption, I suppose of *ain't he*, used like our "Is that so?" in reply to a statement that surprises one. "Robert, you have n't written that very well." "Enty, sir?" John, it's going to rain to-day." "Enty, sir?" *Day-clean* is used for *day-break*. "Do, day-clean, for let me go see Miss Ha'yet; and de day wouldn't clean." *Sun-up* is also common. *Chu'* for "this" or "that there;" as "Wha' chu?" "See one knife chu?" *Say* is used very often, especially in singing, as a kind of expletive; "(Say) when you get to heaven (say) you 'member me." (No. 27.) "Ain't you know say cotton de-de?" In the last sentence "de-de" (accent on first syllable) means

"is there;"—the first *de*, a corruption of *does* for *is*, will be explained presently; the other is a very common form for *dere*, there.

I do not remember any other peculiar words, but several words used peculiarly. *Cuss* is used with great latitude, to denote any offensive language. "Him cuss me 'git out." "Ahvy (Abby) do cuss me," was the serious-sounding, but trifling accusation made by a little girl against her seat-mate. *Stan'* is a very common word, in the sense of *look*. "My back stan' like white man," was a boast which meant that it was not scarred with the lash. "Him stan' splendid, ma'am," of the sitting of a dress. I asked a group of boys one day the color of the sky. Nobody could tell me. Presently the father of one of them came by, and I told him their ignorance, repeating my question with the same result as before. He grinned: "Tom, how sky stan'?" "Blue," promptly shouted Tom. *Both* they seldom use; generally "all-two," or emphatically, "all-two boff togedder." *One* for *alone*. "Me one, and God," answered an old man in Charleston to the question whether he escaped alone from his plantation. "Gone home one in de dark," for alone. "Heab'n 'nuff for me one" (*i.e.*, I suppose, "for my part"), says one of their songs (No. 46.) *Talk* is one of their most common words, where we should use *speak* or *mean*. "Talk me, sir?" asks a boy who is not sure whether you mean him or his comrade. "Talk lick, sir? nuffin but lick," was the answer when I asked whether a particular master used to

whip his slaves. *Call* is used to express relationship; as, "he call him aunt." *Draw*, for receiving in any way — derived from the usage of drawing a specific amount of supplies at stated times. "Dey draw letter," was the remark when a mail arrived and was distributed among us whites. *Meet* is used in the sense of *find*. "I meet him here an' he remain wid me," was the cook's explanation when a missing chair was found in the kitchen. When I remarked upon the absurdity of some agricultural process—"I meet 'em so, an' my fader meet 'em so," was the sufficient answer. A grown man, laboring over the mysteries of simple addition, explained the gigantic answer he had got by "I meet two row, and I set down two." "I meet you dere, sir," said Miller frankly, when convinced in an argument. Too *much* is the common adverb for a high degree of a quality; "he bad *too* much" was the description of a hard master. *Gang*, for any large number; "a whole gang of slate-pencils." *Mash* in the sense of crush; "mammy mash 'em," when the goat had killed one of her kids by lying on it. *Sensibble* and *hab sense* are favorite expressions. A scholar would ask me to make him "sensibble" of a thing. "Nebber sh'um since I hab sense" (*i.e.*, since I was old enough to know). *Stantion* (substantial) was a favorite adjective at Coffin's Point. *Strain* is also a favorite word. "Dem boy strain me," explained Billy, when some younger boys were attempting to *base* him. "I don't want to give more nor fifty-five dollar for a horse," said Quash, "but if dey strain you, you may give fifty-six." "Dat tune *so* strainful," said Rose.

The letters *n*, *r* and *y* are used euphonically. "He de baddes' little gal from y'ere to n'Europe," said Bristol of his troublesome niece Venus; "ought to put him on a bar'l, an' den he fall 'sleep an' fall down an' hut heself, an' dat make him more sensibble." "He n'a comin', sir," was often said of a missing scholar. At first I took the *n* for a negative. I set Gib one day to picking out *E's* from a box of letters. He could not distinguish *E* from *F*, and at last, discouraged with his repeated failures, explained, holding out an *F*, "dis y'ere stan' sic-a-r-*um*." (This looks like that.) It is suggested also that *d* is used in the same way, in "He d'a comin';" and *s*, in singing, for instance, "'Tis wells and good" (No. 25). So the vowel *a*; "De foxes have-a hole" (No. 2), "Heaven bell a-ring" (No. 27).

The most curious of all their linguistic peculiarities is perhaps the following. It is well known that the negroes in all parts of the South speak of their elders as "uncle" and "aunt,—"* from a feeling of politeness, I do not doubt; it seemed disrespectful to use the bare name, and from *Mr.* and *Mrs.* they were debarred. On the Sea Islands a similar feeling has led to the use of *cousin* towards their equals. Abbreviating this, after their fashion, they get *co'n* or *co'* (the vowel sound *u* as in *cousin*) as the common title when they speak of one another; as, C'Abram, Co' Robin, Co'n Emma, C'Isaac, Co' Bob. *Bro'* (brother) and *Si'* (sister) and even *T'* (Tit-

* In South Carolina "daddy" and "maum" are more common.

ty) are also often used in the same way; as, Bro' Paris, Si' Rachel, T' Jane. A friend insists that *Cudjo* is nothing but Co' Joe.

Where and *when* are hardly used, at least by the common class of negroes. The question "Where did you spill the milk?" was answered only with a stare; but "which way milk churray?" brought a ready response. "What side you stayin', sir?" was one of the first questions put to me. Luckily I had been initiated, and was able to answer it correctly.

There is probably no speech that has less inflection, or indeed less power of expressing grammatical relation in any way. It is perhaps not too strong to say that the field-hands make no distinction of gender, case, number, tense, or voice. The pronouns are to be sure distinguished more or less by the more intelligent among them, and all of these, unless perhaps *us*, are occasionally heard. *She* is rare; *her* still more so; *him* being commonly used for the third person singular of all cases and genders; *'em*, if my memory serves me rightly, only for the objective case, but for all genders and both numbers. *He*, or *'e*, is, I should think, most common as possessive. "Him lick we" might mean a girl as well as a boy. Thus *we* is distinguished from *I* or *me*, and *dey* or *dem* from *him* or *dat;* and these are, I think, the only distinctions made in number. "Dat cow," is singular, "dem cow" plural; "Sandy hat" would mean indifferently Sandy's hat or hats; "nigger-house" means the collection of negro-houses, and is, I suppose, really a plural.

I do not know that I ever heard a real possessive case, but they have begun to develop one of their own, which is a very curious illustration of the way inflectional forms grow up. If they wish to make the fact of possession at all emphatic or distinct, they use the word "own." Thus, they will say "Mosey house," but if asked whose house that is, the answer is "Mosey own." "Co' Molsy y'own" was the odd reply made by Mylie to the question whose child she was carrying. Literally translated, this is "Molsy's;" *Co'* is title, *y* euphonic. An officer of a colored regiment standing by me when the answer was made—himself born a slave—confessed that it was mere gibberish to him. No doubt this custom would in time develop a regular inflectional possessive; but the establishment of schools will soon root up all these original growths.

Very commonly, in verbs which have strong conjugations, the forms of the past tense are used for the present; "What make you leff we?" "I tuk dem brudder" (No. 30). Past time is expressed by *been*, and less commonly *done*. "I been kep him home two day," was the explanation given for a daughter's absence from school. "I done pit my crap in de groun'." Present time is made definite by the auxiliary *do* or *da*, as in the refrains "Bell da ring," "Jericho da worry me." (Nos. 46, 47). "Bubber (brother) da hoe he tater." So *did* occasionally: "Nat did cuss me," complained one boy of another. It is too much to say that the verbs have no inflections, but it is true that these have nearly disap-

peared. Ask a boy where he is going, and the answer is "gwine crick for ketch crab" (going into the creek to catch crabs); ask another where the missing boy is, and the answer is the same, with *gone* instead of *gwine*. The hopeless confusion between auxiliaries is sometimes very entertaining: as "de-de," "ain't you know?" "I didn't been." "De Lord is perwide" (No. 2). "You'd better pray, de worl' da [is] gwine" (No. 14). "My stomach been-a da hut me."

Some of these sentences illustrate two other peculiarities—the omission of auxiliaries and other small words, and the use of *for* as the sign of the infinitive. "Unky Taff call Co' Flora for drop tater." "Good for hold comb" was the wisest answer found to the teacher's question what their ears were good for. "Co' Benah wan' Mr.—for tuk 'em down," was Gib's whispered comment when the stubborn Venus refused to step down from a bench. After school the two were discovered at fisticuffs, and on being called to account—"dat same Benah dah knock me," said Gib, while Venus retorted with "Gib cuss me in school."

It is owing to this habit of dropping auxiliaries that the passive is rarely if ever indicated. You ask a man's name, and are answered, "Ole man call John." "Him mix wid him own fät," was the description given of a paste made of bruised ground-nuts, the oil of the nut furnishing moisture. "I can't certain," "The door didn't fasten," "The bag won't full," "Dey frighten in de dark," are illustrations of every-day usage.

Proper names furnish many curious illustrations of the corruption in pronunciation. Many of them are impossible to explain, and it is still only a surmise that *Finnick* is derived from *Phœnix*, and *Wyna* from *Malvina* (the first syllable being dropped, as in *'Nelius* for *Cornelius*, and *'Rullus* for *Marullus*.) *Hacless* is unquestionably *Hercules*, and *Sack* no doubt *Psyche*; *Strappan* is supposed to be *Strephon*. All these are common names on the Sea Islands. Names of trades, as *Miller*, *Butcher*, are not uncommon. One name that I heard of, but did not myself meet with, was *After-dark*, so called because he was so black that "you can't sh'um 'fo' day-clean."

In conclusion, some actual specimens of talk, illustrating the various points spoken of, may not be without interest. A scene at the opening of school:*

"Charles, why did n't you come to school earlier?" "A-could n't come *soon* to-day, sir; de boss he sheer out clo' dis mornin'." "What did he give you?" "Me, sir? I ain't *git;* de boss he de baddest buckra ebber a-see. De morest part ob de mens dey git heaps o' clo'—more'n 'nuff; 'n I ain't git nuffin." "Were any other children there?" "Plenty chil'n, sir. All de chil'n dah fo' sun-up." "January, you have n't brought your book." "I *is*, sir; sh'um here, sir?" "Where is Juno?" "I ain't

* It is proper to state that most of the materials for this scene were furnished by Mr. Arthur Sumner, which accounts for the similarity of certain of the expressions to those in the dialogue given in the September number of the Boston *Freedman's Record*.

know where he gone, sir." "Where is Sam?" "He didn't been here." "Where is the little boy, John?" "He pick up he foot and run." A new scholar is brought: "Good mornin', maussa; I bring dis same chile to school, sir: *do* don't let 'em stay arter school done. Here you, gal, stan' up an' say howdy to de genlmn. Do maussa lash 'em well ef he don't larn he lesson." "Where's your book, Tom?" "Dunno, sir. Some*body* mus' a tief 'em." "Where's your brother?" "Sh'um dar? wid bof he han' in he pocket?" "Billy, have you done your sum?" "Yes, sir, I out 'em." "Where's Polly?" "Polly de-de." Taffy comes up. "Please, sir, make me sensibble of dat word—I want to ketch 'em werry bad, sir, werry bad." Hacless begins to read. He spells in a loud whisper, "g-o; g-o; g-o—can't fetch dat word, sir, nohow."

The first day Gib appeared in school I asked him whether he could read, and received a prompt answer in the affirmative. So, turning to the first page of Willson's Primer, I told him to read. The sentence was "I am on," or something of that sort, opposite a picture of a boy on a rocking-horse. Gib attacked it with great volubility, "h-r-s-e, horse. De boy is on top ob de horse"—adding some remarks about a chair in the background. His eye then fell on a picture of an eagle, and without pausing he went on, "De raben is big bird." Next he passed to a lion on the opposite page, "D-o-g, dog;" but just then a cut above, representing a man and an ox, proved too strong for him, and he proceeded

to give a detailed history of the man and the cow. When this was completed, he took up a picture of a boy with a paper soldiers'-cap and a sword. "Dis man hab sword; he tuk' e sword an' cut' e troat." Here I checked him, and found, as may be expected, that he did not know a single letter.

A scene at a government auction: Henry and Titus are rivals, bidding for a piece of "secesh" furniture. Titus begins with six dollars. "Well, Titus, I won't strain you—eight." "Seven," says Titus. "Ten," says Henry. "Twelve," says Titus. "And den," said our informant, "Henry bid fourteen an' tuk 'em for fifteen."

One day when we returned from a row on the creek, to make a call, Dick met us with his face on a grin: "You seen him? you seen Miss T? *I* seen him. I tole him you gone wid intention call on she, but de boat didn't ready in time. He cotch you at Mr. H., on'y de horse bodder him at de gate." One of the boys came to me one day with the complaint, "Dem Ma' B. Fripp chil'n fin' one we book," *i. e.*, those children from Mr. T. B. Fripp's have found one of our books. "'E nebber crack 'e bret," *i. e.*, say a word. "What make you don't?" "Mr. P. didn't must." "I don't know what make I didn't answer." "How do you do to-day?" "Stirrin,"; "spared," "standin';" "out o' bed," (never "very well.") Or, of a friend, "He feel a lee better'n he been, ma'am."

"Arter we done chaw all de hard bones and swallow all de bitter pills," was part of a benediction; and the

prayer at a "praise-meeting" asked "dat all de white bredren an' sister what jine praise wid we to-night might be bound up in de belly-band ob faith." At a funeral in a colored regiment: "One box o' dead meat gone to de grave to-day—who gwine to-morrow? Young man, who walk so stiff—ebery step he take seem like he say, 'Look out dah, groun', I da comin'." The following is Strappan's view of Love. "Arter you lub, you lub, you know, boss. You can't broke lub. Man can't broke lub. Lub stan'—'e ain't gwine broke. Man hab to be berry smart for broke lub. Lub is a ting stan' jus' like tar; arter he stick, he stick, he ain't gwine move. He can't move less dan you burn him. Hab to kill all two arter he lub 'fo' you broke lub."

It would be an interesting, and perhaps not very difficult inquiry, to determine how far the peculiarities of speech of the South Carolina negroes result from the large Huguenot element in the settlement of that State. It would require, however, a more exact acquaintance than I possess with the dialects of other portions of the South, to form a judgment of any value upon this point. Meanwhile, I will say only that two usages have struck me as possibly arising from this source, the habitual lengthening of vowel sounds, and the pronunciation of *Maussa*, which may easily have been derived from *Monsieur*. After all, traces of Huguenot influence should by right be found among the whites, even more than the blacks.

[W. F. A.]

It remains for the Editors to acknowledge the aid they have received in making this compilation. To Col. T. W. Higginson, above all others, they are indebted for friendly encouragement and for direct and indirect contributions to their original stock of songs. From first to last he has manifested the kindest interest in their undertaking, constantly suggesting the names of persons likely to afford them information, and improving every opportunity to procure them material. As soon as his own valuable collection had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he freely made it over to them with a liberality which was promptly confirmed by his publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. It is but little to say that without his co-operation this *Lyra Africana* would have lacked greatly of its present completeness and worth. Through him we have profited by the cheerful assistance of Mrs. Charles J. Bowen, Lieut.-Colonel C. T. Trowbridge, Capt. James S. Rogers, Rev. Horace James, Capt. Geo. S. Barton, Miss Lucy Gibbons, Mr. William A. Baker, Mr. T. E. Ruggles, and Mr. James Schouler. Our thanks are also due for contributions, of which we have availed ourselves, to Dr. William A. Hammond, Mr. Geo. H. Allan, Lt.-Col. Wm. Lee Apthorp, Mr. Kane O'Donnel, Mr. E. J. Snow, Miss Charlotte L. Forten, Miss Laura M. Towne, and Miss Ellen Murray; and for criticisms, suggestions, communications, and unused but not unappreciated contributions, to Mr. John R. Dennett, Miss Annie Mitchell, Mr. Reuben Tomlinson, Mr. Arthur Sumner, Mr. N. C. Dennett, Miss Mary Ellen

Peirce, Maj-Gen. Wager Swayne, Miss Maria W. Benton, Prof. J. Silsby, Rev. John L. McKim, Mr. Albert Griffin, Mr. A. S. Jenks, Mr. E. H. Hawkes, Rev. H. C. Trumbull, Rev. J. K. Hosmer, Rev. F. N. Knapp, Brev. Maj.-Gen. Truman Seymour, Maj.-Gen. James H. Wilson, Mr. J. H. Palmer, and others; and, finally, to the editors of various newspapers who gratuitously announced the forthcoming volume.

Conscious of many imperfections in this, the result of not inconsiderable joint labor for nearly a year, the Editors submit it, nevertheless, to the public judgment, in the belief that it will be pronounced deserving of even greater pains and of permanent preservation.

William Francis Allen,
Charles Pickard Ware,
Lucy McKim Garrison.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

INTRODUCTION.....i—xxxviii

Directions for Singing.....xliii

PART I.

South-Eastern Slave States, including South Carolina, Georgia and the Sea Islands .....1—61

1 Roll, Jordan, roll. *Port Royal Islands, South Carolina.* C. P. W. Variation, L. McK. G. 1
2 Jehovah, Hallelujah. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 2
3 I hear from Heaven to-day. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 2
4 Blow your trumpet, Gabriel. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W. Variation, Mr. Reuben Tomlinson. Second version, *Charleston.* Mrs. C. J. Bowen..... 3
5 Praise, member. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 4
6 Wrestle on, Jacob. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 4
7 The Lonesome Valley. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 5
8 I can't stay behind. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 6
9 Poor Rosy. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W. Variation, L. McK. G..... 7
10 The Trouble of the World. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W. Variation, *Savannah.* Mr. Arthur L. Ware..... 8
11 There's a meeting here to-night. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W. Second version, *Charleston.* Mrs. Bowen..... 9
12 Hold your light. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 10
13 Happy Morning. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 10
14 No man can hinder me. *Port Royal Islands.* L. McK. G. Second version, C. P. W... 10
15 Lord, remember me. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 12
16 Not weary yet. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 12
17 Religion so sweet. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 13
18 Hunting for the Lord. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 13
19 Go in the wilderness. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 14
20 Tell my Jesus "Morning." *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 15
21 The Graveyard. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W. Variation, W. F. A..... 15
22 John, John, of the Holy Order. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 16
23 I saw the beam in my sister's eye. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 17
24 Hunting for a city. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 18
25 Gwine follow. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 18
26 Lay this body down. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W. Variation, Lt.-Col. C. T. Trowbridge..... 19
27 Heaven bell a-ring. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 20
28 Jine 'em. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 21
29 Rain fall and wet Becca Lawton. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 21

		PAGE.
30	Bound to go. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W. Second version, W. F. A.	22
31	Michael row the boat ashore. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	23
32	Sail, O believer. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	24
33	Rock o' Jubilee. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	25
34	Stars begin to fall. Probably from *Edisto Island.* C. P. W.	25
35	King Emanuel. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	26
36	Satan's Camp A-fire. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	27
37	Give up the world. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	27
38	Jesus on the Waterside. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	28
39	I wish I been dere. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	29
40	Build a house in Paradise. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	29
41	I know when I'm going home. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	30
42	I'm a trouble in de mind. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	30
43	Travel on. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	31
44	Archangel, open the door. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A.	32
45	My body rock 'long fever. *Port Royal Islauds.* W. F. P. Second Versi0n, Mc. K. G.	32
46	Bell da ring. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A.	34
47	Pray all de member. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A.	35
48	Turn sinner, turn O. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A.	36
49	My army cross over. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A. Second Version, *Col. Higginson's regiment.* Lt.-Col. Trowbridge.	38
50	Join the angel band. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A. Variation. *Charleston.* Mrs. Bowen.	39
51	I and Satan had a race. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A.	40
52	Shall I die? *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A.	41
53	When we do meet again. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A.	41
54	The White Marble Stone. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A. Second Version, C. P. W.	42
55	I can't stand the fire. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A. Second Version, C. P. W.	42
56	Meet, O Lord. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A.	43
57	Wai', Mr. Mackright. *Port Royal Islands.* W. F. A.	43
58	Early in the morning. *Col. Higginson's regiment.* Capt. J. S. Rogers. Variation, Lt.-Col. Trowbridge.	44
59	Hail, Mary. *Col. Higginson's regiment.* Capt. J. S. Rogers. Second Version, Ma. H. G. Spaulding.	45
60	No more rain fall for wet you. *Col. Higginson's regiment.* Capt. J. S. Rogers.	46
61	I want to go home. *Col. Higginson's regiment.* Lt.-Col Trowbridge.	46
62	Good-bye, brother. *Col. Higginson's regiment.* Capt. Rogers.	47
63	Fare ye well. *Col. Higginson's regiment.* Capt. Rogers. Chorus, Lt.-Col. Trowbridge.	47
64	Many thousand go. *Col. Higginson's regim ent.* Lt.-Col. Trowbridge.	48
65	Brother Moses gone. *Col. Higginson's regiment.* Lt.-Col. Trowbridge.	49
66	The Sin-sick Soul. Mr. Kane O'Donnel.	49
67	Some Valiant Soldier. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	50
68	Hallelu, Hallelu. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	50
69	Children do linger. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	51
70	Good-bye. *Charleston, S. C.* Mrs. Bowen.	52
71	Lord, make me more patient. *Charleston.* Mrs. Bowen.	52
72	The Day of Judgment. *Charleston.* Mrs. Bowen.	53
73	The Resurrection Morn. *Charleston.* Mrs. Bowen.	54
74	Nobody knows the trouble I've had. *Charleston.* W. F. A.	55
75	Who is on the Lord's side. *Augusta, Georgia.* W. F. A.	56
76	Hold out to the end. *Augusta.* W. F. A.	57
77	Come go with me. *Augusta.* W. F. A.	57
78	Every hour in the day. *Augusta.* W. F. A.	58
79	In the mansions above. *Augusta.* W. F. A.	59
80	Shout on, children. *Augusta.* W. F. A.	60
81	Jesus, won't you come by-and-by? *Savannah, Georgia.* Mr. A. L. Ware.	60
82	Heave away. *Savannah.* Mr. Kane O'Donnel.	61

PART II.

		PAGE.
	Northern Seaboard Slave States, including Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina	65—79
83	Wake up, Jacob. *Delaware.* Miss Mary McKim	65
84	On to Glory. *Maryland.* Dr. W. A. Hammond	66
85	Just Now. *Maryland.* Dr. W. A. Hammond	67
86	Shock along, John. *Maryland.* Dr. W. A. Hammond	67
87	Round the corn, Sally. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	68
88	Jordan's Mills. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	68
89	Sabbath has no end. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	69
90	I don't feel weary. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	70
91	The Hypocrite and the Concubine. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	70
92	O shout away. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	71
93	O'er the Crossing. *Virginia.* Capt. Rogers. Variation, *Augusta, Georgia*	72
94	Rock o' my Soul. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	73
95	We will march thro' the valley. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	73
96	What a trying time. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	74
97	Almost Over. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	74
98	Don't be weary, traveller. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	75
99	Let God's saints come in. *Virginia.* W. F. A.	76
100	The Golden Altar. *North Carolina.* Capt. G. S. Barton	77
101	The Winter. *North Carolina.* Capt. G. S. Barton	78
102	The Heaven Bells. *North Carolina.* Capt. G. S. Barton	79

PART III.

	Inland Slave States, including Tennessee, Arkansas, and the Mississippi River	83—89
103	The Gold Band. *Nashville, Tennessee.* Mr. G. A. Allan	83
104	The Good Old Way. *Nashville.* Mr. G. H. Allan	84
105	I'm going home. *Nashville.* Mr. G. H. Allan	84
106	Sinner won't die no more. *Nashville.* Mr. G. H. Allan	85
107	Brother, guide me home. *Memphis, Tennessee.* W. F. A.	86
108	Little children, then won't you be glad? *Helena, Arkansas.* W. F. A.	87
109	Charleston Gals. *Pine Bluff, Arkansas.* Mr. E. J. Snow	88
110	Run, nigger, run. *Pine Bluff.* Mr. E. J. Snow	89
111	I'm gwine to Alabamy. *Mississippi River.* Dr. W. A. Hammond	89

PART IV.

	Gulf States, including Florida and Louisiana: Miscellaneous	93–113
112	My Father, how long? *Florida.* Mr. G. H. Allan	93
113	I'm in trouble. *Florida.* Lt.-Col. W. L. Apthorp	94
114	O Daniel. *Florida.* Lt.-Col. W. L. Apthorp	94
115	O brother, don't get weary. *Florida.* Lt.-Col. W. L. Apthorp	95
116	I want to join the band. *Florida.* Lt.-Col. W. L. Apthorp	95
117	Jacob's Ladder. *Florida.* Lt.-Col. W. L. Apthorp	96
118	Pray on. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	97
119	Good news, Member. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W.	97

PAGE.

120 I want to die like-a Lazarus die. *Port Royal Islands.* Mrs. T. E. Ruggles..... 98
121 Away down in Sunbury. *Georgia.* Lt.-Col. Trowbridge..... 99
122 This is the trouble of the world. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 99
123 Lean on the Lord's side. *Port Royal Islands.* C. P. W..... 100
124 These are all my Father's children. *North Carolina.* C. P. W..... 101
125 The Old Ship of Zion. *Maryland.* Dr. Hammond. (Second version.) *North Carolina.* Mrs. Horace James..... 102
126 Come along, Moses. *North Carolina.* Mrs. Horace James..... 104
127 The Social Band. *North Carolina.* Mrs. Horace James..... 105
128 God got plenty o' room. *North Carolina.* C. P. W..... 106
129 You must be pure and holy. *Auburn, New York.* Mr. W. A. Baker..... 107
130 Belle Layotte. *Louisiana*..... 109
131 Remon. *Louisiana*..... 110
132 Aurore Bradaire. *Louisiana*..... 110
133 Caroline. *Louisiana*..... 111
134 Calinda. *Louisiana*..... 111
135 Lolotte. *Louisiana*..... 112
136 Musieu Bainjo. *Louisiana*..... 113
EDITORS' NOTE..... 114

PAGE.
..... 98
..... 99
..... 99
..... 100
..... 101
rolina.
..... 102
..... 104
..... 105
..... 106
..... 107
..... 109
..... 110
..... 110
..... 111
..... 111
..... 112
..... 113
..... 114

DIRECTIONS FOR SINGING.

In addition to those already given in the Introduction, the following explanations may be of assistance:

Where all the words are printed with the music, there will probably be little difficulty in reading the songs; but where there are other words printed below the music, it will often be a question to which part of the tune these words belong, and how the refrain and the chorus are to be brought in.

It will be noticed that the words of most of the songs arrange themselves into stanzas of four lines each. Of these some are *refrain*, and some are *verse* proper. The most common arrangement gives the second and fourth lines to the refrain, and the first and third to the verse; and in this case the third line may be a repetition of the first, or may have different words. Often, however, the refrain occupies only one line, the verse occupying the other three; while in one or two songs the verse is only one line, while the refrain is three lines in length. The refrain is repeated with each stanza: the words of the verse are changed at the pleasure of the leader, or fugleman, who sings either well-known words, or, if he is gifted that way, invents verses as the song goes on.

In addition to the stanza, some of the songs have a chorus, which usually consists of a fixed set of words, though in some of the songs the chorus is a good deal varied. The refrain of the main stanza often appears in the chorus. The stanza can always be distinguished from the chorus, in those songs which have more than one stanza, by the figure "1" placed before the stanza which is printed with the music; the verses below being numbered on "2," "3," "4," &c. In a few cases the first verse below the music is numbered "3;" this occurs when two verses have been printed above in the music, instead of the first verse being repeated. When the chorus has a variety of words, the additional verses are printed below without numbers.

In the following list the first fifty tunes in the collection are classified according

to the peculiarity of their division into verse and refrain. It is hoped that this will help to remove all obscurities with which the reader may be embarrassed.

No explanation is needed for Nos. 2, 12, 13, 18, 22-26, 34, 36, 38-43.

Single line and refrain, 27, 35.

" " " with chorus, 6, 29.

Stanza of 4 lines :

No refrain ; chorus, 11.

4th line refrain ; introduction, 7.

" " chorus, 8, 9, 10, 15, 37, 45.

1st and 2d lines verse, 3d and 4th refrain ; chorus, 1, 4.

1st and 3d " " 2d and 4th refrain, 14, 17, 20, 28, 31, 32, 33, 47, 48, 49, 50.

1st and 3d lines verse, 2d and 4th refrain ; double, 21.

" " " " " chorus, 3, 30, 44.

" " " " " introduction, 46.

1st line verse ; chorus, 5.

" " (double) ; chorus, 19.

3d " " , 16.

As regards the *tempo*, most of the tunes are in 2–4 time, and in most of these ♩ = 100—(say) 100-120. The spirit of the music will determine the *tempo* within these limits. The slower tunes are 1, 3, 9, 17, 21, etc. No. 2 is about ♩ = 160-180, and perhaps had better have been written in 3-8. So No. 13 would be better in 2-4 ; as it is, the ♩ = 160-170. No. 24 should be read as if divided in 2–4, with ♩ = 100. The *tempo* of the rowing tunes has been already indicated.

The pitch has generally been accommodated to voices of medium range.

Slave Songs of the United States.

I.

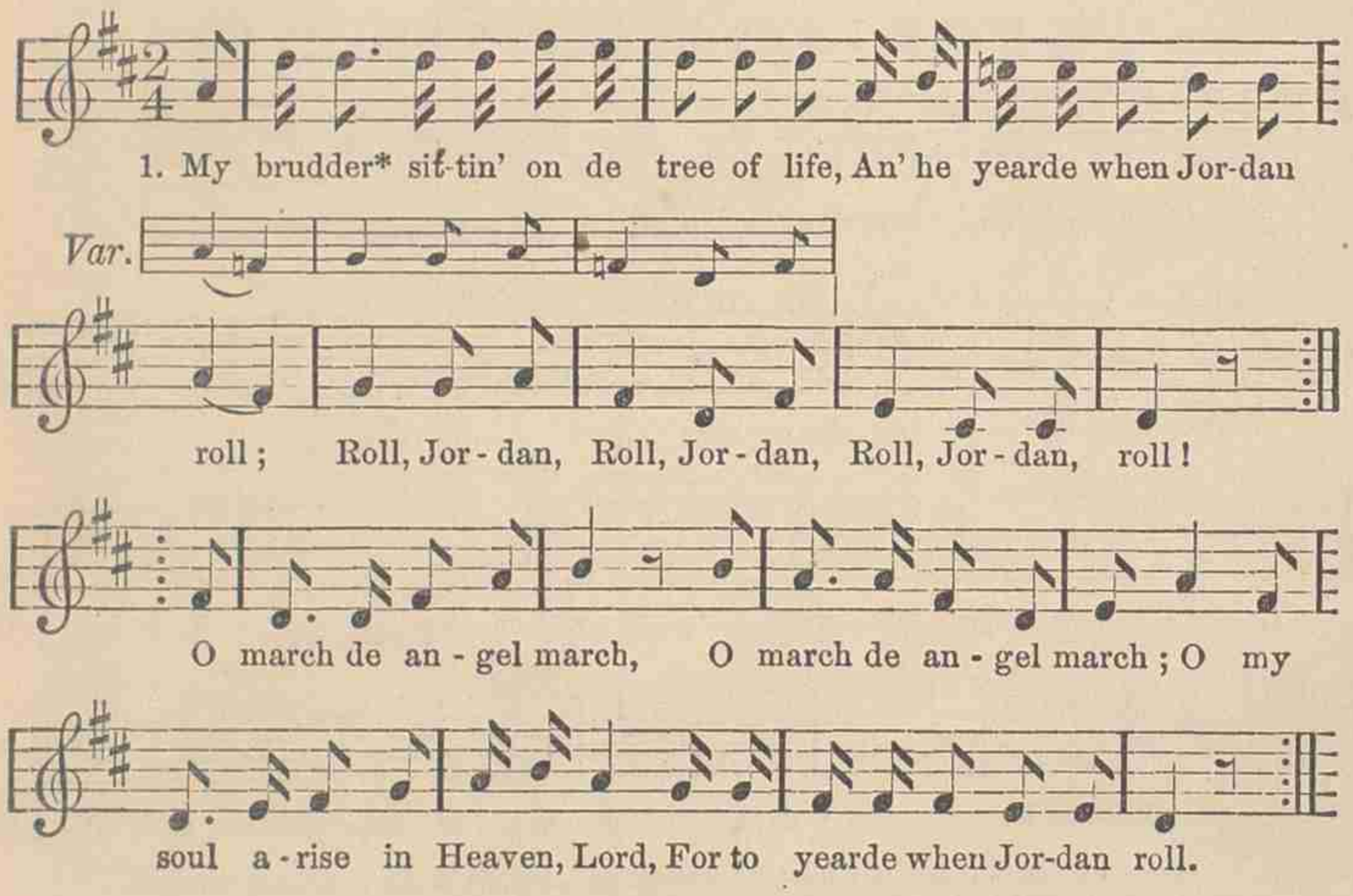
SOUTH-EASTERN SLAVE STATES:

Including South Carolina, Georgia, and the Sea Islands.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.

I.

1. ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL.
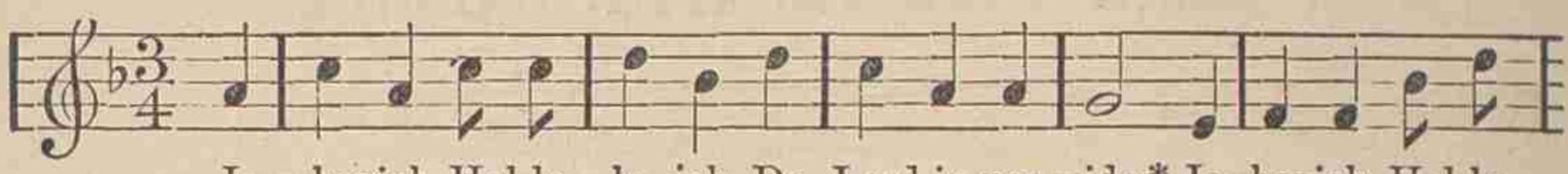


2 Little chil'en, learn to fear de Lord,
And let your days be long;
Roll, Jordan, &c.

3 O, let no false nor spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue;
Roll, Jordan, &c.
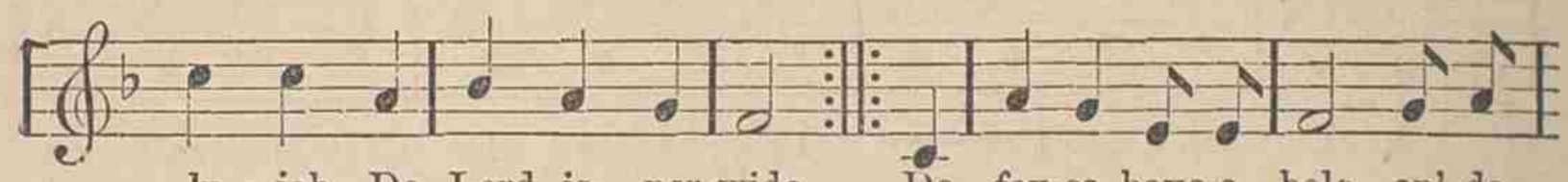
* Parson Fuller, Deacon Henshaw, Brudder Mosey, Massa Linkum, &c.

[This spiritual probably extends from South Carolina to Florida, and is one of the best known and noblest of the songs.]
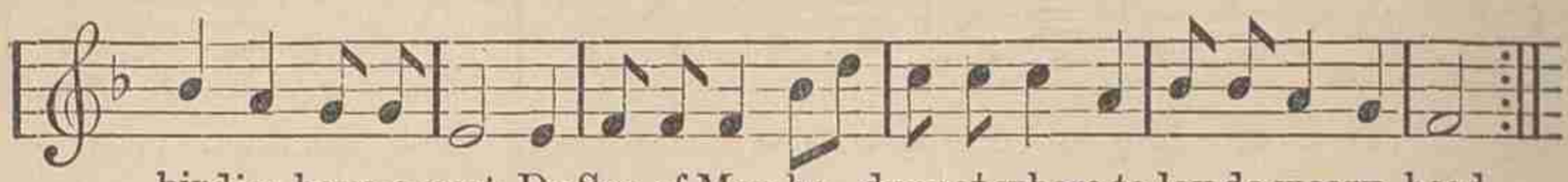
2. JEHOVAH, HALLELUJAH.



Je - hoviah, Hal-le - lu-jah, De Lord is per-wide,* Je-hoviah, Hal-le -
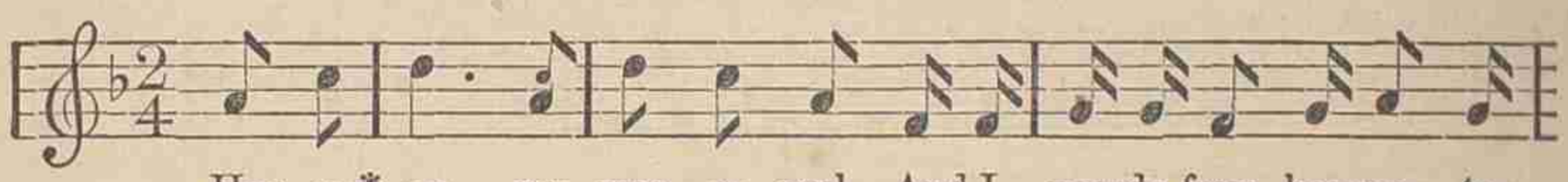


- lu - jah, De Lord is per-wide. De fox-es have-a hole, an' de



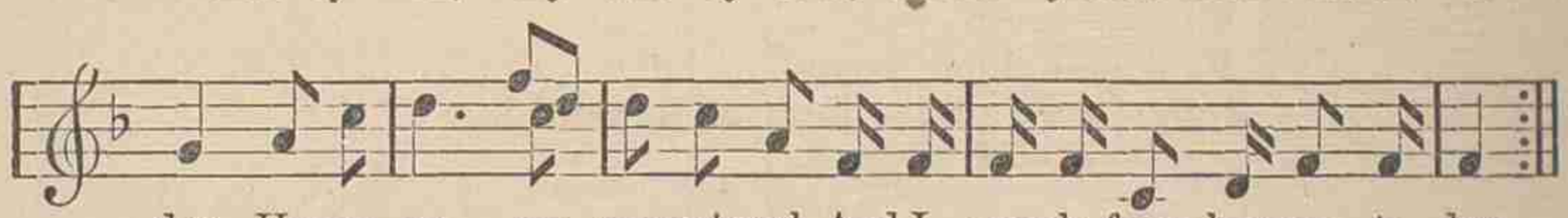
birdies have-a nest, De Son of Man he dunnot where to lay de weary head.

* Will provide. † Hanno.
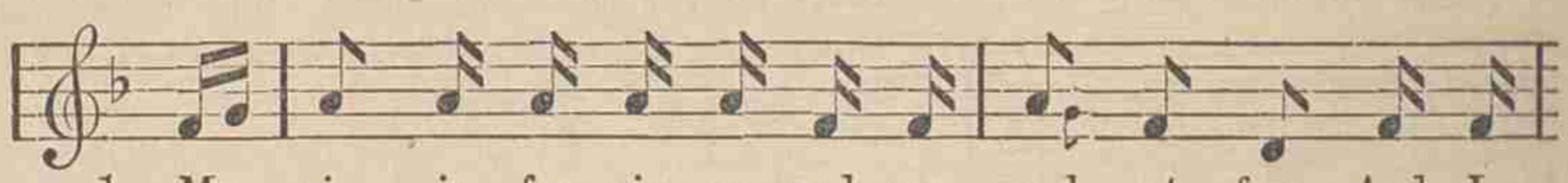
1 HEAR FROM HEAVEN TO-DAY.
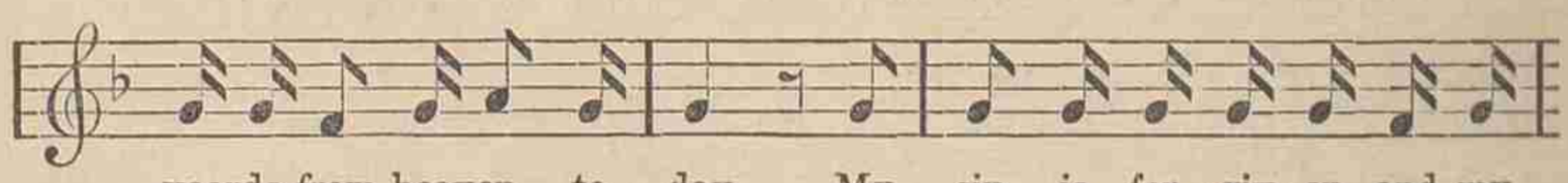


Hur-ry* on, my wea-ry soul, And I yearde from heaven to-
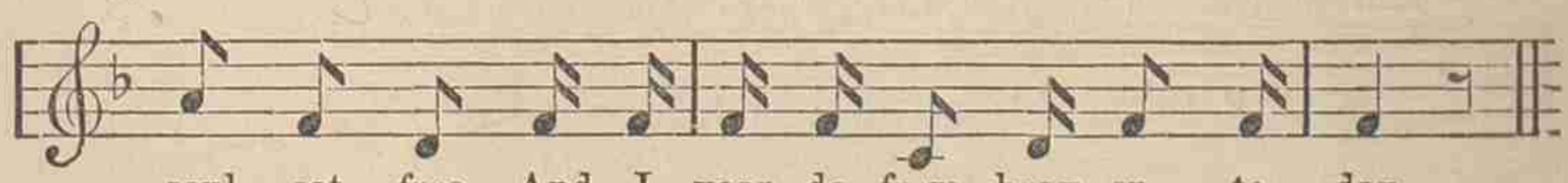


- day, Hur-ry on, my wearyt soul, And I yearde from heaven to-day.



1. My sin is for-giv-en and my soul set free, And I



yearde from heaven to-day, My sin is for-giv-en, and my



soul set free, And I year-de from heav-en to-day.

2 A baby born in Bethlehem,
And I yearde, &c.

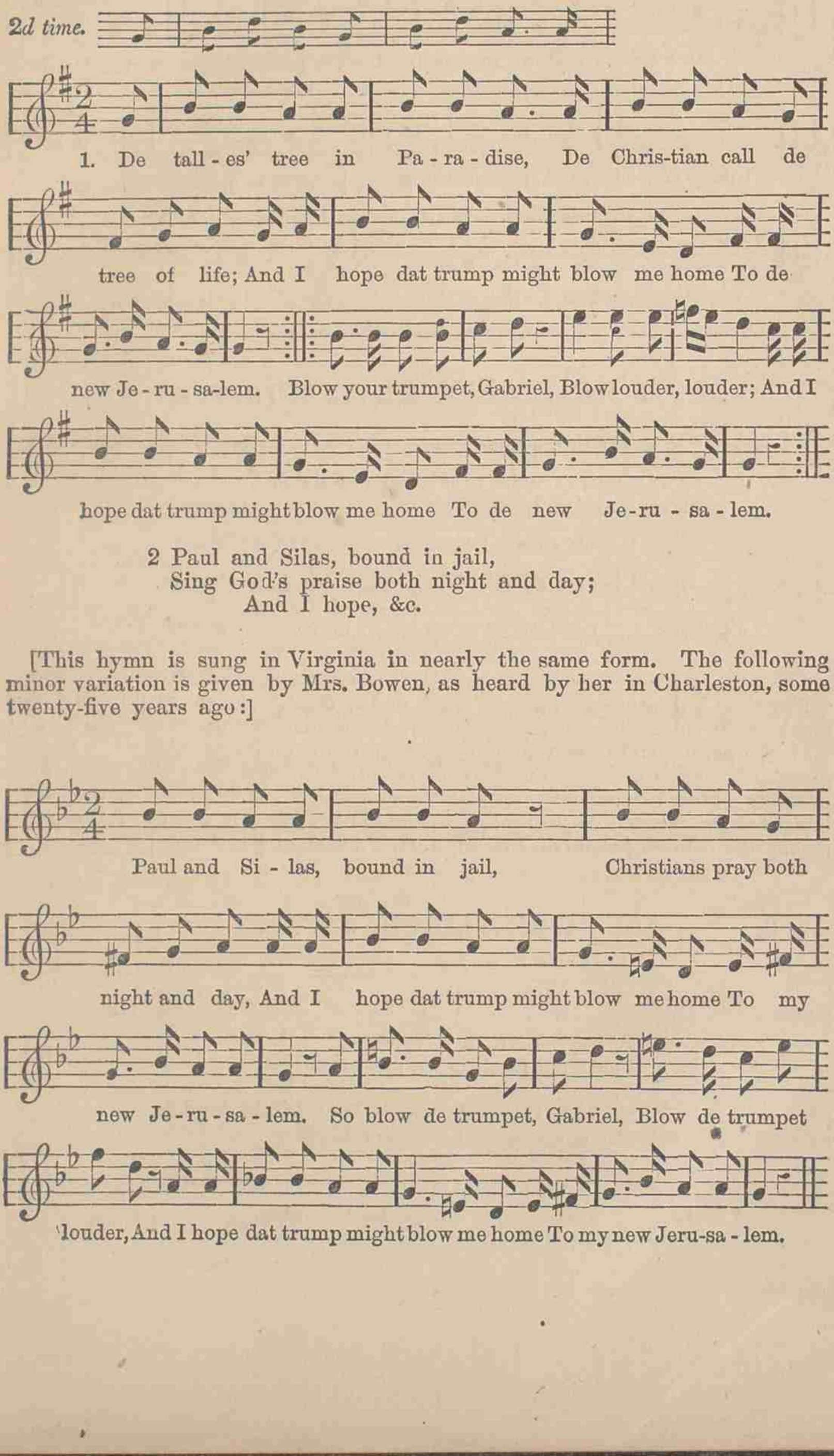
3 De trumpet sound in de oder bright land.‡

4 My name is called and I must go.

5 De bell is a-ringin' in de oder bright world.

* Travel. † My brudder, Brudder Jacob, Sister Mary. ‡ World.
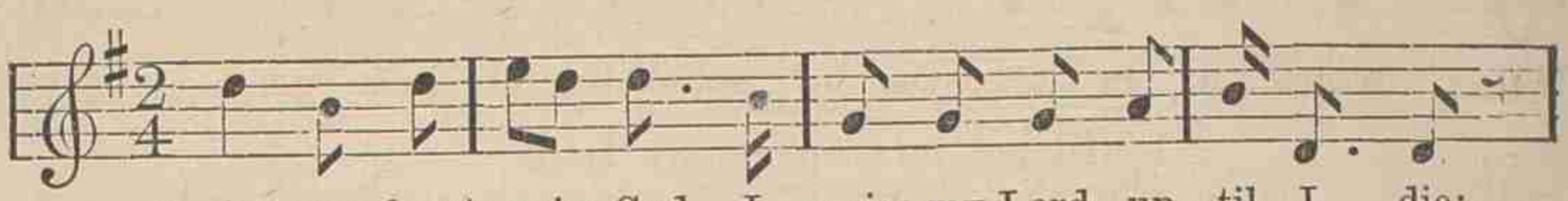
4. BLOW YOUR TRUMPET, GABRIEL.
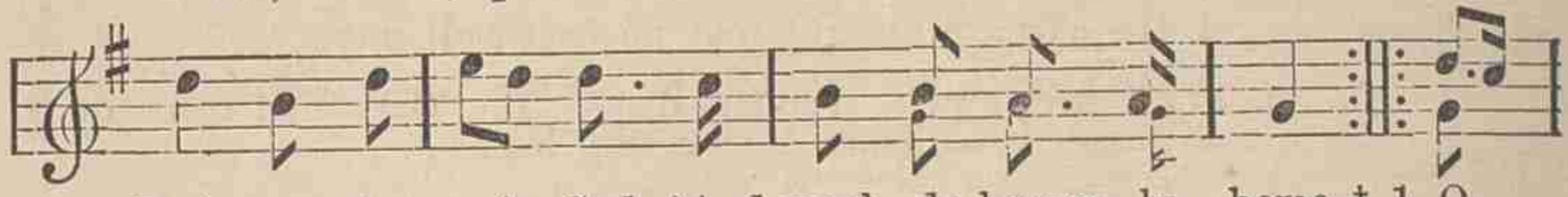


2 Paul and Silas, bound in jail,
Sing God's praise both night and day;
And I hope, &c.

[This hymn is sung in Virginia in nearly the same form. The following minor variation is given by Mrs. Bowen, as heard by her in Charleston, some twenty-five years ago:]
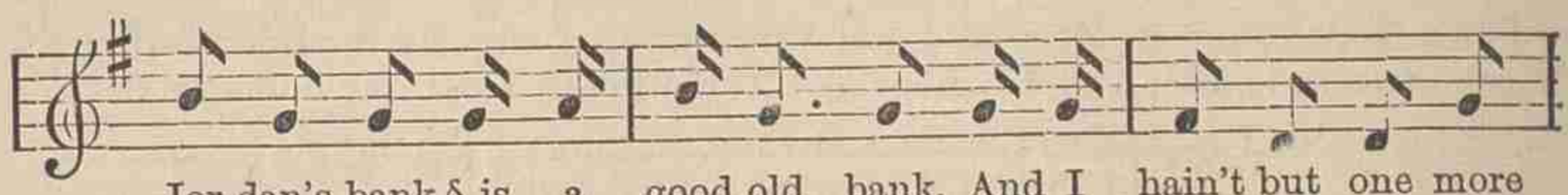
5. PRAISE, MEMBER.
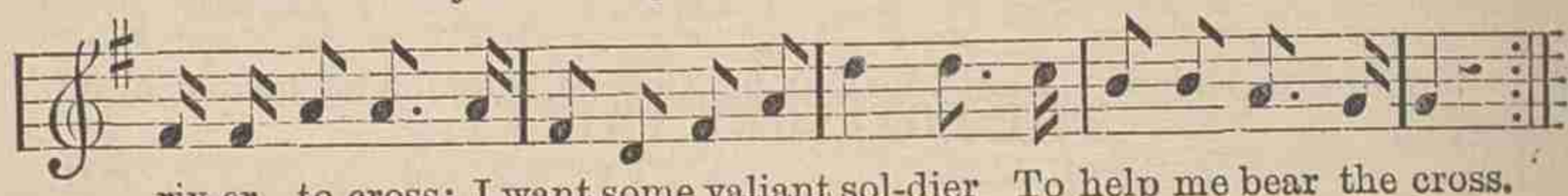


Praise, member,* praise God, I praise my Lord un - til I die;



Praise, member, praise God, †And reach de heaven - ly home. ‡ 1. O



Jor-dan's bank § is a good old bank, And I hain't but one more



riv-er to cross; I want some valiant sol-dier To help me bear the cross.

2 O soldier's fight is a good old fight,
And I hain't, &c.
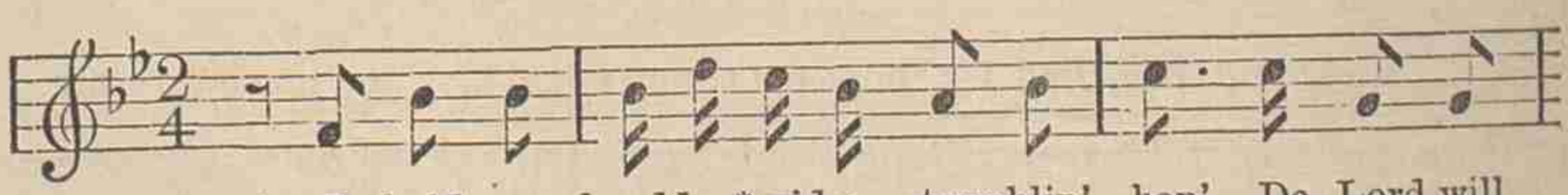
3 O I look to de East, and I look to de West.

4 O I wheel to de right, and I wheel to de left.
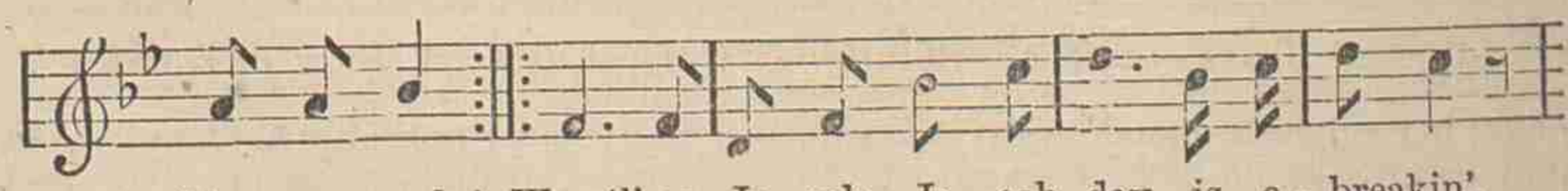
* Believer. † Religion so sweet. ‡ Shore. § Stream, Fight.

[The last verse is varied in several different ways; Col. Higginson gives, "There's a hill on my leff, an' he catch on my right," and says, "I could get no explanation of this last riddle, except, 'Dat mean, if you go on de leff, you go to 'struction, and if you go on de right, go to God, for sure.'" Miss Forten gives, "I hop on my right an' I catch on my leff," and supposes "that some peculiar motion of the body formed the original accompaniment of the song, but has now fallen into disuse." Lt. Col. Trowbridge heard this hymn sung among the colored people of Brooklyn, N. Y., several years ago.]

6. WRESTLE ON, JACOB.
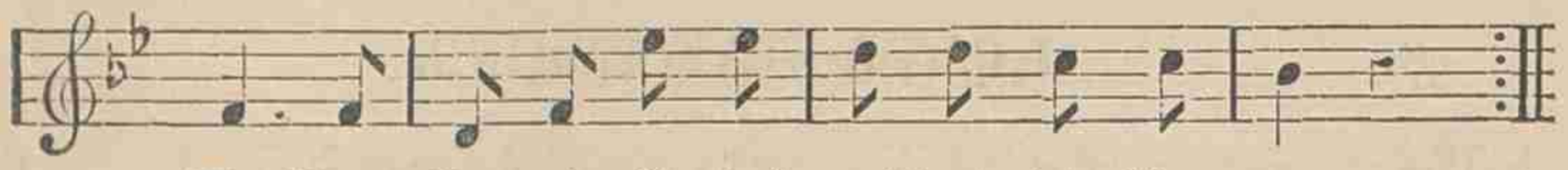


1. I hold my brudder* wid a tremblin' han', De Lord will



bless my soul. † Wrastl' on, Ja - cob, Ja - cob, day is a - breakin',

* My sister, Brudder Jacky, All de member. † I would not let him go.



Wrastl' on, Ja - cob, Oh he* would not let him go.

2 I will not let you go, my Lord.
3 Fisherman Peter out at sea.
4 He cast † all night and he cast † all day.
5 He ‡ catch no fish, but he ‡ catch some soul.
6 Jacob hang from a tremblin' limb.
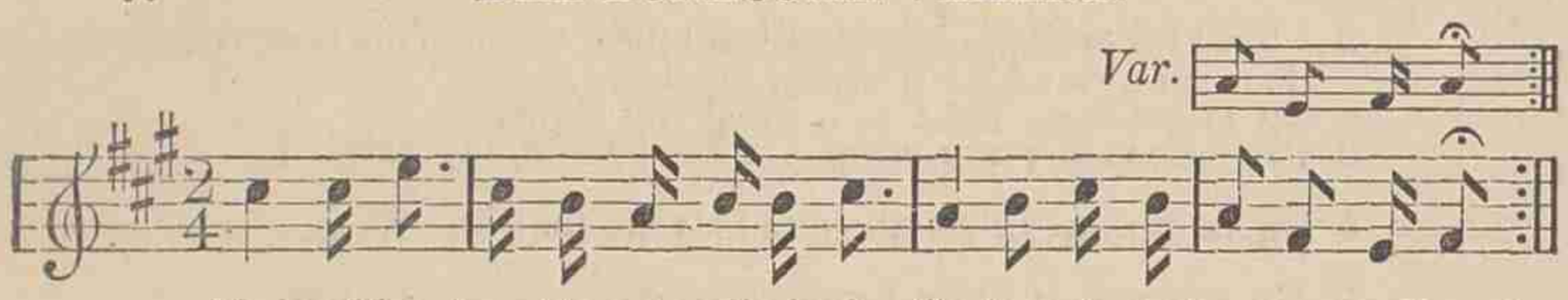
* Lord I. † Fish. ‡ I.

[This is also sung in Maryland and Virginia, in a slightly modified form. A Virginia verse is, —
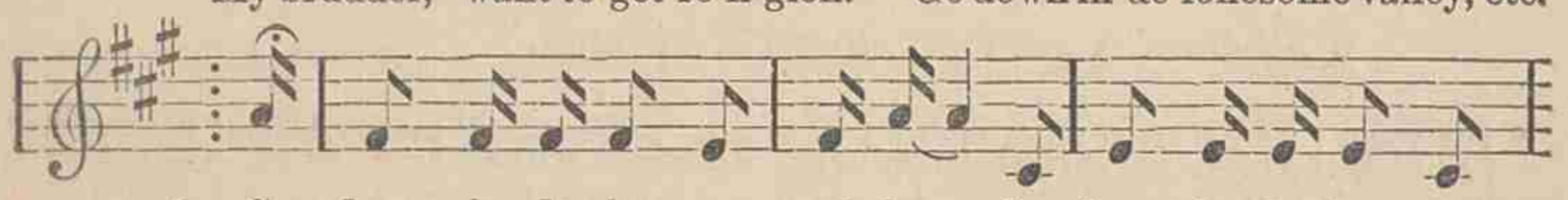
I looked to the East at the breaking of the day,
The old ship of Zion went sailing away.]

7. THE LONESOME VALLEY.
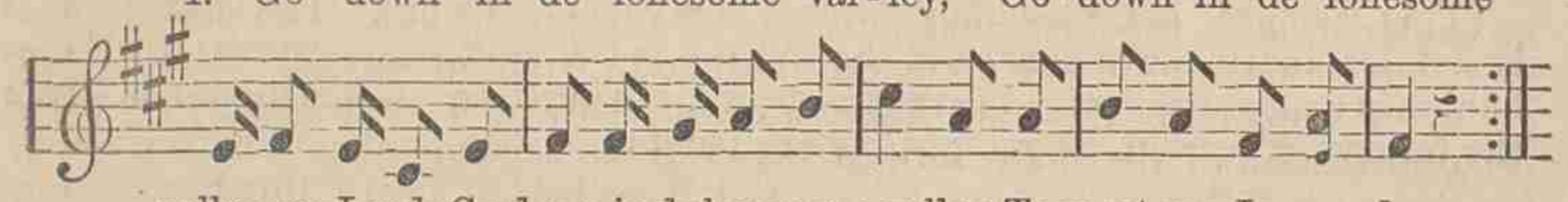
Var.



My brudder, *want to get re-li-gion? Go down in de lonesome valley, etc.



1. Go down in de lonesome val-ley, Go down in de lonesome
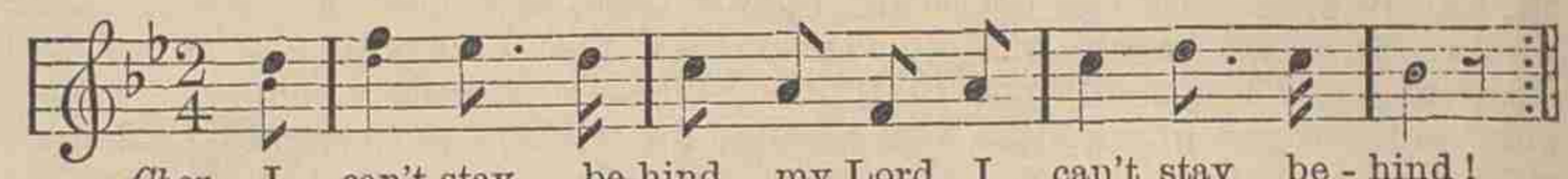


valley, my Lord; Go down in de lonesome valley, To meet my Je-sus dere.
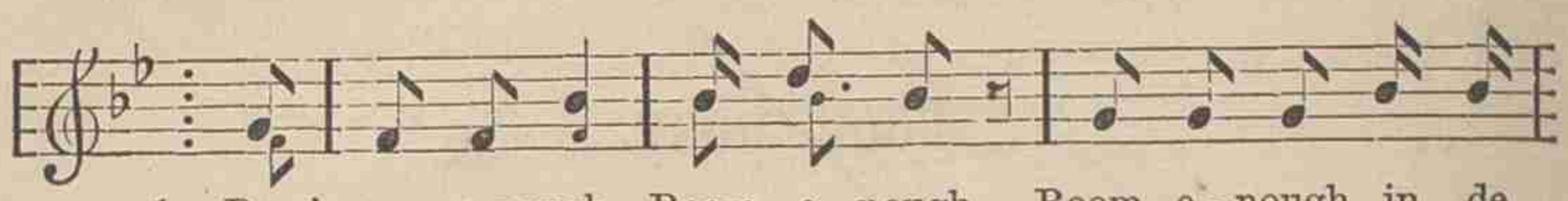
2 O feed on milk and honey.
3 O. John he write de letter.
4 And Mary and Marta read 'em.
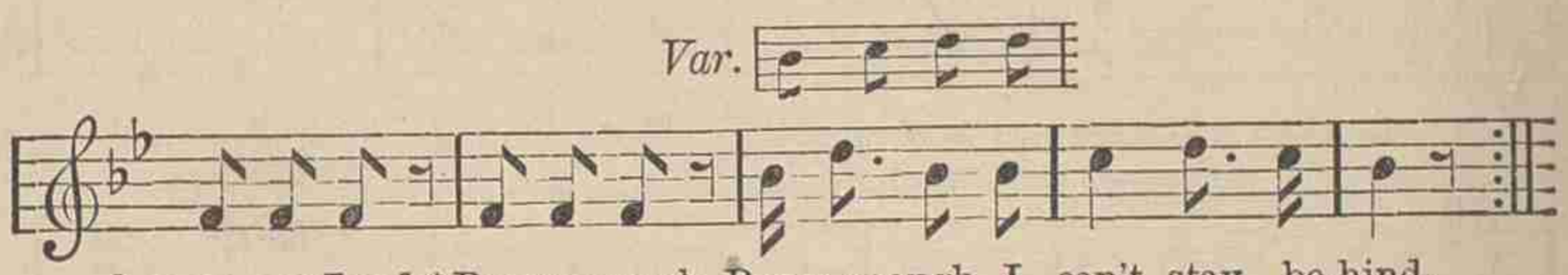
* Sister Katy, etc.

["'De valley,' and 'de lonesome valley' were familiar words in their religious experience. To descend into that region implied the same process with the 'anxious-seat' of the camp-meeting. When a young girl was supposed to enter it, she bound a handkerchief by a peculiar knot over her head, and made it a point of honor not to change a single garment till the day of her baptism, so that she was sure of being in physical readiness for the cleansing rite, whatever her spiritual mood might be. More than once, in noticing a damsel thus mystically kerchiefed, I have asked some dusky attendant its meaning, and have received the unfailing answer, - framed with their usual indifference to the genders of pronouns,—'He in de lonesome valley, sa.'"—*Col. Higginson.*]

8. I CAN'T STAY BEHIND.







2 I been all around, I been all around,
Been all around de Heaven, my Lord.

3 I've searched every room—in de Heaven, my Lord. †

4 De angels singin'‡—all round de trone.

5 My Fader call—and I must go.

6 Sto-back,§ member; sto-back, member.

* For you. † And Heaven all around. ‡ Crowned. § "Sto-back" means "Shout backwards."

[This "shout" is very widely spread, and variously sung. In Charleston it is simpler in its movement, and the refrain is "I can't stay away." In Edgefield it is expostulating: "Don't stay away, my mudder." Col. Higginson gives the following version, as sung in his regiment:

"O, my mudder is gone! my mudder is gone!
My mudder is gone into heaven, my Lord!
I can't stay behind!
Dere 's room in dar, room in dar.
Room in dar, in de heaven, my Lord!
I can't stay behind.
Can't stay behind, my dear,
I can't stay behind!
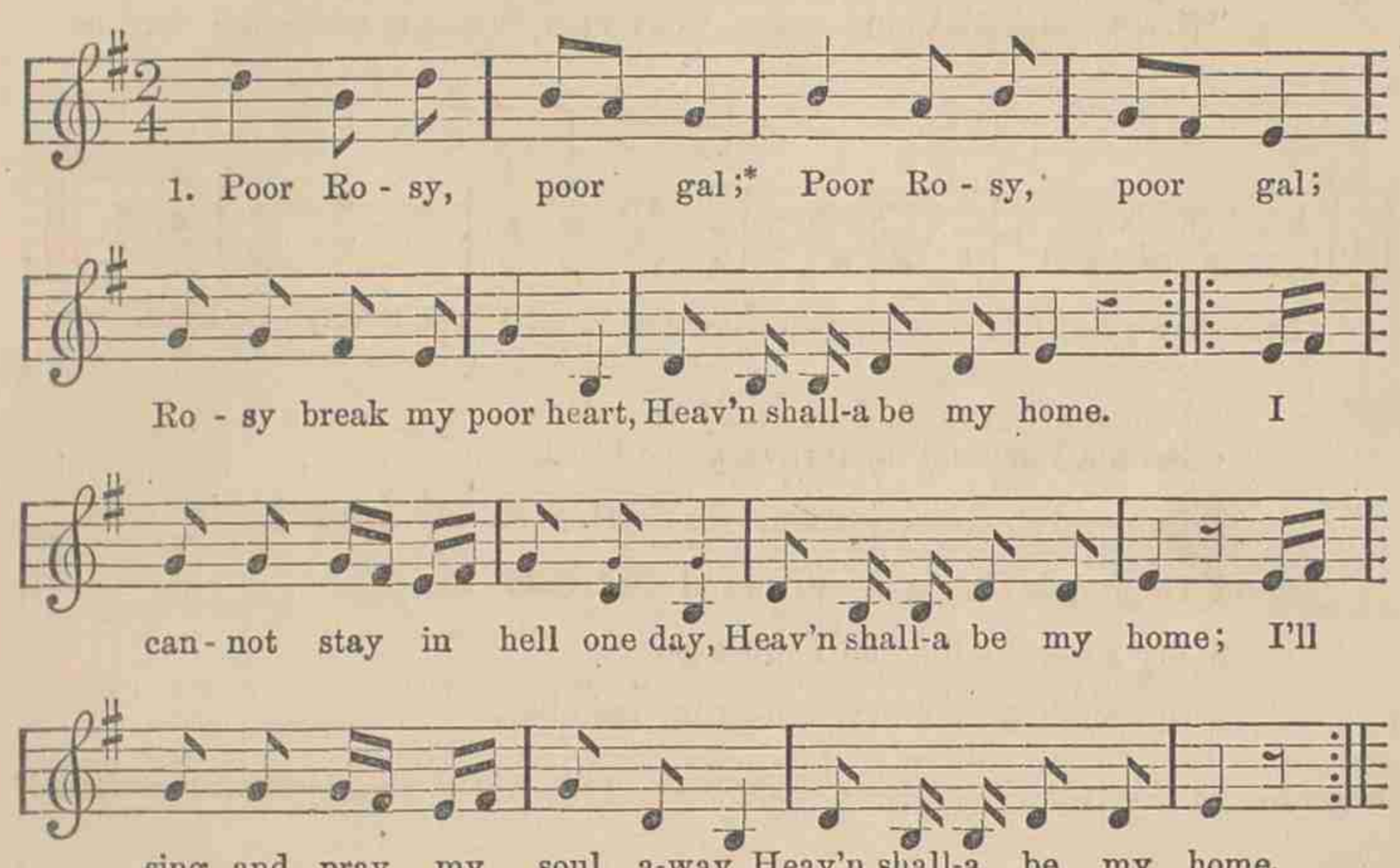
"O, my fader is gone! &c.

"O, de angels are gone! &c

"O, I 'se been on de road! I 'se been on de road!
I 'se been on de road into heaven, my Lord!
I can't stay behind!
O, room in dar, room in dar,
Room in dar, in de heaven, my Lord!
I can't stay behind!"

Lt. Col. Trowbridge is of opinion that it was brought from Florida, as he first heard it in Dec., 1862, from a boat-load of Florida soldiers brought up by Lt. Col. Billings. It was not heard by Mr. Ware at Coffin's Point until that winter. It seems hardly likely, however, that it could have made its way to Charleston and Edgefield since that time. The air became "immensely popular" in the regiment, and was soon adopted for military purposes, so that the class leaders indignantly complained of "the drum corps using de Lord's chune."]

9. POOR ROSY.
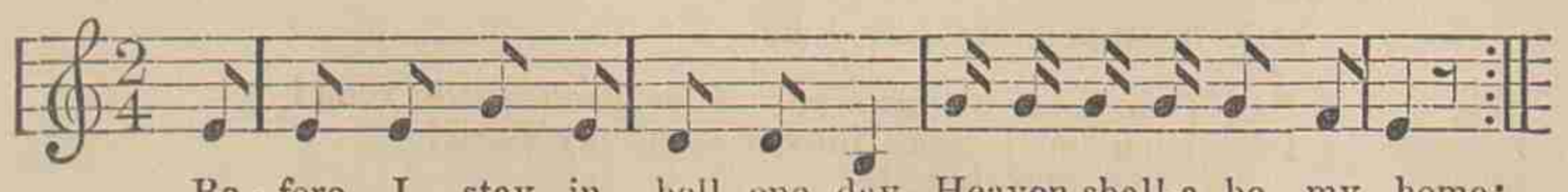


2 Got hard trial in my way, (*ter*)
Heav'n shall-a be my home.
O when I talk, † I talk † wid God, } (*bis*)
Heav'n shall-a be my home.
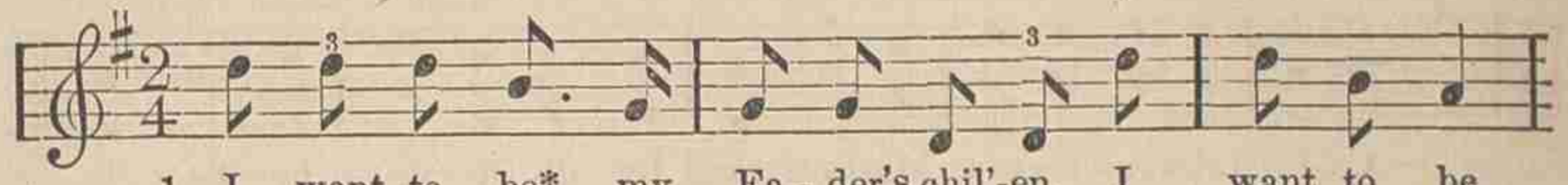
3 I dunno what de people ‡ want of me, (*ter*)
Heav'n shall-a be my home.
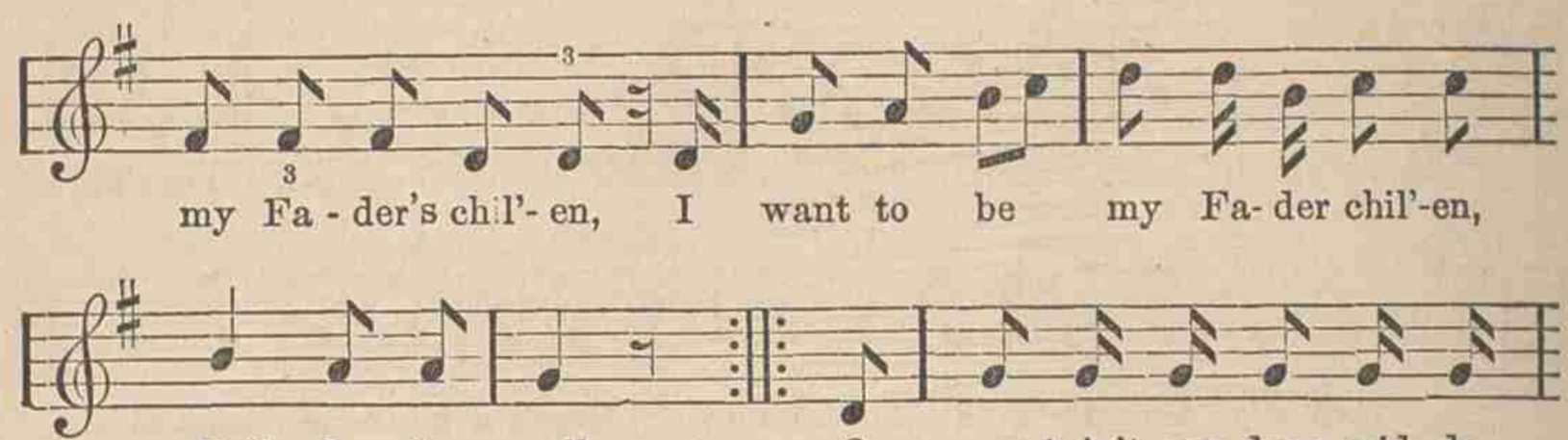
* Poor Cæsar, poor boy. † Walk. ‡ Massa.

[This song ranks with "Roll, Jordan," in dignity and favor. The following variation of the second part was heard at "The Oaks:"]



10. THE TROUBLE OF THE WORLD.
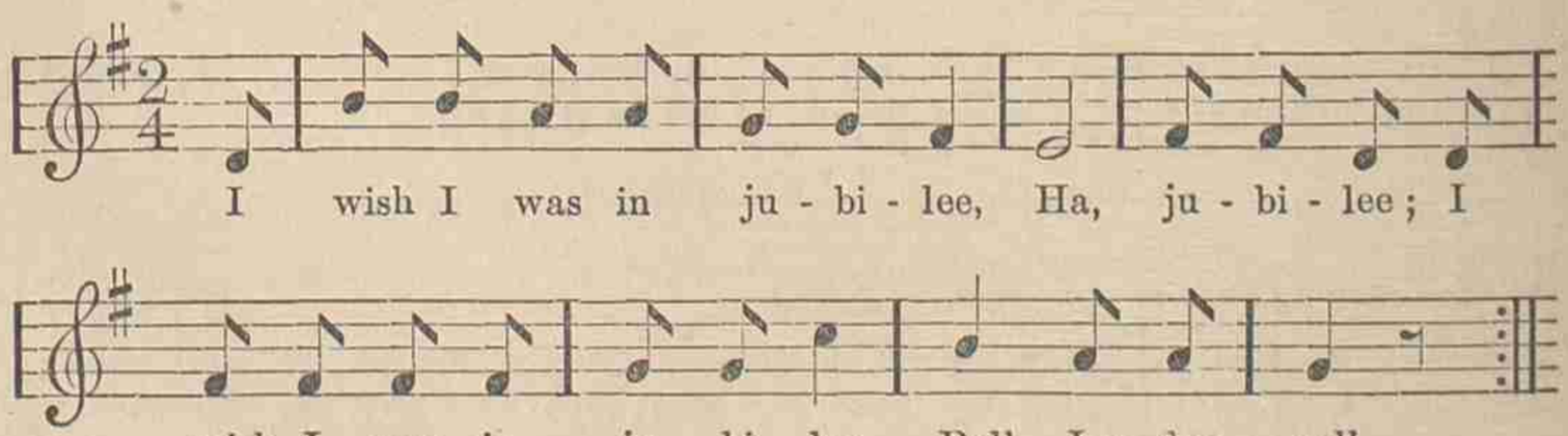




2 I ask de Lord how long I hold 'em, (*ter*)
Hold 'em to de end.

3 My sins so heavy I can't get along, Ah! &c.
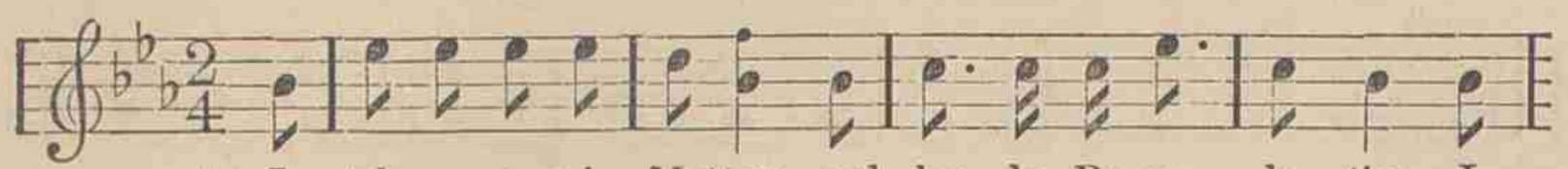
4 I cast my sins in de middle of de sea, Ah! &c.

* O you ought to be. † My sister, My mudder, etc.

[This is perhaps as good a rendering of this strange song as can be given. The difficulty is in the time, which is rapid, hurried and irregular to a degree which is very hard to imitate and impossible to represent in notes. The following is sung in Savannah, with the same refrain, "Trouble of the world:"]



11. THERE'S A MEETING HERE TO-NIGHT.



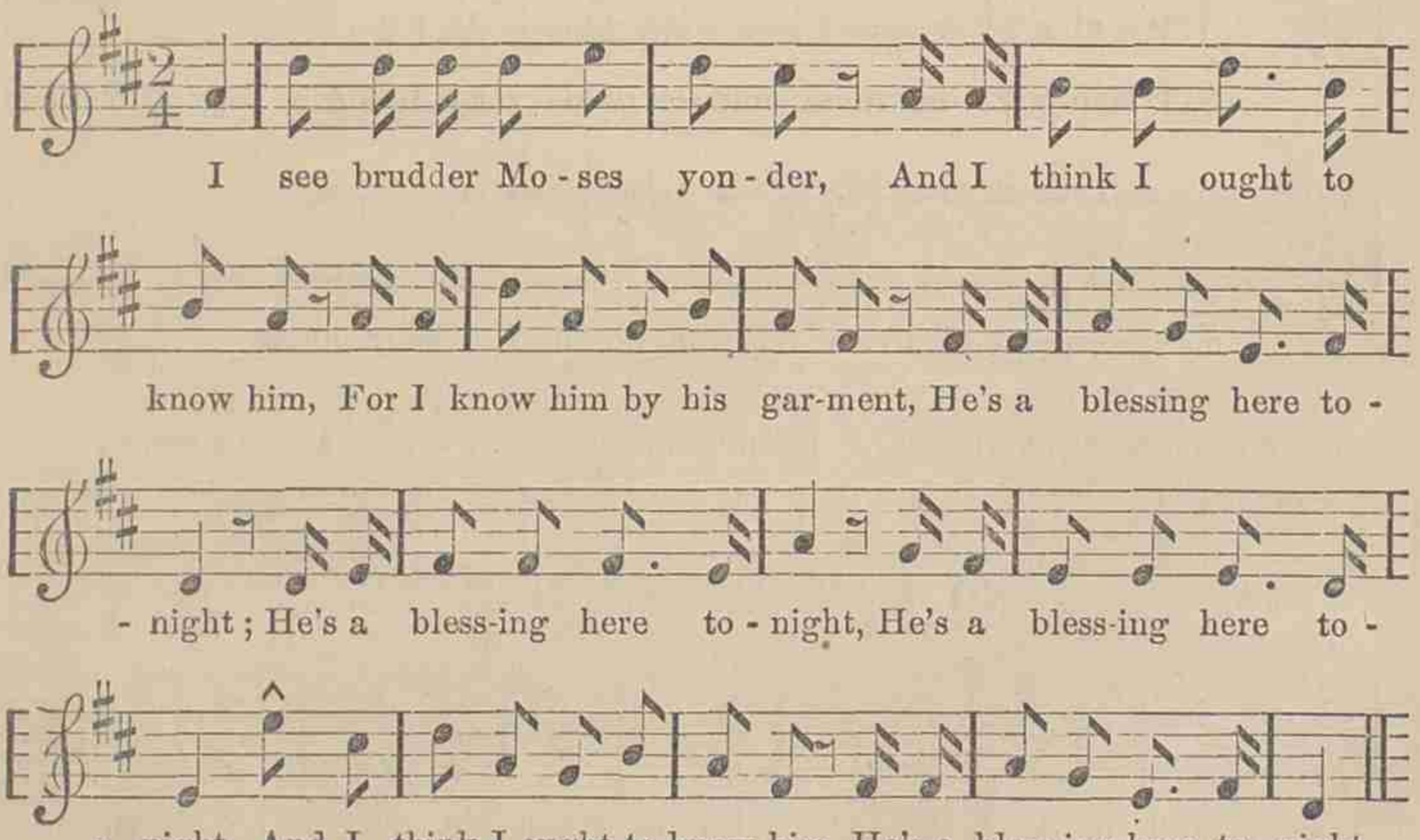
1. I take my text in Mattew, and by de Re-ve - la - tion, I know you by your gar-ment, Dere's a meet-ing here to - night. Dere's a meet-ing here to- night, (Brudder Tony,) Dere's a meet-ing here to - night, (Sister Rina,) Dere's a meeting here to-night, I hope to meet a - gain.

Oh !

Oh !
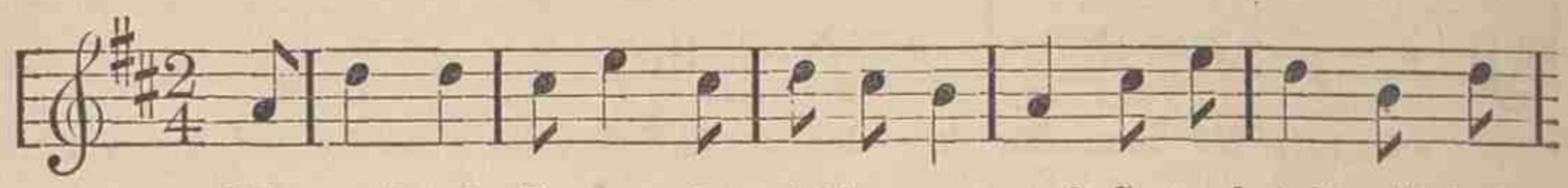
2 Brudder John was a writer, he write de laws of God;
Sister Mary say to brudder John, "Brudder John, don't write no more."
Dere's a meeting here to-night, Oh! (Brudder Sandy,) (*bis*)
Dere's a meeting here to-night,
I hope to meet again.

[Mrs. Bowen gives us the following beautiful variation, as sung in Charleston:]
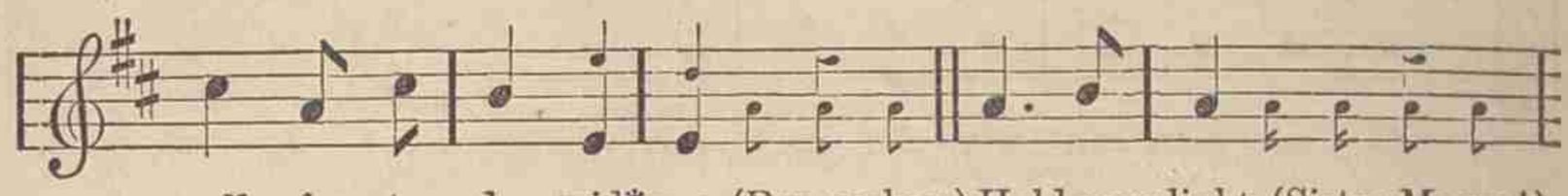


I see brudder Mo - ses yon - der, And I think I ought to know him, For I know him by his gar-ment, He's a blessing here to - night; He's a bless-ing here to - night, He's a bless-ing here to - night, And I think I ought to know him, He's a bless-ing here to - night.
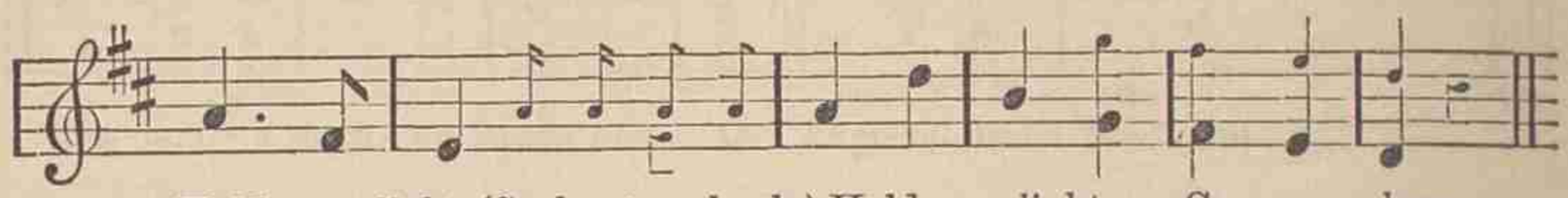
12. HOLD YOUR LIGHT.



What make ole Sa- tan da fol-low me so? Sa-tan hain't nottin' at
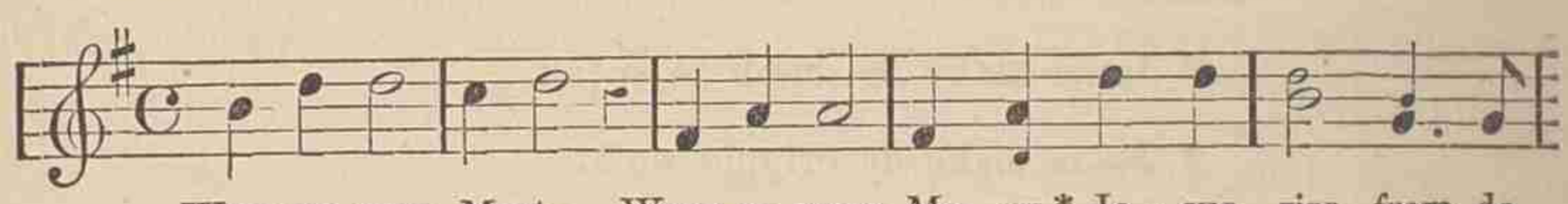


all for to do wid* me. (Run seeker.) Hold your light, (Sister Ma-ry,†)
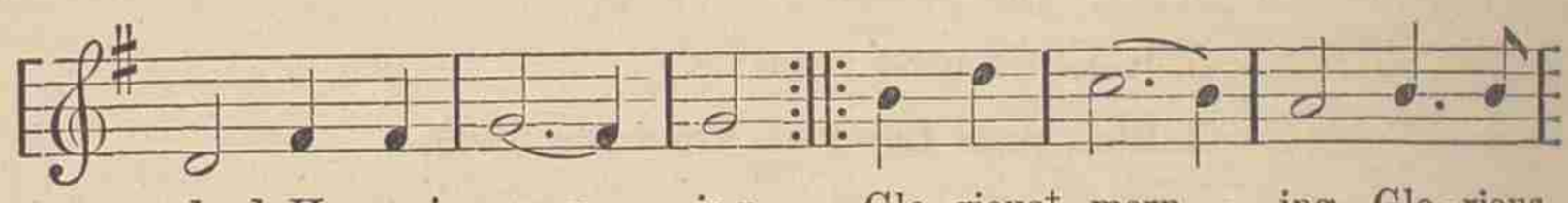


Hold your light, (Seeker turn back,) Hold your light on Ca - naan shore.

* Long o'. † All de member, Turn seeker.
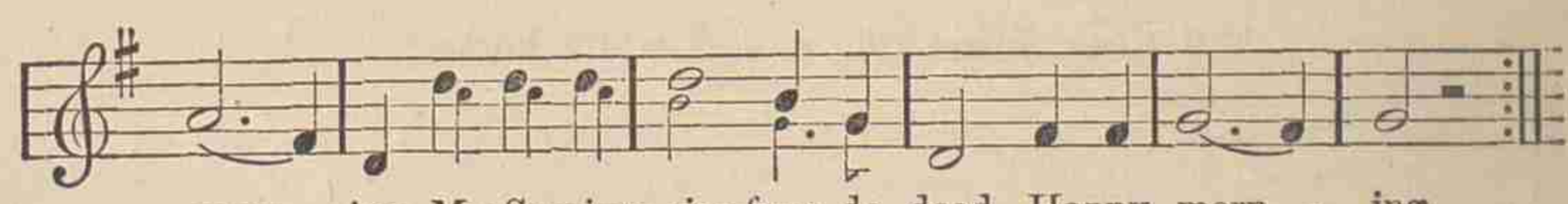
13. HAPPY MORNING.



Weep no more, Marta, Weep no more, Ma ry,* Je - sus rise from de
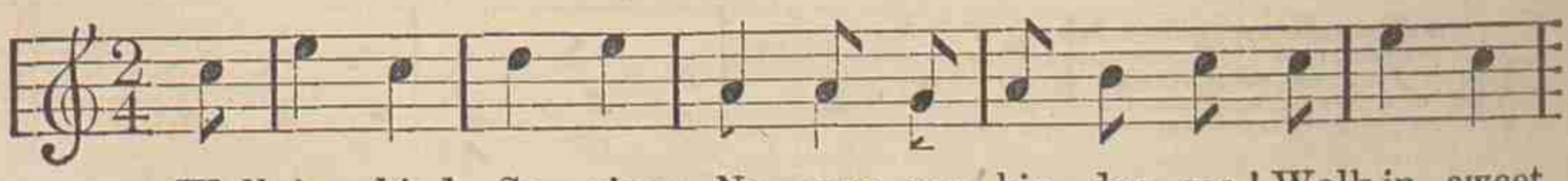


dead, Hap-py† morn - ing. Glo - rious‡ morn - ing, Glo - rious
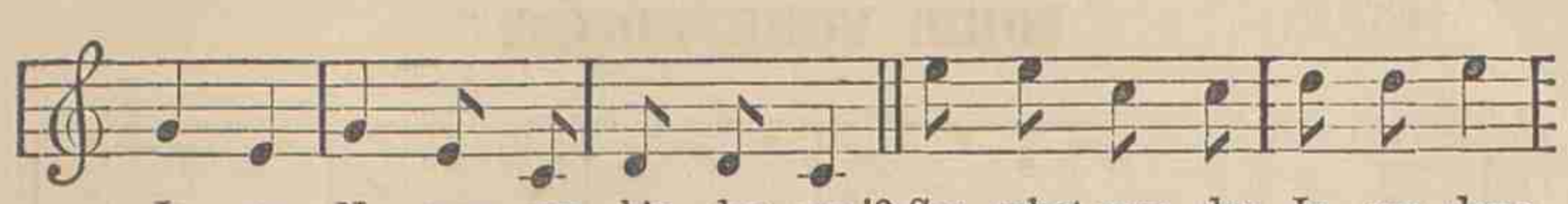


morn - ing, My Sa-viour rise from de dead, Happy morn - ing.

* Doubt no more, Thomas. † Glorious, Sunday. ‡ O what a happy Sunday.
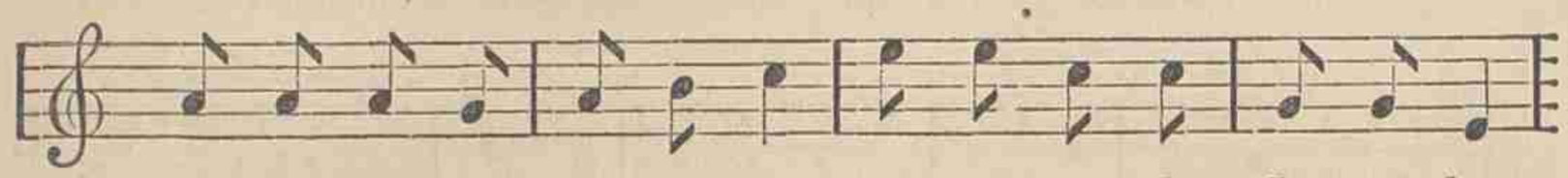
14. NO MAN CAN HINDER ME.
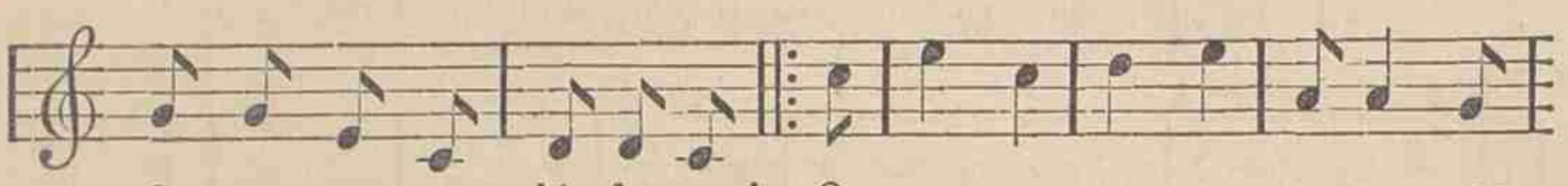


Walk in, kind Sa - viour, No man can hin - der me! Walk in, sweet
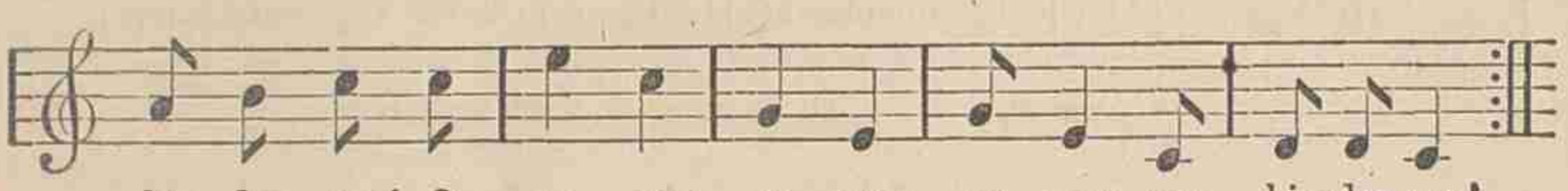


Je - sus, No man can hin - der me!2.See what won - der Je - sus done,



O no man can hin - der me! See what won - der Je - sus done,



O no man can hin-der me! O no man, no man, no man can



hin - der me! O no man, no man, no man can hin-der me!

3 Jesus make de dumb to speak.

4 Jesus make de cripple walk.

5 Jesus give de blind his sight.
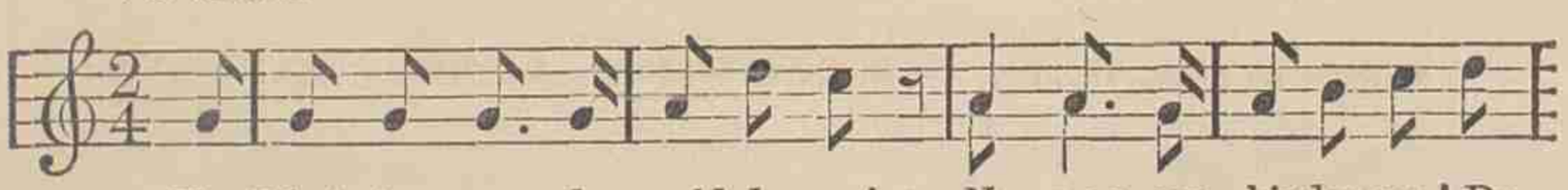
6 Jesus do most anyting.

7 Rise, poor Lajarush, from de tomb.
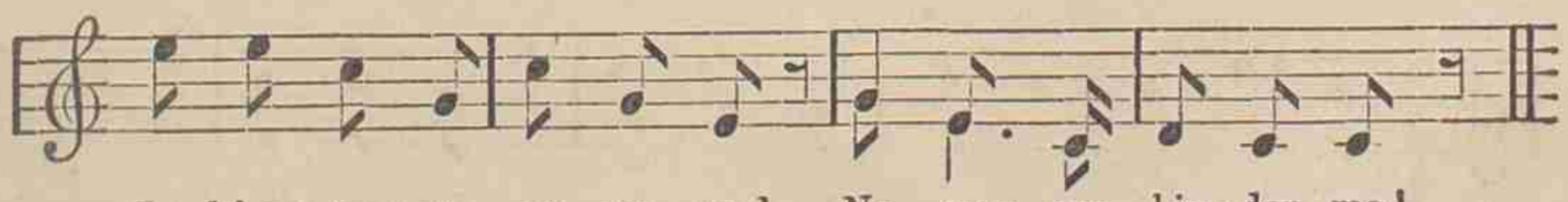
8 Satan ride an iron-gray horse.

9 King Jesus ride a milk-white horse.

Variation.
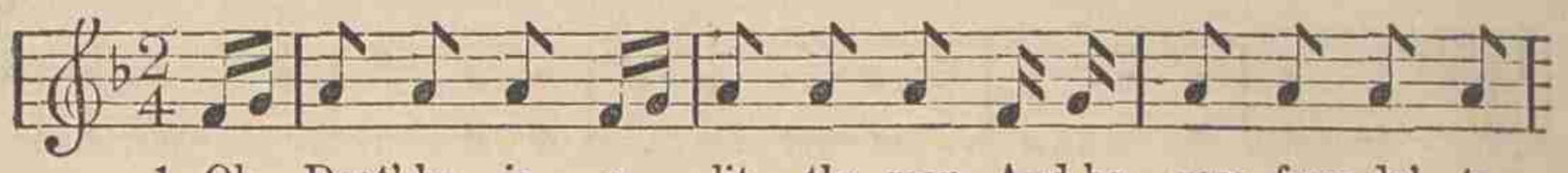


You'd bet - ter pray, de world da gwine, No man can hinder me! De



Lord have mer - cy on my soul, No man can hin - der me!
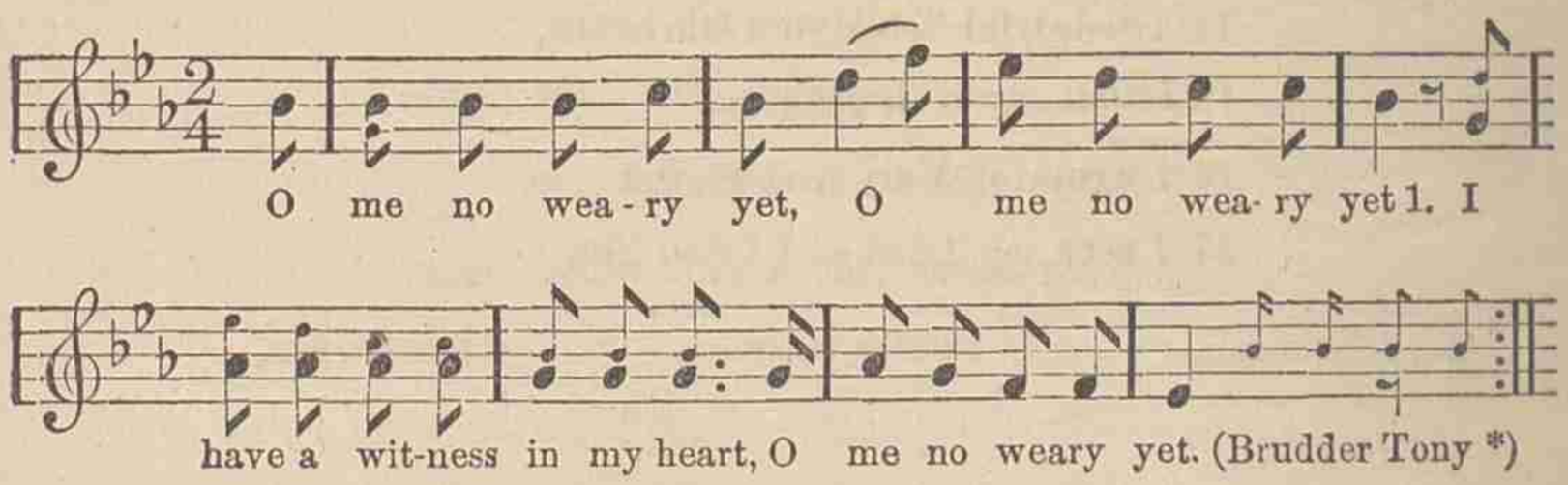
15. LORD, REMEMBER ME.



2 I want to die like-a Jesus die,
And he die wid a free good will,
I lay out in de grave and I stretchee out e arms,
Do, Lord, remember me.

* Do. † I pray (cry) to de Lord.
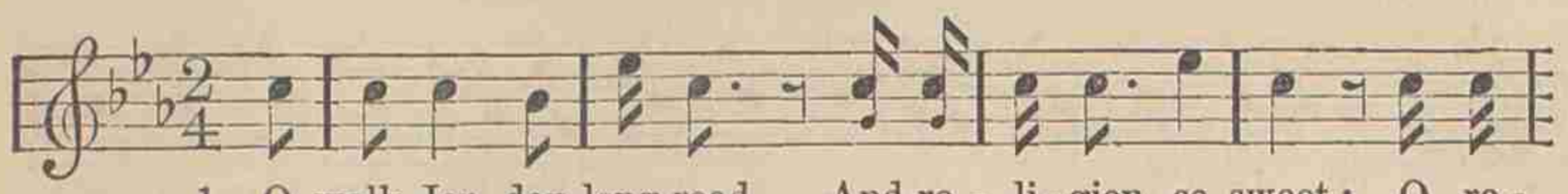
16. NOT WEARY YET.



2 Since I been in de field to † fight.
3 I have a heaven to maintain.
4 De bond of faith are on my soul.
5 Ole Satan toss a ball at me.
6 Him tink de ball would hit my soul.
7 De ball for hell and I for heaven.

* Sister Mary. † Been-a.
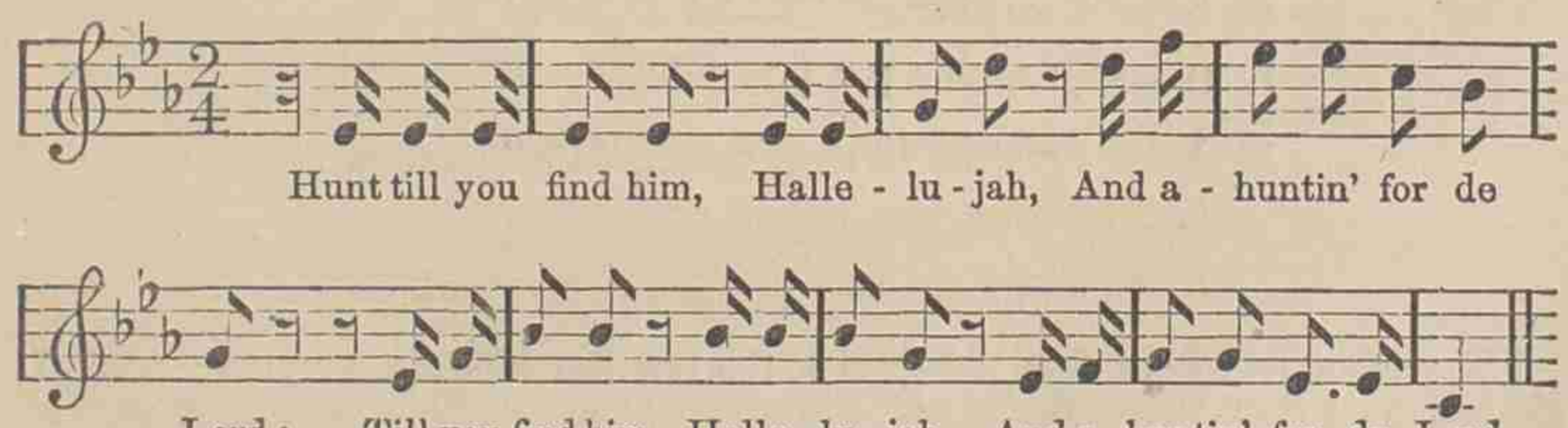
17. RELIGION SO SWEET.
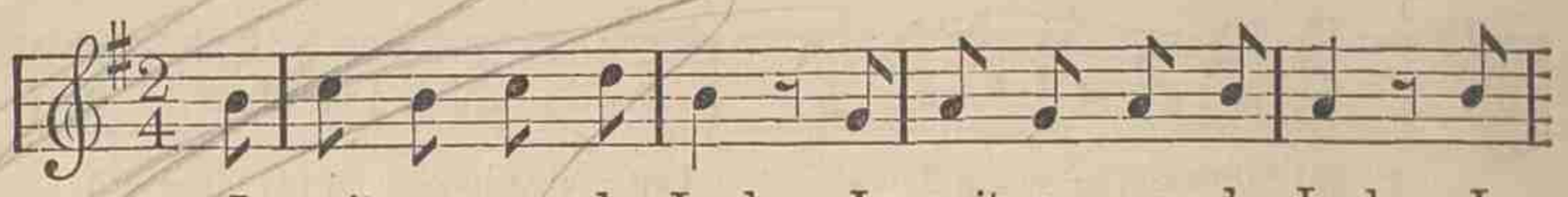


3 Religion make you happy.*
4 Religion gib me patience.†
5 O member, get religion.
6 I long time been a-huntin'.
7 I seekin' for my fortune.
8 O I gwine to meet my Savior.
9 Gwine to tell him 'bout my trials.
10 Dey call me boastin' member.
11 Dey call me turnback‡ Christian.
12 Dey call me 'struction maker.
13 But I don't care what dey call me.
14 Lord, trial 'longs to a Christian.
15 O tell me 'bout religion.
16 I weep for Mary and Marta.
17 I seek my Lord and I find him

* Humble. † Honor, Comfort. ‡ Lyin', 'ceitful.
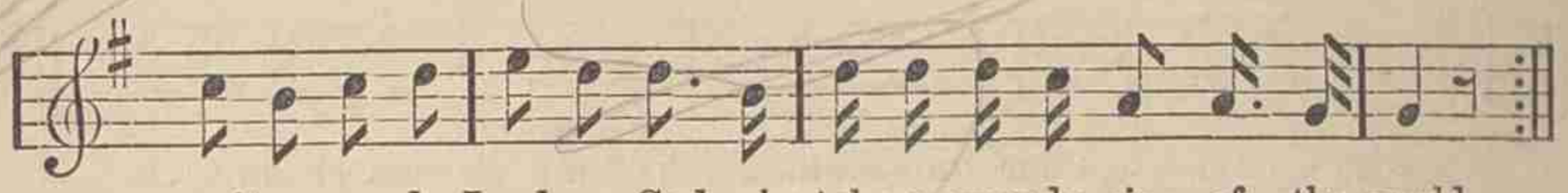
18. HUNTING FOR THE LORD.
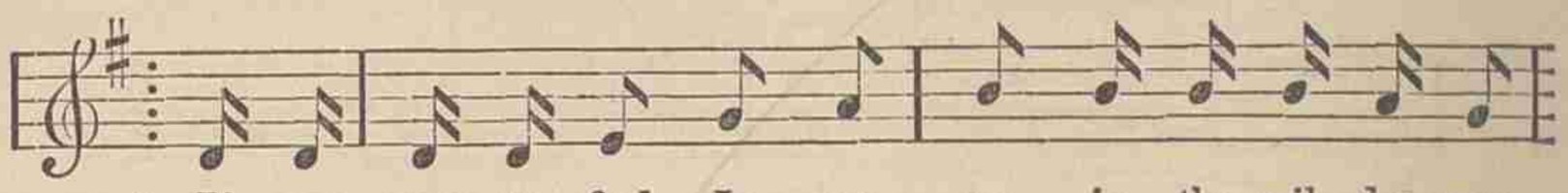


19. GO IN THE WILDERNESS.
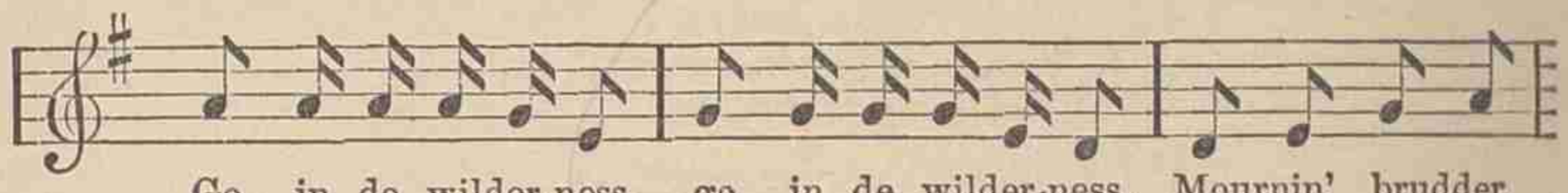


I wait up-on de Lord, I wait up-on de Lord, I
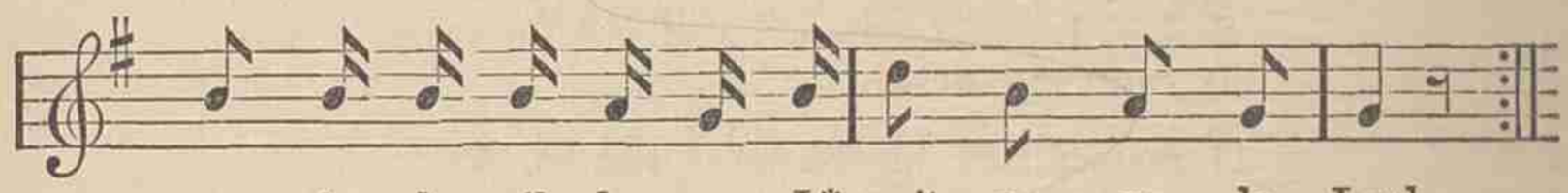


wait up-on de Lord, my God, who take a-way de sin of the world.



1. If you want to find Je-sus, go in the wil-der-ness,



Go in de wilder-ness, go in de wilder-ness, Mournin' brudder,



go in de wil-der-ness, I* wait up-on de Lord.

3 You want to be a Christian.

4 You want to get religion.

5 If you spec' to be converted.

6 O weepin' Mary.

7 'Flicted sister.

8 Say, ain't you a member?

9 Half-done Christian.

10 Come, backslider.

11 Baptist member.
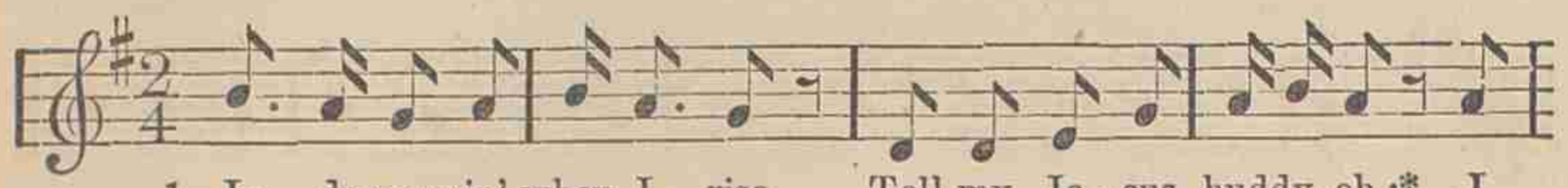
12 O seek, brudder Bristol.

13 Jesus a waitin' to meet you in de wilderness.
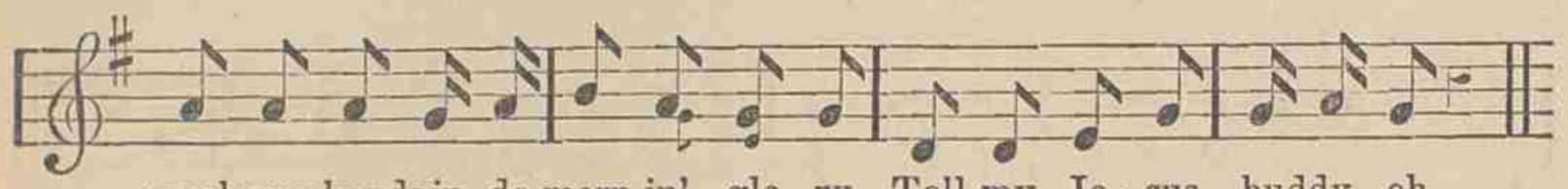
To.

[The second part of this spiritual is the familiar Methodist hymn "Ain't I glad I got out of the wilderness!" and may be the original. The first part is very beautiful, and appears to be peculiar to the Sea Islands.]

20. TELL MY JESUS "MORNING."
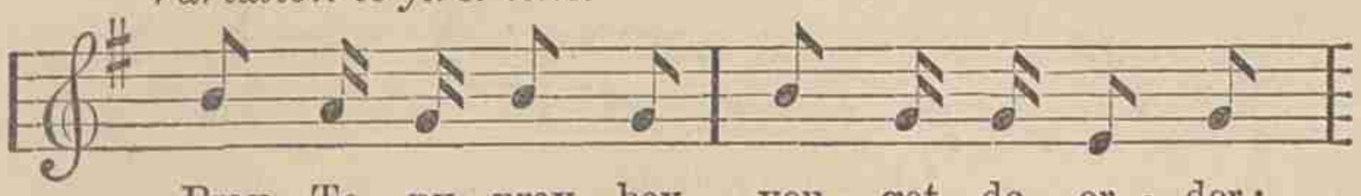


1. In de mornin' when I rise, Tell my Je - sus huddy, oh ;* I



wash my hands in de morn-in' glo - ry, Tell my Je - sus huddy, oh.

Variation to first line.



Pray To - ny, pray boy, you got de or - der;

2 Mornin', Hester, mornin', gal,
Tell my Jesus, &c.
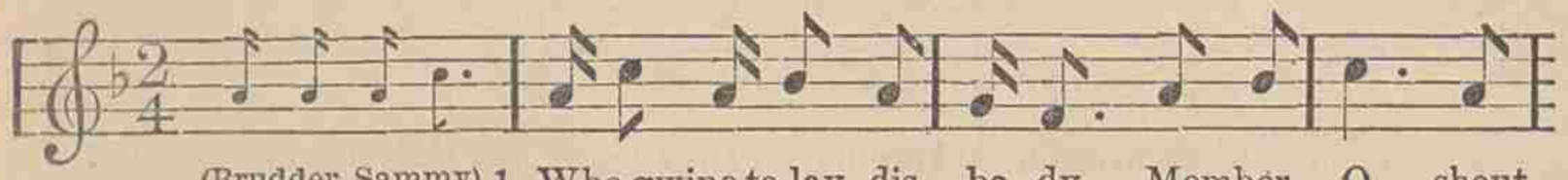
(To the Variation.)

2 Say, brudder Sammy, you got de order,
Tell my Jesus, &c.
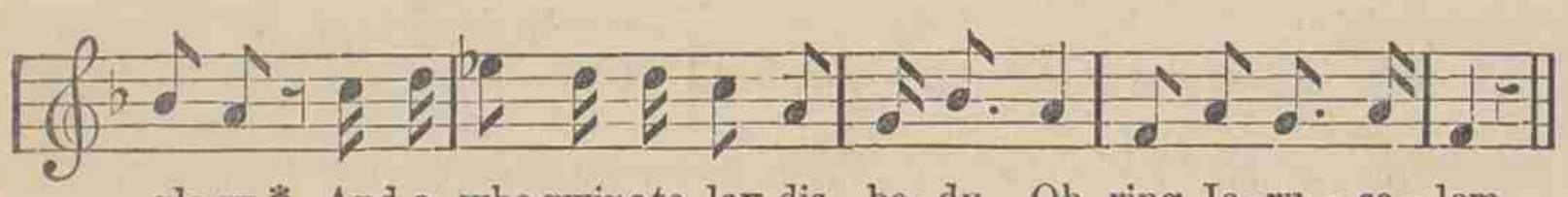
3 You got de order, and I got de order.

* Morning.
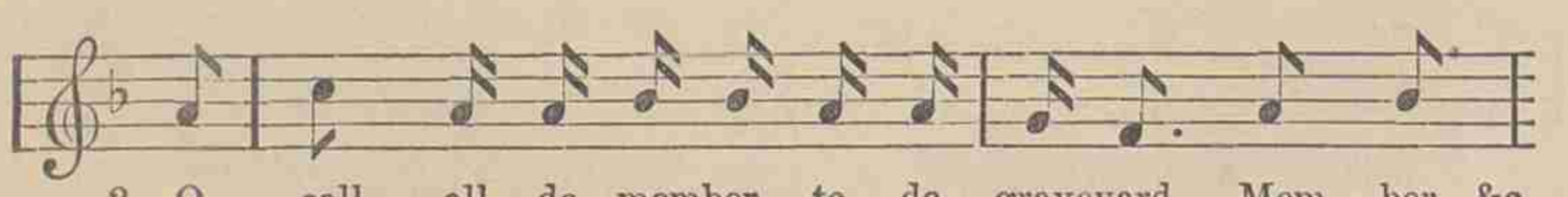
21. THE GRAVEYARD.



(Brudder Sammy) 1. Who gwine to lay dis bo - dy, Member, O, shout



glo-ry.* And-a who gwine to lay dis bo - dy, Oh ring Je - ru - sa - lem.



2. O call all de member to de graveyard. Mem - ber, &c.

3 O graveyard, ought to know me.
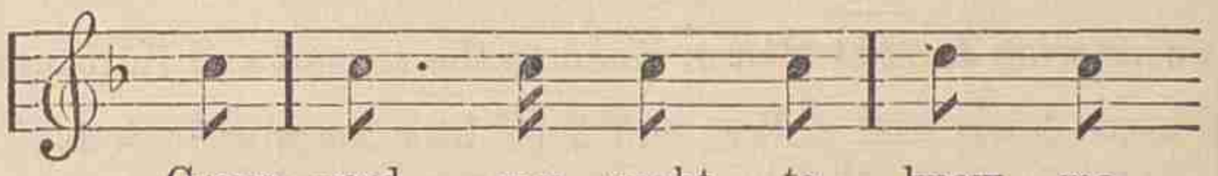
4 O grass grow in de graveyard.

5 O I reel† and I rock in de graveyard.

* Sing glory, Graveyard. † Shout, Wheel.

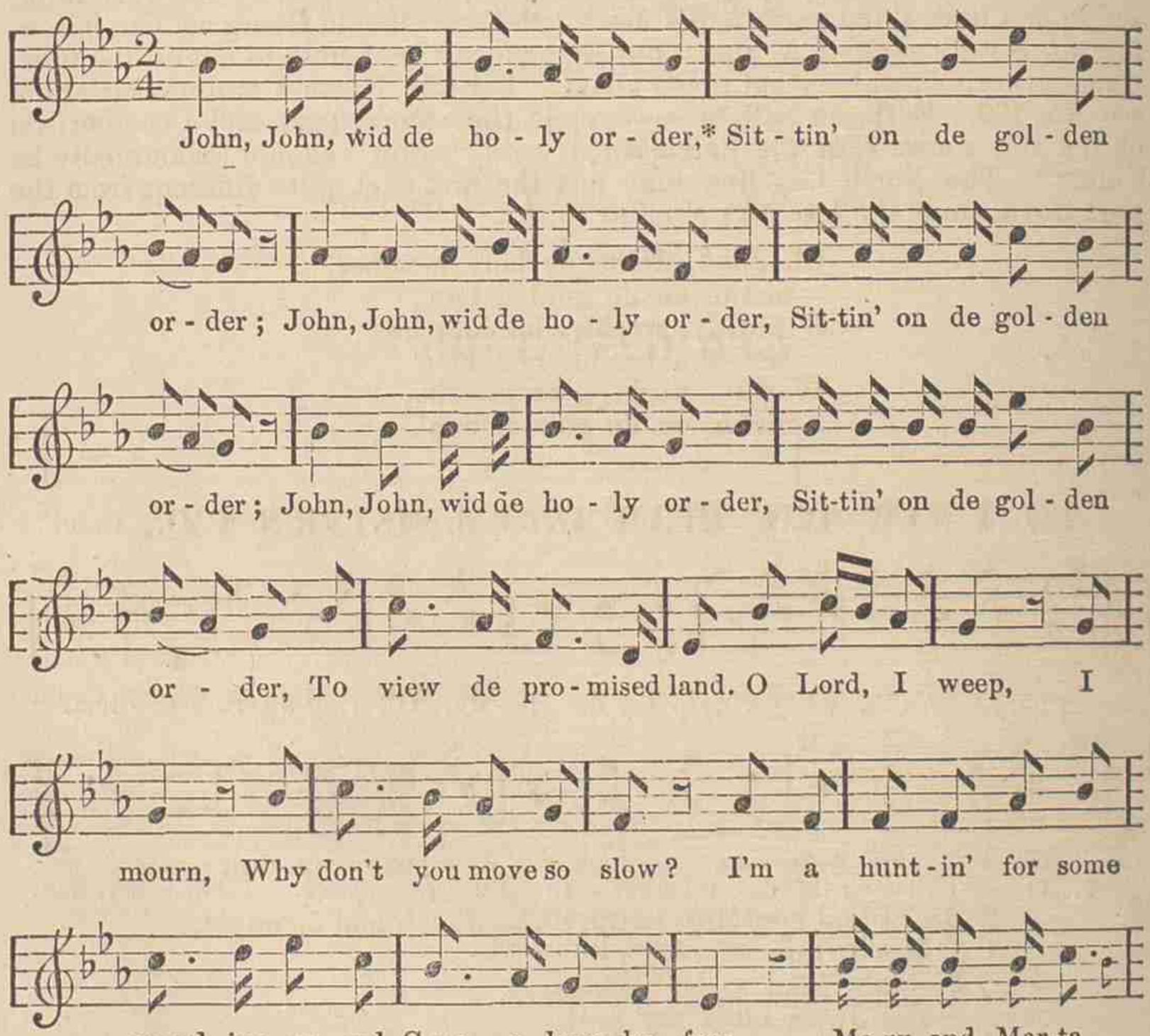
6 O I walk and I toss wid Jesus.
7 My mudder reel and-a toss wid de fever.
8 I have a grandmudder in de graveyard.
9 O where d'ye tink I find 'em?*
10 I find 'em, Lord, in de graveyard.
11 (Member,) I wheel, and I rock, and I gwine home.
12 (Brudder Sammy) O 'peat dat story over.

Variation to Verse 3.
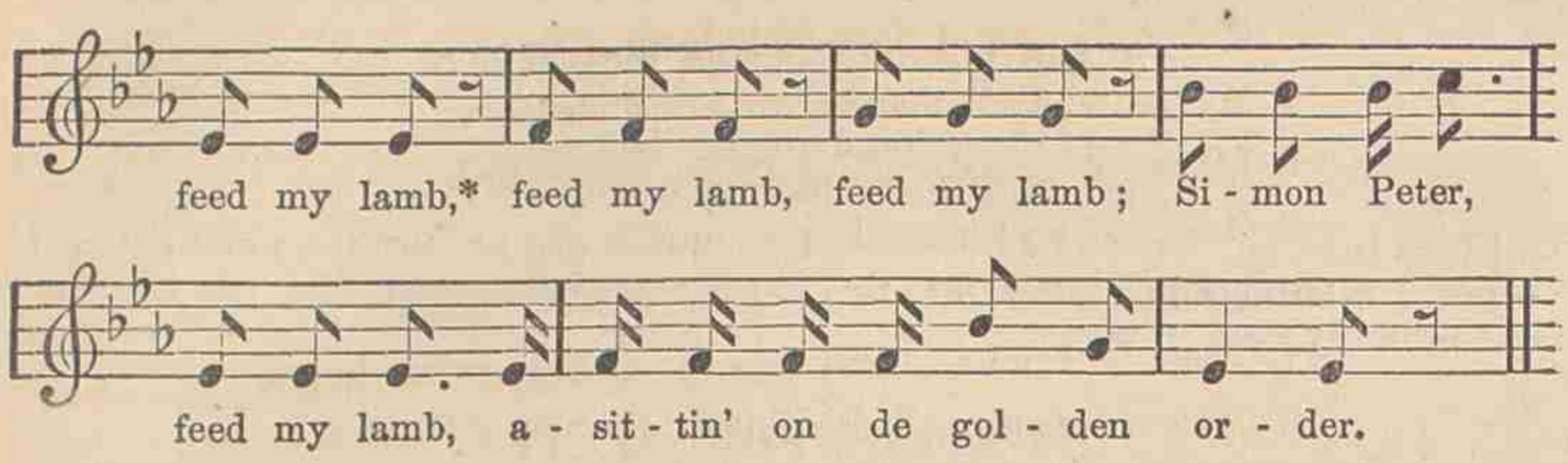


* *i. e.*, religion; see Preface.

22. JOHN, JOHN, OF THE HOLY ORDER.



* John, John, de holy Baptist.



* Paul and Silas, bound in jail.

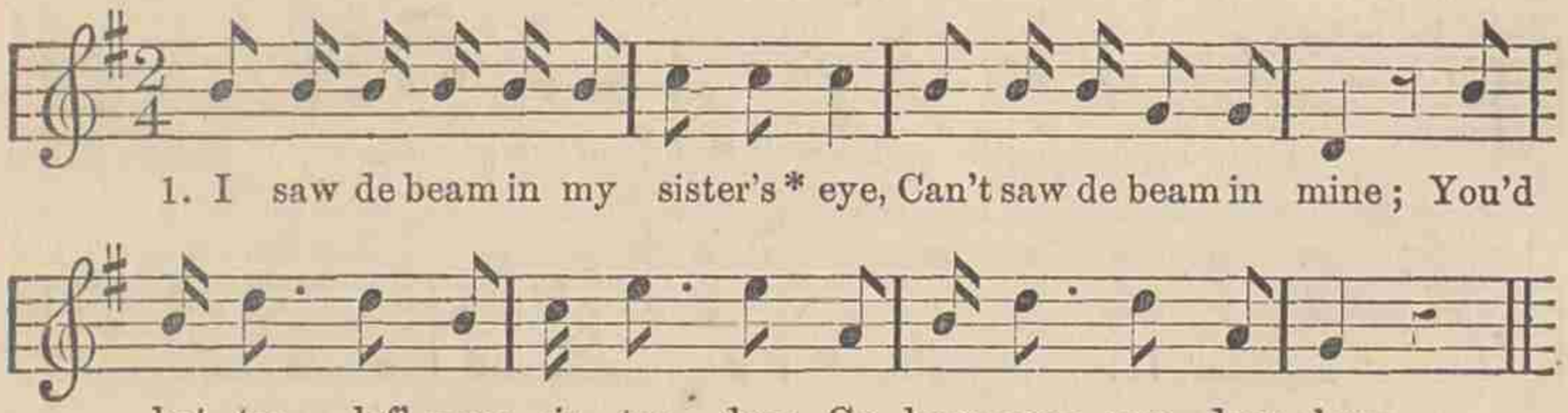
[These words were sung at Hilton Head to the second and third parts:

I went down sing polka, and I ax him for my Saviour;
I wonder de angel told me Jesus gone along before.
I mourn, I pray, although you move so slow;
I wonder, &c.

The regularity and elaborateness of this hymn lead one at first to suspect its genuineness. The question seems, however, to be settled by two very interesting and undoubted variations from North Carolina and Georgia. The following words were sung at Augusta, but we have not been able to obtain the tune, which is entirely unlike that given above. For the North Carolina variation, see No. 100. Both, as will be seen, omit the second part, and a comparison of the two shows that the enigmatical word "order" should undoubtedly be "altar." The North Carolina tune has the first part quite different from the Port Royal tune, the last very similiar to it.

Oh John, John, de holy member,
Sittin' on de golden ban'.
O worldy, worldy, let him be,
Let him be, let him be;
Worldy, worldy, let him be,
Sittin' on de golden ban'.]

23. I SAW THE BEAM IN MY SISTER'S EYE.



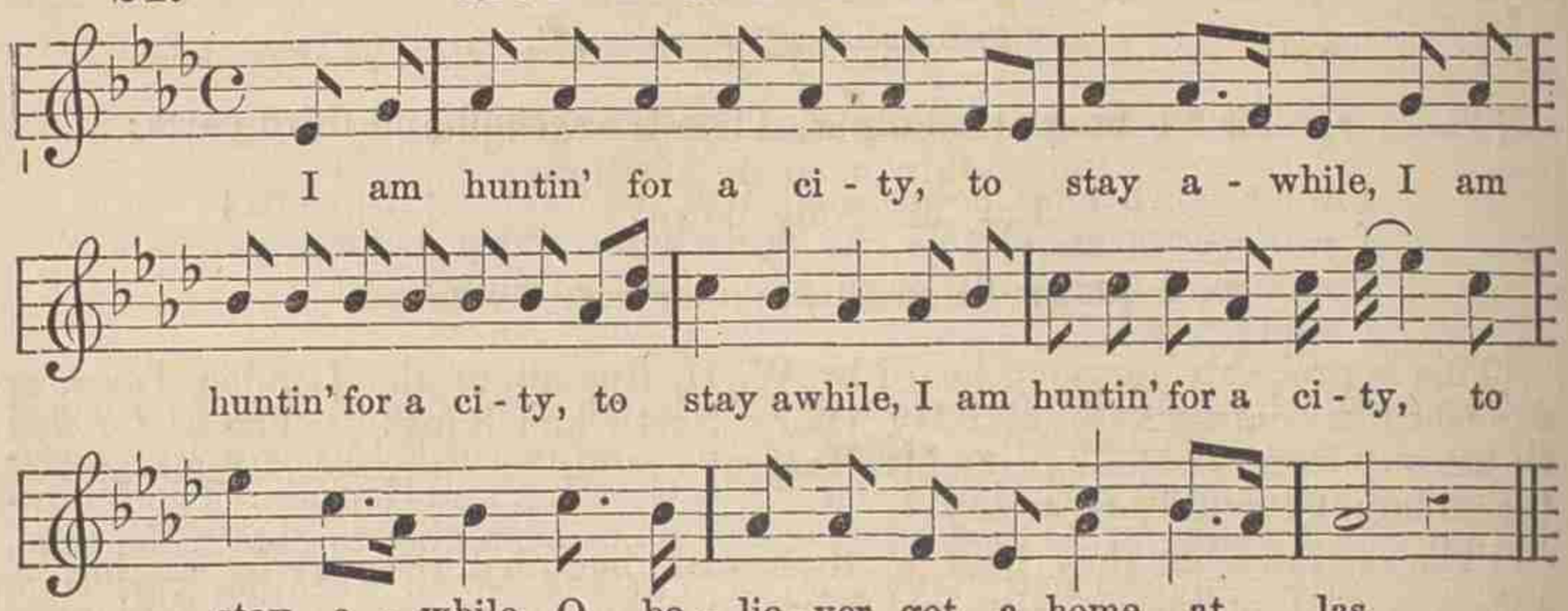
2 And I had a mighty battle like-a Jacob and de angel,
Jacob, time of old;
I didn't 'tend to lef' 'em go
Till Jesus bless my soul.

* Titty Peggy, Brudder Mosey, &c.

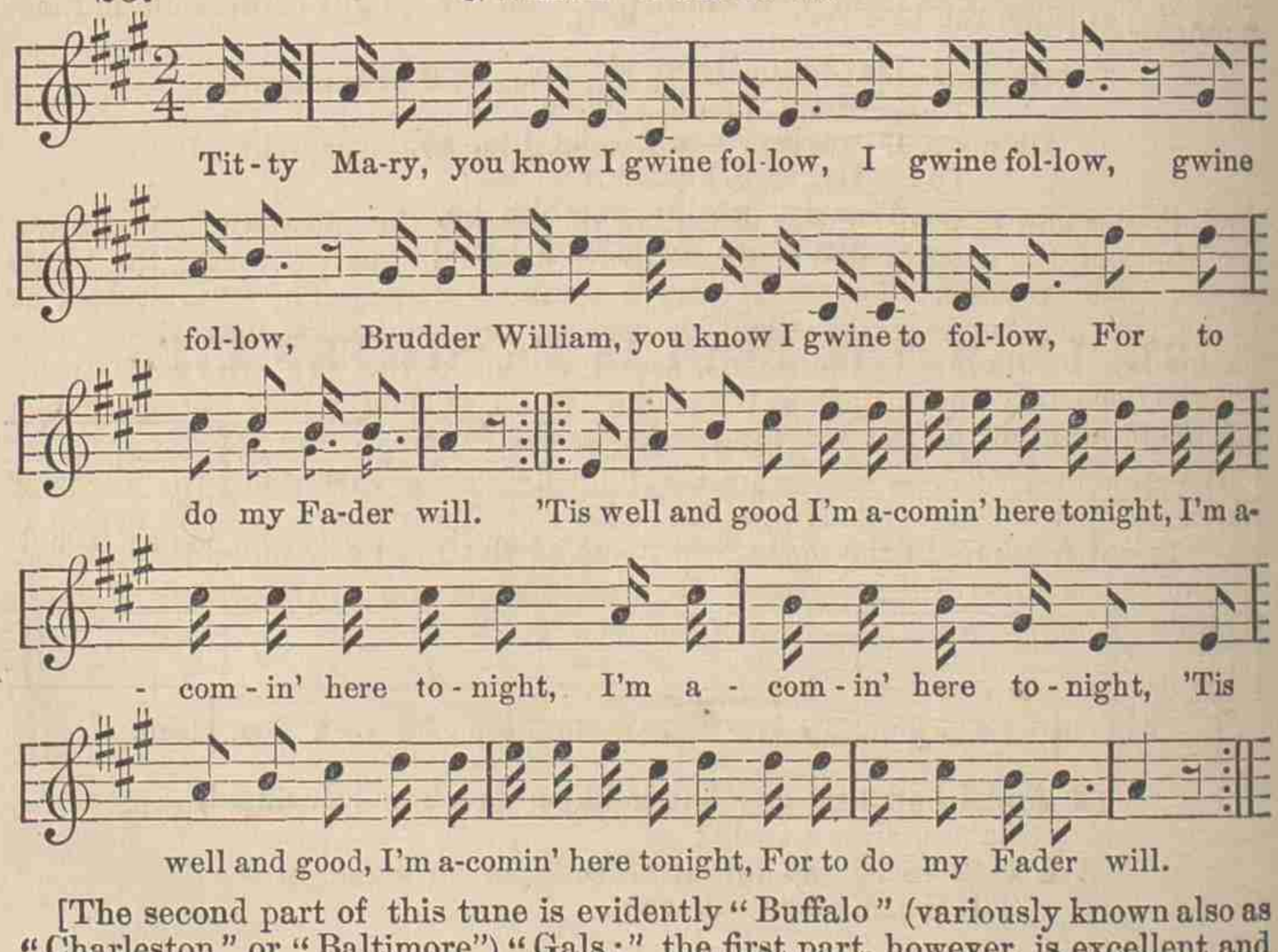
3 And blessèd me, and blessèd my,
And blessèd all my soul;
I didn't 'tend to lef' 'em go
Till Jesus bless my soul.

[This tune appears to be borrowed from "And are ye sure the news is true?" —but it is so much changed, and the words are so characteristic, that it seemed undoubtedly best to reta n it.]

24. HUNTING FOR A CITY.
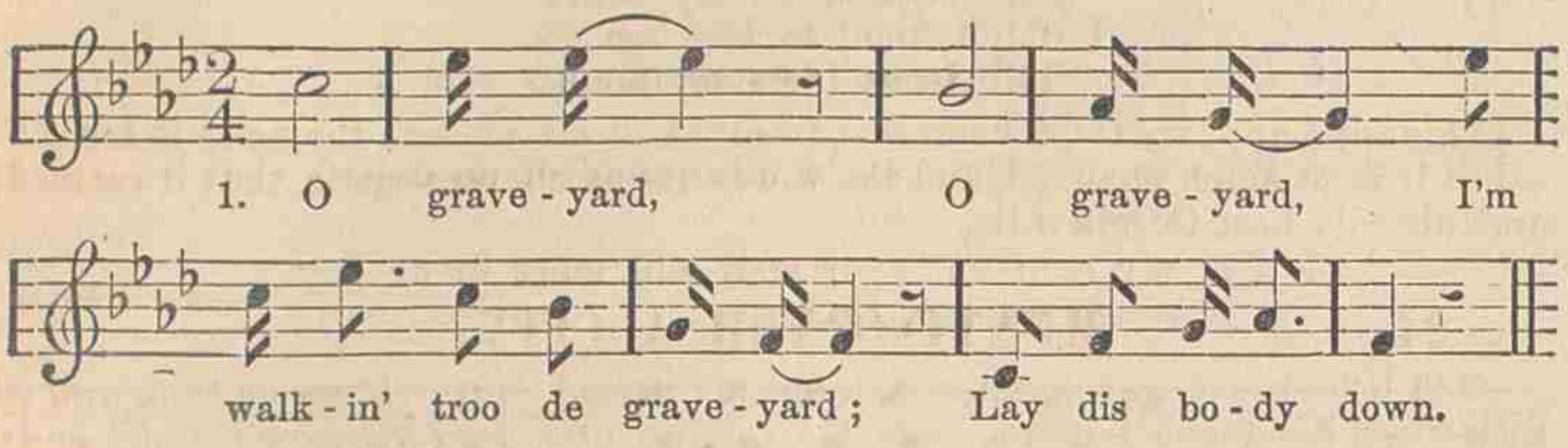


25. GWINE FOLLOW.



[The second part of this tune is evidently "Buffalo" (variously known also as "Charleston" or "Baltimore") "Gals;" the first part, however, is excellent and characteristic.]

26. LAY THIS BODY DOWN.



2 *I know moonlight, I know starlight,
I'm walkin' troo de starlight;
Lay dis body down.

* O moonlight (*or* moonrise); O my soul, O your soul.
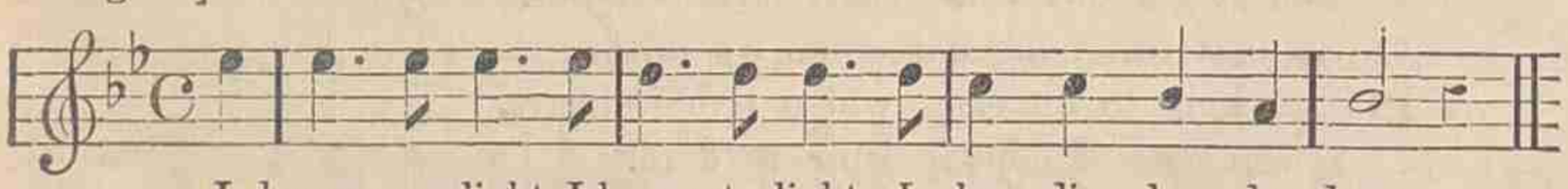
[This is probably the song heard by W. H. Russell, of the London *Times*, as described in chapter xviii. of "My Diary North and South." The writer was on his way from Pocotaligo to Mr. Trescot's estate on Barnwell Island, and of the midnight row thither he says:

"The oarsmen, as they bent to their task, beguiled the way by singing in unison a real negro melody, which was unlike the works of the Ethiopian Serenaders as anything in song could be unlike another. It was a barbaric sort of madrigal, in which one singer beginning was followed by the others in unison, repeating the refrain in chorus, and full of quaint expression and melancholy:—

'Oh your soul! oh my soul! I'm going to the churchyard
To lay this body down;
Oh my soul! oh your soul! we're going to the churchyard
To lay this nigger down.'

And then some appeal to the difficulty of passing the 'Jawdam' constituted the whole of the song, which continued with unabated energy during the whole of the little voyage. To me it was a strange scene. The stream, dark as Lethe, flowing between the silent, houseless, rugged banks, lighted up near the landing by the fire in the woods, which reddened the sky—the wild strain, and the unearthly adjurations to the singers' souls, as though they were palpable, put me in mind of the fancied voyage across the Styx."

We append with some hesitation the following as a variation; the words of which we borrow from Col. Higginson. Lt. Col. Trowbridge says of it that it was sung at funerals in the night time—one of the most solemn and characteristic of the customs of the negroes. He attributes its origin to St. Simon's Island, Georgia:]



2 I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight;
I lay dis body down.

3 I know de graveyard, I know de graveyard,
When I lay dis body down.

4 I walk in de graveyard, I walk troo de graveyard,
To lay, &c.
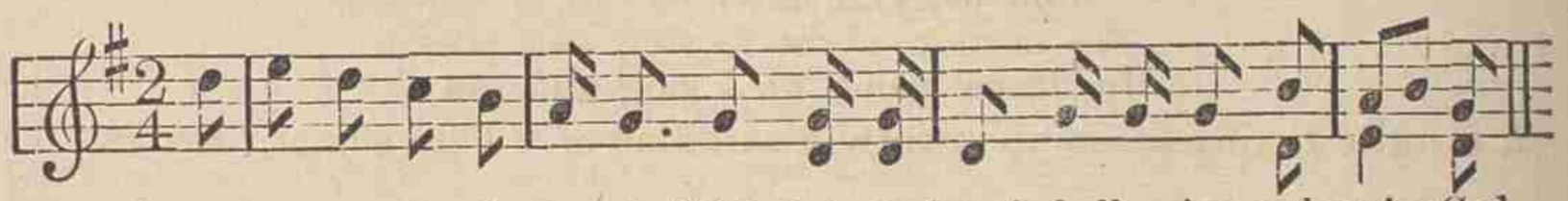
5 I lay in de grave an' stretch out my arms ;
I lay, &c.

6 I go to de judgment in de evenin' of de day
When I lay, &c.
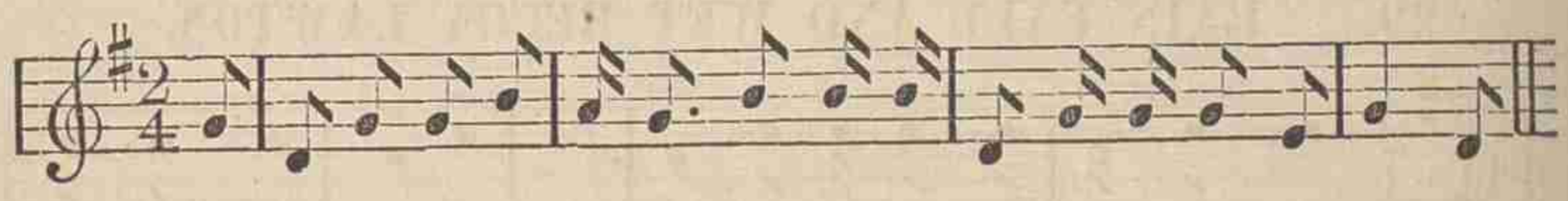
7 And my soul an' your soul will meet in de day
When we lay, &c.

["'I'll lie in de grave and stretch out my arms.' Never, it seems to me, since man first lived and suffered, was his infinite longing for peace uttered more plaintively than in that line."—*Col. Higginson.*]
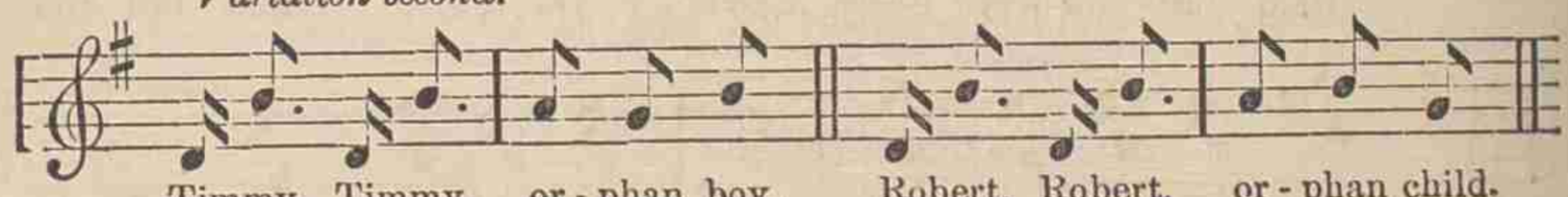
27. HEAVEN BELL A-RING.



1. My Lord, my Lord, what shall I do ? And a heav'n bell a-ring and praise God.



Variation second.
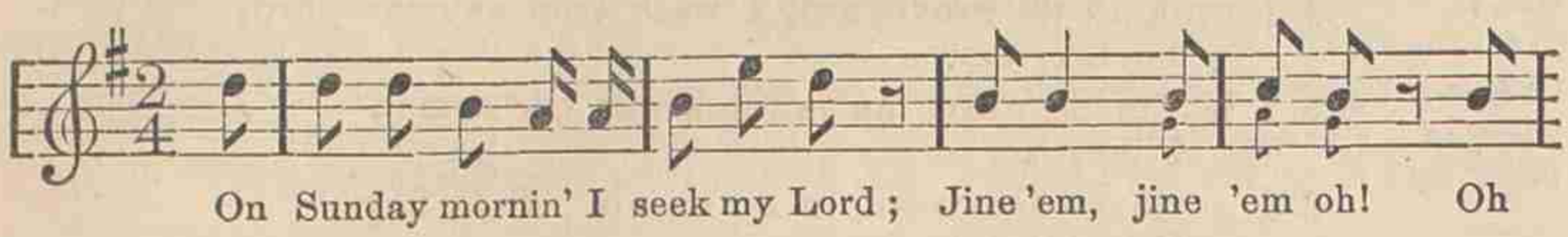


Timmy, Timmy, or - phan boy. Robert, Robert, or - phan child.
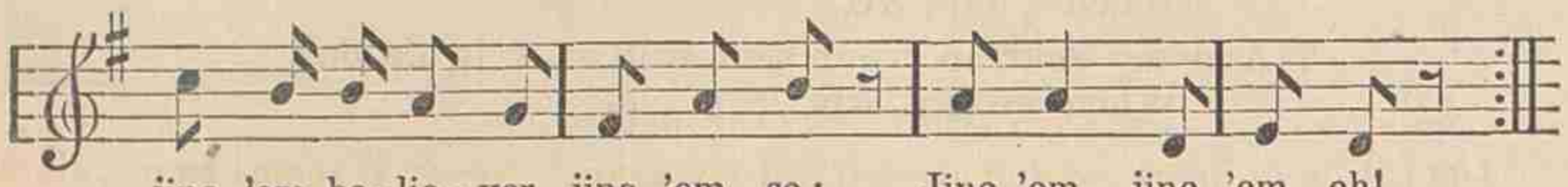
2 What shall I do for a hiding place? And a heav'n, &c.
3 I run to de sea, but de sea run dry.
4 I run to de gate, but de gate shut fast.
5 No hiding place for sinner dere.
6 Say you when you get to heaven say you 'member me.
7 Remember me, poor fallen soul.*
8 Say when you get to heaven say your work shall prove.
9 Your righteous Lord shall prove 'em well.
10 Your righteous Lord shall find you out.
11 He cast out none dat come by faith.
12 You look to de Lord wid a tender heart.
13 I wonder where poor Monday dere.
14 For I am gone and sent to hell.
15 We must harkee what de worldy say.
16 Say Christmas come but once a year.
17 Say Sunday come but once a week.

* When I am gone, For Jesus' sake.

28. JINE 'EM.



On Sunday mornin' I seek my Lord; Jine 'em, jine 'em oh! Oh
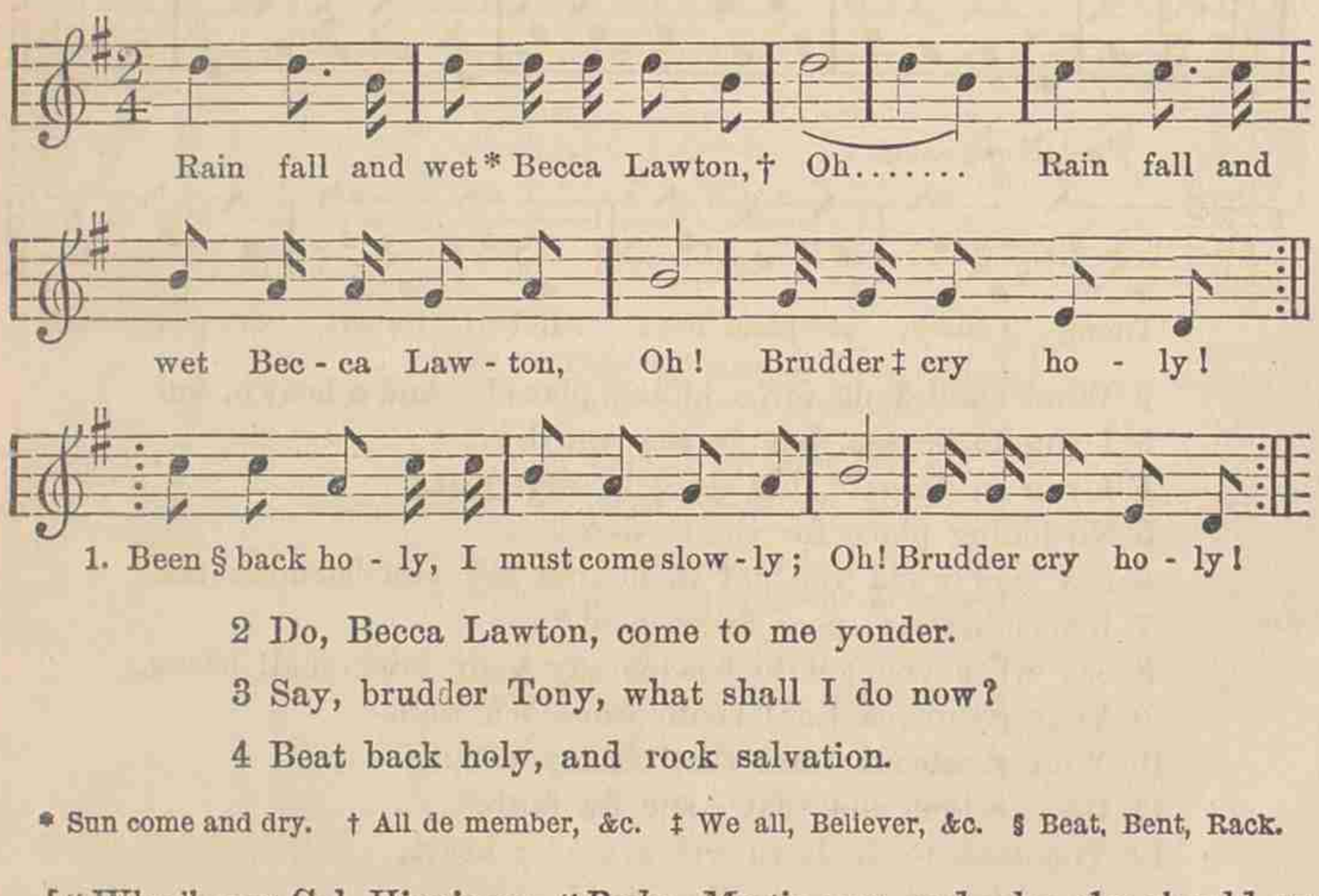


jine 'em, be-lie-ver, jine 'em so; Jine 'em, jine 'em oh!

[For other words see "Heaven bell a-ring," No. 27. The following were sung at Hilton Head, probably to the same tune:

Join, brethren, join us O,
Join us, join us O.
We meet to-night to sing and pray;
In Jesus' name we'll sing and pray.

A favorite rowing tune: apparently a variation of "Turn sinner," No. 43.]

29. RAIN FALL AND WET BECCA LAWTON.



Rain fall and wet* Becca Lawton,† Oh..... Rain fall and

wet Bec-ca Law-ton, Oh! Brudder‡ cry ho-ly!

1. Been § back ho-ly, I must come slow-ly; Oh! Brudder cry ho-ly!

2 Do, Becca Lawton, come to me yonder.

3 Say, brudder Tony, what shall I do now?

4 Beat back holy, and rock salvation.

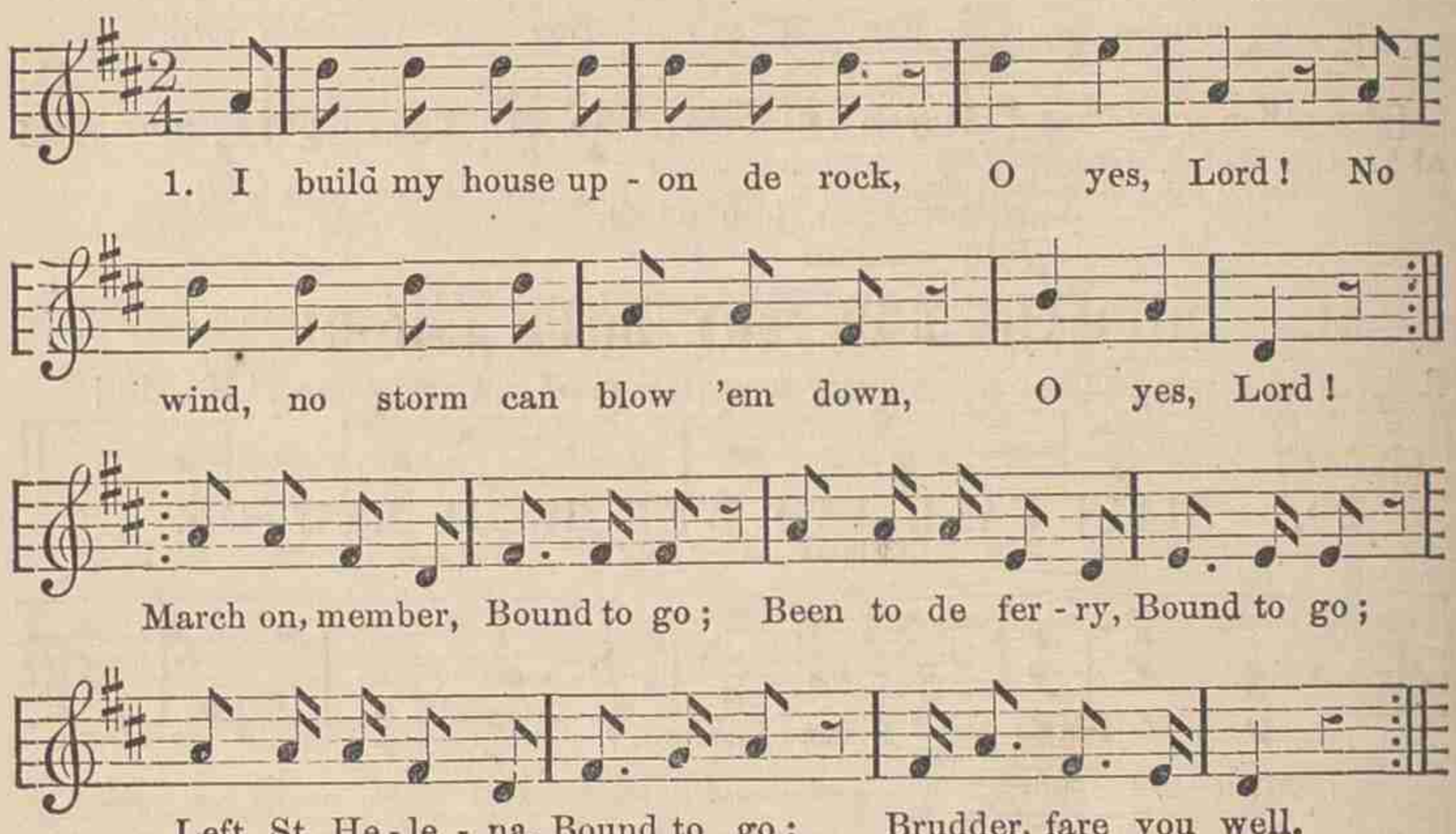
* Sun come and dry. † All de member, &c. ‡ We all, Believer, &c. § Beat, Bent, Rack.

["Who," says Col. Higginson, "*Becky Martin* was, and why she should or should not be wet, and whether the dryness was a reward or a penalty, none could say. I got the impression that, in either case, the event was posthumous, and that there was some tradition of grass not growing over the grave of a sinner; but even this was vague, and all else vaguer."

Lt. Col. Trowbridge heard a story that "*Peggy Norton* was an old prophetess, who said that it would not do to be baptized except when it rained; if the Lord

was pleased with those who had been 'in the wilderness,' he would send rain." Mr. Tomlinson says that the song always ends with a laugh, and appears therefore to be regarded by the negroes as mere nonsense. He adds that when it is used as a rowing tune, at the words "Rack back holy!" one rower reaches over back and slaps the man behind him, who in turn does the same, and so on.]

30. BOUND TO GO.



2 I build my house on shiftin' sand,
De first wind come he blow him down.
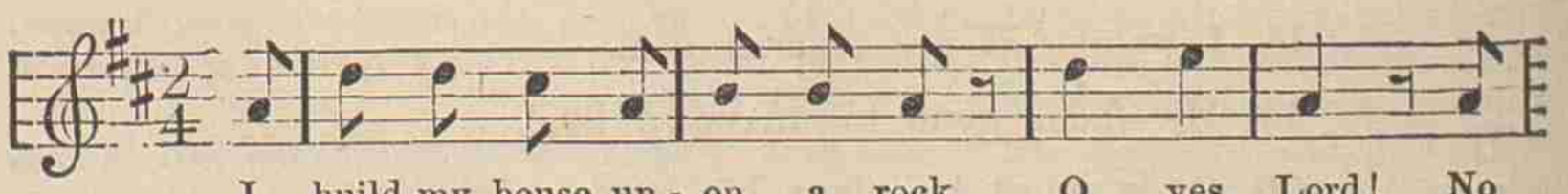
3 I am not like de foolish man,
He build his house upon de sand.

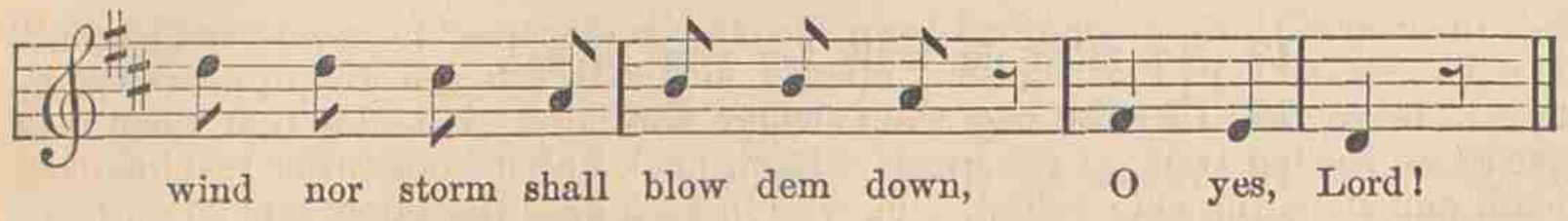
4 One mornin' as I was a walkin' along,
I saw de berries a-hanging down.

5 I pick de berries and I suck de juice,
He sweeter dan de honey comb.

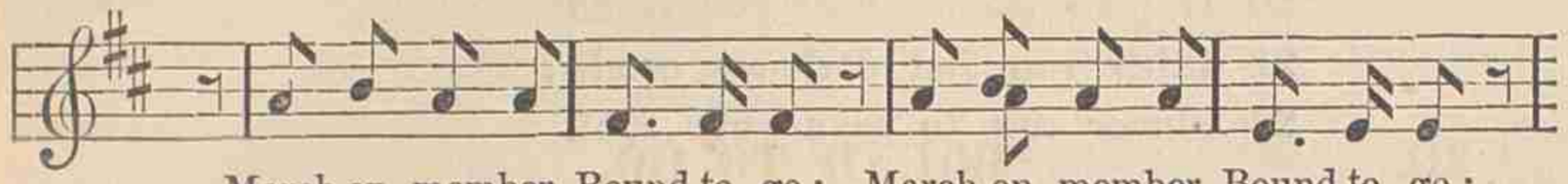
I tuk dem brudder, two by two,
I tuk dem sister, tree by tree.

Variation.
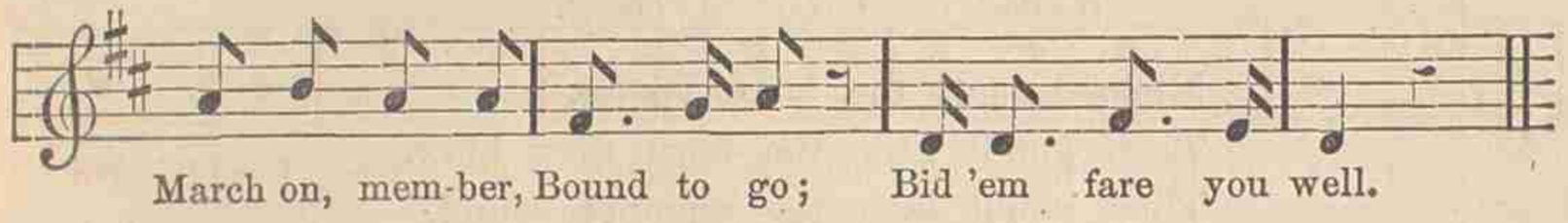




wind nor storm shall blow dem down, O yes, Lord!
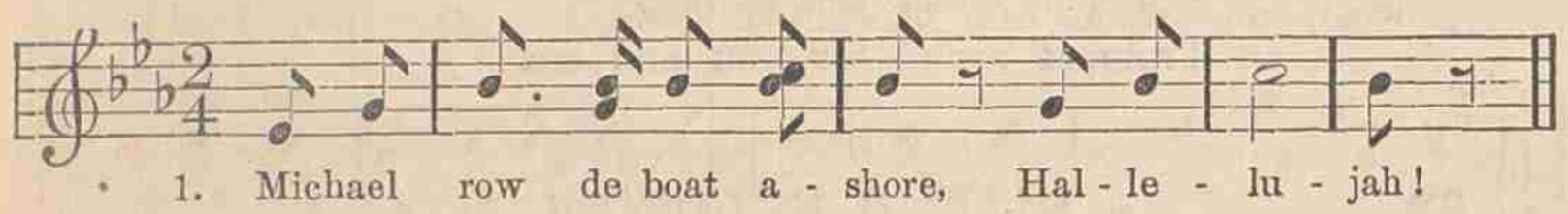


March on, member, Bound to go; March on, member, Bound to go;



March on, mem-ber, Bound to go; Bid 'em fare you well.

31. MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE.



1. Michael row de boat a - shore, Hal - le - lu - jah!



2. Mich - ael boat a gos - pel boat, Hal - le - lu - jah!
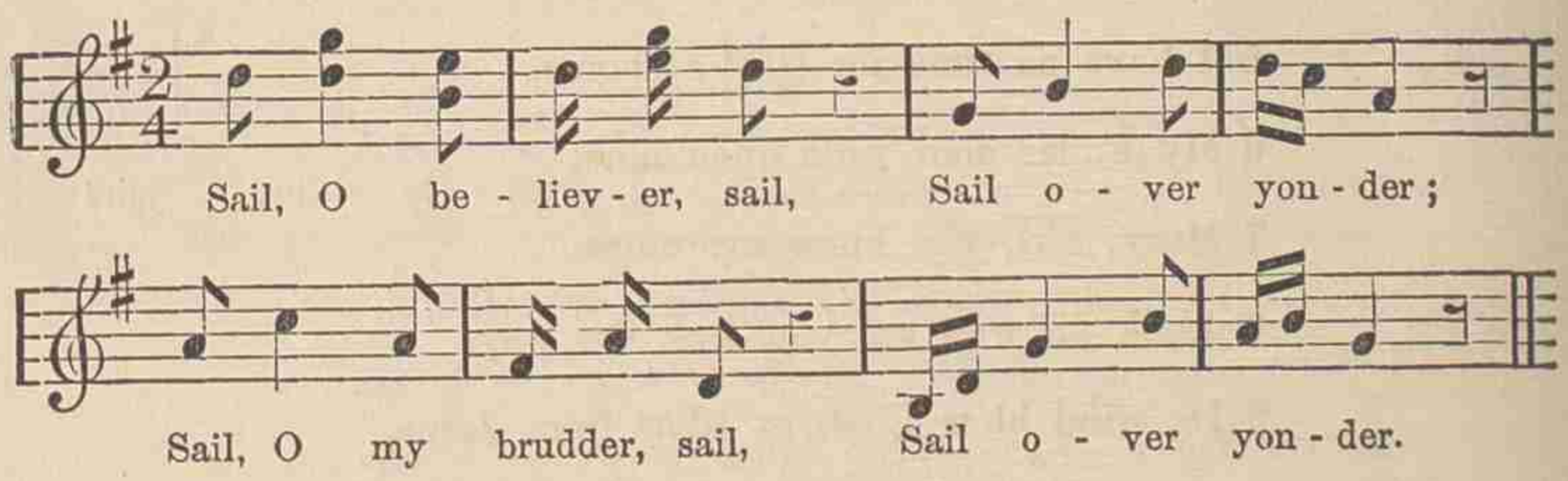
3 I wonder where my mudder deh (there).
4 See my mudder on de rock gwine home.
5 On de rock gwine home in Jesus' name.
6 Michael boat a music boat.
7 Gabriel blow de trumpet horn.
8 O you mind your boastin' talk.
9 Boastin' talk will sink your soul.
10 Brudder, lend a helpin' hand.
11 Sister, help for trim dat boat.
12 Jordan stream is wide and deep.
13 Jesus stand on t' oder side.
14 I wonder if my maussa deh.
15 My fader gone to unknown land.
16 O de Lord he plant his garden deh.

17 He raise de fruit for you to eat.
18 He dat eat shall neber die.
19 When de riber overflow.
20 O poor sinner, how you land?
21 Riber run and darkness comin'.
22 Sinner row to save your soul.

Words from Hilton Head.

Michael haul the boat ashore.
Then you'll hear the horn they blow.
Then you'll hear the trumpet sound.
Trumpet sound the world around.
Trumpet sound for rich and poor.
Trumpet sound the jubilee.
Trumpet sound for you and me.

32. SAIL, O BELIEVER.



[Col. Higginson gives the following stanzas, of which the above seems to be a part; but unfortunately he is unable to identify the music, which is well described by the terms in which he speaks of the words—"very graceful and lyrical, and with more variety of rhythm than usual:"

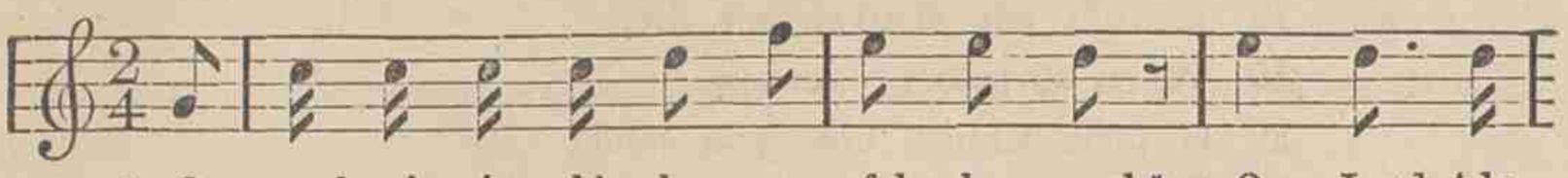
"Bow low, Mary, bow low, Martha,
For Jesus come and lock de door,
And carry de keys away.

Sail, sail, over yonder,
And view de promised land,
For Jesus come, &c.

Weep, O Mary, bow low, Martha,
For Jesus come, &c.

Sail, sail, my true believer;
Sail, sail, over yonder;
Mary, bow low, Martha, bow low,
For Jesus come and lock de door,
And carry de keys away."]

33. ROCK O' JUBILEE.



3 Stand back, Satan, let me come by.

4 O come, titty Katy, let me go.

5 I have no time for stay at home.

6 My Fader door wide open now.
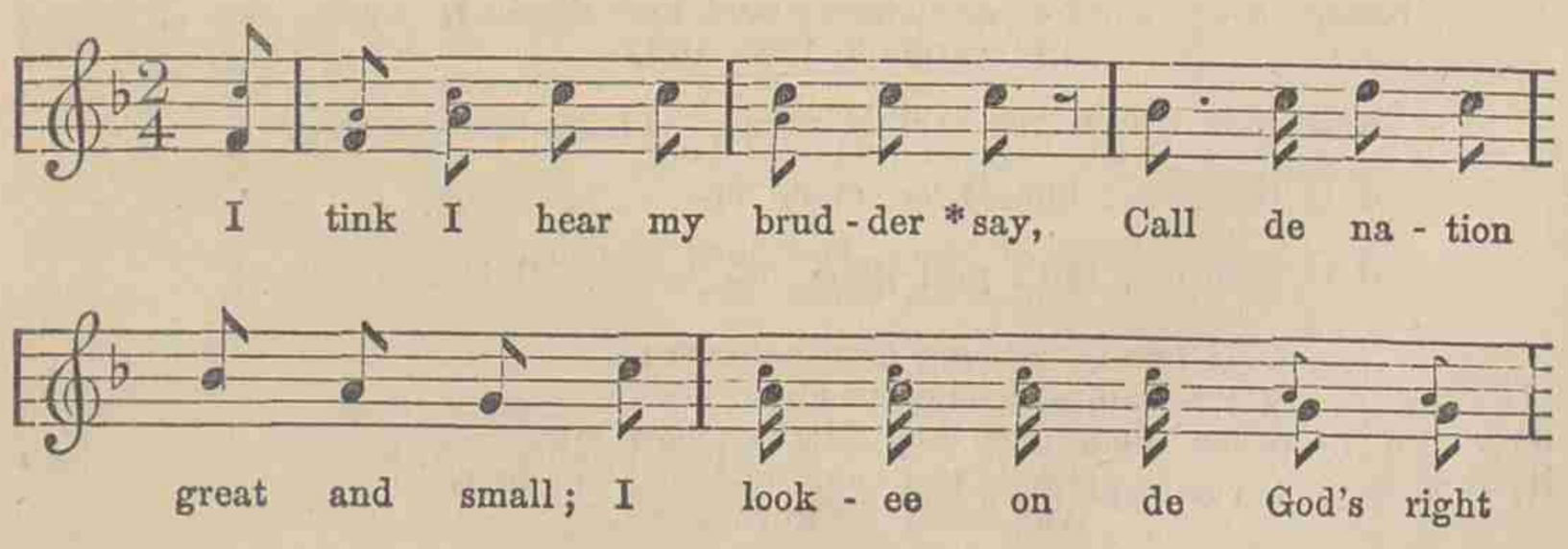
7 Mary, girl, you know my name.
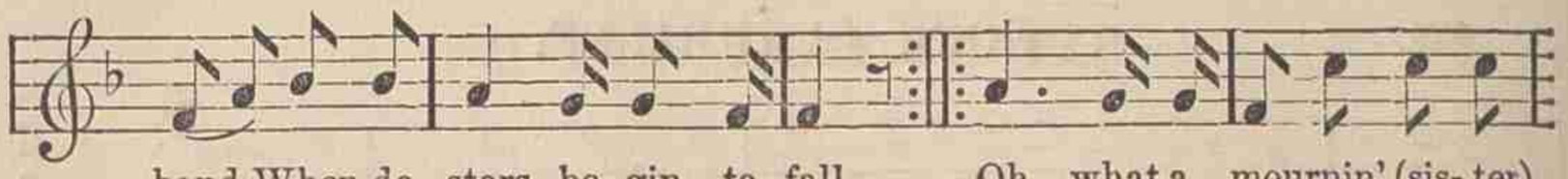
8 Look dis way an' you look dat way.

9 De wind blow East, he blow from Jesus.
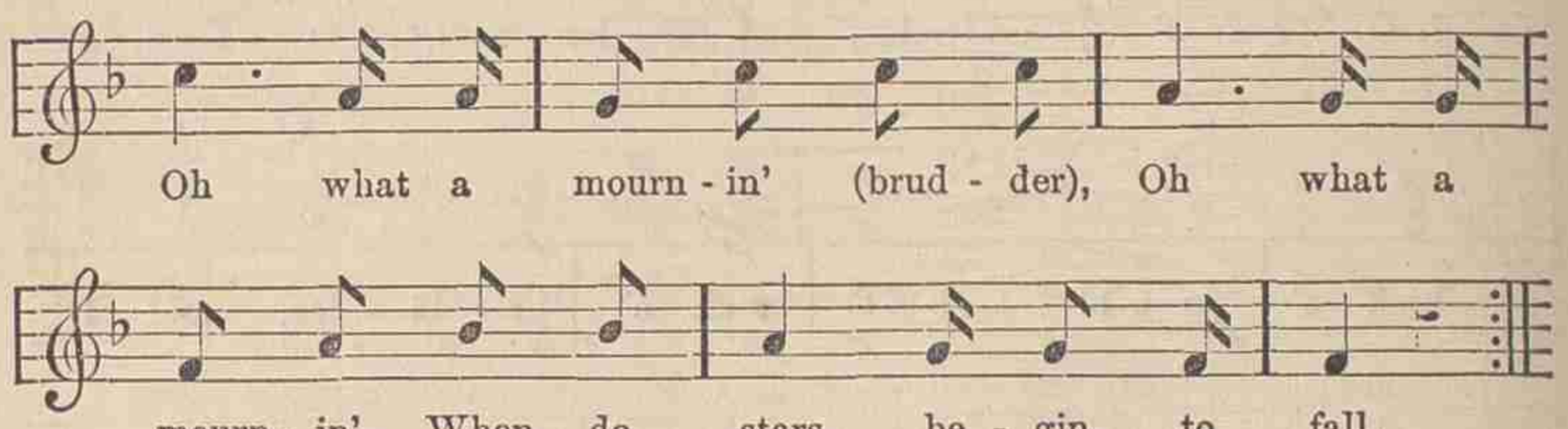
* To mercy seat, To de corner o' de world. † Yes.

34. STARS BEGIN TO FALL.
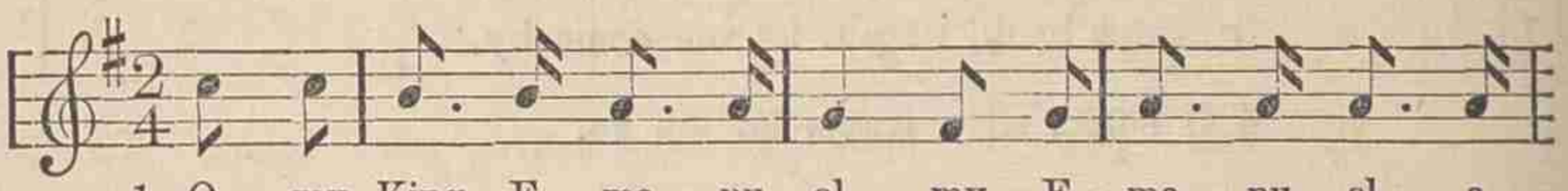




hand, When de stars be-gin to fall. Oh what a mournin' (sis-ter),
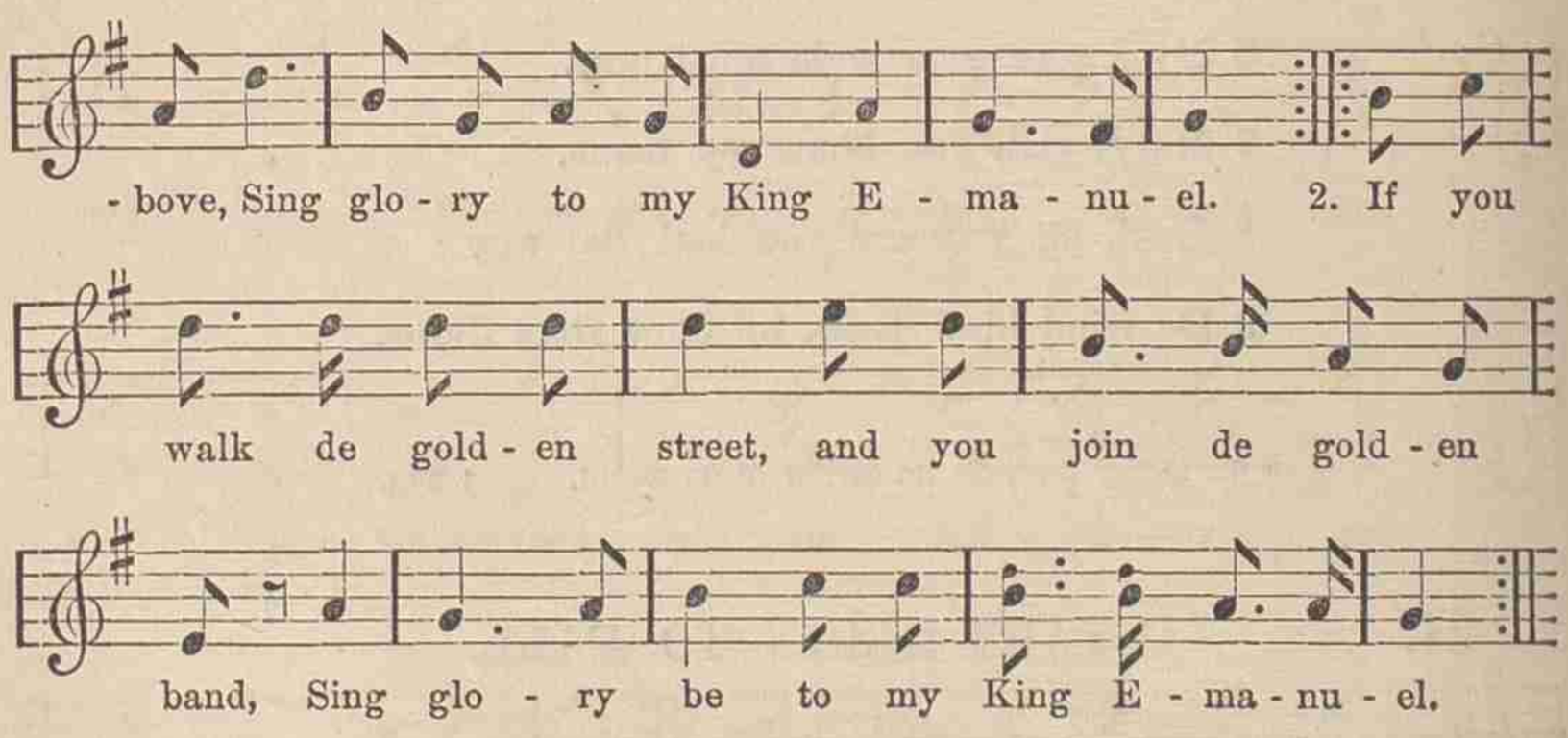


Oh what a mourn-in' (brud-der), Oh what a mourn-in', When de stars be-gin to fall.

* Titty Nelly, De member, &c.

35. KING EMANUEL.



1. O my King E-ma-nu-el, my E-ma-nu-el a-



-bove, Sing glo-ry to my King E-ma-nu-el. 2. If you walk de gold-en street, and you join de gold-en band, Sing glo-ry be to my King E-ma-nu-el.
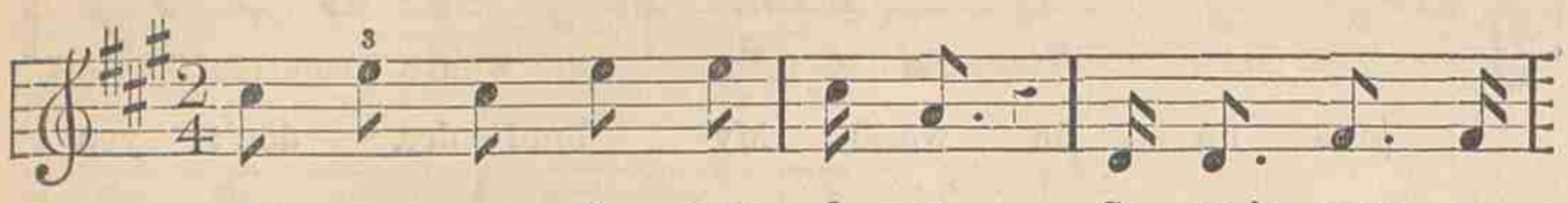
3 If you touch one string, den de whole heaven ring.

4 O the great cherubim, O de cherubim above.

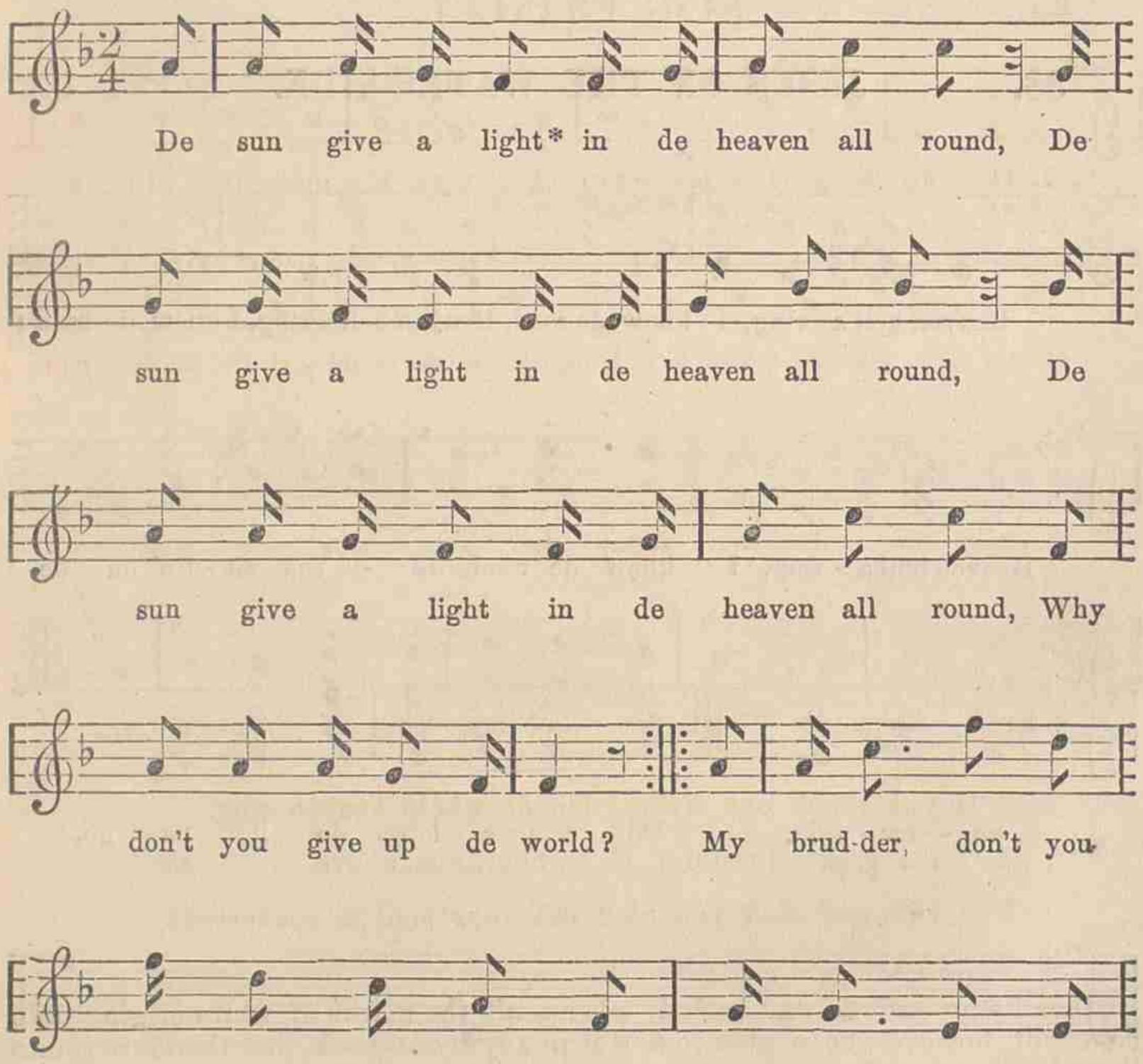
5 O believer, ain't you glad dat your soul is converted?
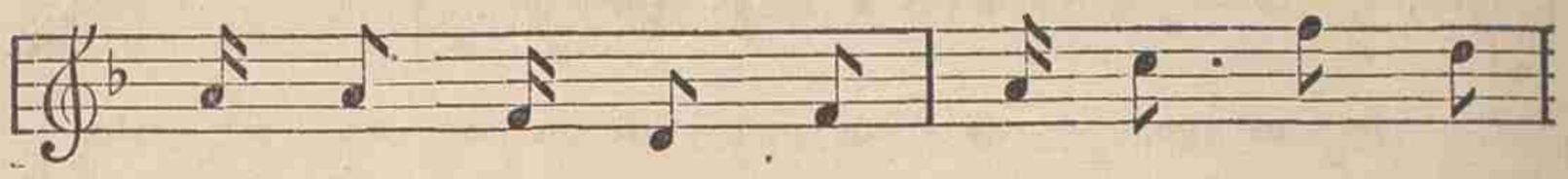
[This hymn—words and melody—bears all the marks of white origin. We have not, however, been able to find it in any hymn-book, and therefore retain it, as being a favorite at Port Royal.]

36. SATAN'S CAMP A-FIRE.
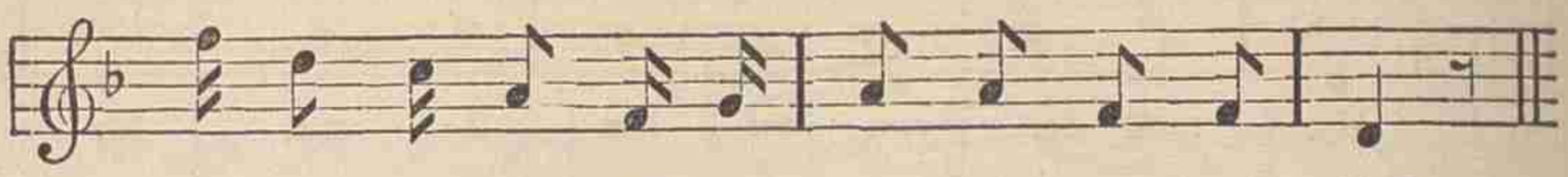


37. GIVE UP THE WORLD.





give up de world? My brud - der, don't you
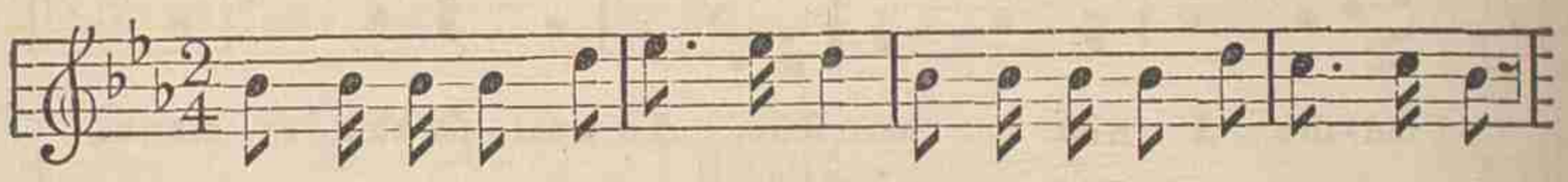


give up de world? We must leave de world be - hind.
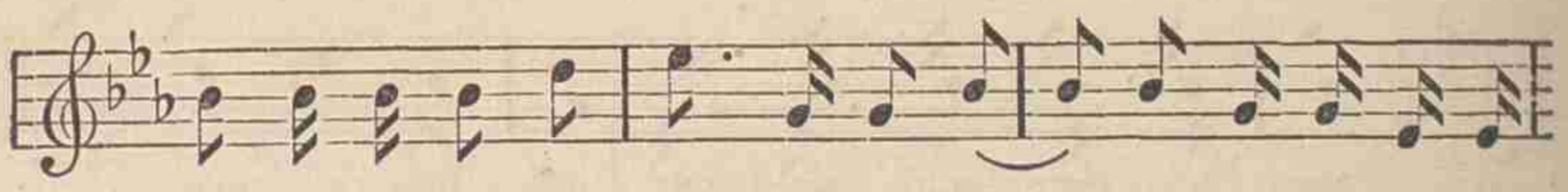
* De moon give a light, De starry crown.

[The first movement of this air is often sung in the minor key.]
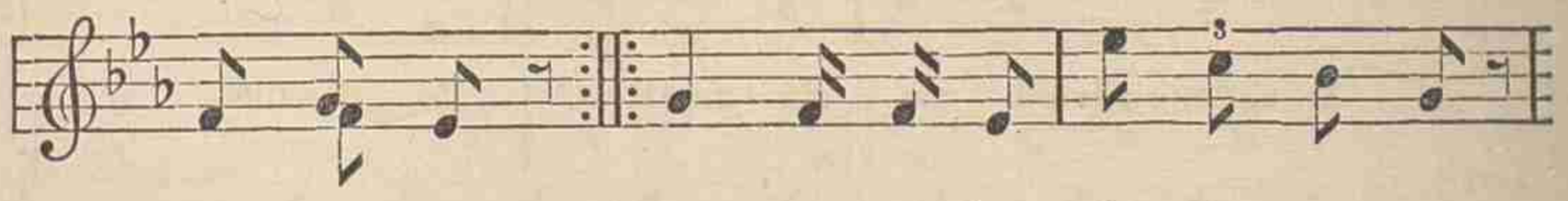
38. JESUS ON THE WATER-SIDE.
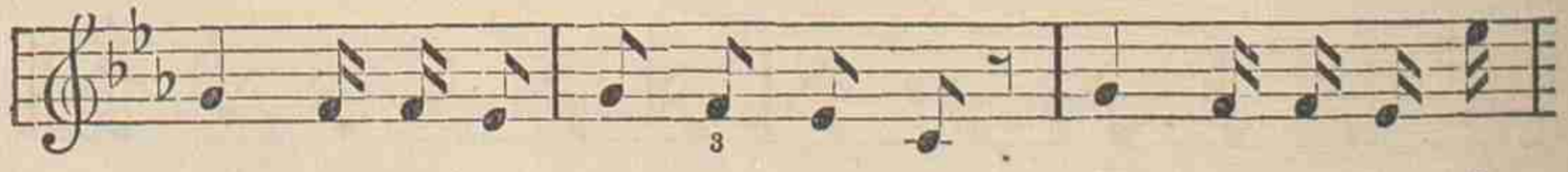


Heaven bell a - ring, I know de road, Heaven bell a-ring, I know de road;
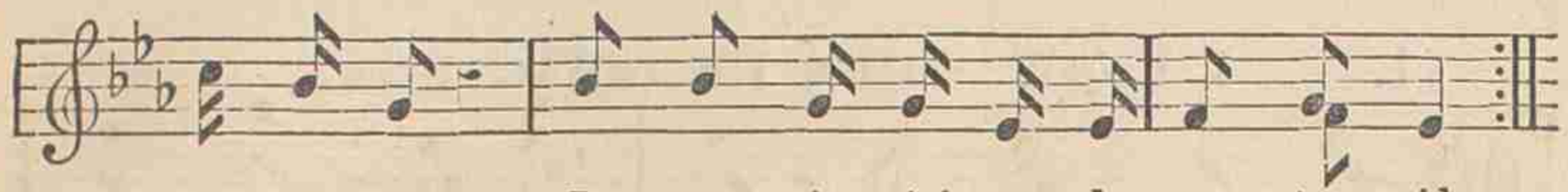


Heaven bell a - ring, I know de road, Je - sus sit - tin' on de
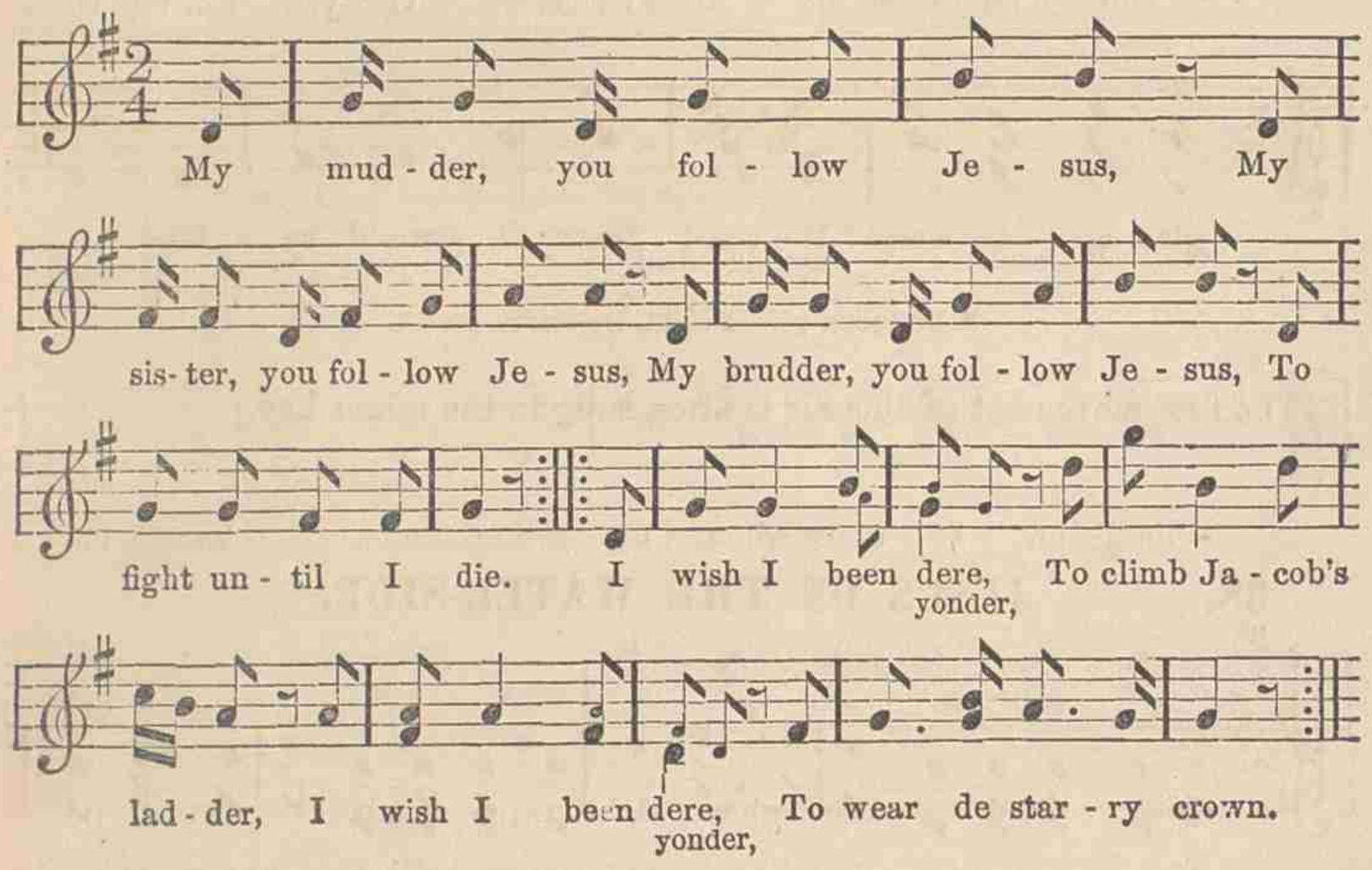


wa - ter - side. Do come a - long, do let us go,
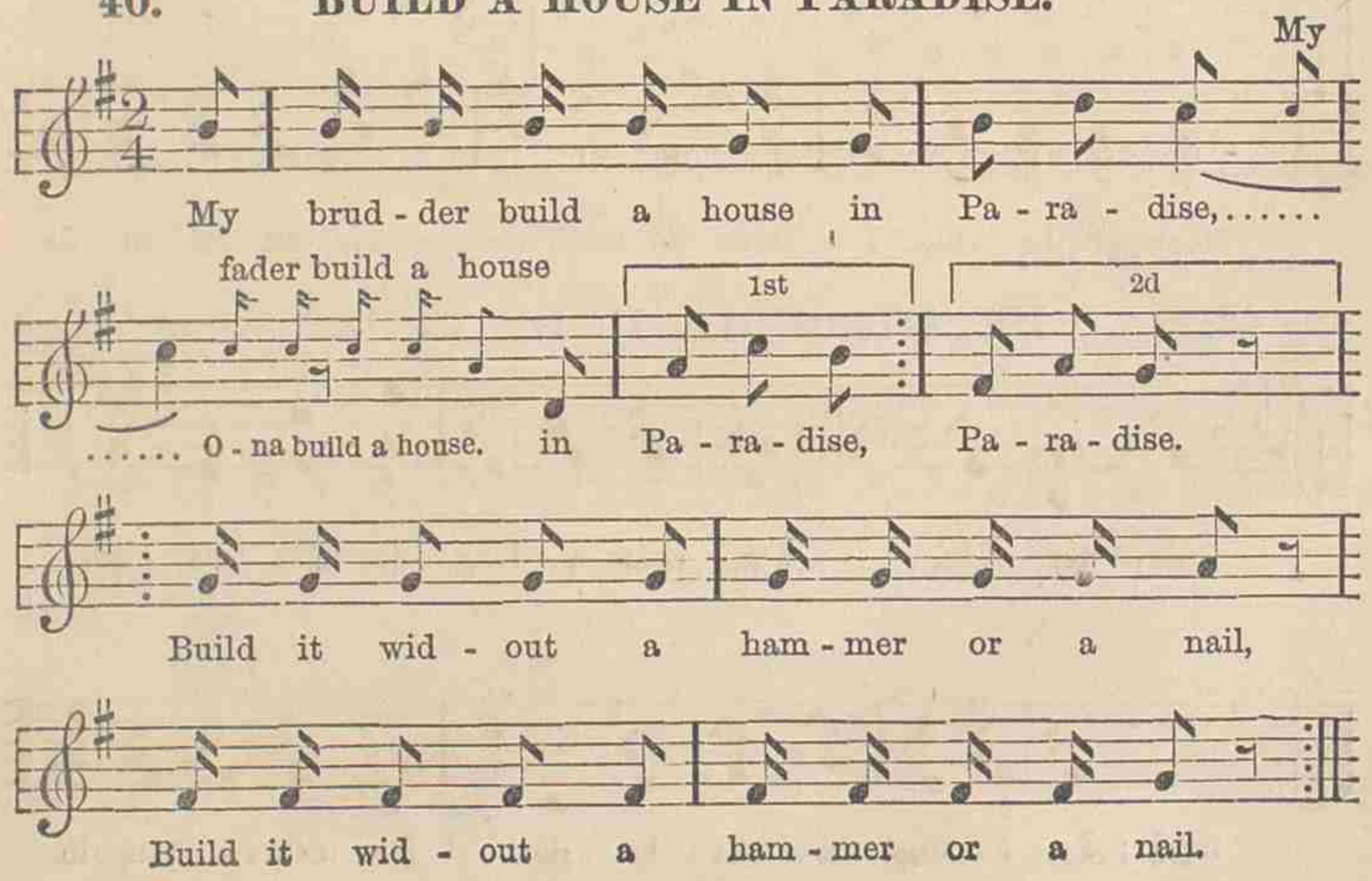


Do come a - long, do let us go, Do come a - long, do
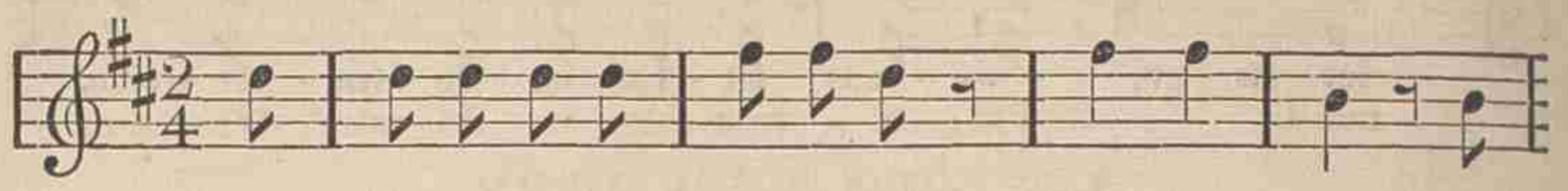


39. I WISH I BEEN DERE.
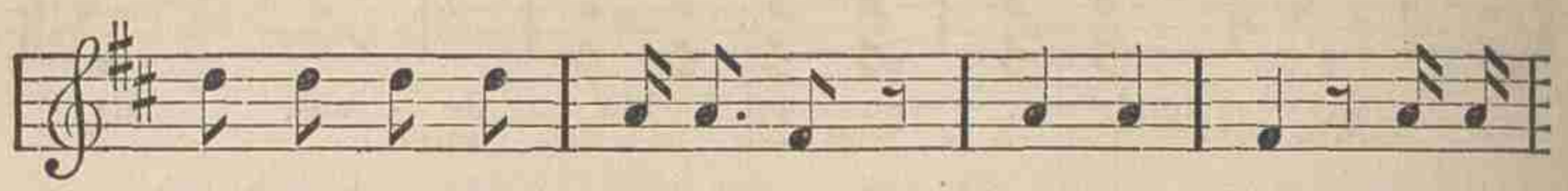


40. BUILD A HOUSE IN PARADISE.
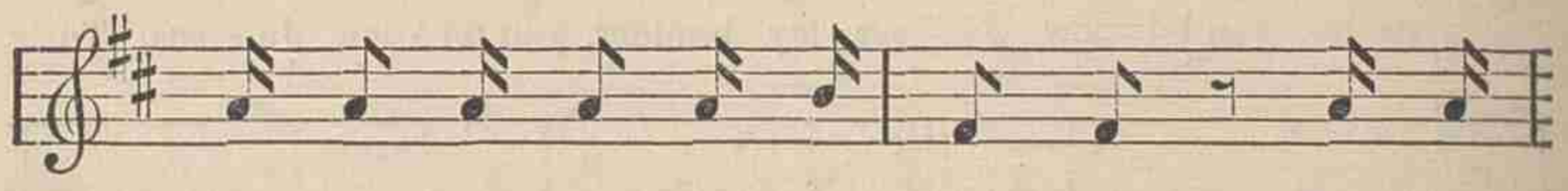


41. I KNOW WHEN I'M GOING HOME.
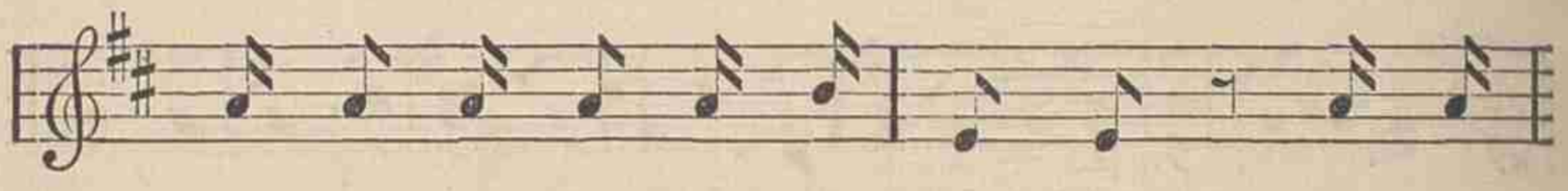


Old Satan told me to my face, O yes, Lord, De
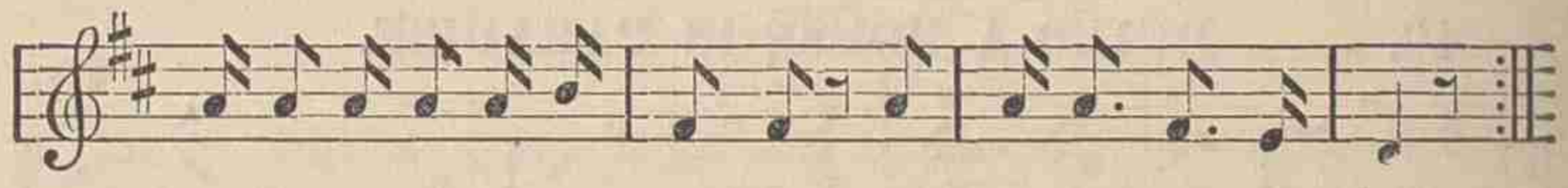


God I seek I nev-er find, O yes, Lord. True be-
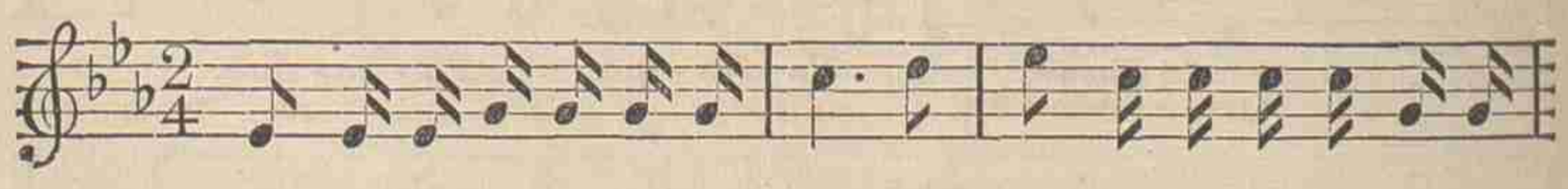


- liev - er, I know when I gwine home, True be-



- liev - er, I know when I gwine home, True be-
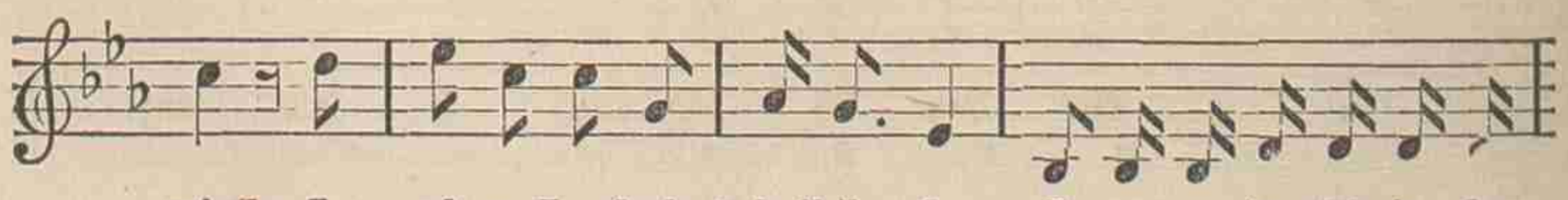


- liev - er, I know when I gwine home, True be-
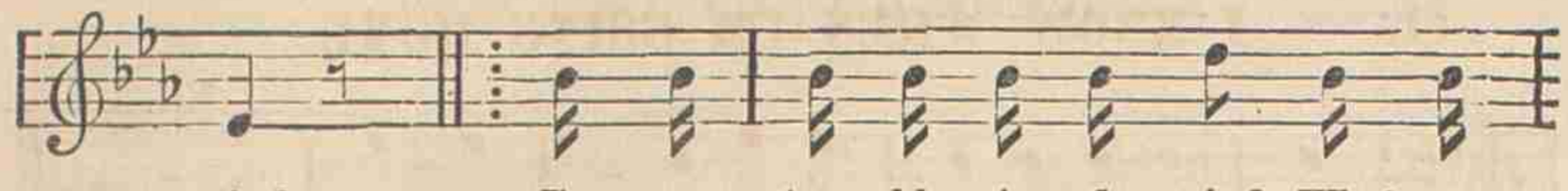


- liev-er, I know when I gwine home, I been a - fraid to die.

42. I'M A-TROUBLE IN DE MIND.

I am a-trou-ble in de mind, O I am a-trouble in de
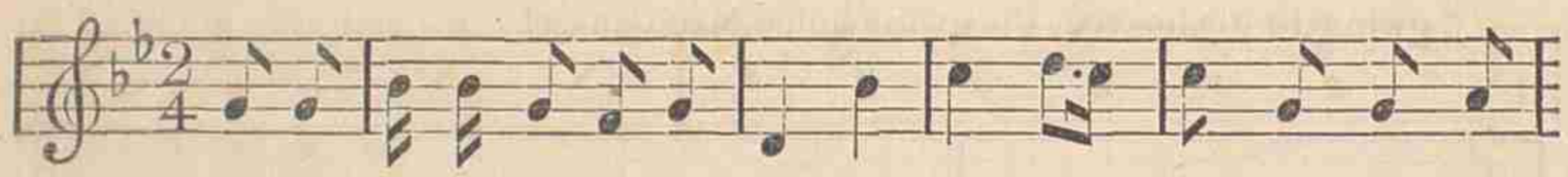


mind; I ask my Lord what shall I do, I am a-trouble in de
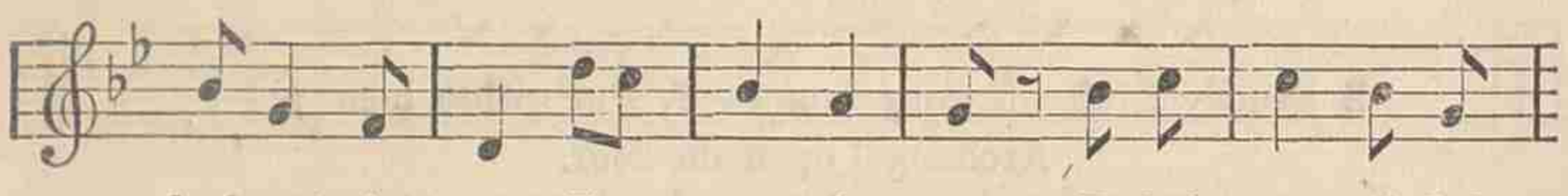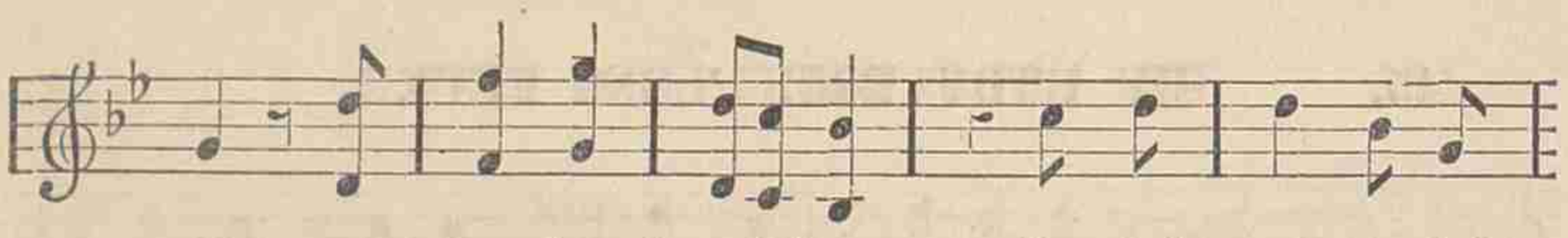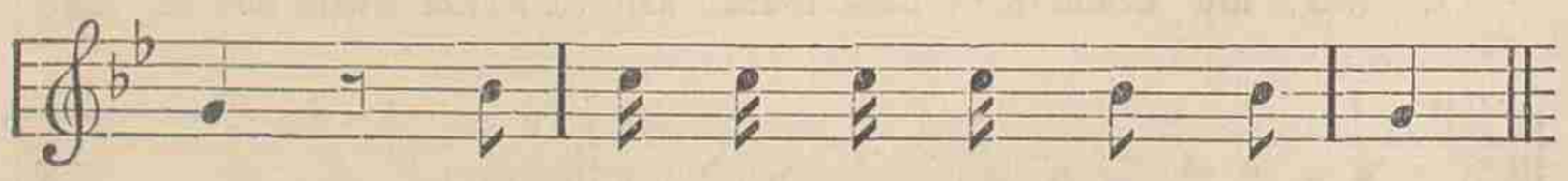




* Titty Rosy, Brudder Johnny, Come along dere.

43. TRAVEL ON.



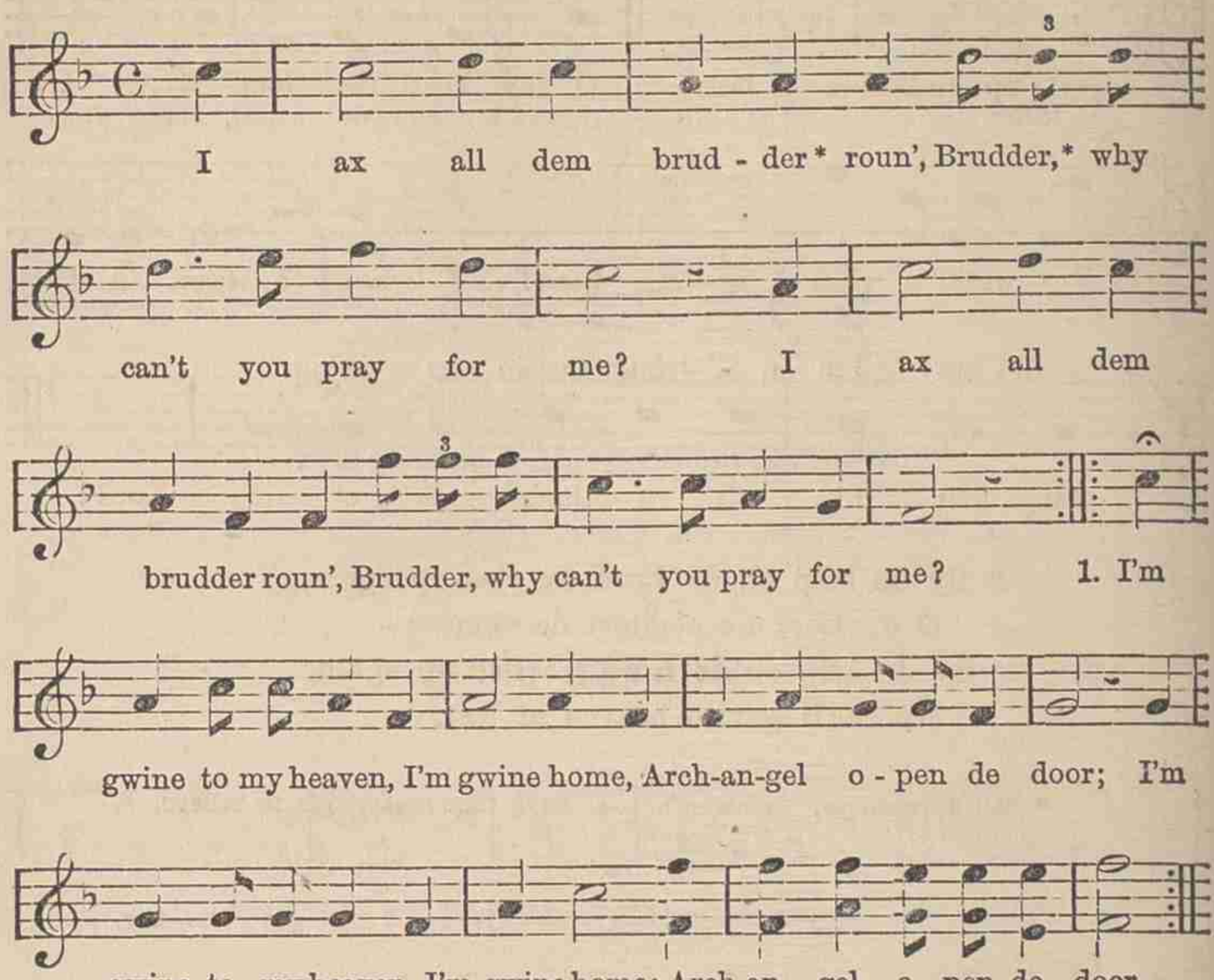






* Heaven-bound.
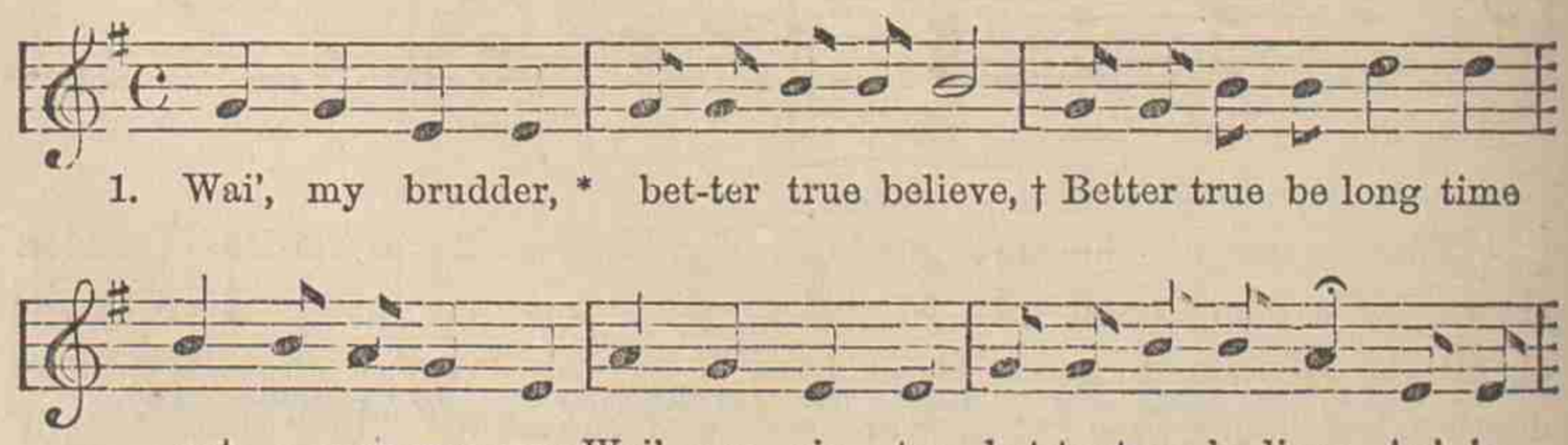
44. ARCHANGEL OPEN THE DOOR.
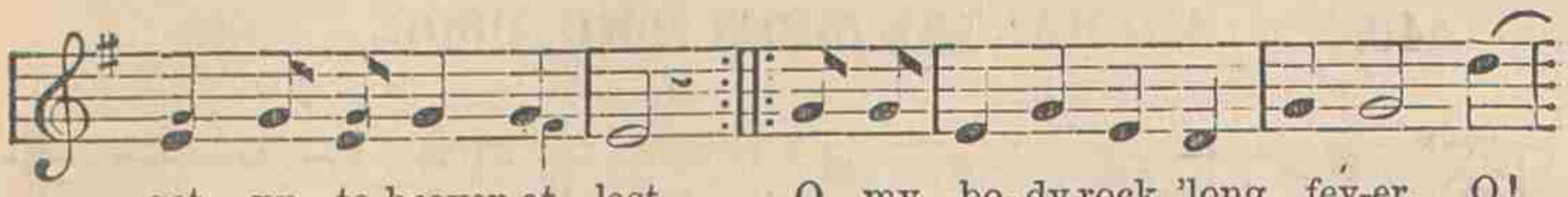


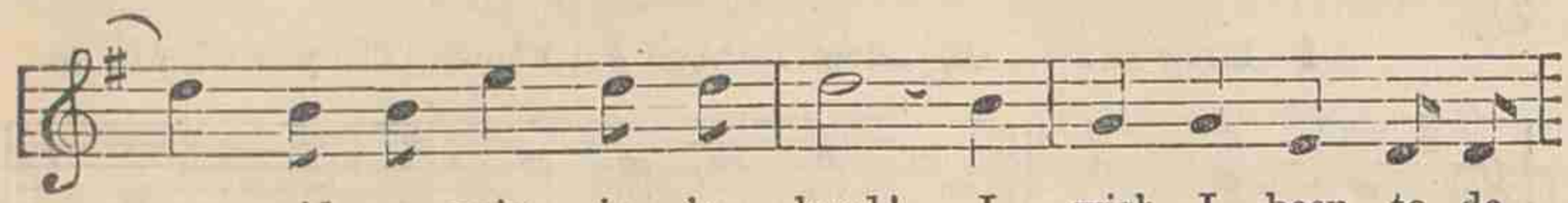
2 Brudder, tuk off your knapsack, I'm gwine home;
Archangel open de door.
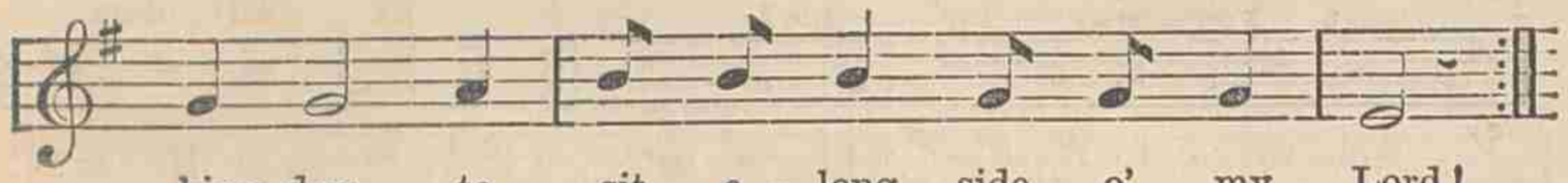
* Sister.

45. MY BODY ROCK 'LONG FEVER.
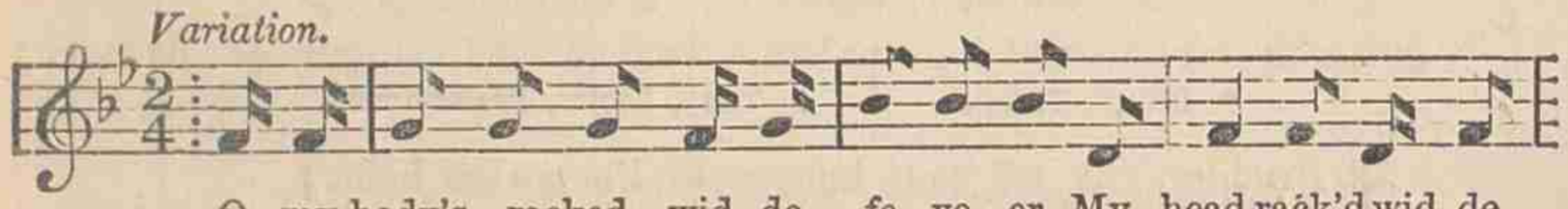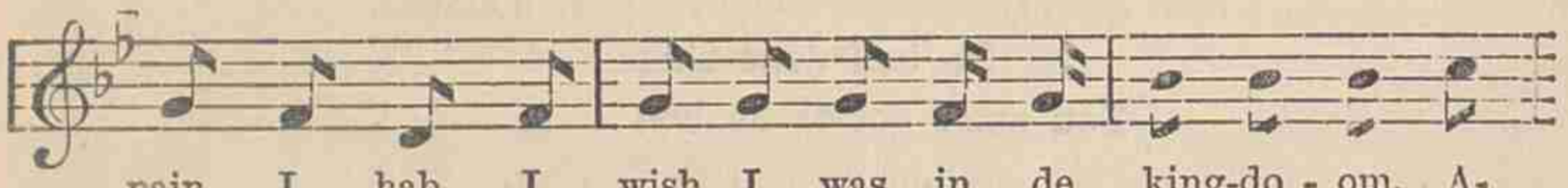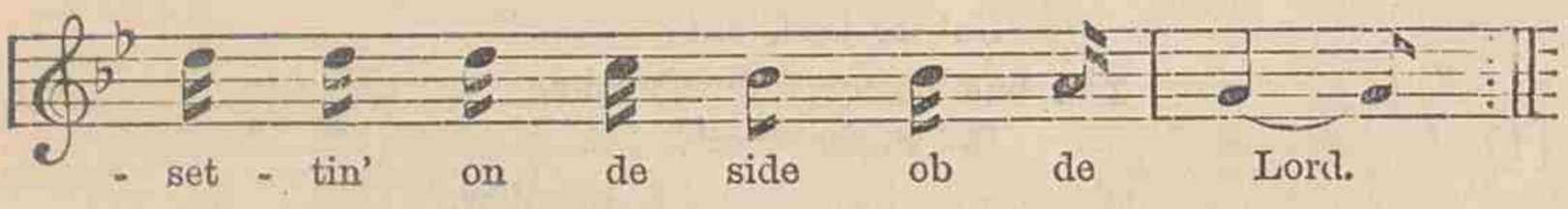








2 By de help ob de Lord we rise up again,
O de Lord he comfort de sinner;
By de help ob de Lord we rise up again,
An' we'll get to heaven at last.

† All de member. † Long time seeker 'gin to believe.

Variation.
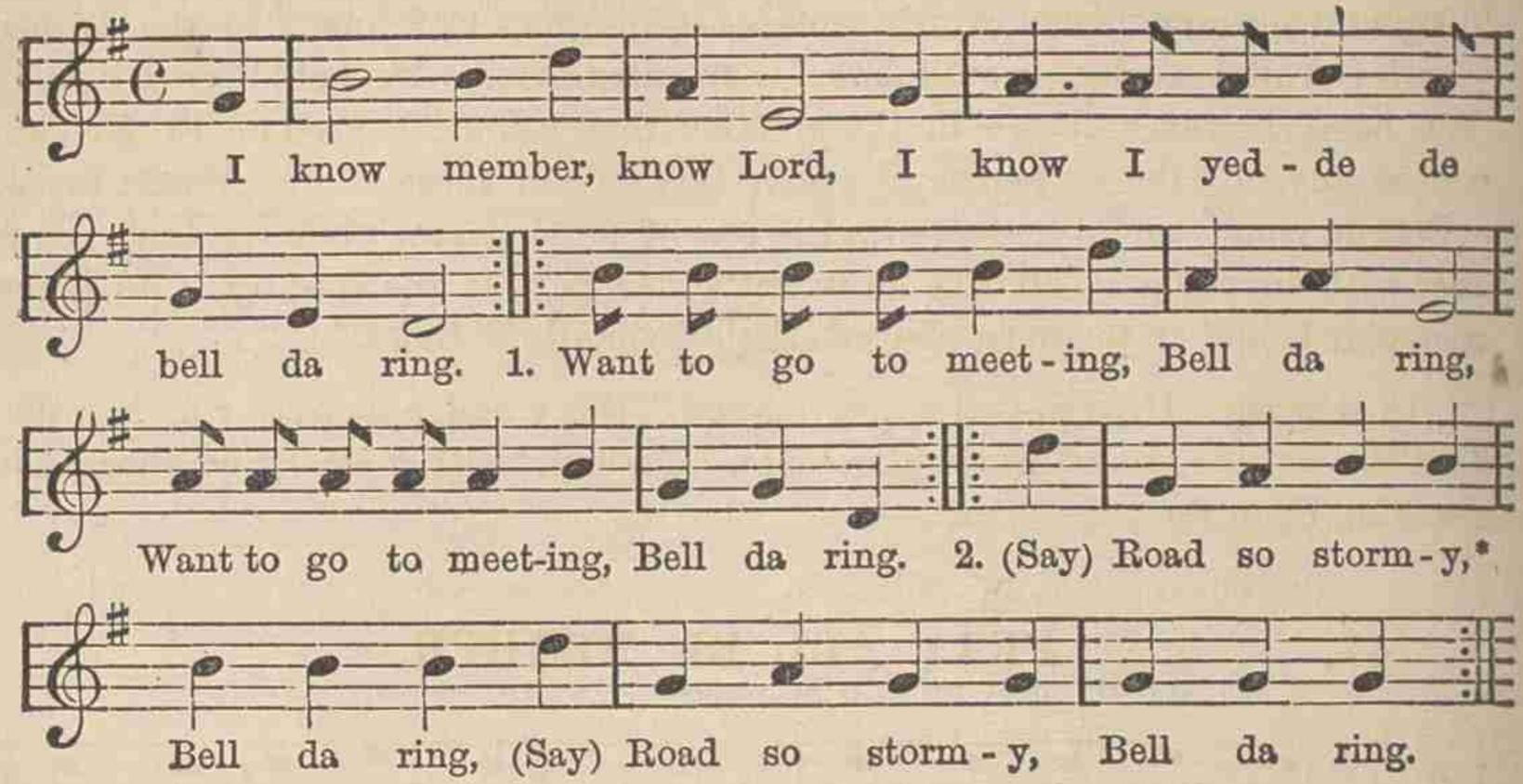






[This is one of the most striking of the Port Royal spirituals, and is shown by a comparison with No. 93 to be one of the most widely spread of all the African hymns. It is hard to explain every word of the introduction, but "long time get over crosses" is of course the "long time waggin' o' er de crossin'" of the Virginia hymn.]

46. BELL DA RING.



3 I can't get to meetin'. †
4 De church mos' ober.
5 De heaven-bell a heaven-bell.
6 De heaven-bell I gwine home.
7 I shout for de heaven-bell.
8 Heaven 'nough for me one.
9 (Brudder) hain't you a member?

* Boggy, Tedious. † 'ciety, Lecter, Praise-house.
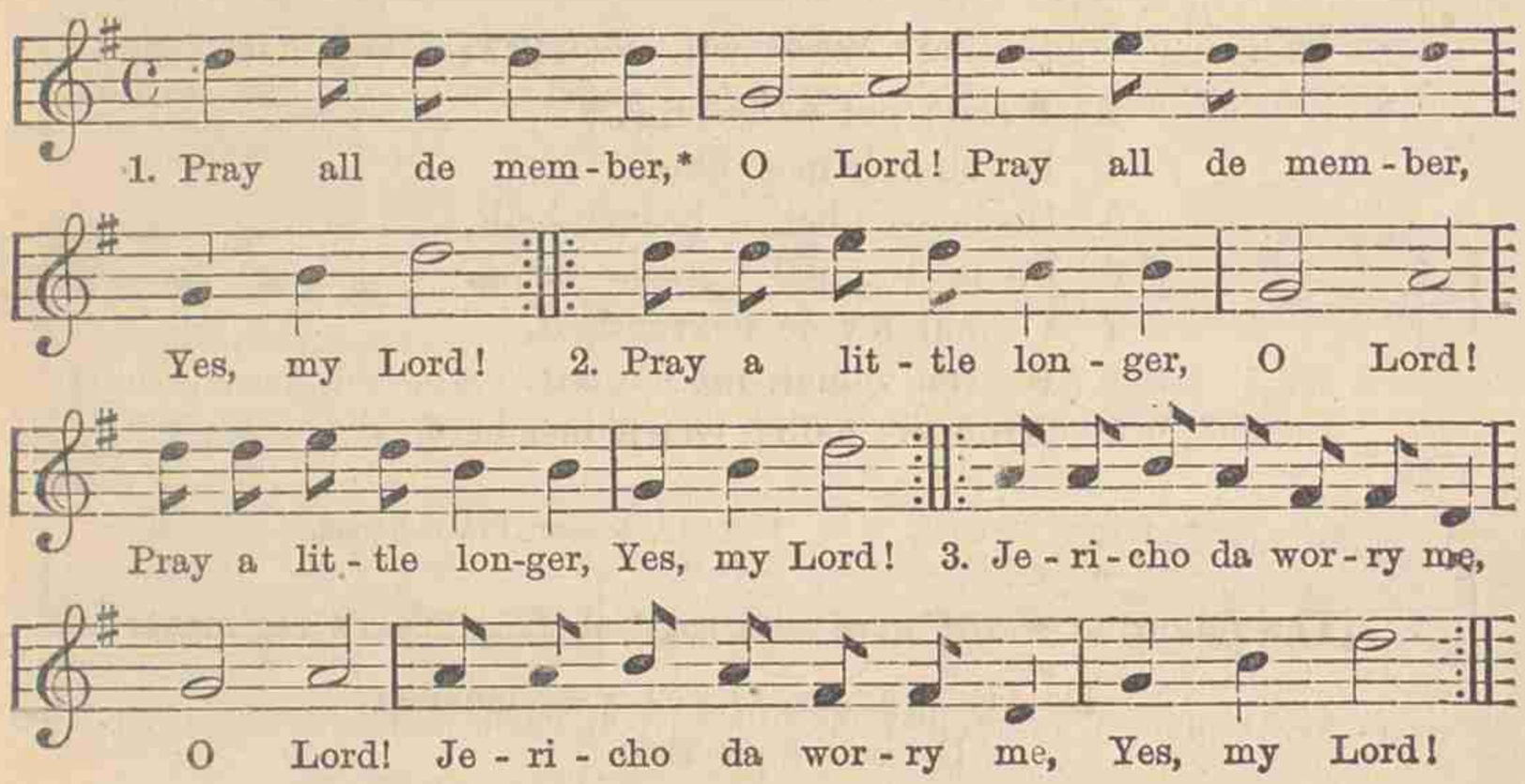
[The following words were sung in Col. Higginson's regiment:

Do my brudder, O yes, yes, member,
De bell done ring.
You can't get to heaben
When de bell done ring.
If you want to get to heaven,
Fo' de bell, etc
You had better follow Jesus,
Fo' de bell, etc.
O yes, my Jesus, yes, I member,
De bell etc.
O come in, Christians,
Fo' de bell, etc.
For the gates are all shut,
When de bell, etc.
And you can't get to heaben
When de bell, etc.

Col. Higginson suggests that this refrain may have originated in Virginia, and gone South with our army, because "'done' is a Virginia shibboleth, quite distinct from the 'been' which replaces it in South Carolina. In the proper South Carolina dialect, would have been substituted 'De bell been-a-ring.'" We have, however, shown in the preface, that "done" is used on St. Helena; and at any rate the very general use of this refrain there in the present tense, "Bell da ring," would indicate that it was of local origin, while we have never met with anything at all like it in any other part of the country. As given above, it is one of the most characteristic "shouting" tunes.

In singing "Heaven-bell a heaven-bell," the *v* and *n* were so run together that the words sounded like "hum-bell a hum-bell," with a strong emphasis and dwelling upon the *m*.]

47. PRAY ALL DE MEMBER.
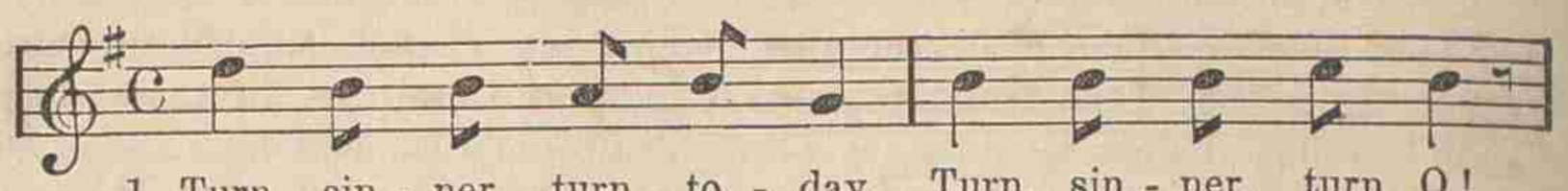


4 Jericho, Jericho.
5 I been to Jerusalem.
6 Patrol aroun' me.
7 Tank God he no ketch me.
8 Went to de meetin'.
9 Met brudder Hacless [Hercules].
10 Wha' d'ye tink he tell me?
11 Tell me for to turn back.
12 Jump along Jericho.
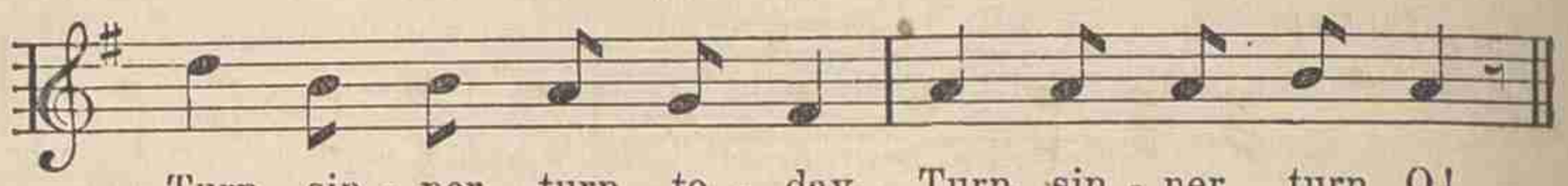
* True believer.

[This also is a very characteristic shouting tune.]

48. TURN, SINNER, TURN O!
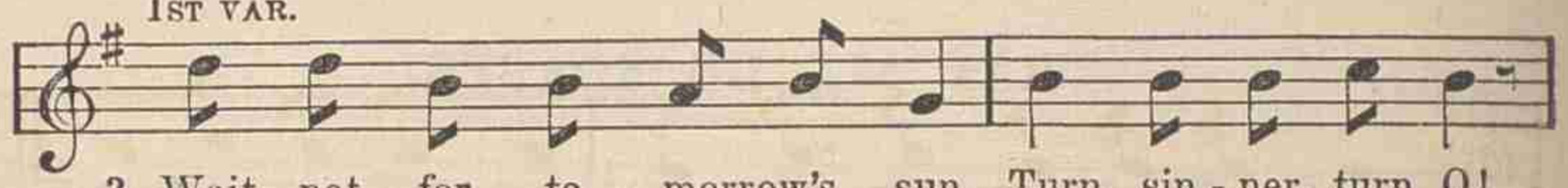


1. Turn, sin - ner, turn to - day, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
2. Turn, O sin - ner, de worl' da gwine, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
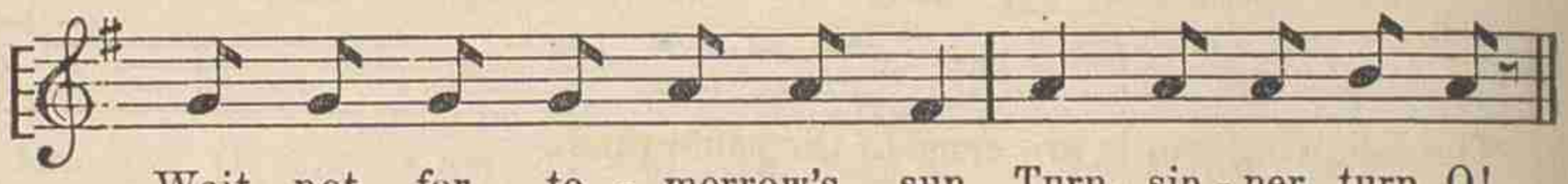


Turn, sin - ner, turn to - day, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
Turn, O sin - ner, de worl' da gwine, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!

1ST VAR.
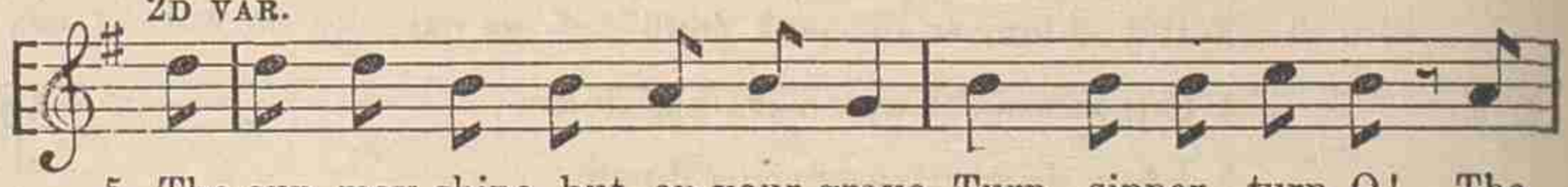


3. Wait not for to - morrow's sun, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
4. To-morrow's sun will sure to shine, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
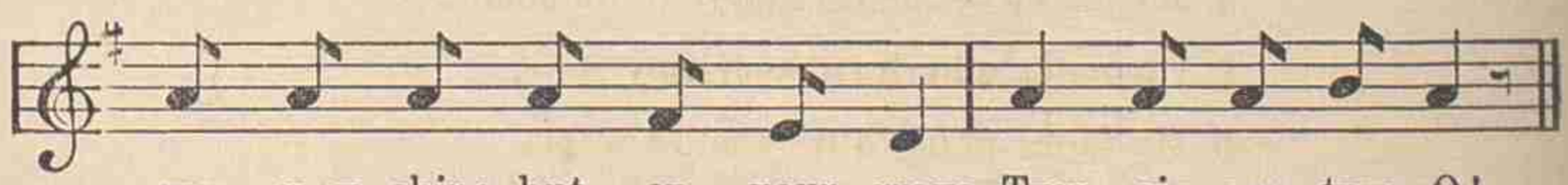


Wait not for to - morrow's sun, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
To-morrow's sun will sure to shine, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!

2D VAR.
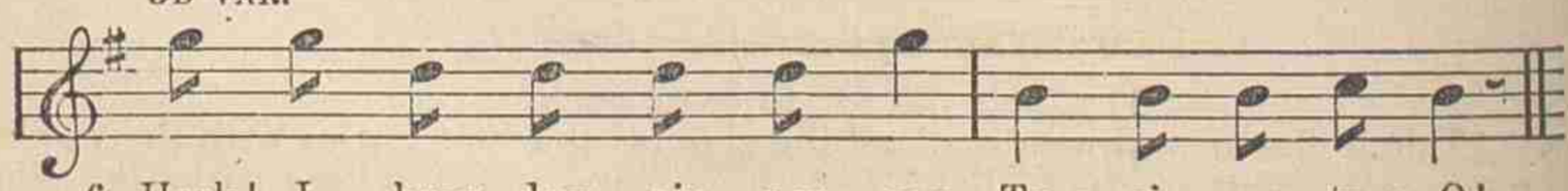


5. The sun may shine, but on your grave, Turn, sinner, turn O! The
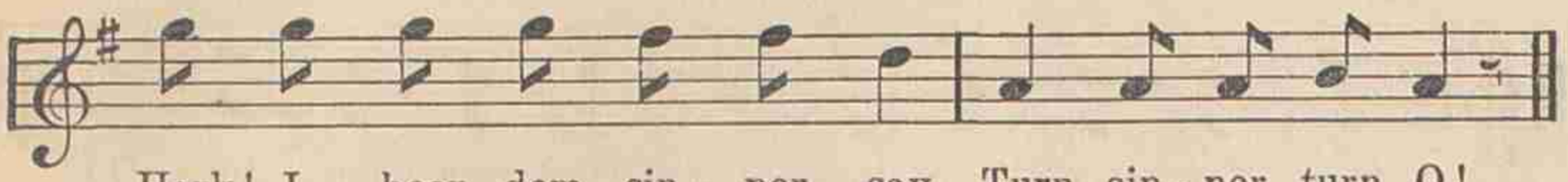


sun may shine, but on your grave, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!

3D VAR.
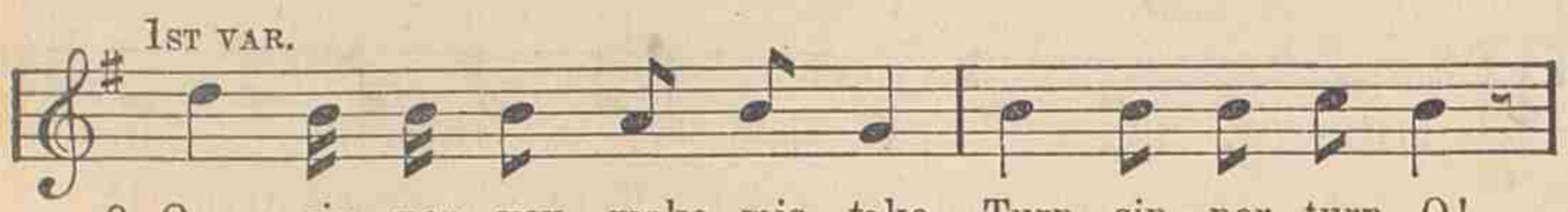


6. Hark! I hear dem sin - ner say, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
7. If you get to heaven I'll get there too, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
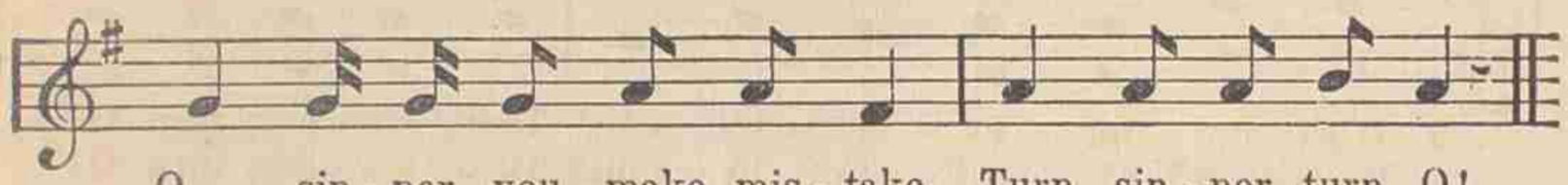


Hark! I hear dem sin - ner say, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
If you get to heaven I'll get there too, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!

1ST VAR.



8. O sin - ner, you make mis - take, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
9. While de lamp hold out to burn, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
10. De wile' sin - ner may re - turn, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!



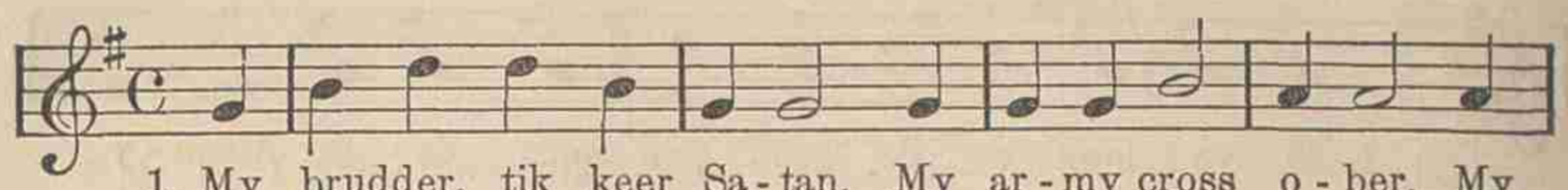
O sin - ner, you make mis - take, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
While de lamp hold out to burn, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!
De wile' sin - ner may re - turn, Turn, sin - ner, turn O!

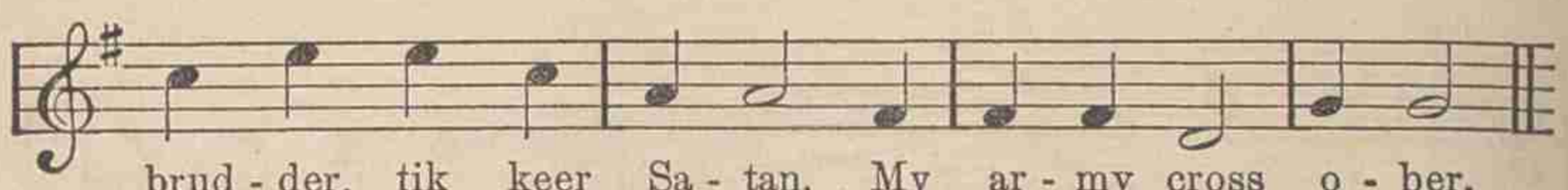
The following words are sung to the same tune:

1 Bro' Joe, you ought to know my name--Hallelujah.
2 My name is written in de book ob life.
3 If you look in de book you'll fin' 'em dar.
4 One mornin' I was a walkin' down.
5 I saw de berry a-hinging down.
6 (Lord) I pick de berry, an' I suck de juice.
7 Jes' as sweet as de honey in de comb.
8 I wonder where fader Jimmy gone.
9 My fader gone to de yonder worl'.
10 You dig de spring dat nebber dry.
11 De more I dig 'em, de water spring.
12 De water spring dat nebber dry.

[This is the most dramatic of all the shouts; the tune varies with the words, commonly about as given above, and the general effect is very pathetic. The words and tunes are constantly interchanged: thus, for instance, the 6th verse might be sung to the second variation, and the 8th, 9th and 10th, to the third.]

49. MY ARMY CROSS OVER.





2 Satan bery busy.

3 Wash 'e face in ashes.
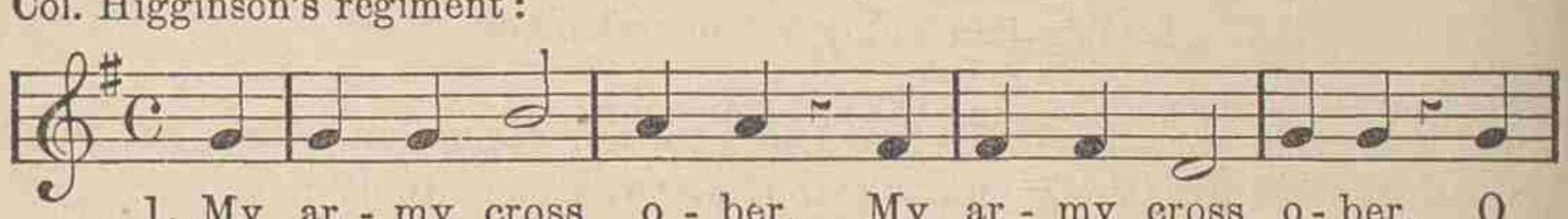
4 Put on de leder apron.
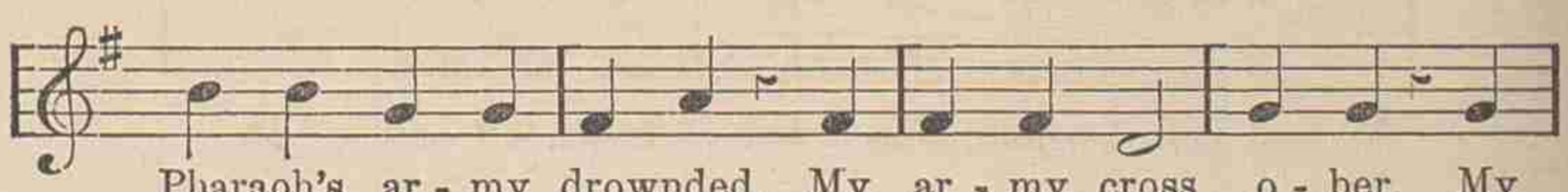
5 Jordan riber rollin'.
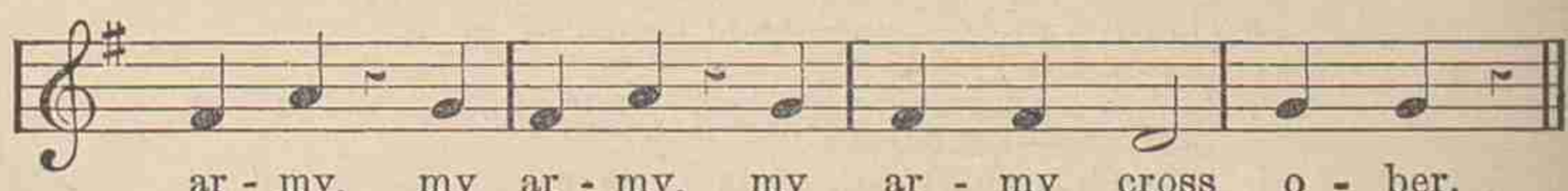
6 Cross 'em, I tell ye, cross 'em.

7 Cross Jordan (danger) riber.

[The following version, probably from Sapelo Id., Georgia, was sung in Col. Higginson's regiment:
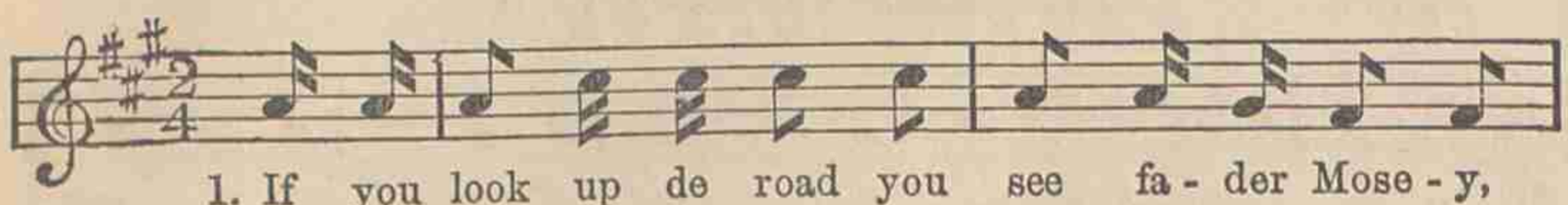






2 We'll cross de riber Jordan.
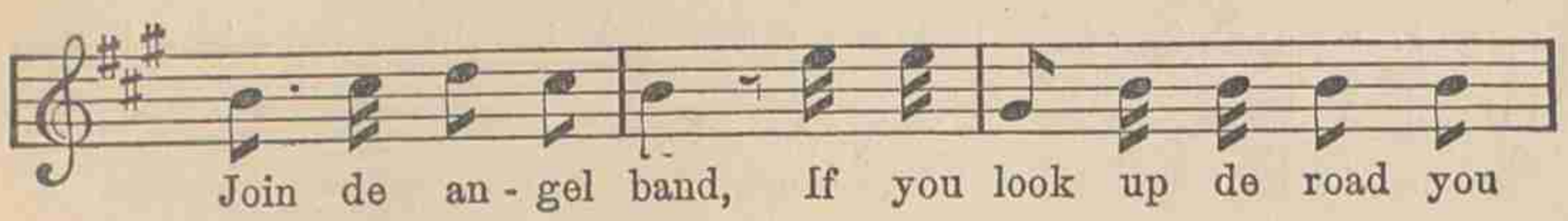
3 We'll cross de danger water.
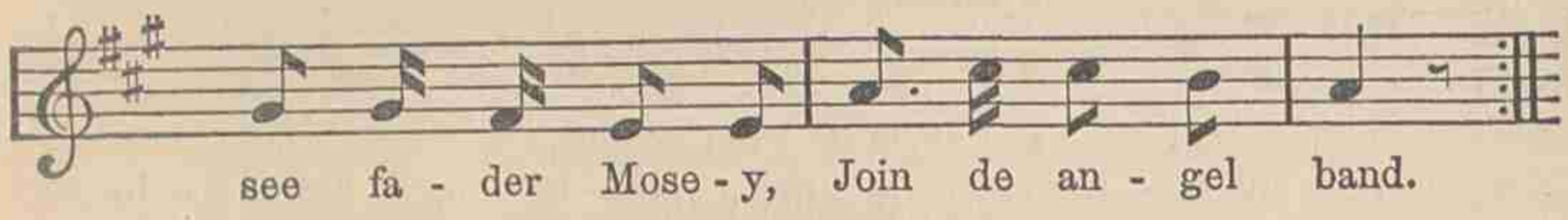
4 We'll cross de mighty Myo.

[On the word "Myo," Col. Higginson makes the following note: "I could get no explanation of the 'mighty Myo,' except that one of the old men thought it meant the river of death. Perhaps it is an African word. In the Cameroon dialect, 'Mawa' signifies 'to die.'" Lt. Col. Trowbridge feels very confident that it is merely a corruption of "bayou."]

50. JOIN THE ANGEL BAND.







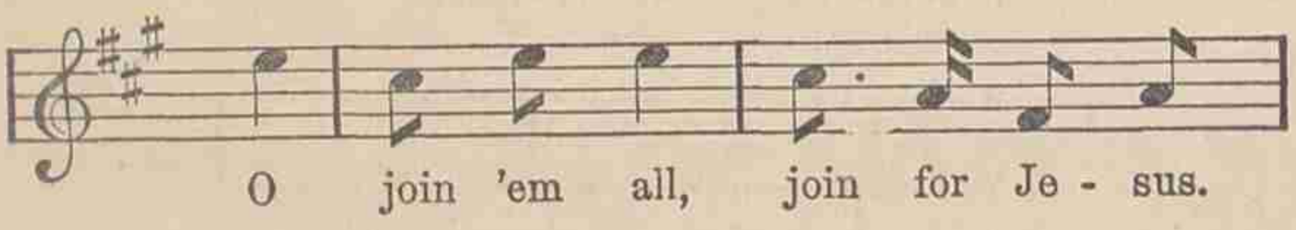
2 Do, fader Mosey, gader your army.

3 O do mo' soul gader togeder.

4 O do join 'em, join 'em for Jesus.

5 O do join 'em, join 'em archangel.

The following variation of the first line, with the words that follow, was sung in Charleston :



O join 'em all, join for Jesus, Join Jerusalem Band.

Sister Mary, stan' up for Jesus.

Sixteen souls set out for Heaven.

O brudder an' sister, come up for Heaven.
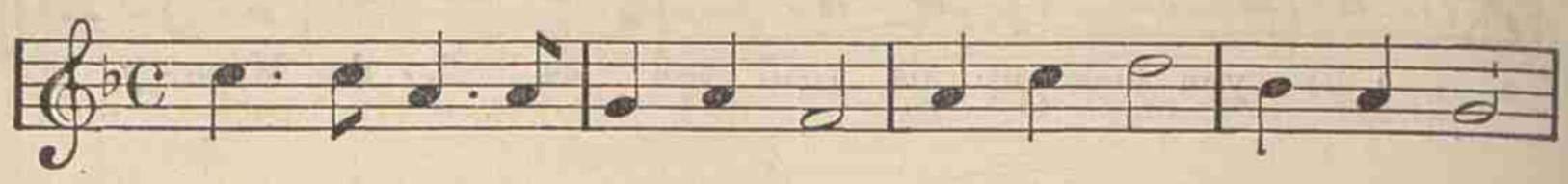
Daddy Peter set out for Jesus.

Ole Maum Nancy set out for Heaven.

["The South Carolina negroes never say Aunty and Uncle to old persons, but Daddy and Maumer, and all the white people say Daddy and Maumer to old black men and women"—A. M. B.

This is no doubt correct as regards South Carolina in general. I am sure that I heard "Uncle" and "Aunty" at Port Royal, and I do not remember hearing "Daddy" and "Maumer."—W. F. A.]

51. I AN' SATAN HAD A RACE.



1. I an' Sa - tan had a race, Hal - le - lu, hal - le - lu,



I an' Sa - tan had a race, Hal - le - lu, hal - le - lu

2 Win de race agin de course.

3 Satan tell me to my face

4 He will break my kingdom down.

5 Jesus whisper in my heart

6 He will build 'em up again.

7 Satan mount de iron grey ;

8 Ride half way to Pilot-Bar.

9 Jesus mount de milk-white horse.

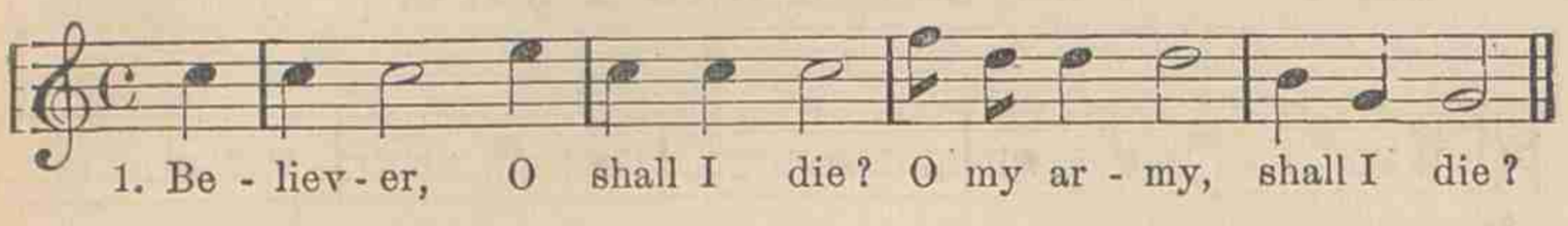
10 Say you cheat my fader children.
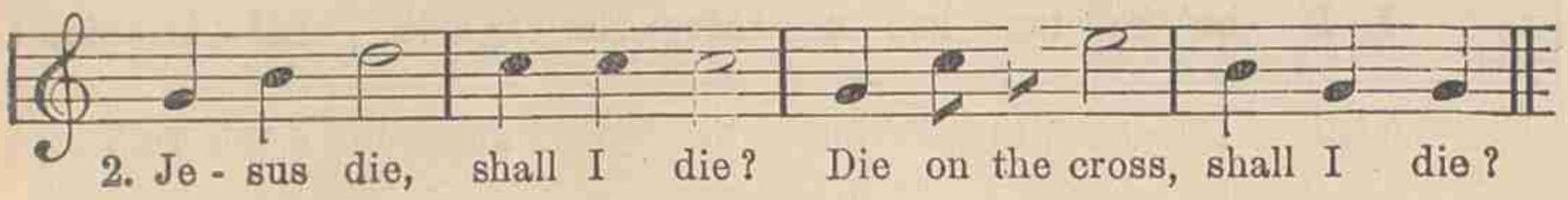
11 Say you cheat 'em out of glory.

12 Trouble like a gloomy cloud

13 Gader dick an' tunder loud.

52. SHALL I DIE?
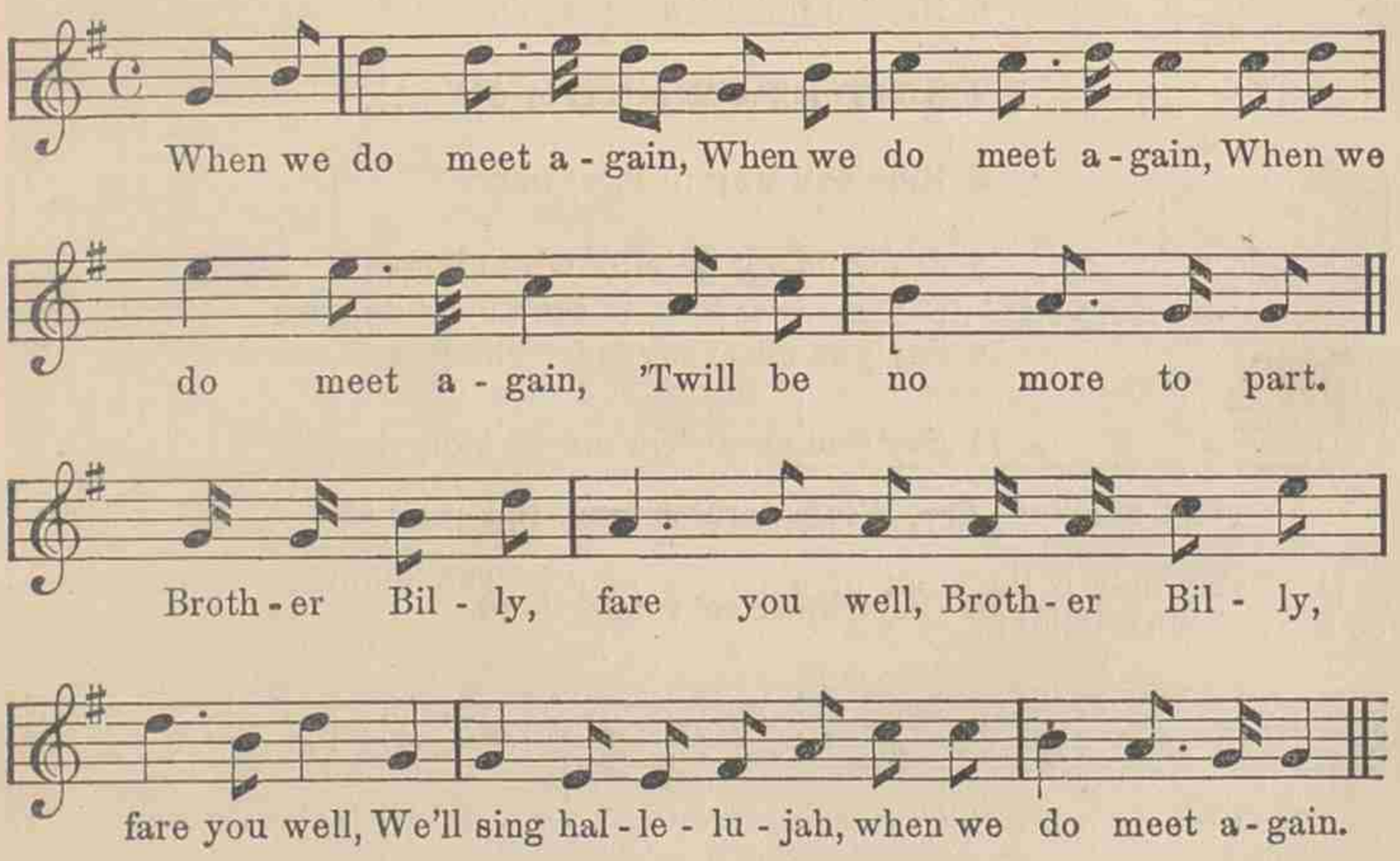




3 Die, die, die, shall I die?
Jesus da coming, shall I die?

4 Run for to meet him, shall I die?
Weep like a weeper, shall I die?
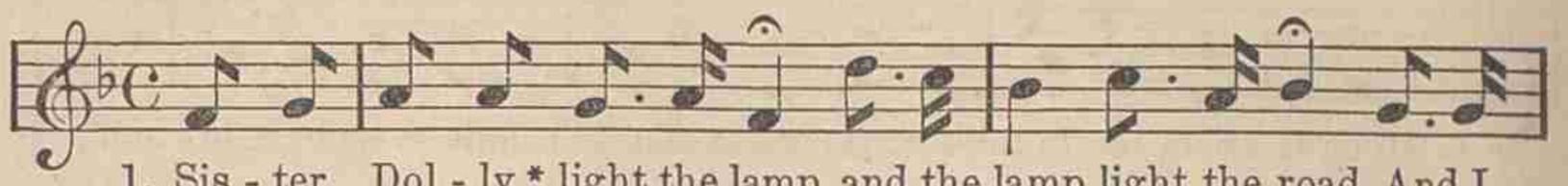
5 Mourn like a mourner, shall I die?
Cry like a crier, shall I die?

[This shout was a great favorite on the Capt. John Fripp plantation; its simplicity, wildness and minor character suggest a native African origin. Sometimes the leading singer would simply repeat the words, mournfully: "Die, die, die,"—sometimes he would interpolate such an inappropriate line as "Jump along, jump along dere."]
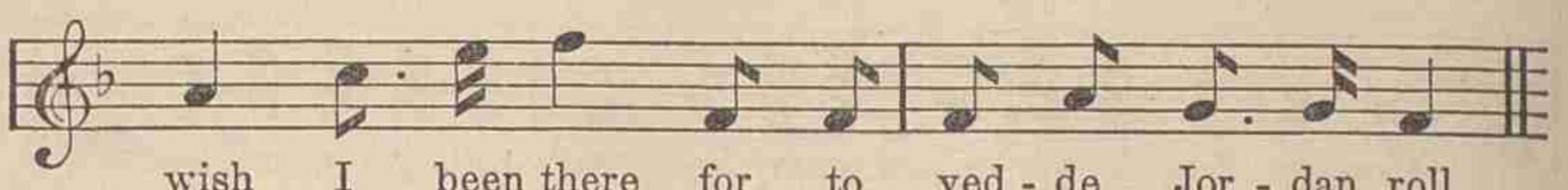
53. WHEN WE DO MEET AGAIN.



54. THE WHITE MARBLE STONE.



1. Sis - ter Dol - ly * light the lamp, and the lamp light the road, And I
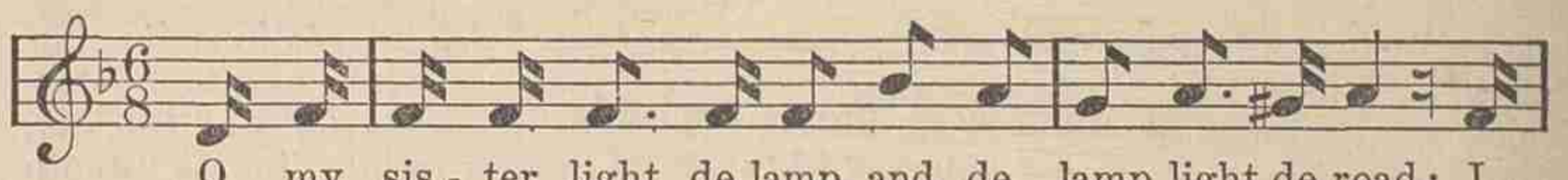


wish I been there for to yed - de Jor - dan roll.

2 O the city light the lamp, the white man he will sold,
And I wish I been there, etc.
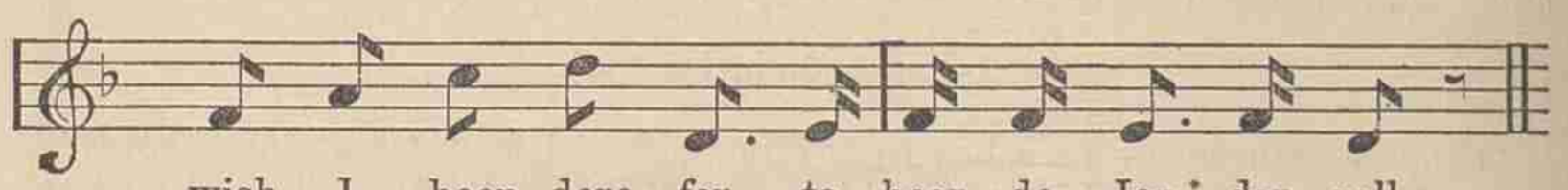
3 O the white marble stone, and the white marble stone.

* Believer, Patty, etc.

[This song was described to us as "*too* pretty." The following minor variation might be called "too *much* prettier."
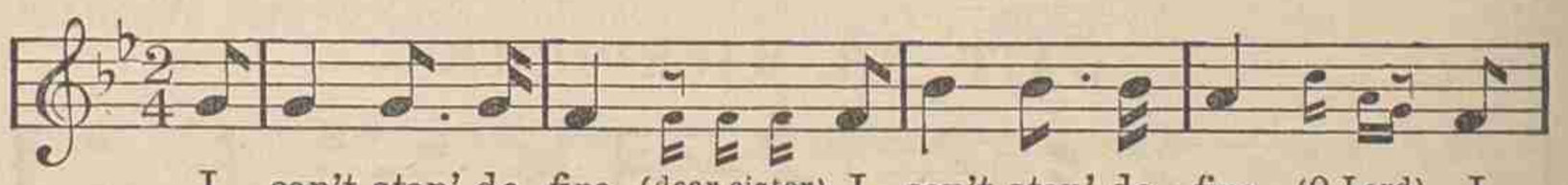


O my sis - ter light de lamp, and de lamp light de road; I
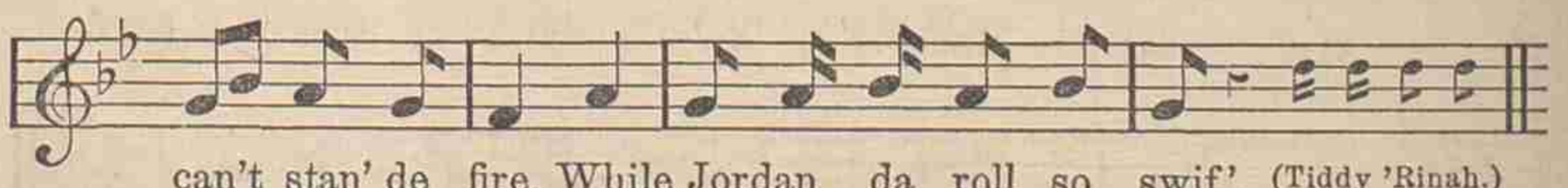


wish I been dere for to hear - de Jor - dan roll.

55. I CAN'T STAND THE FIRE.
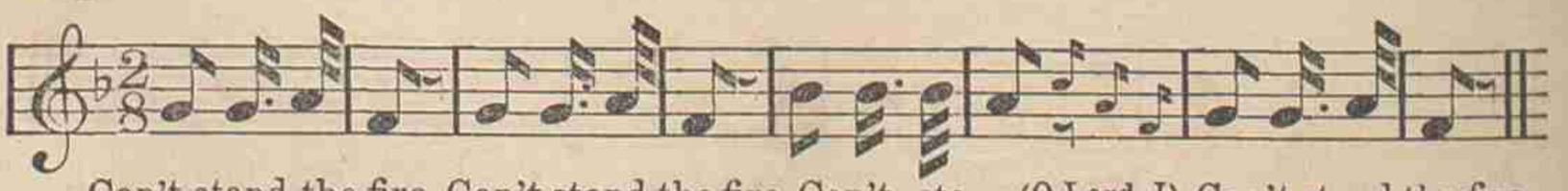


I can't stan' de fire, (dear sister) I can't stan' de fire, (O Lord) I
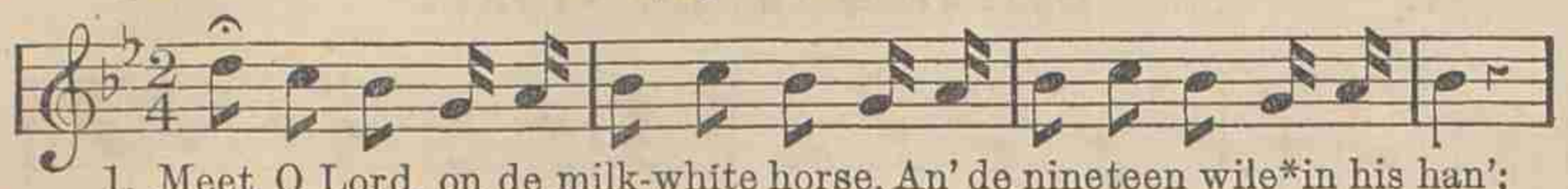


can't stan' de fire, While Jordan da roll so swif'. (Tiddy 'Rinah.)

[Probably only a fragment of a longer piece. The following variation was sung at Coffin's Point:

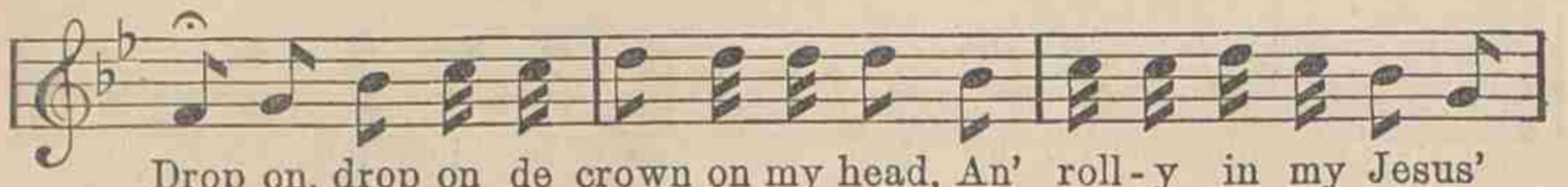


Can't stand the fire, Can't stand the fire, Can't, etc. (O Lord, I) Can't stand the fire.
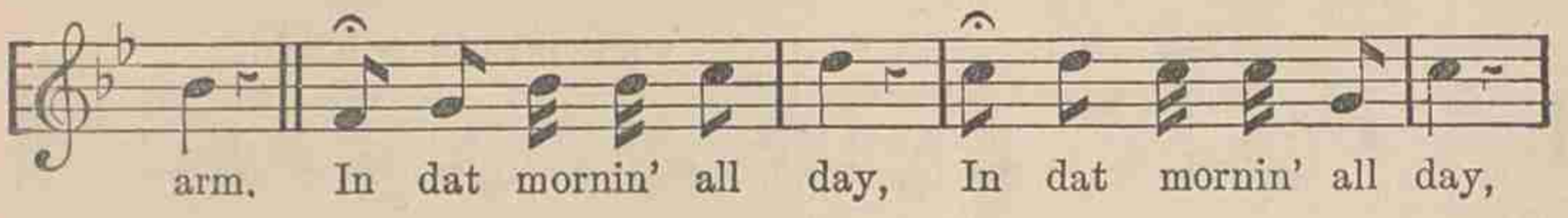
56. MEET, O LORD!
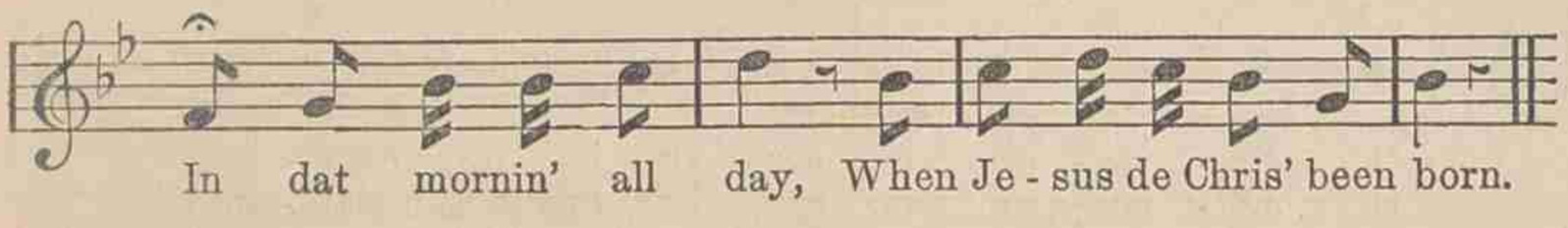


1. Meet, O Lord, on de milk-white horse, An' de nineteen wile*in his han';



Drop on, drop on de crown on my head, An' roll-y in my Jesus'



arm, In dat mornin' all day, In dat mornin' all day,
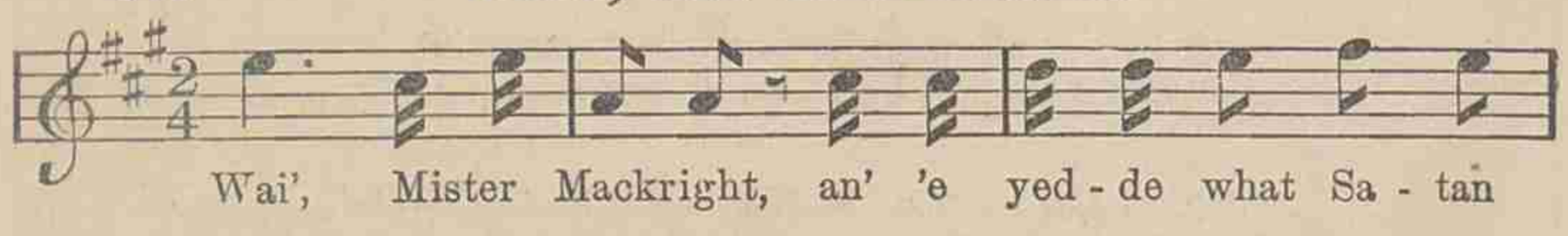


In dat mornin' all day, When Je-sus de Chris' been born.

2 Moon went into de poplar tree,
An' star went into blood;
In dat mornin', etc.

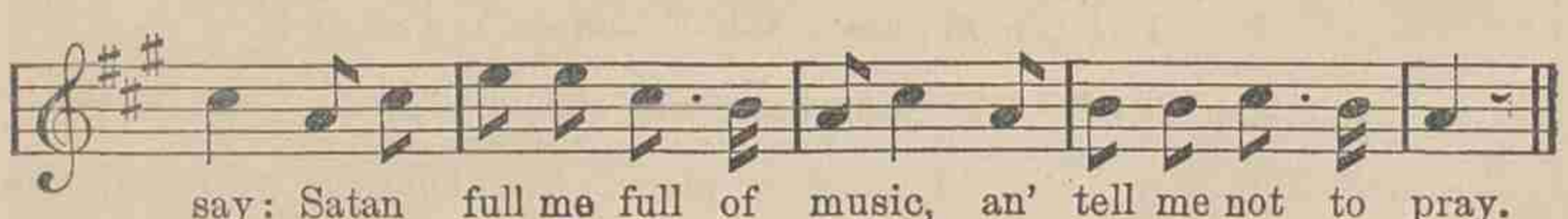
* *i. e.* the anointing vial.

[This was taught me by a boy from Hilton Head Island, whom the rebel Gen. Drayton left holding his horse "when gun shoot at Bay Pint." The General never returned to reclaim his horse, which afterwards came into the possession of a friend of mine, and was famed for swiftness. I had several fine rides upon "milk-white" *Drayton*.—W. F. A.]

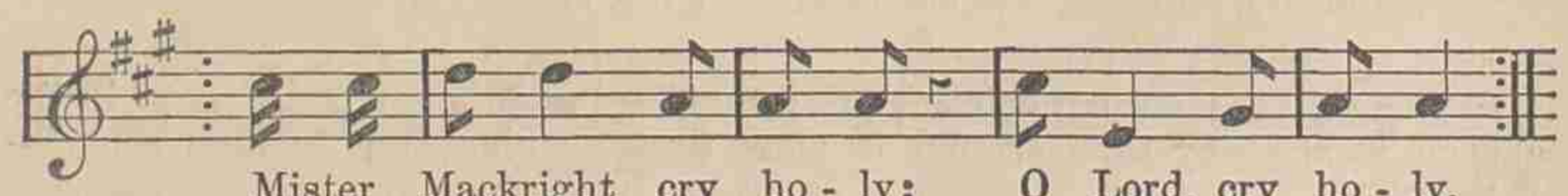
57. WAIT, MR. MACKRIGHT.



Wai', Mister Mackright, an' 'e yed-de what Sa-tan
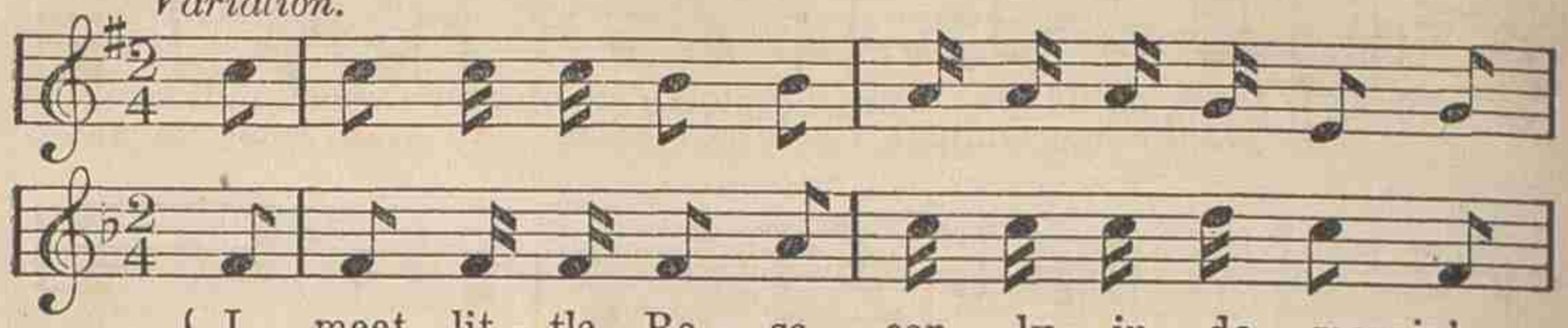


say: Satan full me full of music, an' tell me not to pray.
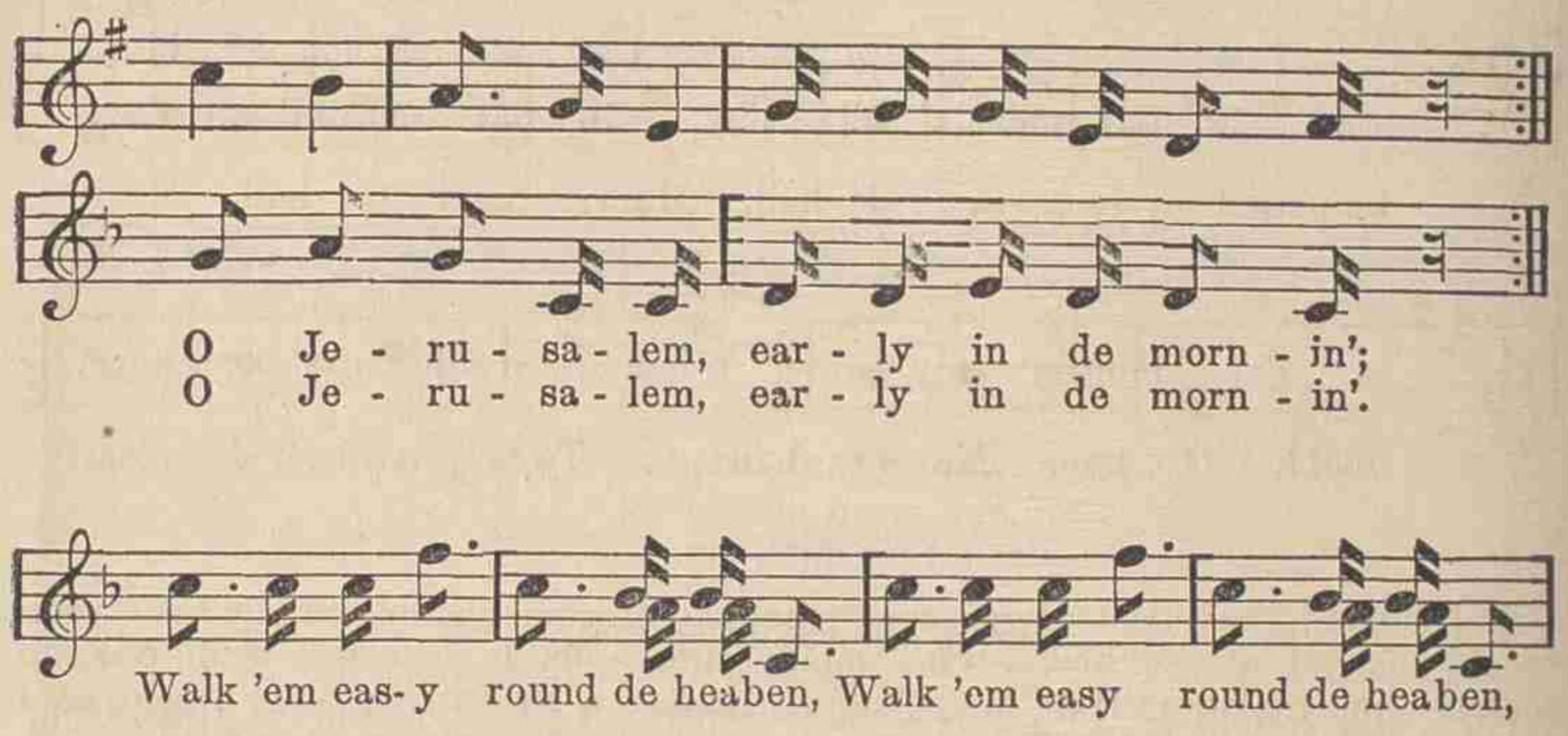


Mister Mackright cry ho-ly; O Lord, cry ho-ly.

58. EARLY IN THE MORNING.

Variation.





2 I meet my mudder early in de mornin',
An' I ax her, how you do my mudder?
Walk 'em easy, etc.
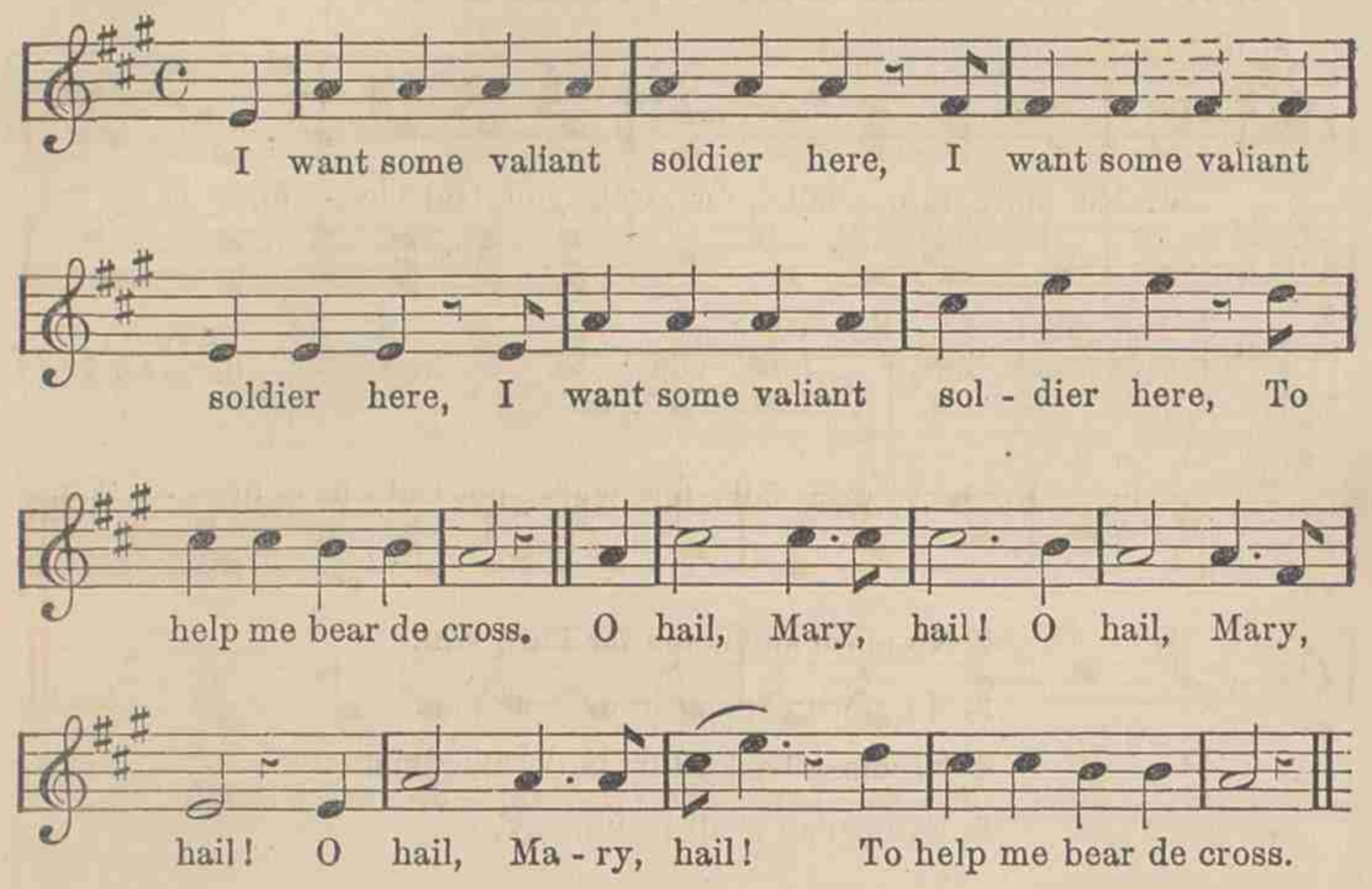
3 I meet brudder Robert early in de mornin';
I ax brudder Robert, how you do, my sonny?

4 I meet titta-Wisa† early in de mornin';
I ax titta-Wisa, how you do, my darter?

* O shout glory till 'em join dat ban'. † *i. e.* sister Louisa.

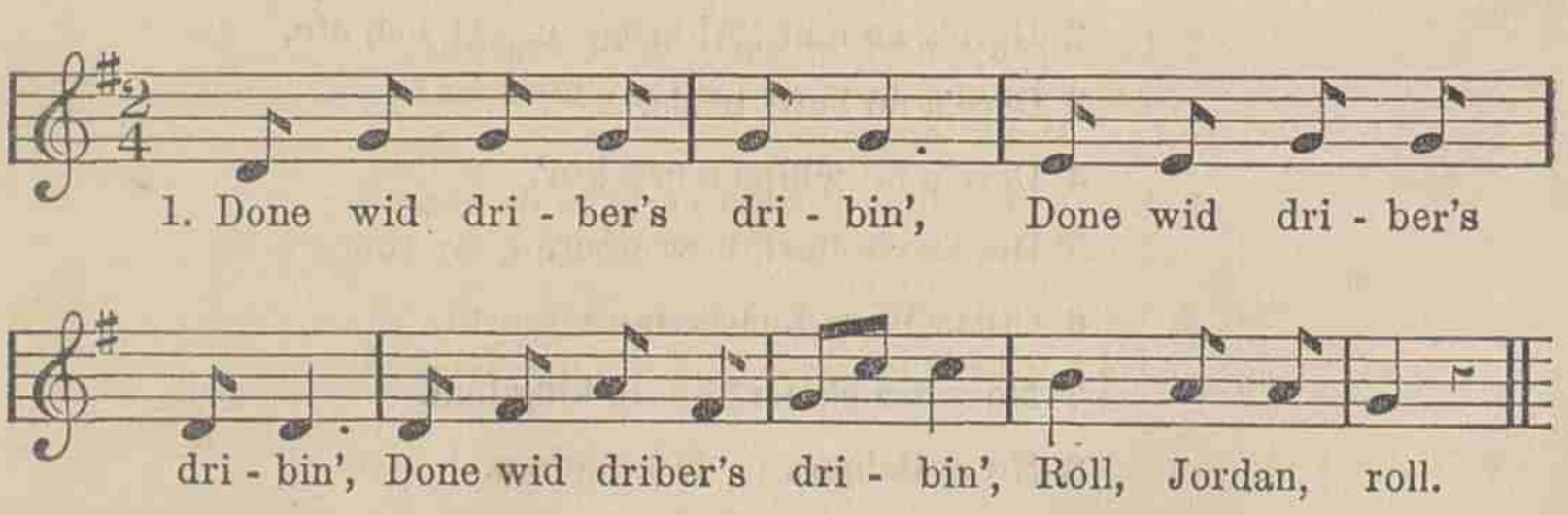
["This shout is accompanied by the peculiar shuffling dance, except in the chorus, where they walk around in slow time, keeping step to their song."—J. S. R.]

59. HAIL, MARY.



["I fancied," says Col. Higginson, "that the original reading might have been 'soul,' instead of 'soldier,'—with some other syllable inserted, to fill out the metre,—and that the 'Hail, Mary,' might denote a Roman Catholic origin, as I had several men from St. Augustine who held in a dim way to that faith."
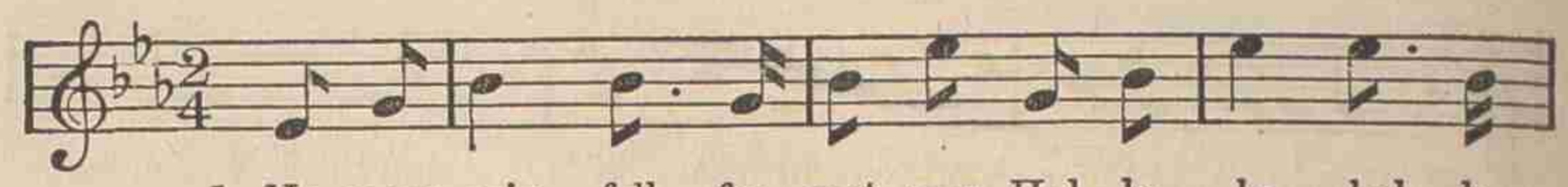
In Mr. Spaulding's article in the *Continental Monthly*, a tune nearly identical with this is given with words almost the same as those of "No more peck of corn," No. 64, the whole as an introduction to the second part of "Trouble of the World," No. 10—a curious illustration of the way in which the colored people make different combinations of their own tunes at different times :]
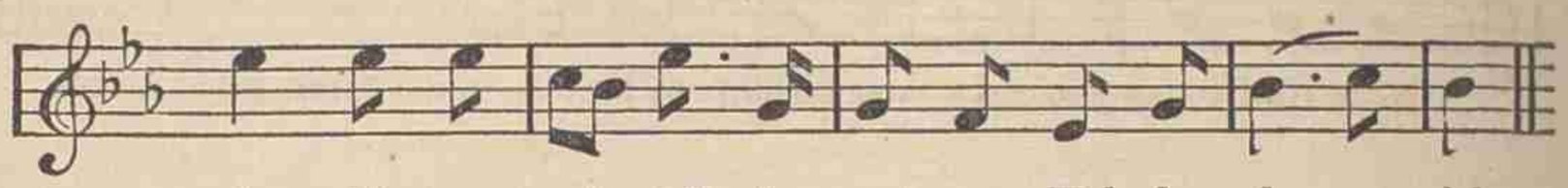


2 Done wid massa's hollerin',

3 Done wid missus' scoldin'.

60. NO MORE RAIN FALL FOR WET YOU.



1. No more rain fall for wet you, Hal - le - lu, hal - le -



- lu, No more rain fall for wet you, Hal - le - lu - jah.

2 No more sun shine for burn you.

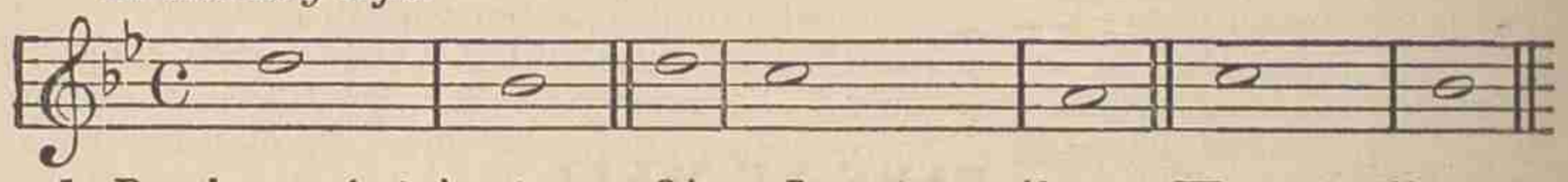
3 No more parting in de kingdom.

4 No more backbiting in de kingdom.

5 Every day shall be Sunday.

61. I WANT TO GO HOME.

In chanting style.



1. Dere's no rain to | wet you. || O | yes, I want to go | home, || Want to go | home. ||

2 Dere's no sun to burn you,—O yes, etc.

3 Dere's no hard trials.

4 Dere's no whips a-crackin'.

5 Dere's no stormy weather.

6 Dere's no tribulation.

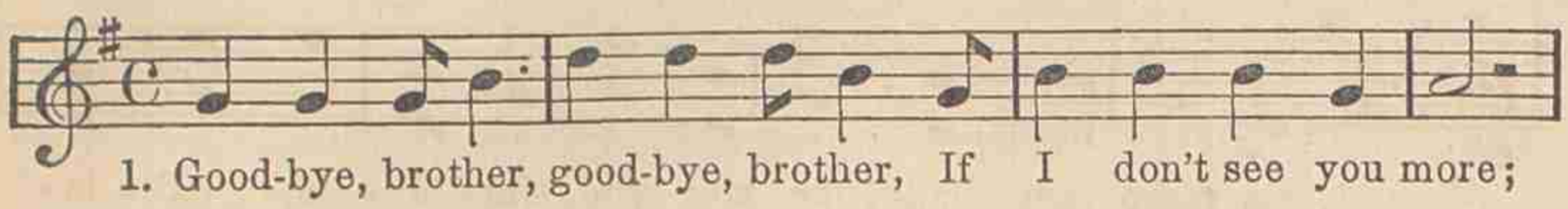
7 No more slavery in de kingdom.

8 No evil-doers in de kingdom.

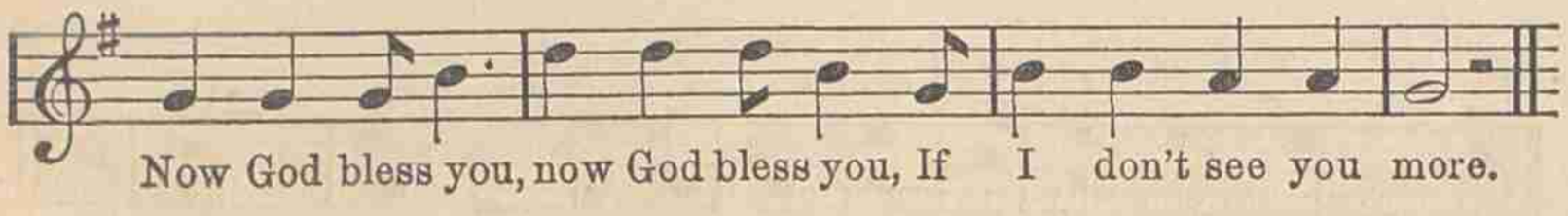
9 All is gladness in de kingdom.

[Verse 7 was added after the Emancipation Proclamation.—J. S. R.]

62. GOOD-BYE, BROTHER.



1. Good-bye, brother, good-bye, brother, If I don't see you more;



Now God bless you, now God bless you, If I don't see you more.

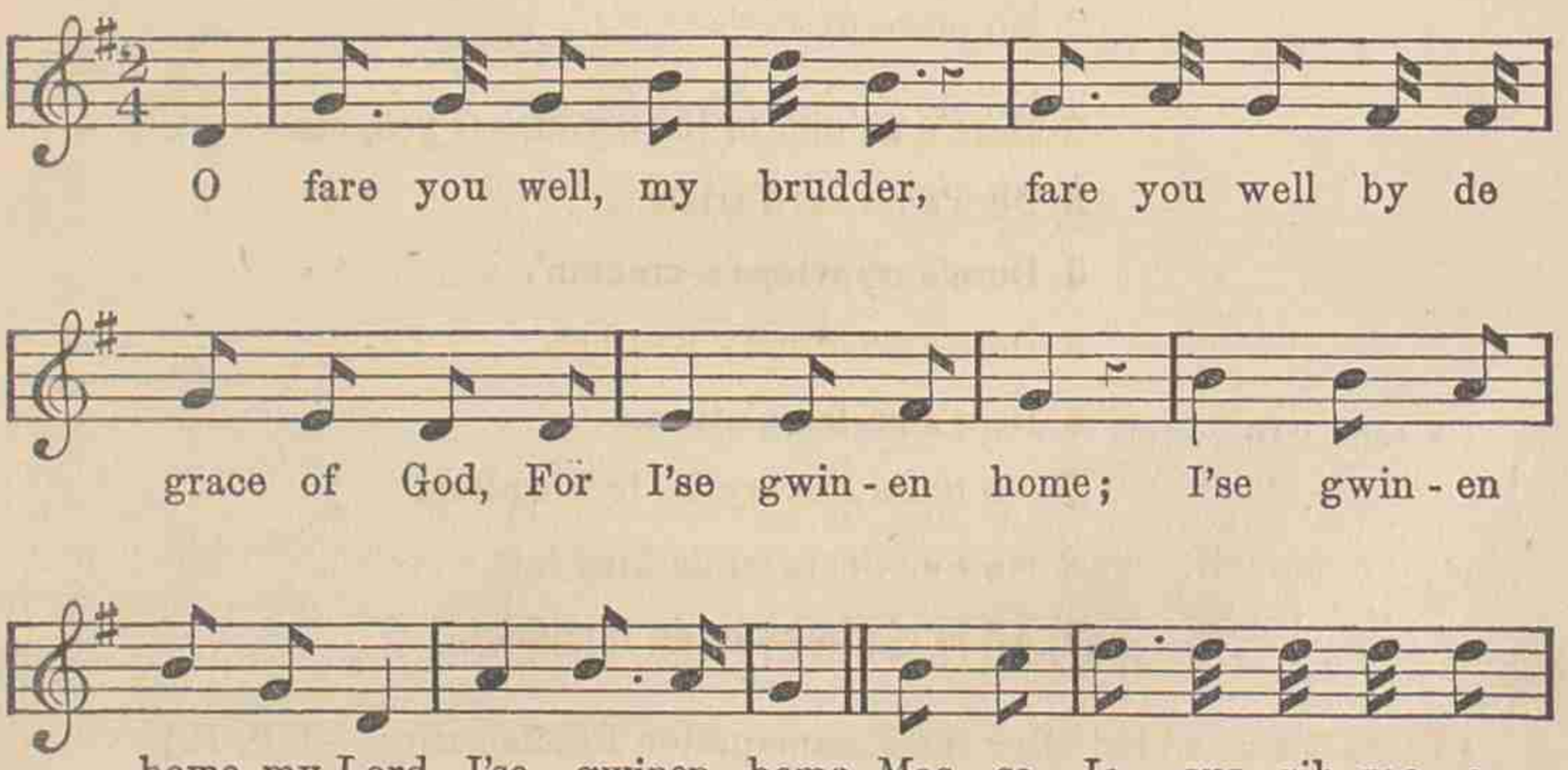
2 We part in de body but we meet in de spirit,
We'll meet in de heaben in de blessed * kingdom.

3 So good-bye, brother, good-bye, sister;
Now God bless you, now God bless you.

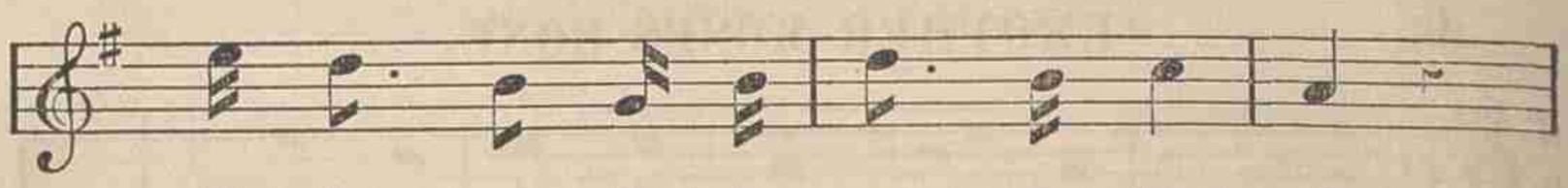
* Glorious.

["Sung at the breaking up of a midnight meeting after the death of a soldier. These midnight *wails* are very solemn to me, and exhibit the sadness of the present mingled with the joyful hope of the future. I have known the negroes to get together in groups of six or eight around a small fire, and sing and pray alternately from nine o'clock till three the next morning, after the death of one of their number."—J. S. R.]
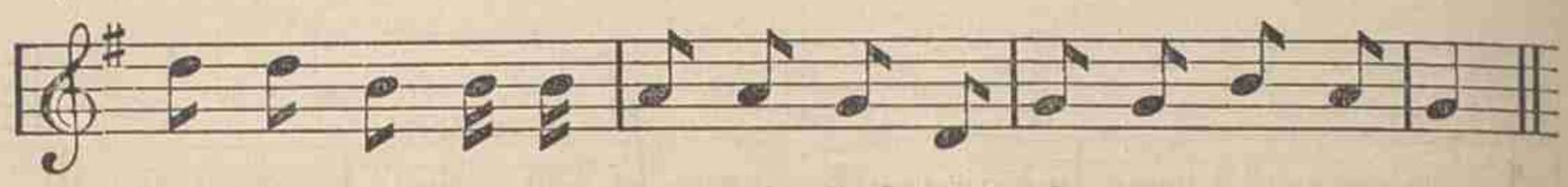
63. FARE YE WELL.



O fare you well, my brudder, fare you well by de grace of God, For I'se gwin-en home; I'se gwin-en home, my Lord, I'se gwinen home. Mas-sa Je-sus gib me a
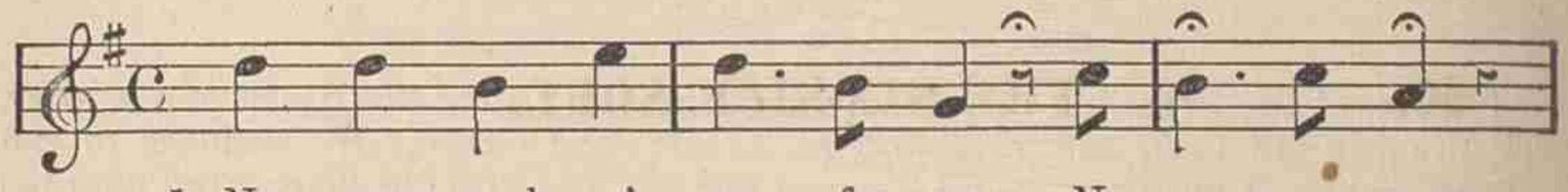


lit - tle broom, For to sweep my heart clean;
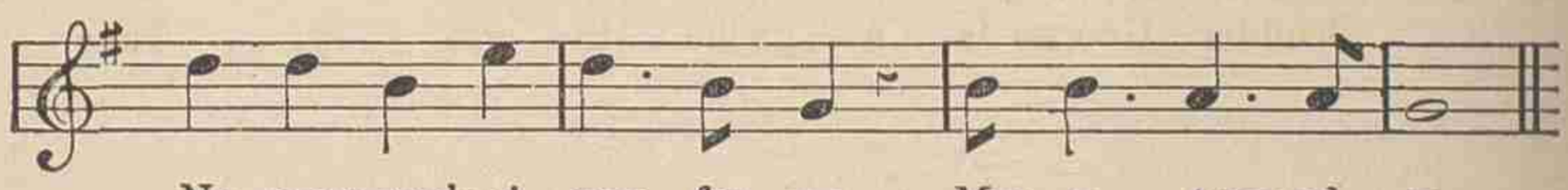


Sweep 'em clean by de grace of God, An' glo - ry in my soul.

64. MANY THOUSAND GO.



1. No more peck o' corn for me, No more, no more;



No more peck o' corn for me, Man - y tousand go.

2 No more driver's lash for me.

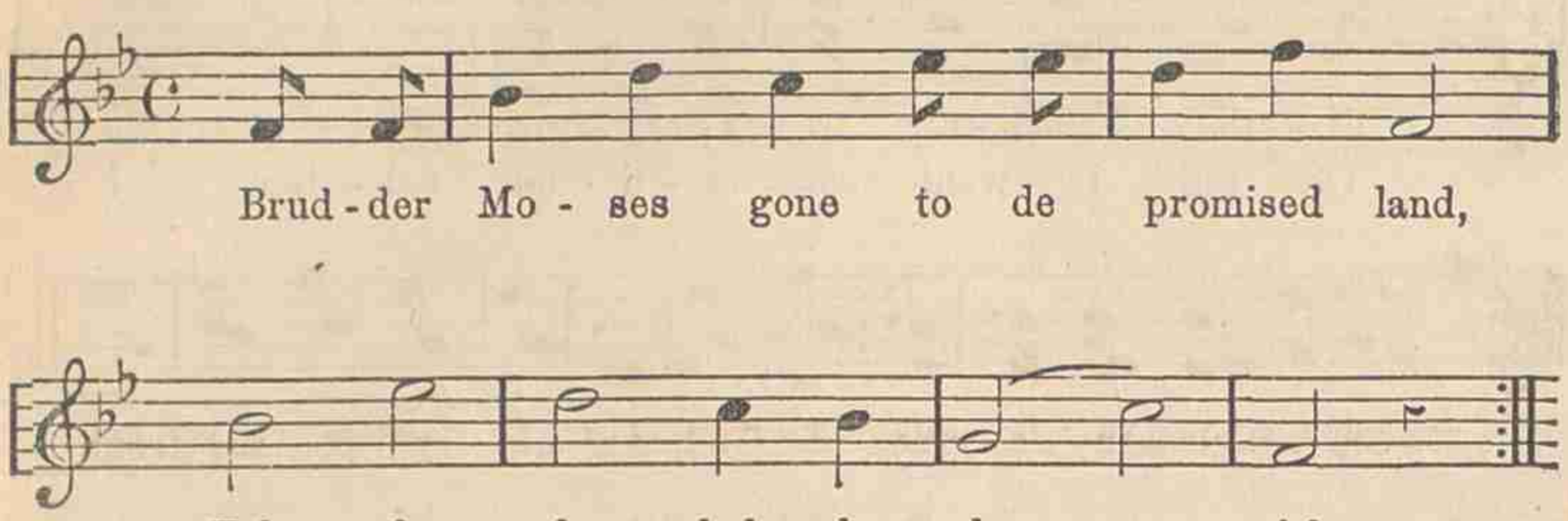
3 No more pint o' salt for me.

4 No more hundred lash for me.

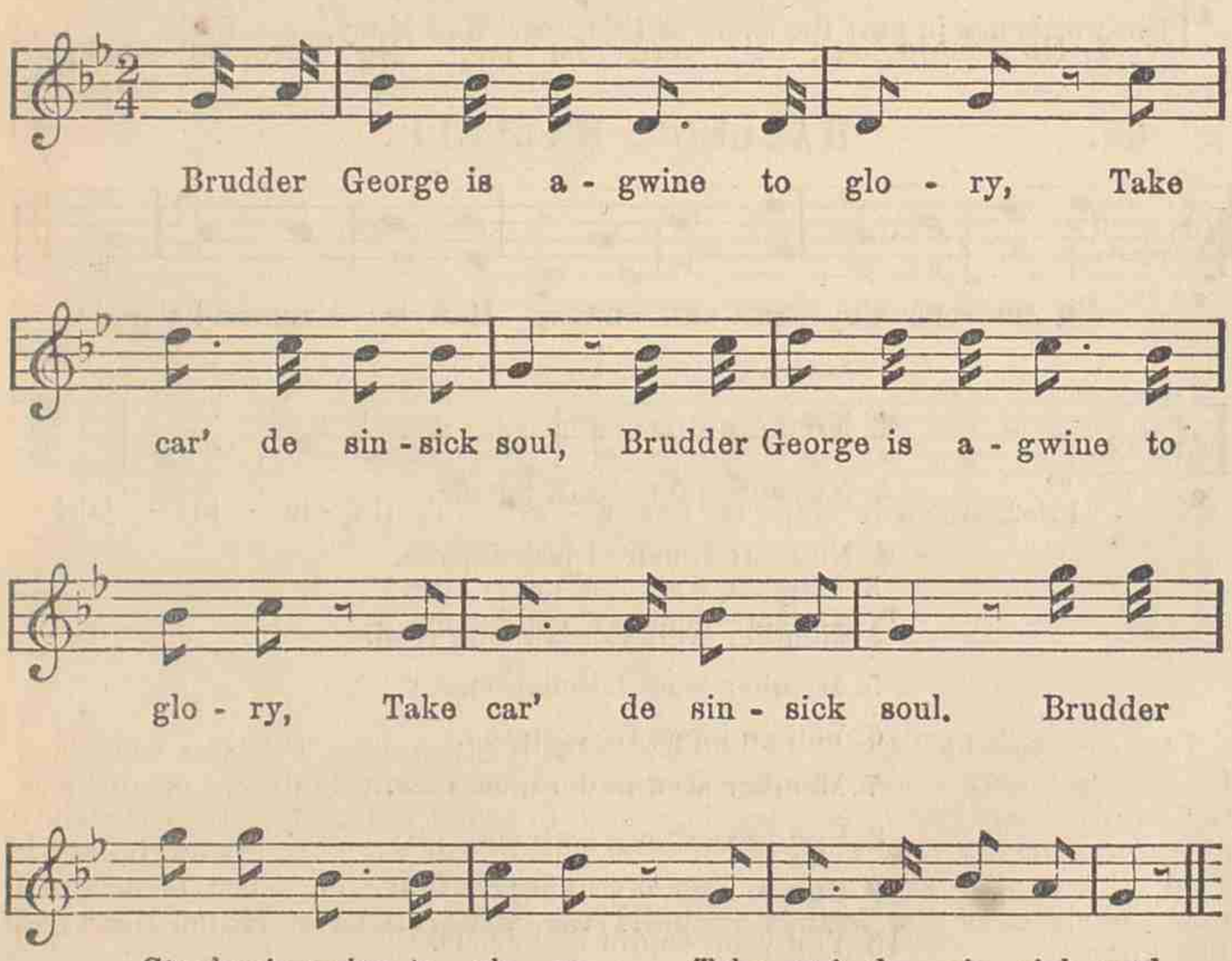
5 No more mistress' call for me.

[A song "to which the Rebellion had actually given rise. This was composed by nobody knows whom—though it was the most recent doubtless of all these 'spirituals.'—and had been sung in secret to avoid detection. It is certainly plaintive enough. The peck of corn and pint of salt were slavery's rations."—T. W. H. Lt. Col. Trowbridge learned that it was first sung when Beauregard took the slaves of the islands to build the fortifications at Hilton Head and Bay Point.]
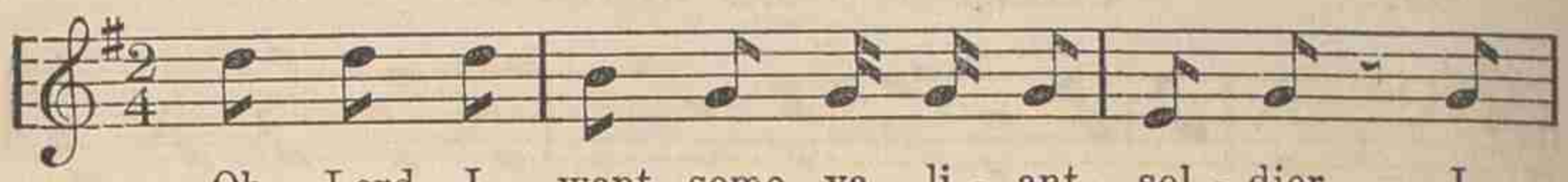
65. BROTHER MOSES GONE.



66. THE SIN-SICK SOUL.

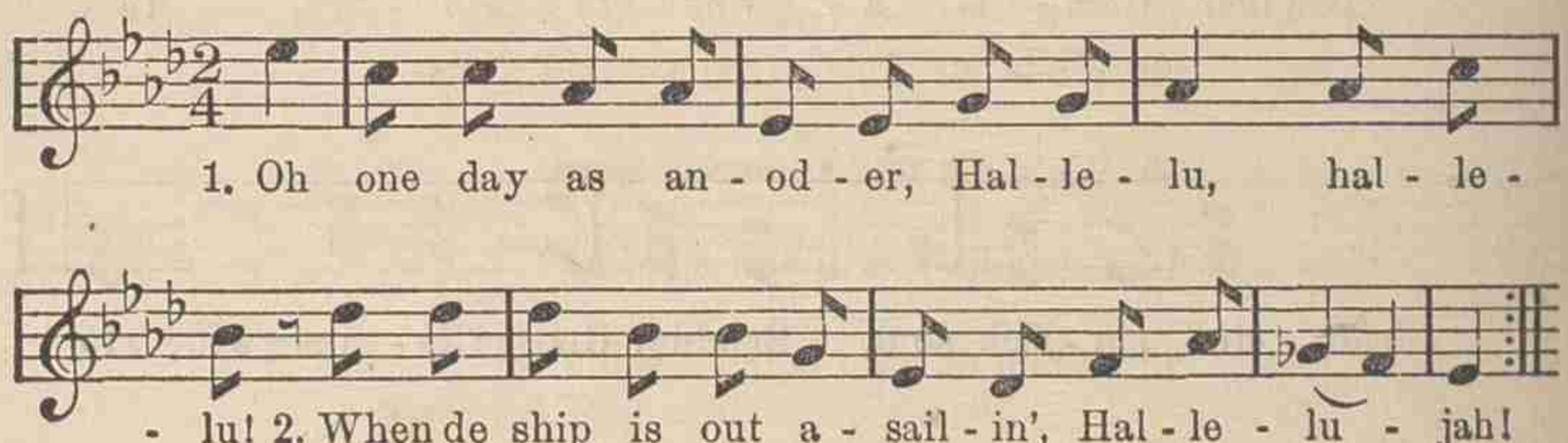


67. SOME VALIANT SOLDIER.



[The words are in part the same as those of "Hail Mary," No. 59.]
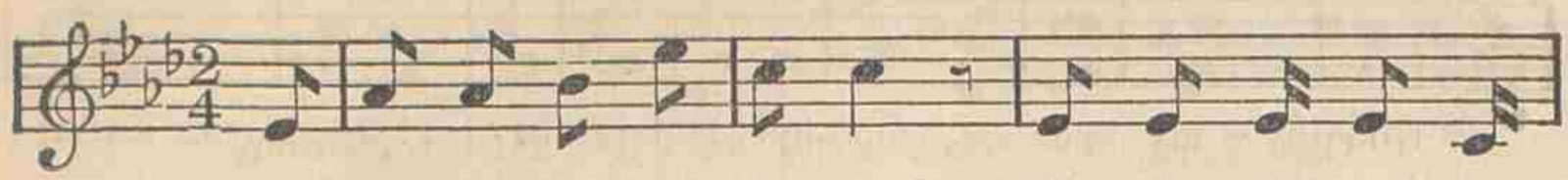
68. HALLELU, HALLELU.
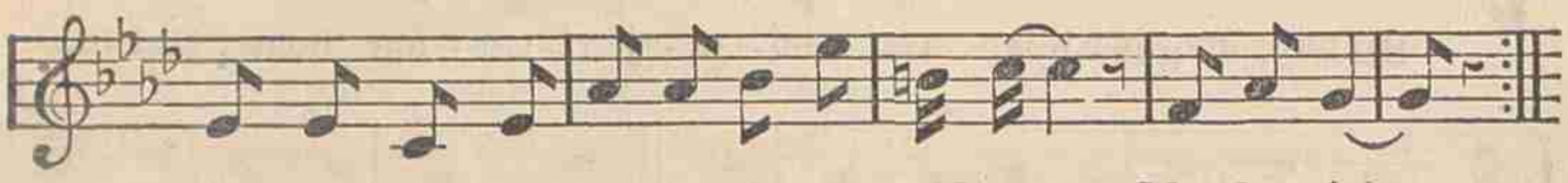


3 Member walk and never tire.
4 Member walk Jordan long road.
5 Member walk tribulation.
6 You go home to Wappoo.
7 Member seek new repentance.
8 I go to seek my fortune.
9 I go to seek my dying Saviour.
10 You want to die like Jesus.

[For other words, see "Children do linger," No. 69.]

69. CHILDREN DO LINGER.



1. O member, will you lin - ger? See de chil - 'en do



lin - ger here. 2. I go to glo - ry wid you, Member, join.

3 O Jesus is our Captain.

4 He lead us on to glory.

5 We'll meet at Zion gateway.*

6 We'll talk dis story over.

7 We'll enter into glory.

8 When we done wid dis world trials.

9 We done wid all our crosses.

10 O brudder, will you meet us?

11 When de ship is out a-sailin'.

12 O Jesus got de hellum.

13 Fader, gader in your chil'en.

14 O gader dem for Zion.
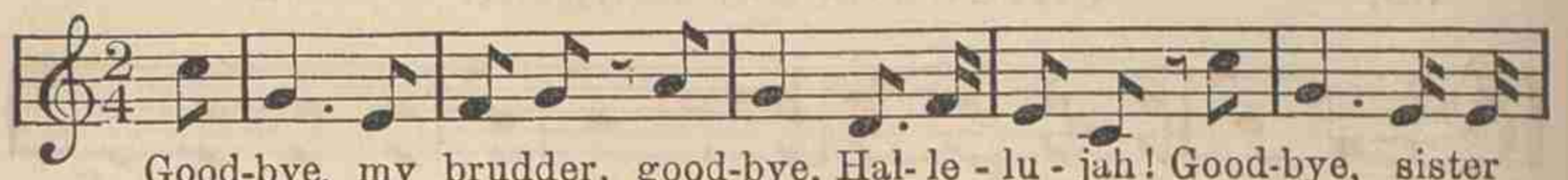
15 'Twas a beauteous Sunday mornin'.
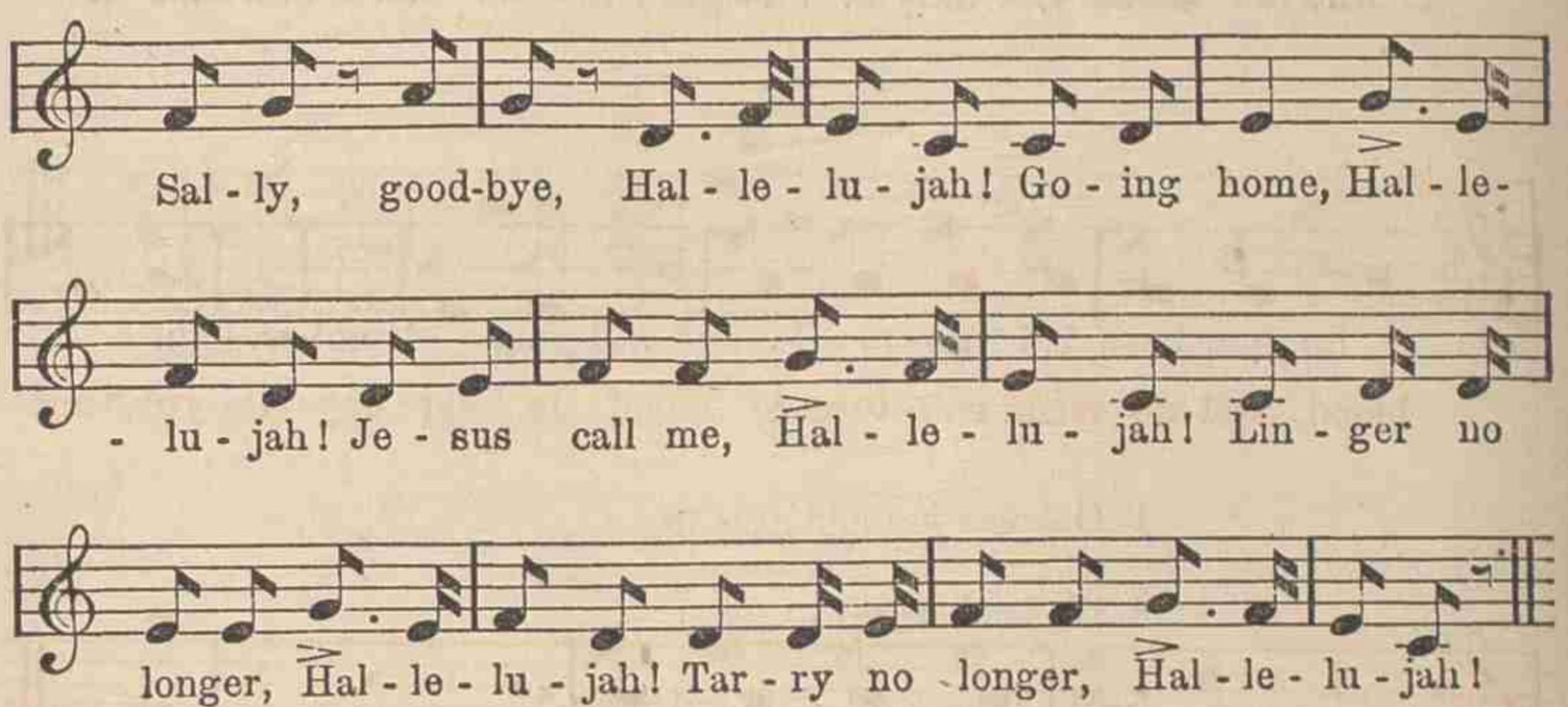
16 When he rose from de dead.

17 He will bring you milk and honey.

* Heaven portal.
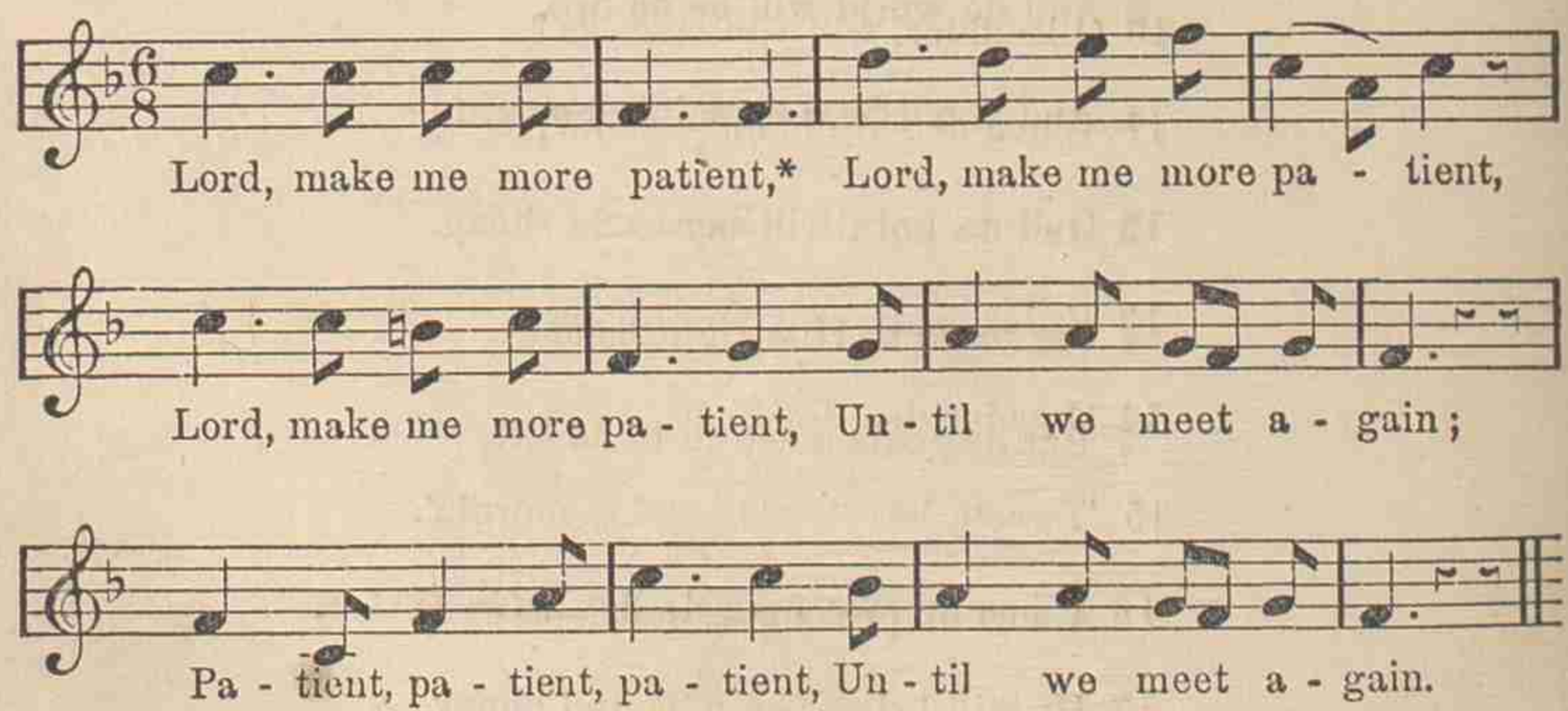
70. GOOD-BYE.
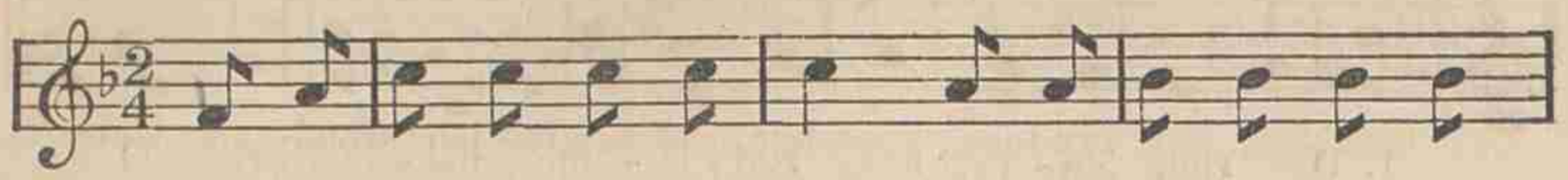




["This is sung at the breaking up of a meeting, with a general shaking of hands, and the name of him or her pronounced, whose hand is shaken; of course there is seeming confusion."—Mrs. C. J. B.]

71. LORD, MAKE ME MORE PATIENT.
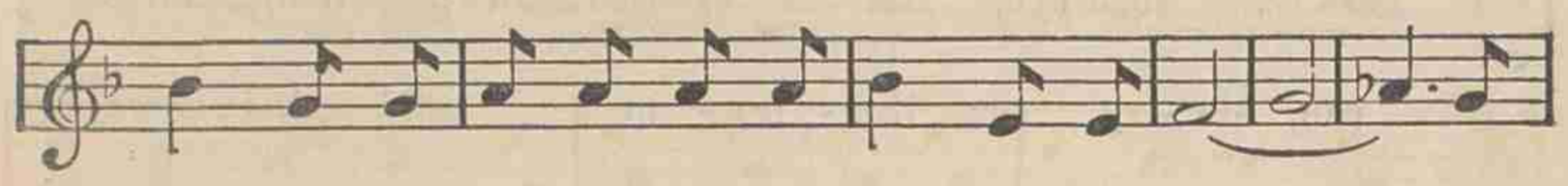


* "Any adjective expressive of the virtues is inserted here: holy, loving, peaceful, etc."—Mrs. C. J. B.
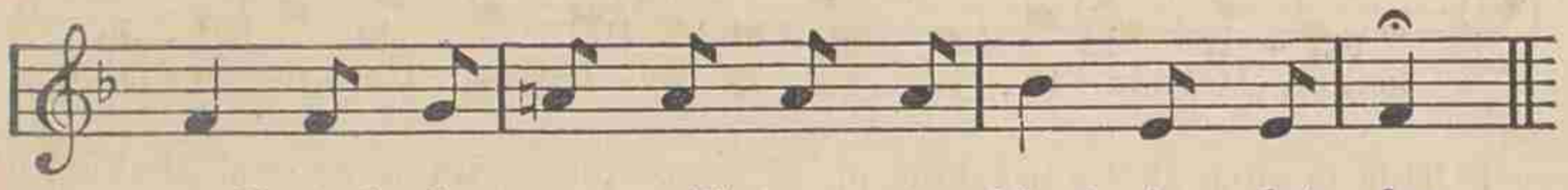
72. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.



1. And de moon will turn to blood, And de moon will turn to



blood, And de moon will turn to blood In dat day—O - yoy,* my



soul! And de moon will turn to blood in dat day.

2 And you'll see de stars a-fallin'.

3 And de world will be on fire.

4 And you'll hear de saints a-singin :
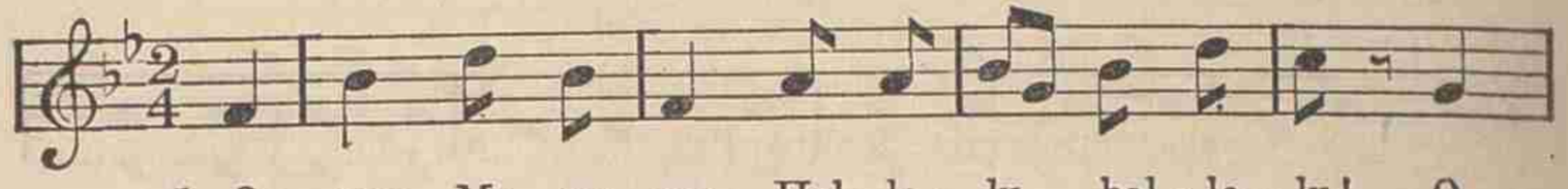
5 And de Lord will say to de sheep.

6 For to go to Him right hand ;
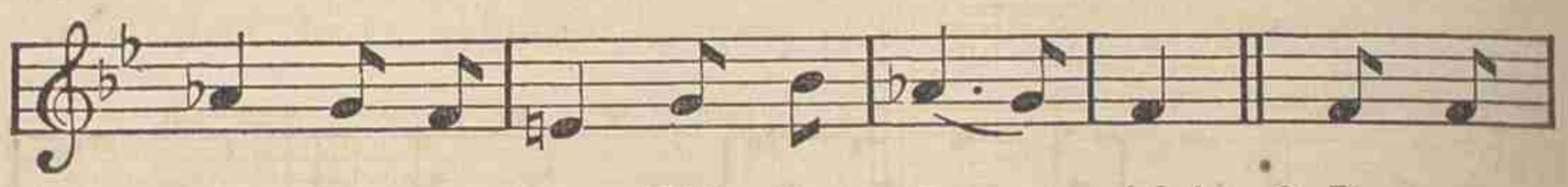
7 But de goats must go to de left.

* " A sort of prolonged wail."—Mrs. C. J. B.
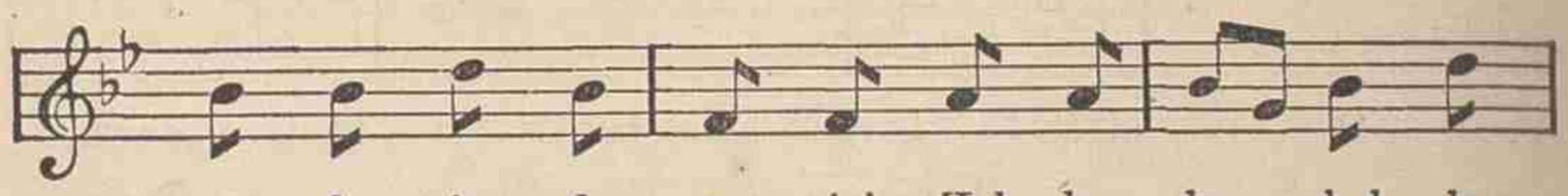
73. THE RESURRECTION MORN.
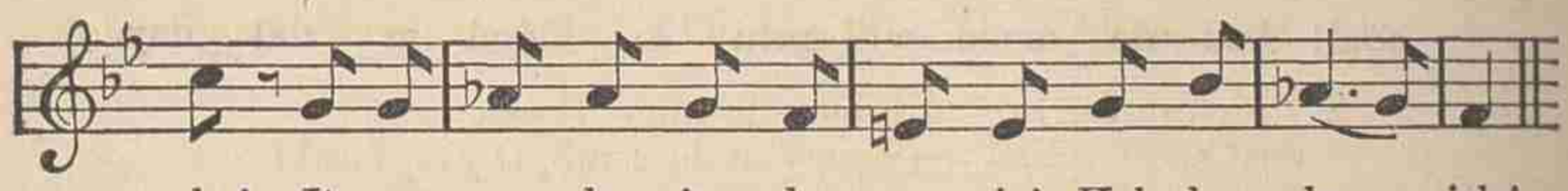


1. O run, Ma - ry, run, Hal - le - lu, hal - le - lu! O



run, Ma - ry, run, Hal - le - lu - jah! 2. It was



ear - ly in de morn - in', Hal - le - lu, hal - le -



- lu! It was ear - ly in de mornin', Hal - le - lu - jah!

3 That she went to de sepulchre,

4 And de Lord he wasn't da.

5 But she see a man a-comin',

6 And she thought it was de gardener.

7 But he say, "O touch me not,

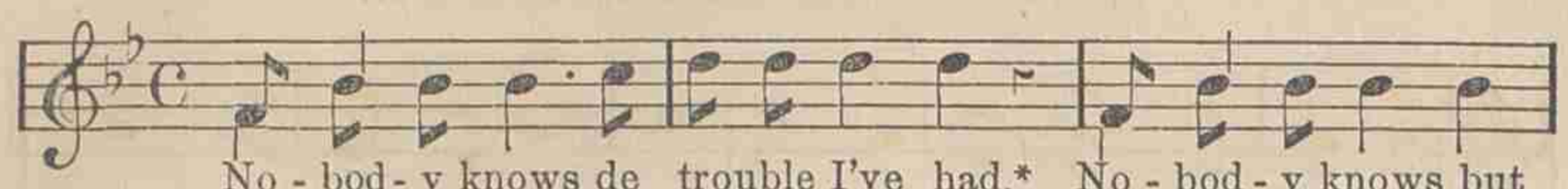
8 "For I am not yet ascended.
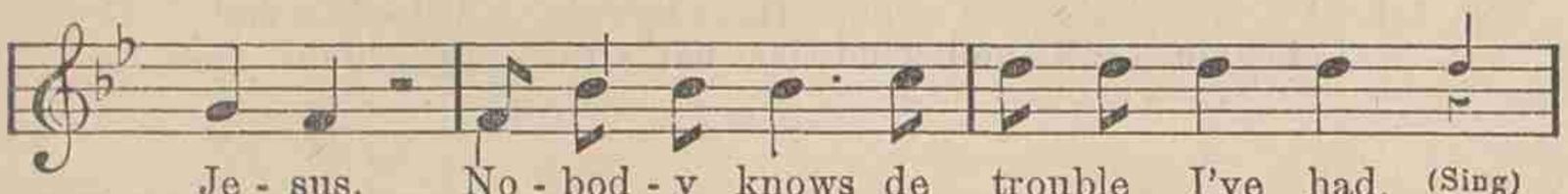
9 "But tell to my disciples
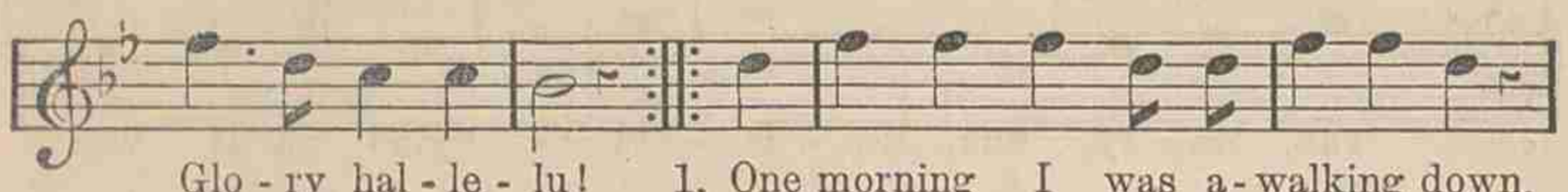
10 "Dat de Lord he is arisen."
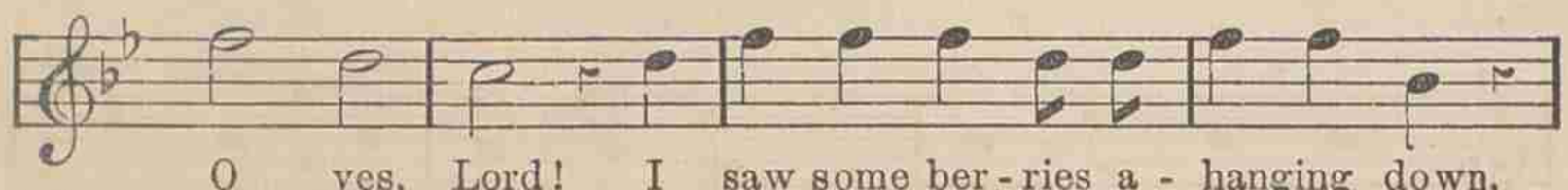
11 So run, Mary, run, etc.

74. NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE HAD.

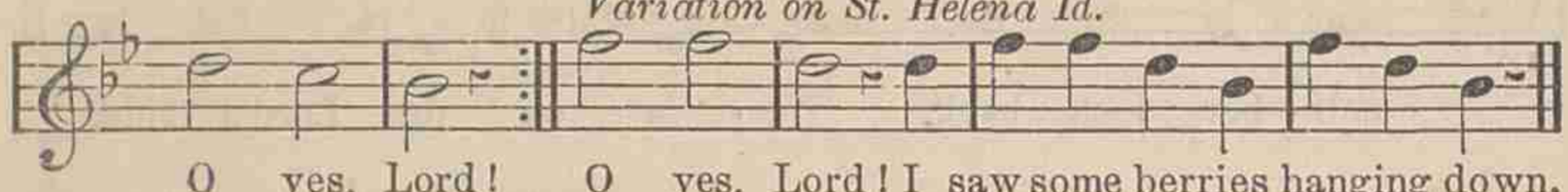








Variation on St. Helena Id.



2 I pick de berry and I suck de juice, O yes, Lord!
Just as sweet as the honey in de comb, O yes, Lord!

3 Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Sometimes I'm almost on de groun'.

4 What make ole Satan hate me so?
Because he got me once and he let me go.

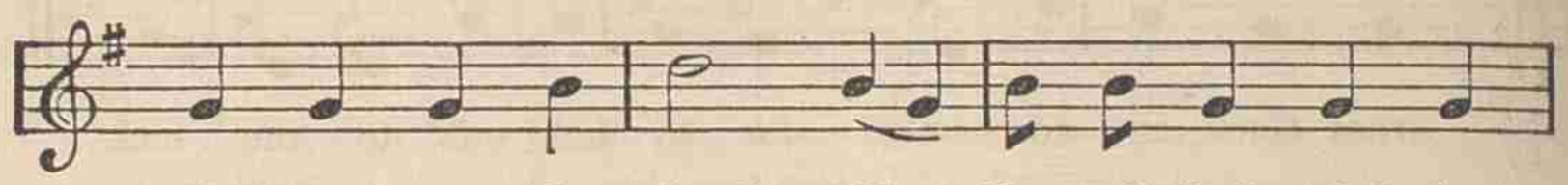
* I see.

[This song was a favorite in the colored schools of Charleston in 1865; it has since that time spread to the Sea Islands, where it is now sung with the variation noted above. An independent transcription of this melody, sent from Florida by Lt. Col. Apthorp, differed only in the ictus of certain measures, as has also been noted above. The third verse was furnished by Lt. Col. Apthorp. Once when there had been a good deal of ill feeling excited, and trouble was apprehended, owing to the uncertain action of Government in regard to the confiscated lands on the Sea Islands, Gen. Howard was called upon to address the colored people earnestly and even severely. Sympathizing with them, however, he could not speak to his own satisfaction; and to relieve their minds of the ever-present sense of injustice, and prepare them to listen, he asked them to sing. Immediately an old woman on the outskirts of the meeting began "Nobody knows the trouble I've had," and the whole audience joined in. The General was so affected by the plaintive words and melody, that he found himself melting into tears and quite unable to maintain his official sternness.]
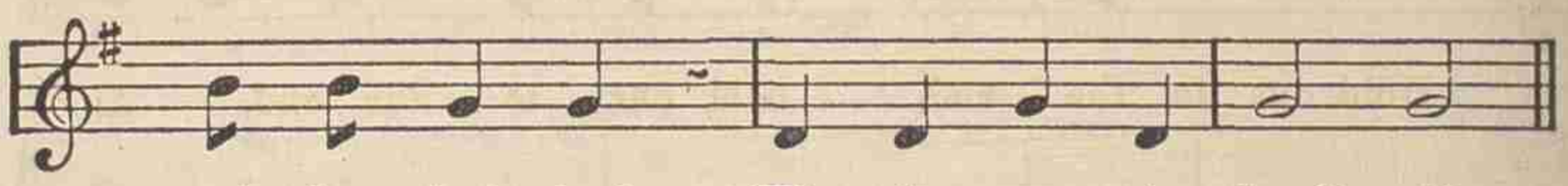
75. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE.
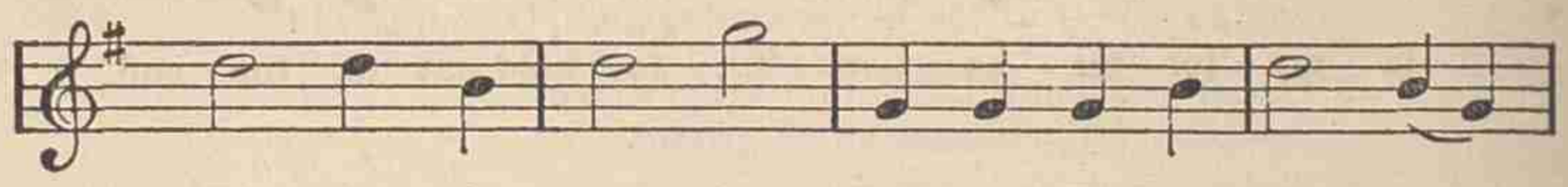


Let me tell you what is nat' - ral - ly de fac'
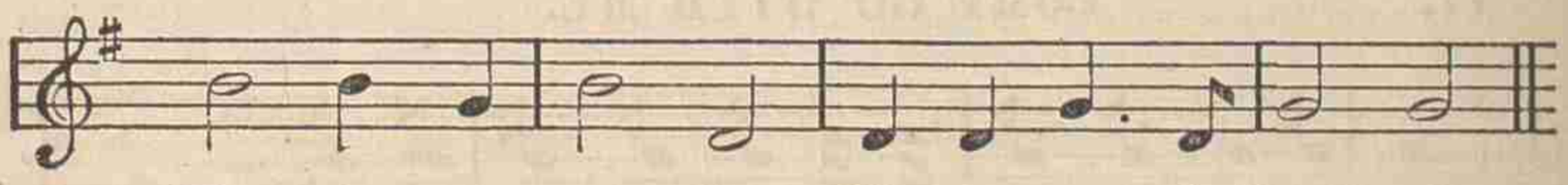


Who is on de Lord's side, None o' God's chil - 'n



neb - ber look back, Who is on de Lord's side.



1. Way in de wal - ley, Who is on de Lord's side,
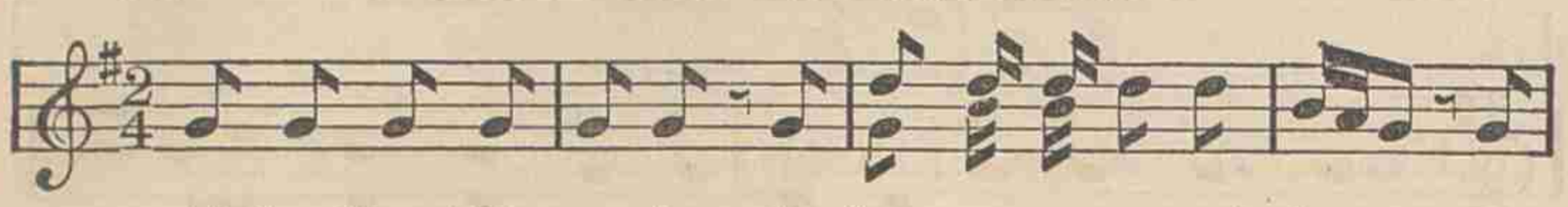


Way in de wal - ley, Who is on de Lord's side.

2 Weepin' Mary.
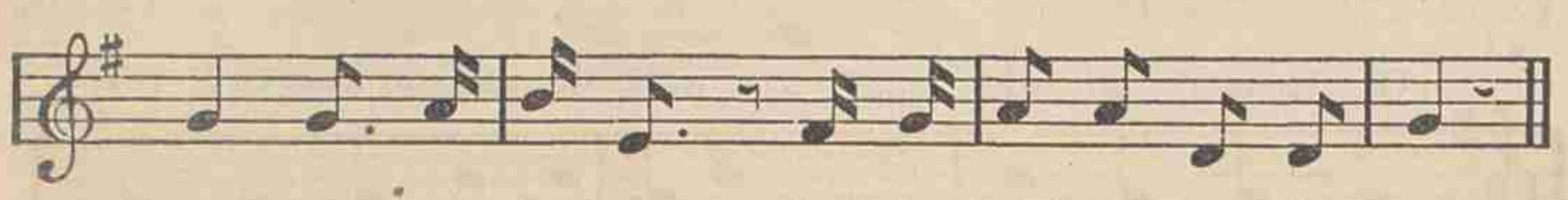
3 Mournin' Marta.

4 Risen Jesus.
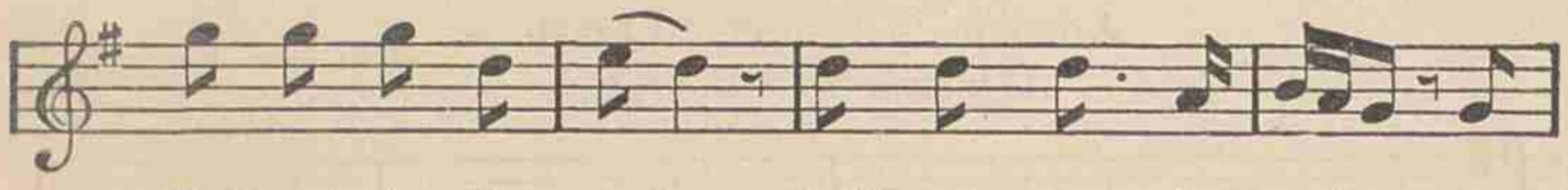
76. HOLD OUT TO THE END.
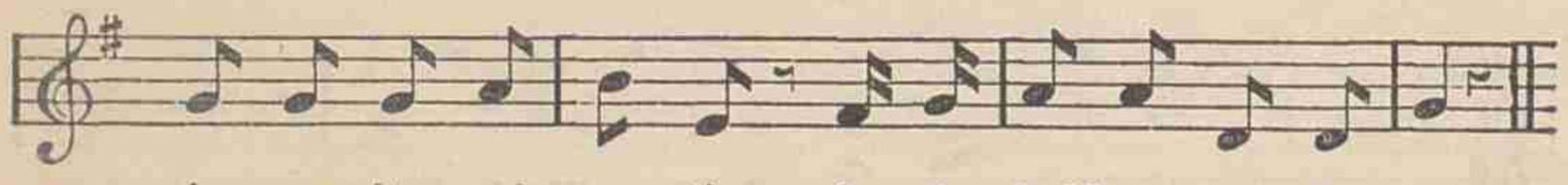


All dem Mount Zion member, dey have many ups and downs; But



cross come or no come, for to hold out to the end.
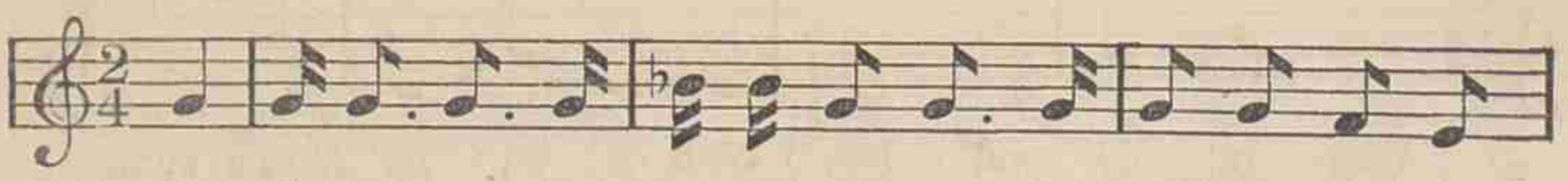


Hold out to the end, hold out to the end, It
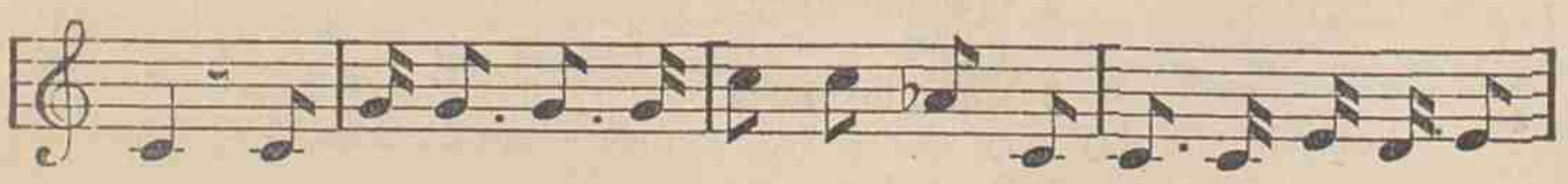


is my 'ter - mi - na - tion for to hold out to the end.
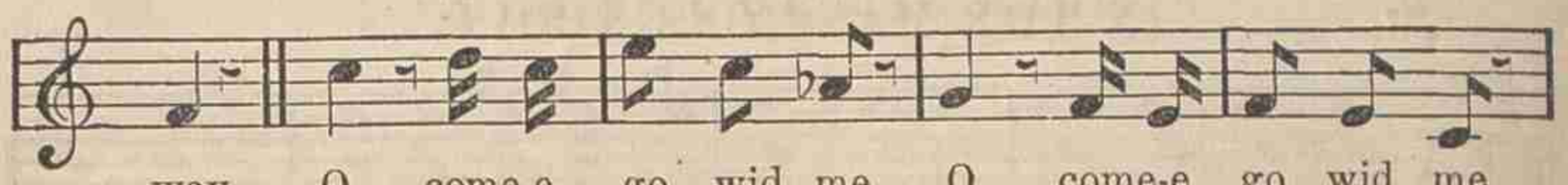
77. COME GO WITH ME.
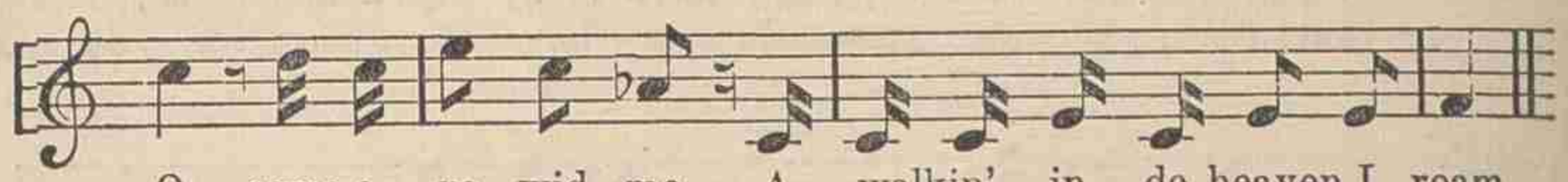


1. Ole Satan is a bus-y ole man, He roll stones in my



way; Mass' Jesus is my bo - som friend, He roll 'em out o' my
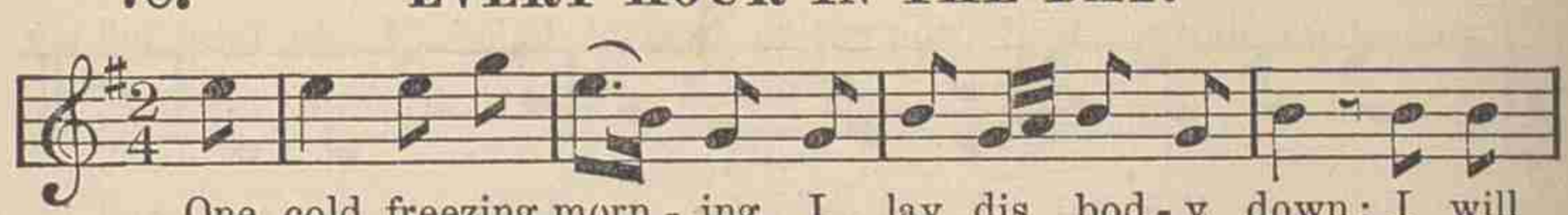


way. O come-e go wid me, O come-e go wid me,
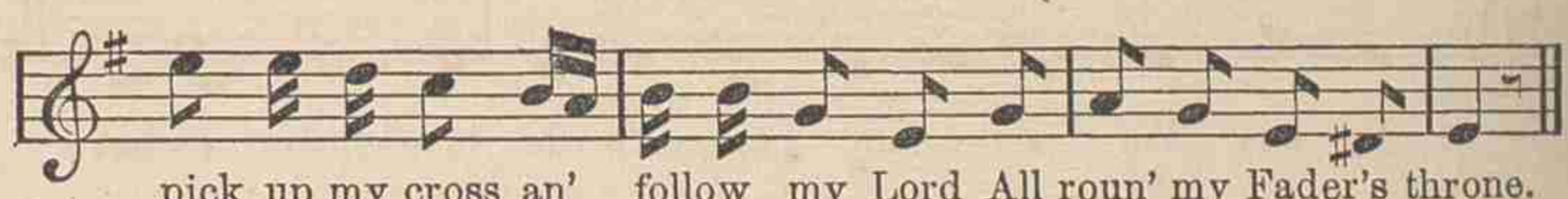


O come-e go wid me, A - walkin' in de heaven I roam.

2 I did not come here myself, my Lord,
It was my Lord who brought me here;
And I really do believe I'm a child of God,
A-walkin' in de heaven I roam.
O come-e go wid me, etc.
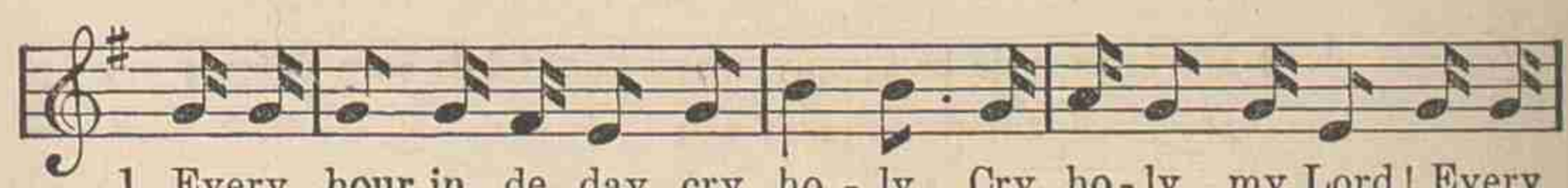
78. EVERY HOUR IN THE DAY.
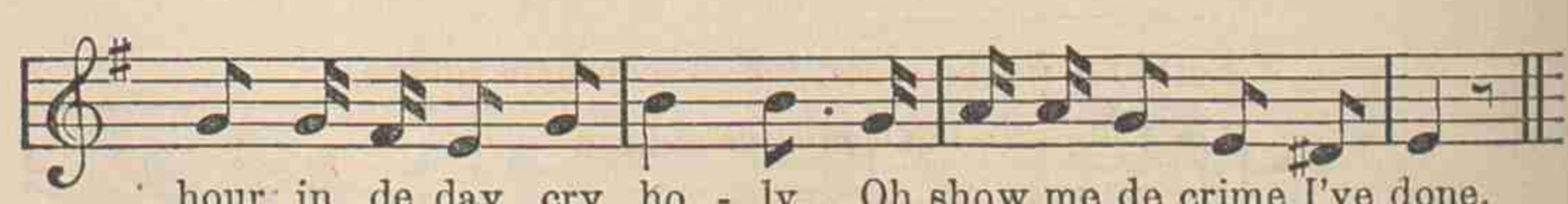


One cold freezing morn - ing I lay dis bod - y down; I will



pick up my cross an' follow my Lord All roun' my Fader's throne.
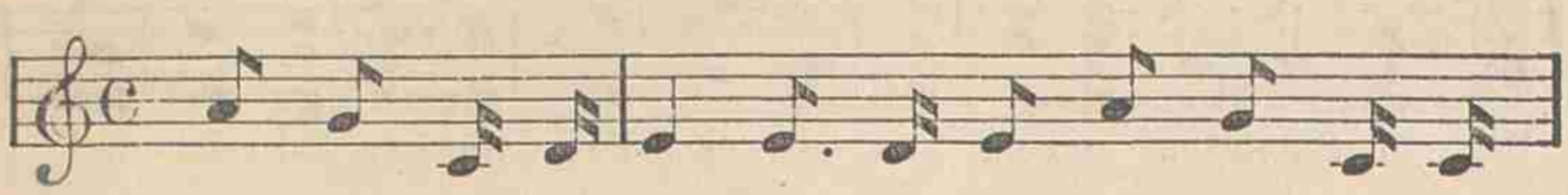


1. Every hour in de day cry ho - ly, Cry ho - ly, my Lord! Every
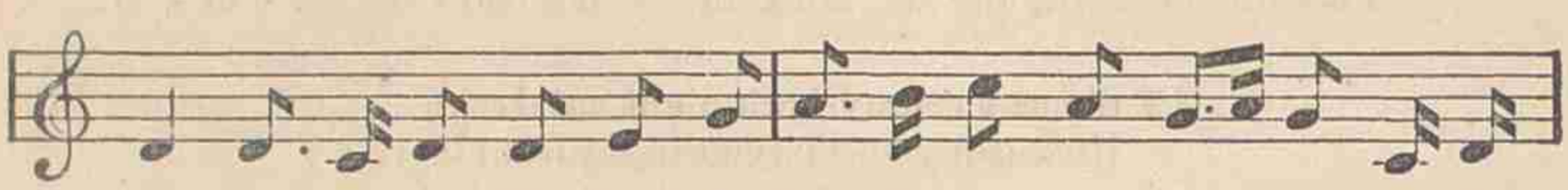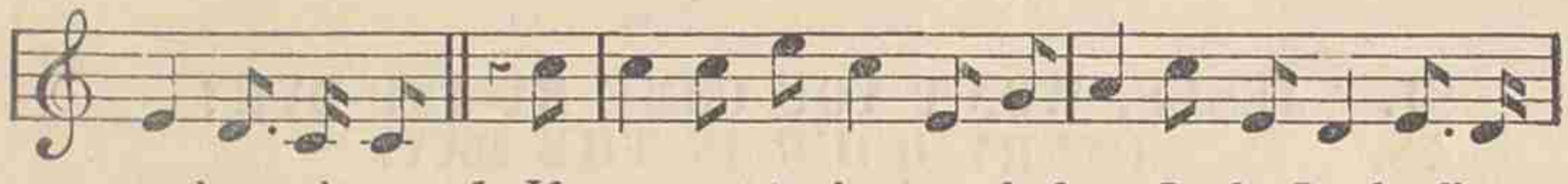


hour in de day cry ho - ly, Oh show me de crime I've done.
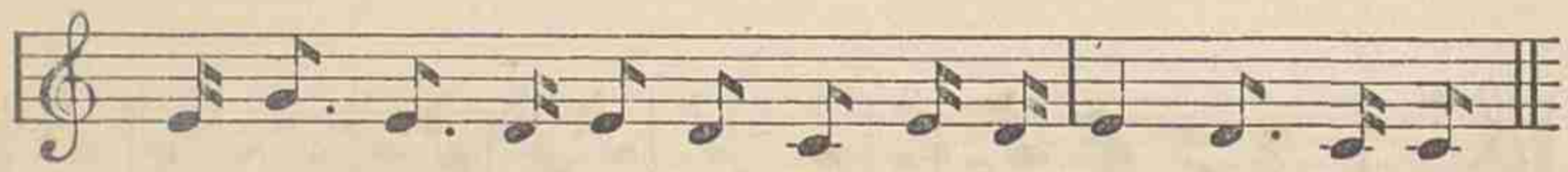
2 Every hour in de night cry Jesus, etc.

79. IN THE MANSIONS ABOVE.
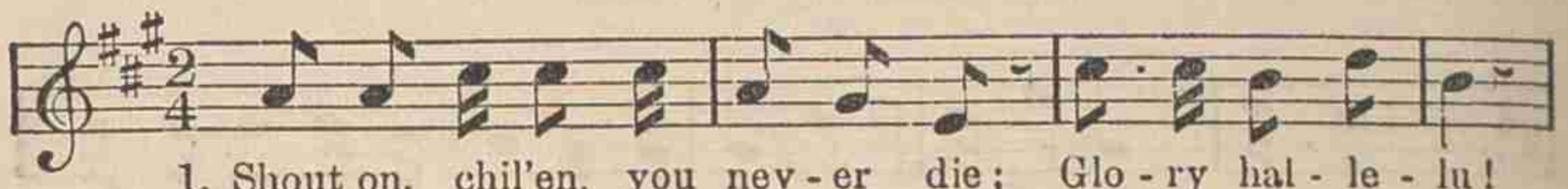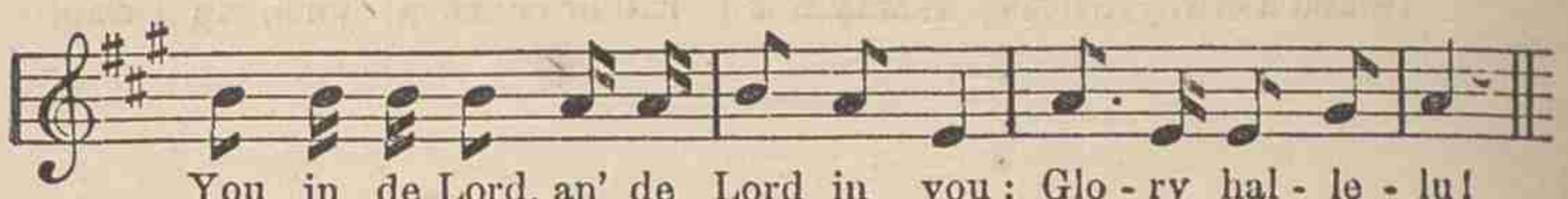








2 My Lord, I've had many crosses an' trials here below;
My Lord, I hope to meet you
In de manshans above.

3 Fight on, my brudder, for de manshans above,
For I hope to meet my Jesus dere
In de manshans above.

80. SHOUT ON, CHILDREN.

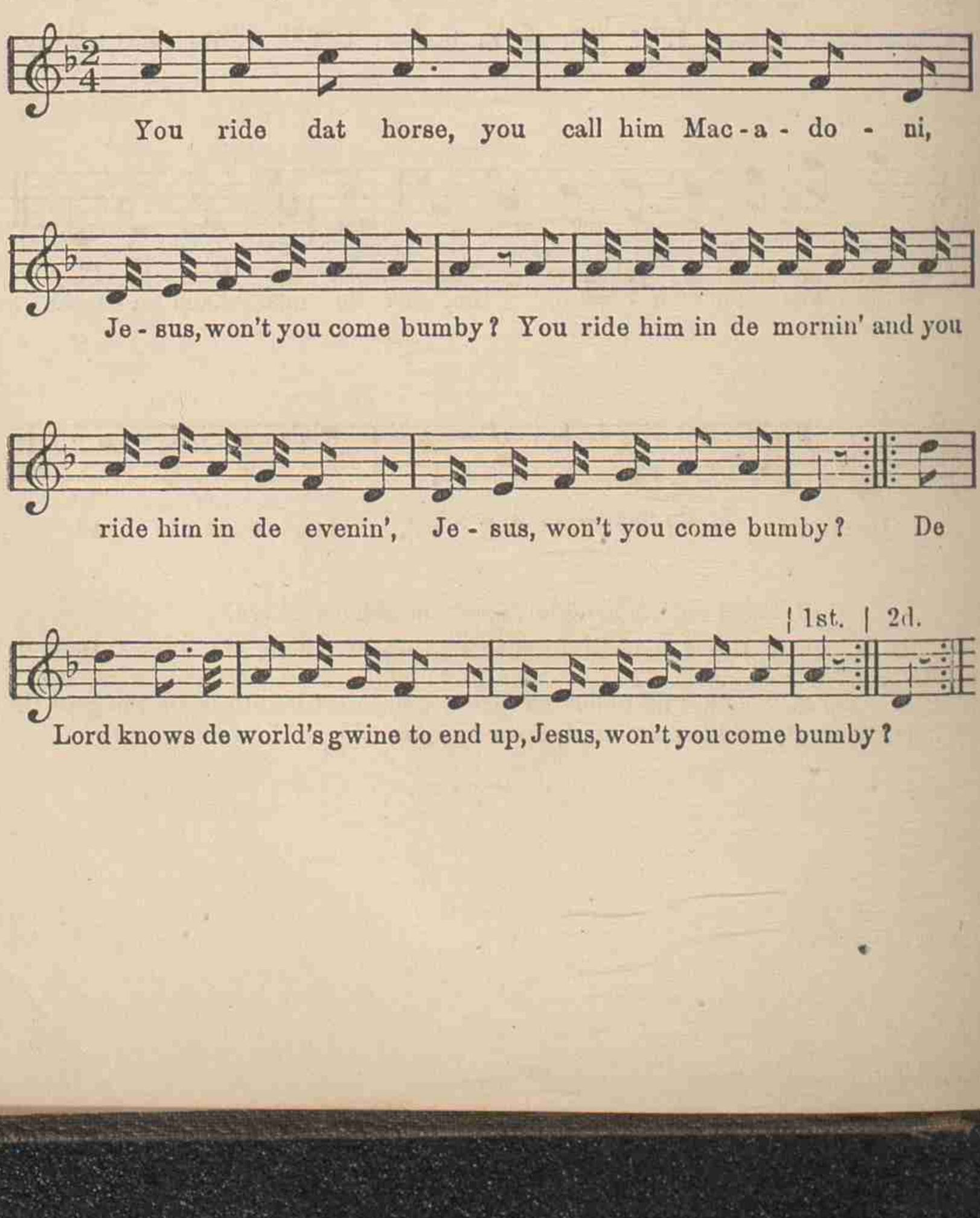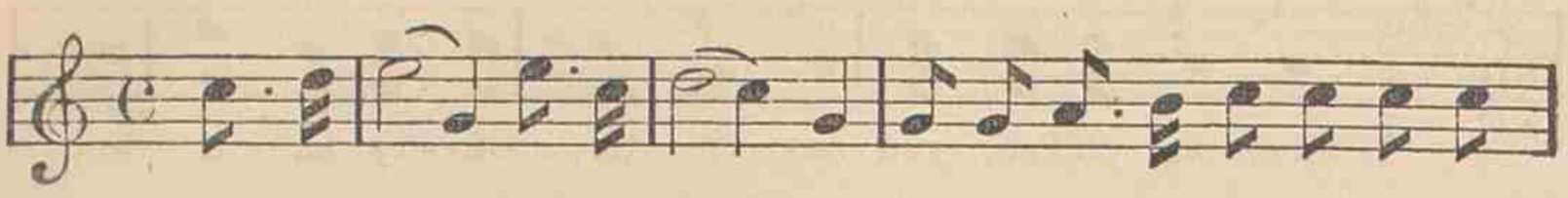




2 Shout an' pray both night an' day;
How can you die, you in de Lord?

3 Come on, chil'en, let's go home;
O I'm so glad you're in de Lord.
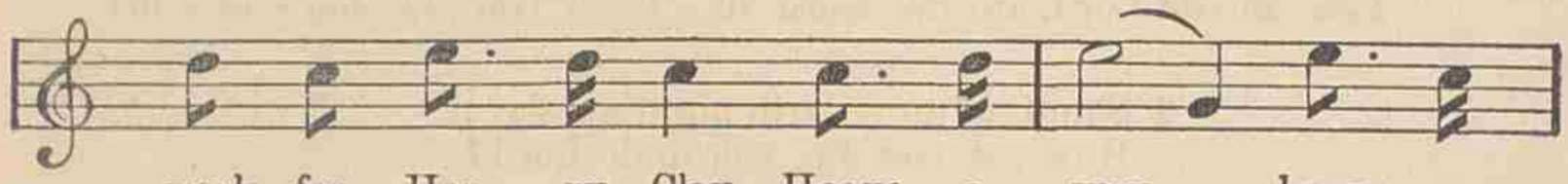
81. JESUS, WON'T YOU COME BY-AND-BYE?
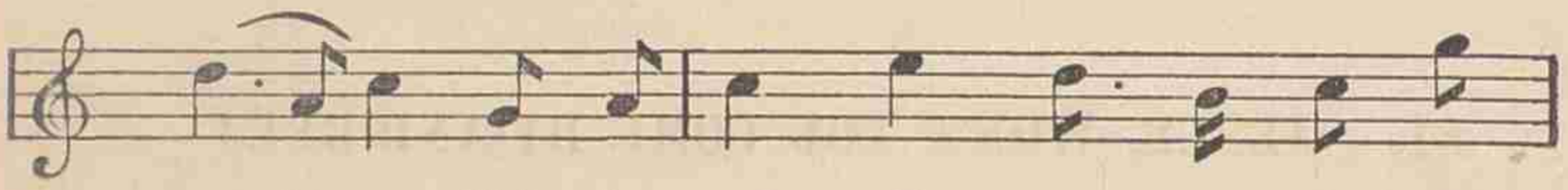


82. HEAVE AWAY.
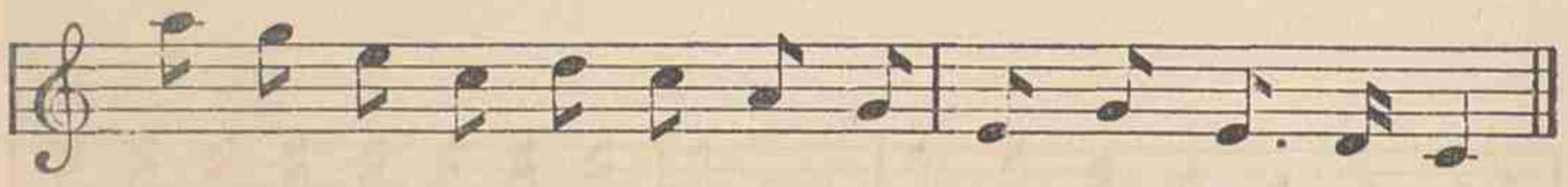


Heave a - way, heave a - way! I'd rather court a yellow gal than
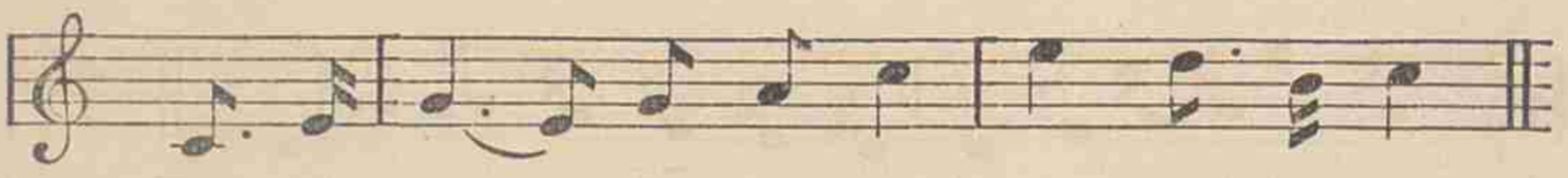


work for Hen - ry Clay. Heave a - way, heave a -



way!.... Yel - low gal, I want to go, I'd



rath - er court a yel - low gal than work for Hen - ry Clay.



Heave a - way! Yel - low gal, I want to go!

[This is one of the Savannah firemen's songs of which Mr. Kane O'Donnel gave a graphic account in a letter to the Philadelphia *Press*. "Each company," he says, "has its own set of tunes, its own leader, and doubtless in the growth of time, necessity and invention, its own composer."]

II.

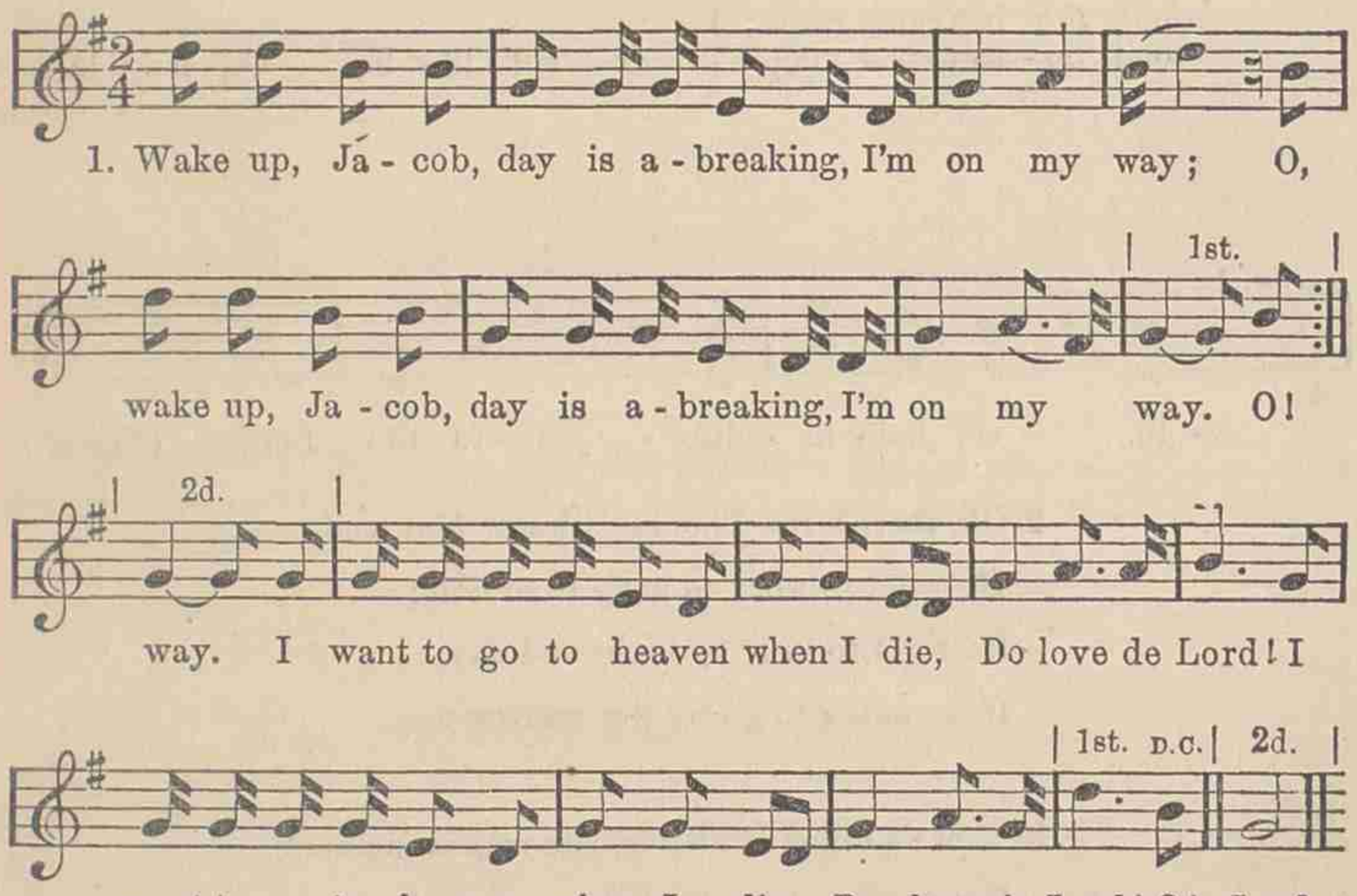
NORTHERN SEABOARD SLAVE STATES:

Including Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.

II.
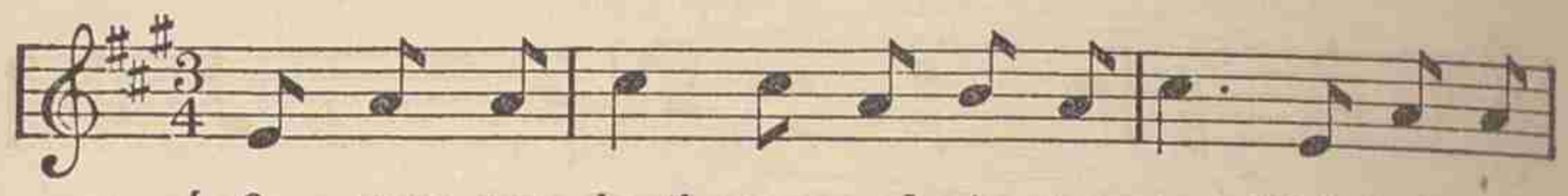
83. WAKE UP, JACOB.



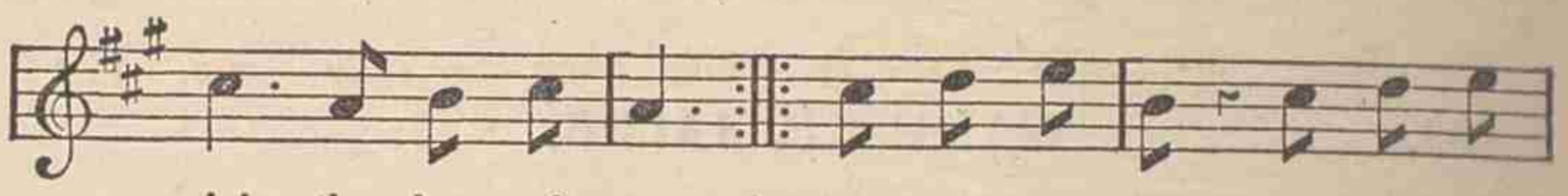
2 Got some friends on de oder shore,
Do love de Lord!
I want to see 'em more an' more,
Do love de Lord!

Wake up, Jacob, &c.
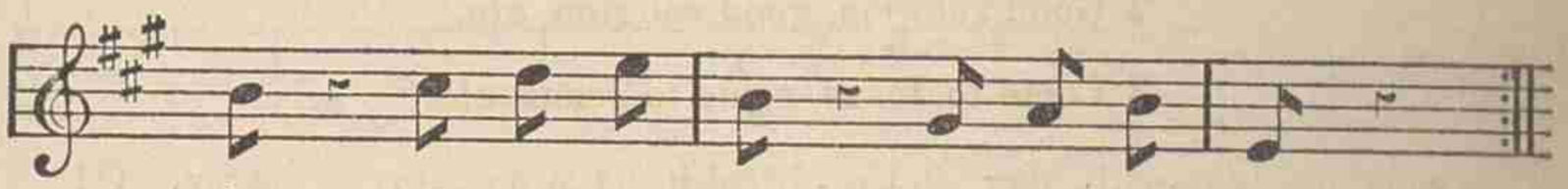
84. ON TO GLORY.



1. { O come my breth - ren and sis - ters too, We're gwine to
   { To Christ our Sav - iour let us sing, And make our



join the heavenly crew; }
loud ho - san - nas ring. } O hal - le - lu, O hal - le -
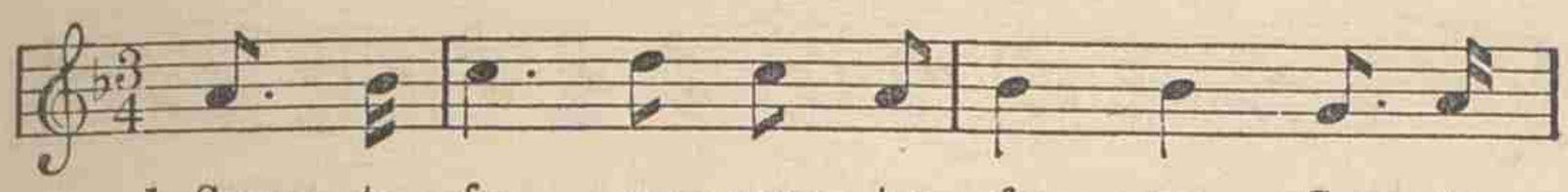


- lu, O hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord. (*Repeat.*)

2 Oh, there's Bill Thomas, I know him well,
He's got to work to keep from hell;
He's got to pray by night and day,
If he wants to go by the narrow way.
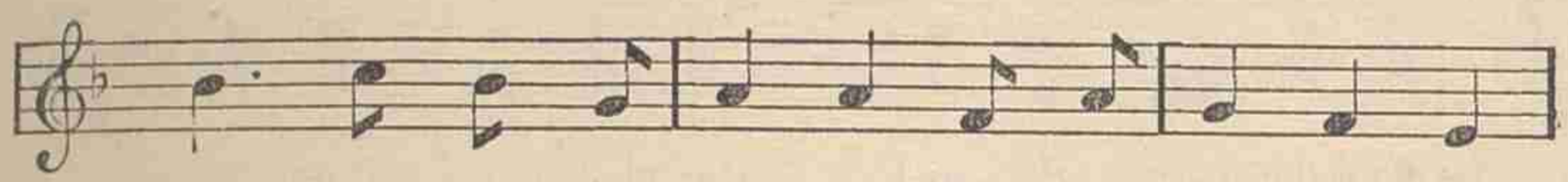
3 There's Chloe Williams, she makes me mad,
For you see I know she's going on bad;
She told me a lie this arternoon,
And the devil will get her very soon.

[We should be tempted, from the character of this tune, to doubt its genuineness as a pure negro song. We are informed, however, that it was sung twenty-five years ago in negro camp-meetings, and not in those of the whites. The words, at any rate, are worth preserving, as illustrating the kind of influence brought to bear upon the wavering.]
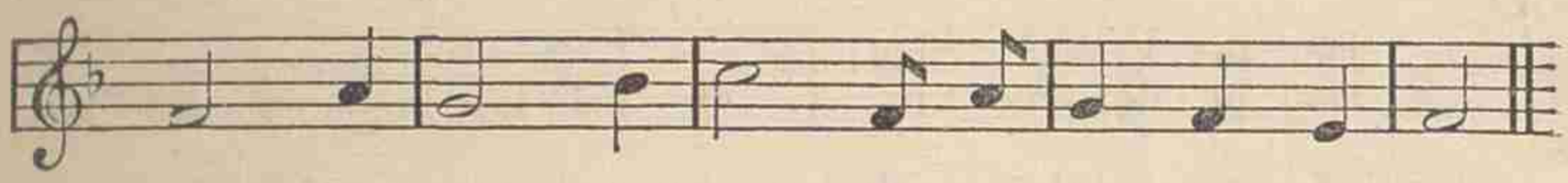
85. JUST NOW.



1. Sanc - to - fy me, sanc - to - fy me, Sanc - to -



- fy me, sanc - to - fy me, Sanc - to - fy me, just
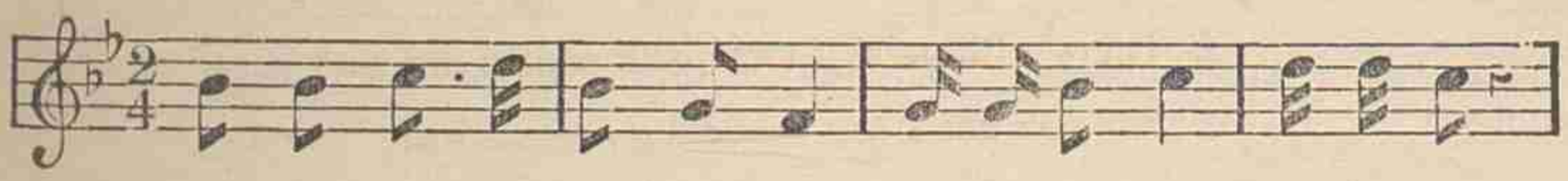


now; Just now; just now; Sancto - fy me just now.

2 Good religion, good religion, etc.
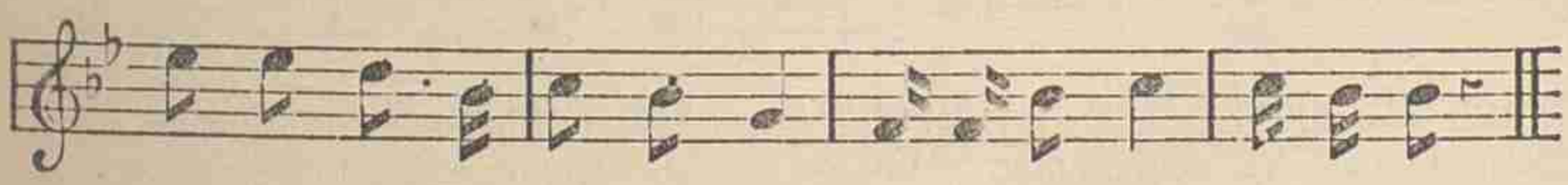
3 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, etc.

[This, which is now, in a somewhat different form, a Methodist hymn, was sung as given above, by the colored people of Ann Arundel Co.,. Md., twenty-five years ago.—W. A. H.]

86. SHOCK ALONG, JOHN.
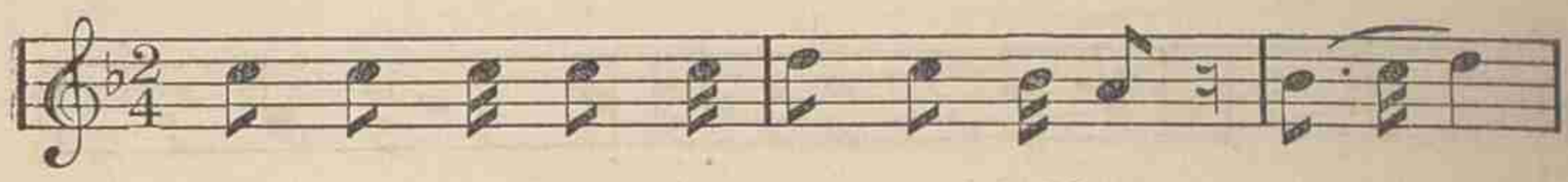


Shock along, John, shock along.



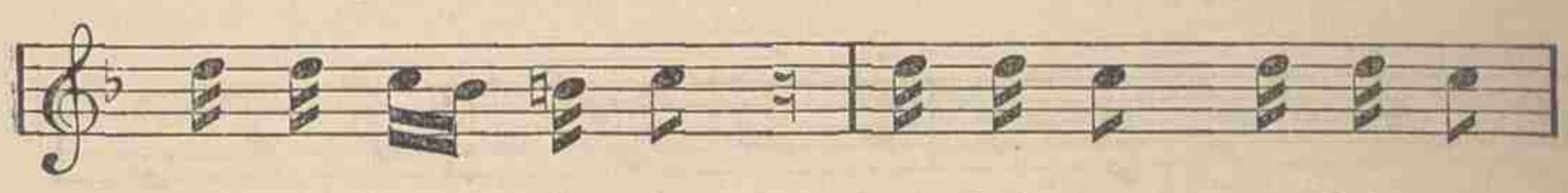
Shock along, John, shock along.

[A corn-song, of which only the burden is remembered.]
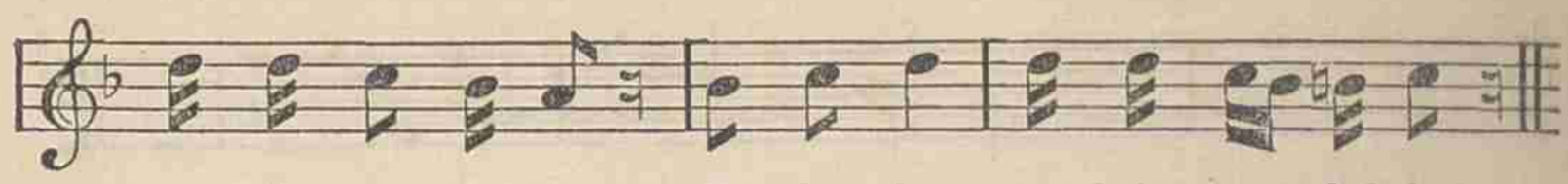
87. ROUND THE CORN, SALLY.



1. Five can't ketch me and ten can't hold me, Ho,.....



round the corn, Sal - ly! Round the corn, round the corn,
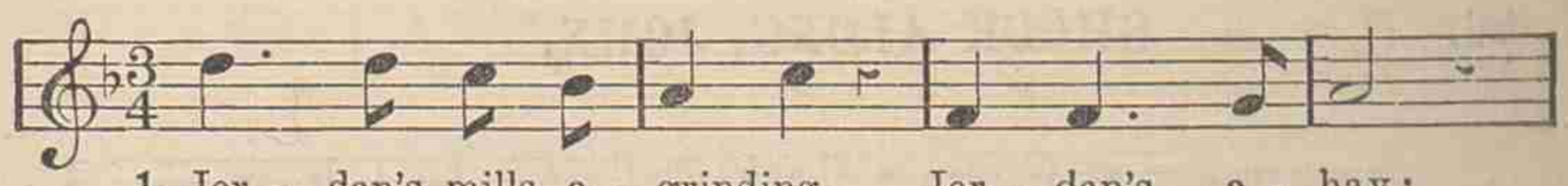


round the corn, Sal - ly! Ho, ho, ho, round the corn, Sal - ly!

2 Here's your iggle-quarter and here's your count-aquils.
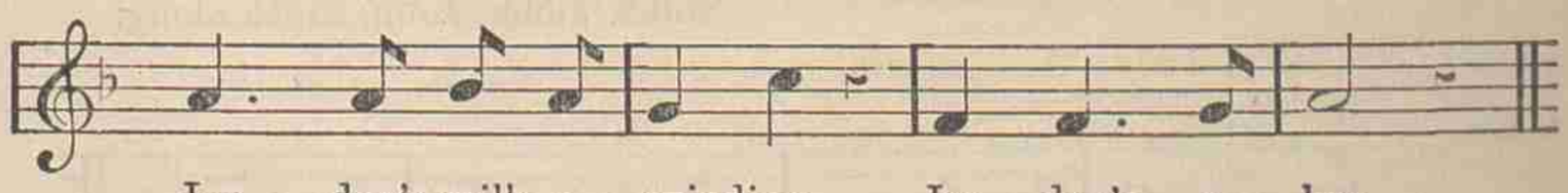
3 I can bank, 'ginny bank, 'ginny bank the weaver.

["Iggle" is of course "eagle;" for the rest of the enigmatical words and expressions in this corn-song, we must leave readers to guess at the interpretation.]

88. JORDAN'S MILLS.



1. Jer - dan's mills a - grinding, Jer - dan's a - hay;
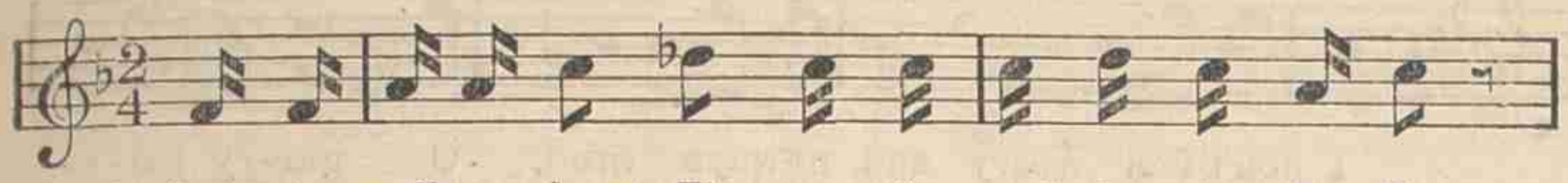


Jer - dan's mills a - grinding, Jer - dan's a - hay.
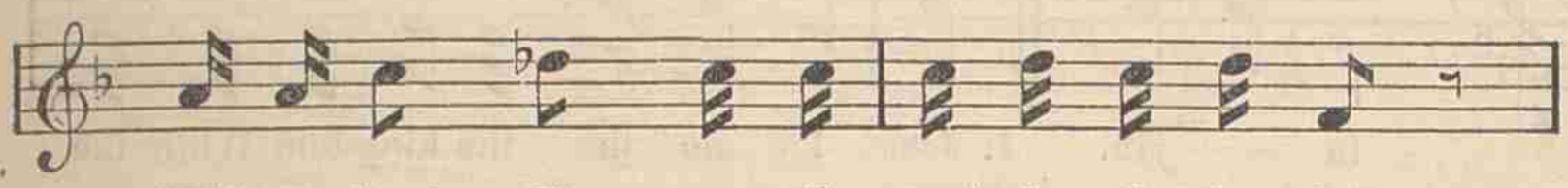
2 Built without nail or hammer.

3 Runs without wind or water.
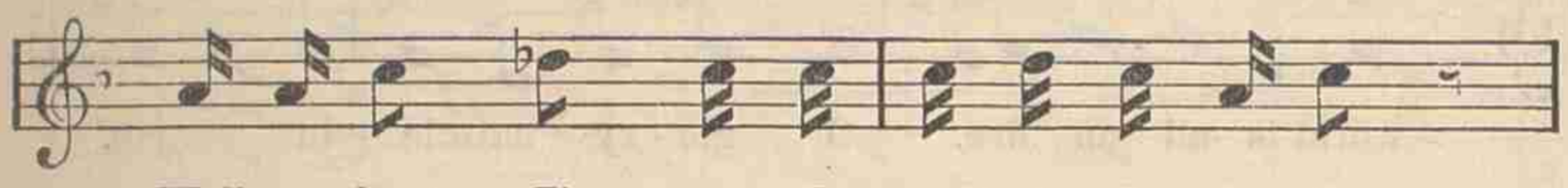
89. SABBATH HAS NO END.



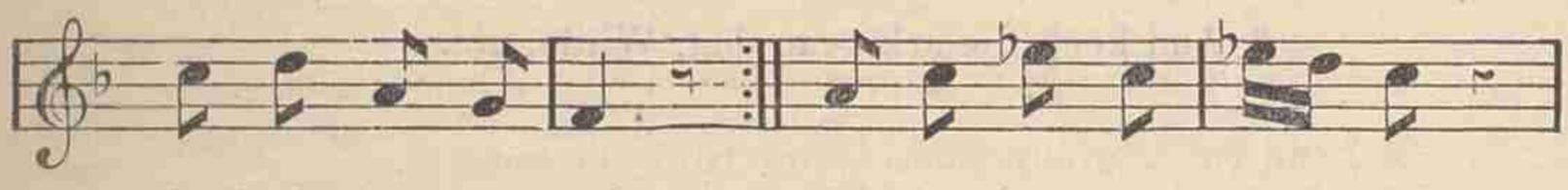
1. Gwine to walk a - bout Zi - on, I real - ly do be - lieve;
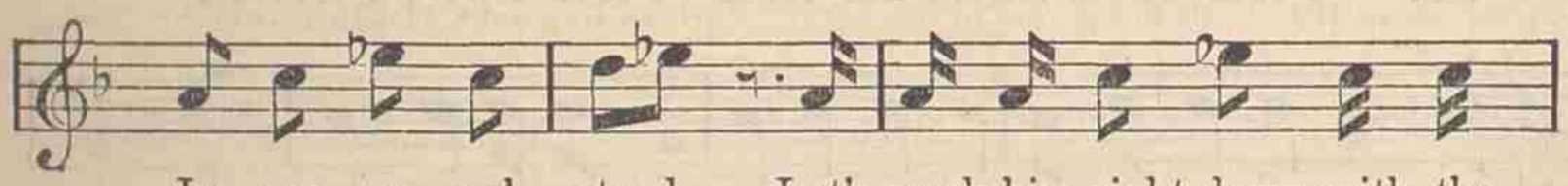


Walk a - bout Zi - on, I real - ly do be - lieve;
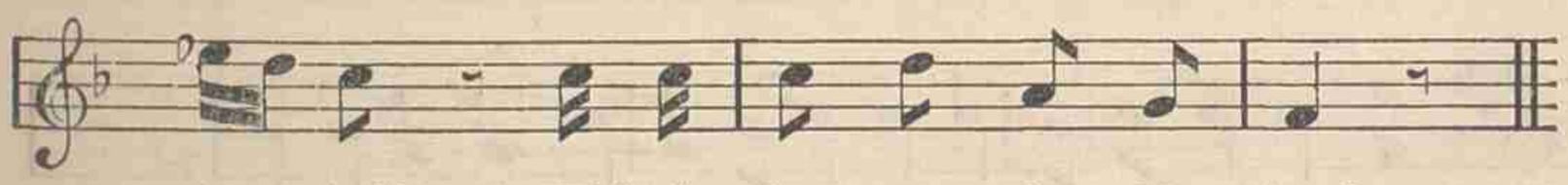


Walk a - bout Zi - on, I real - ly do be - lieve;



Sabbath has no end. I did view one an - gel



In one an - gel stand; Let's mark him right down with the



fore - half, With the har - pess in his hand.

2 Gwine to follow King Jesus, I really do believe.

3 I love God certain.
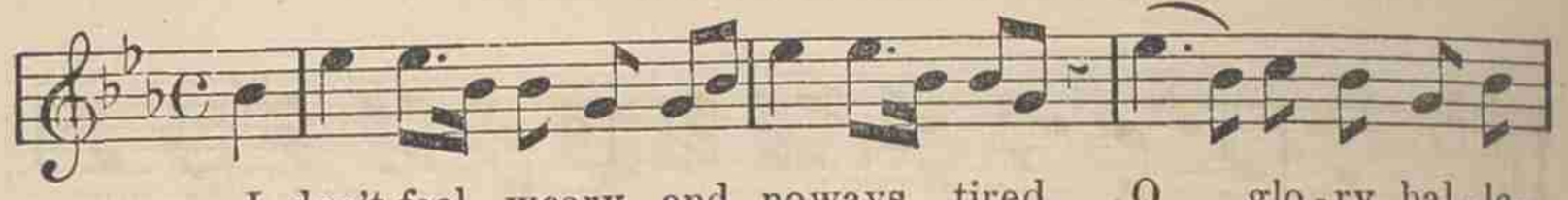
4 My sister's got religion.

5 Set down in the kingdom.

6 Religion is a fortune.

[This chorus was written down as exactly as possible from the lips of the singer, and illustrates the odd transformations which words undergo in their mouths. It is a verse of a familiar hymn: "fore-half" is "forehead;" "harpess" is "harp."]

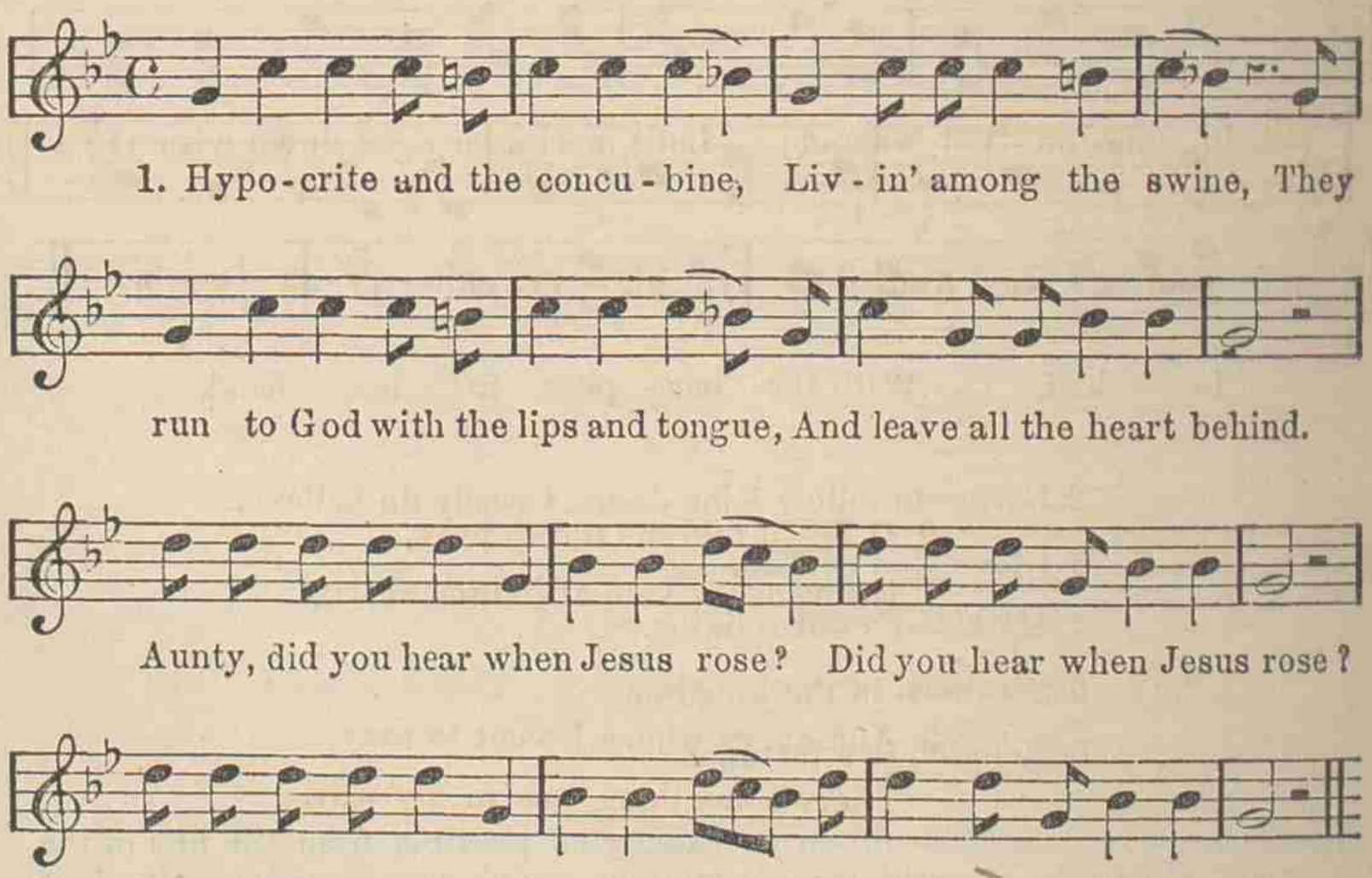
90. I DON'T FEEL WEARY.
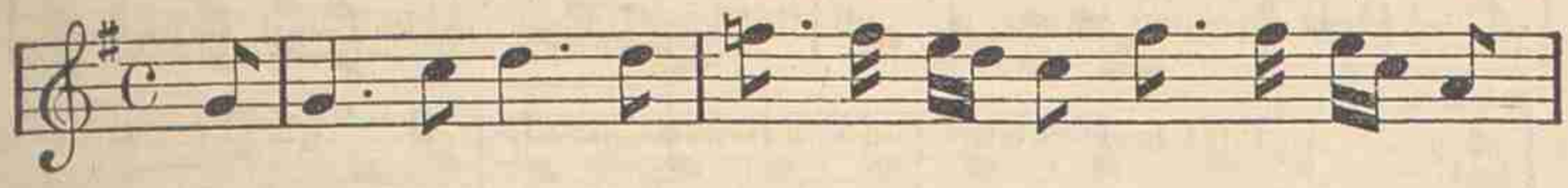


2 Gwine to live with God forever, While, etc.

3 And keep the ark a-moving, While, etc.
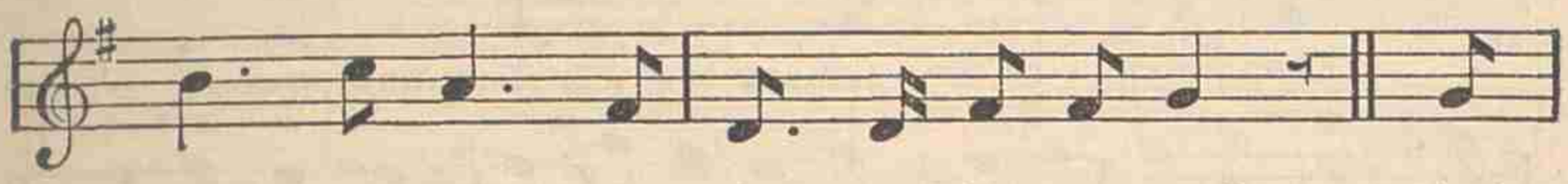
91. THE HYPOCRITE AND THE CONCUBINE.
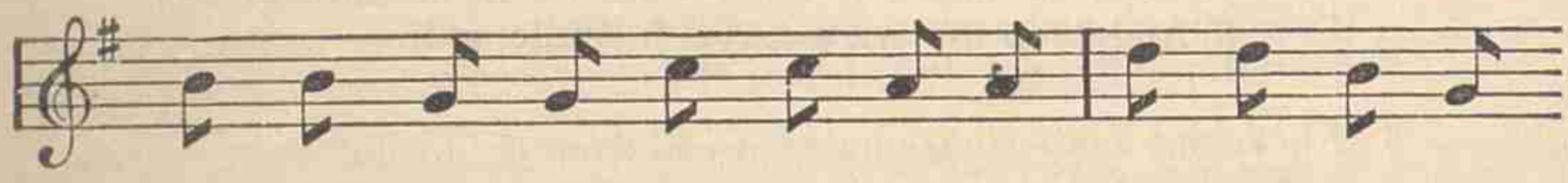


92. O SHOUT AWAY.
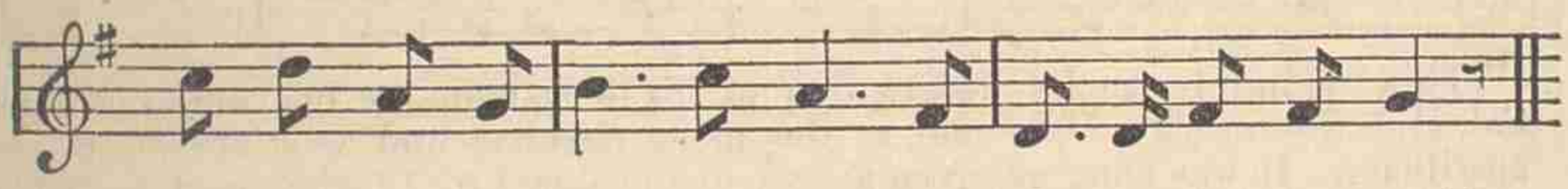


O shout, O shout, O shout a - way, And don't you mind, And



glo ry, glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul! 1. And



when 'twas night I thought 'twas day, I thought I'd pray my
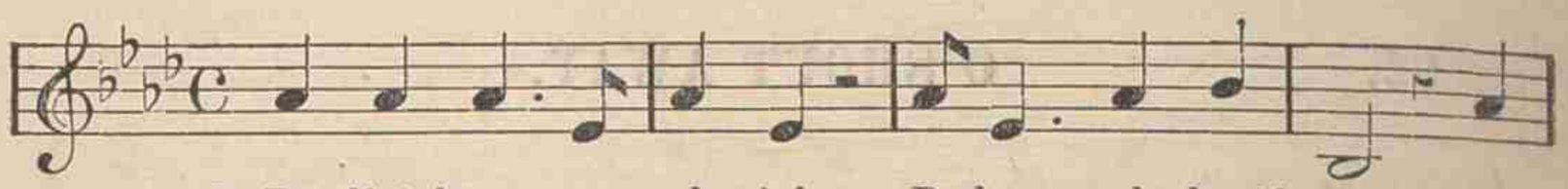


soul a - way, And glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul!

2 O Satan told me not to pray,
He want my soul at judgment day.

3 And every where I went to pray,
There some thing was in my way.

93. O'ER THE CROSSING.
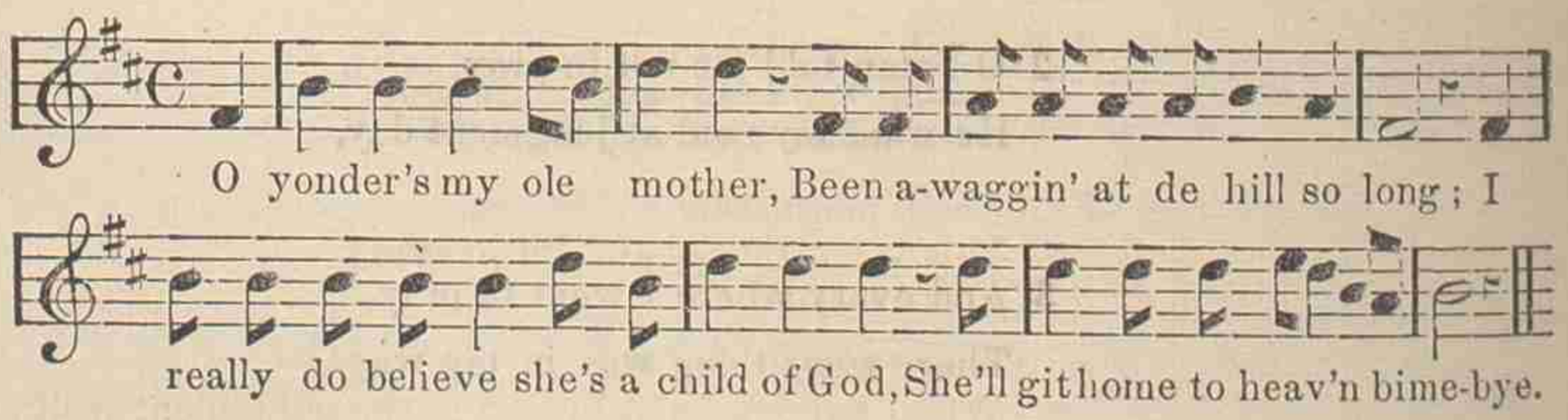


2 O yonder's my ole mudder, Been a waggin' at de hill so long;
It's about time she cross over, Git home bime-by.
Keep prayin', I do believe, etc.

3 O hear dat lumberin' thunder A-roll from do' to do',
A-callin' de people home to God; Dey'll git home bime-by.
Little chil'n, I do believe, etc.
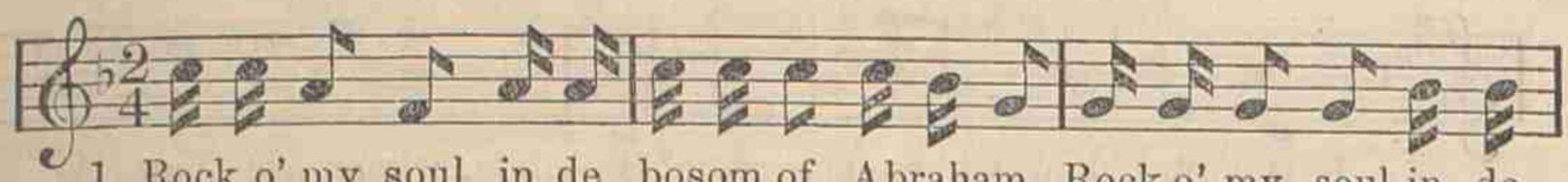
4 O see dat forked lightnin' A-jump from cloud to cloud,
A-pickin' up God's chil'n; Dey'll git home bime-by.
Pray mourner, I do believe, etc.

[This "infinitely quaint description of the length of the heavenly road," as Col. Higginson styles it, is one of the most peculiar and wide-spread of the spirituals. It was sung as given above in Caroline Co., Virginia, and probably spread southward from this State, variously modified in different localities. "My body rock 'long fever," (No. 45,) would hardly be recognised as the same, either by words or tune, and yet it is almost certainly the same, as is shown by the following, sung in Augusta, Georgia, which has some of the words of the present song, adapted to a tune which is unmistakably identical with No. 45.]
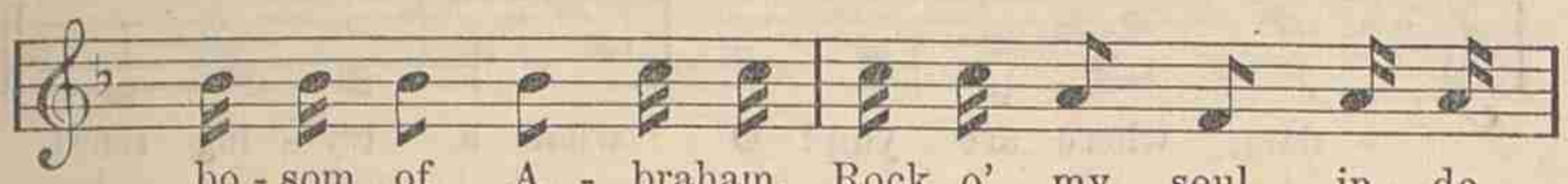


[We regret we have not the air of the Nashville variation, "My Lord called Daniel."]
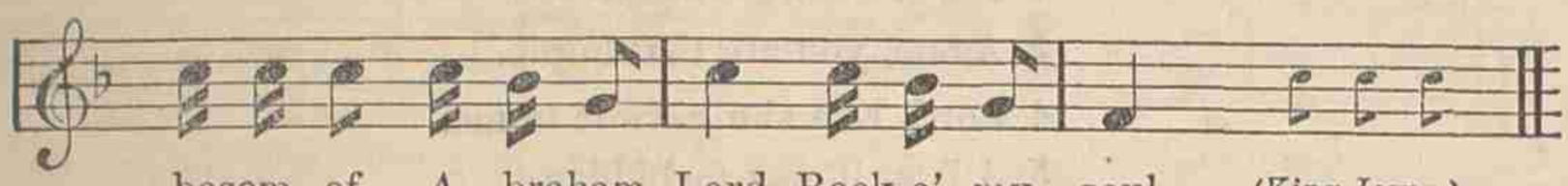
94. ROCK O' MY SOUL.



1. Rock o' my soul in de bosom of Abraham, Rock o' my soul in de
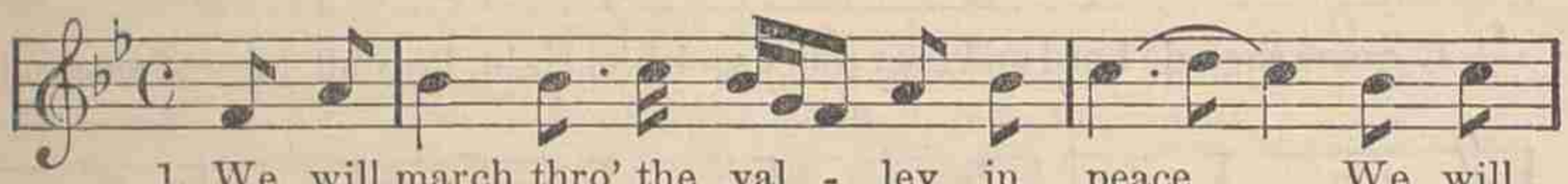


bo - som of A - braham, Rock o' my soul in de
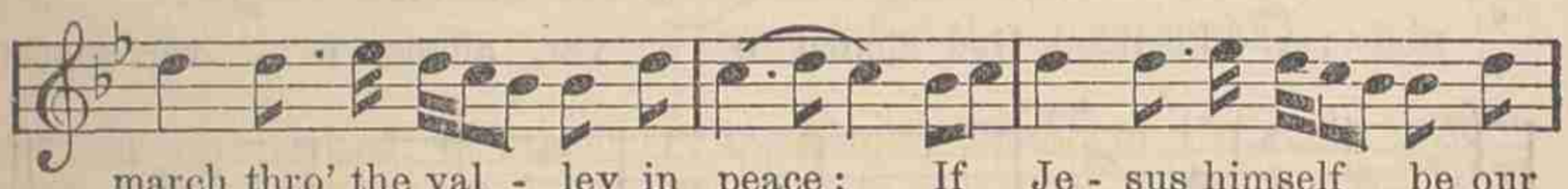


bosom of A - braham, Lord, Rock o' my soul. (King Jesus)

2 He toted the young lambs in his bosom, (*ter*)
And leave the old sheep alone.

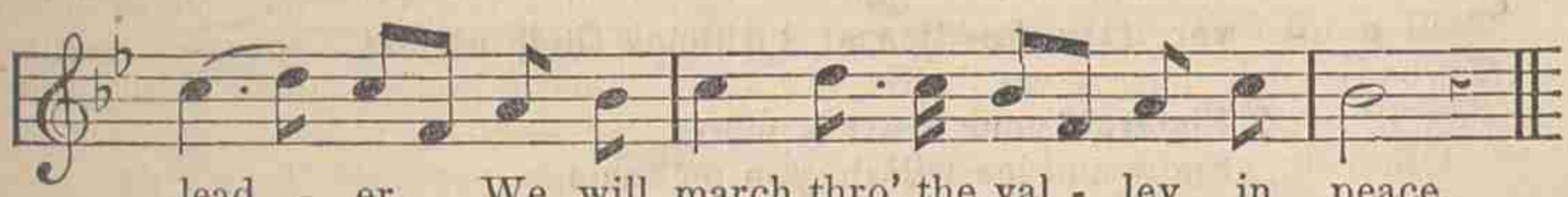
95. WE WILL MARCH THROUGH THE VALLEY.



1. We will march thro' the val - ley in peace, We will



march thro' the val - ley in peace; If Je - sus himself be our
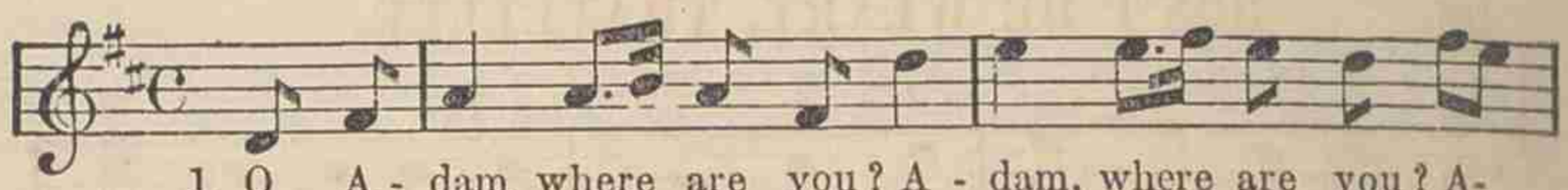


lead - er, We will march thro' the val - ley in peace.

2 We will march, etc.
Behold I give myself away, and
We will march, etc.

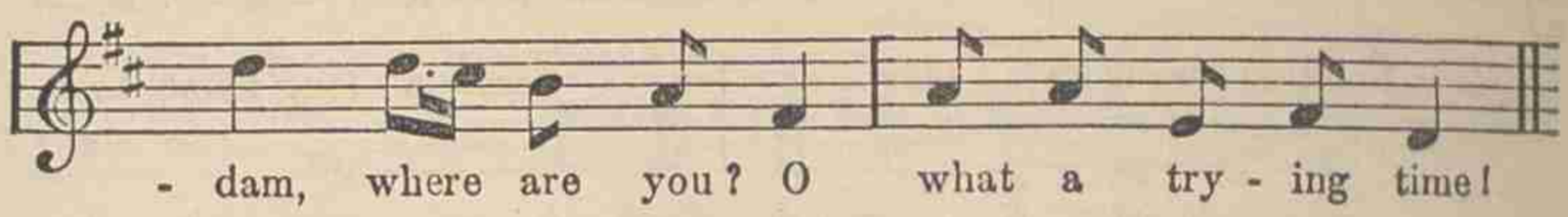
3 We will march, etc.
This track I'll see and I'll pursue;
We will march, etc.

4 We will march, etc.
When I'm dead and buried in the cold silent tomb,
I don't want you to grieve for me.

96. WHAT A TRYING TIME.



1. O A - dam, where are you? A - dam, where are you? A-

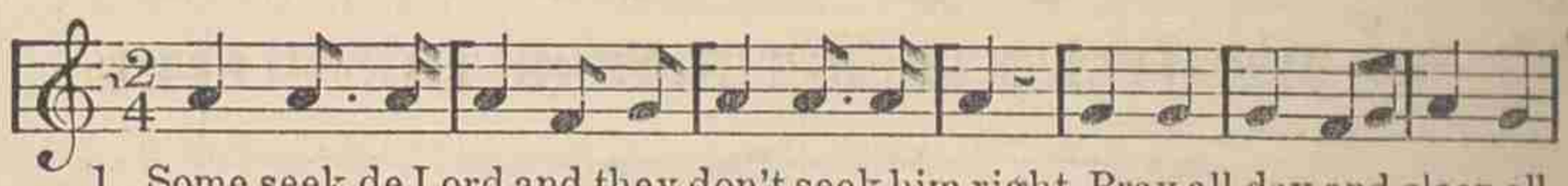


- dam, where are you? O what a try - ing time!
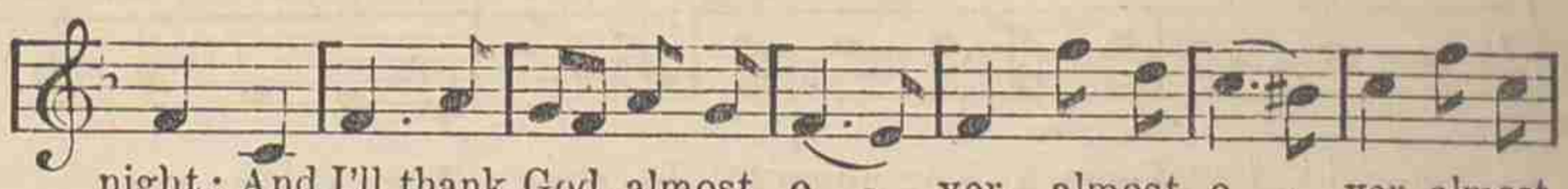
2 Lord, I am in the garden.
3 Adam, you ate that apple.
4 Lord, Eve she gave it to me.
5 Adam, it was forbidden.
6 Lord said, walk out de garden.

[A most compendious account of the fall.]
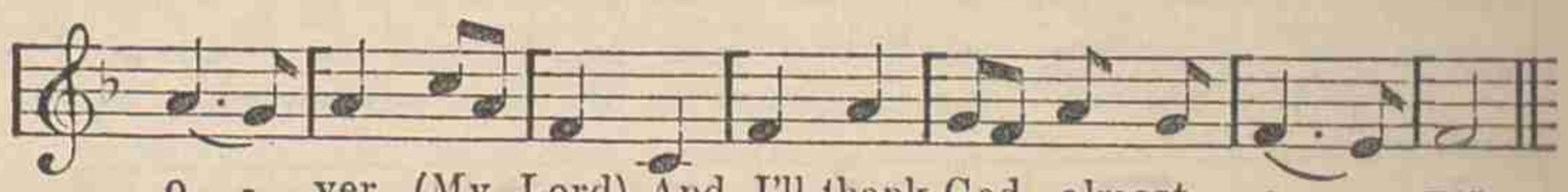
97. ALMOST OVER.



1. Some seek de Lord and they don't seek him right, Pray all day and sleep all



night; And I'll thank God, almost o - ver, almost o - ver, almost



o - ver, (My Lord) And I'll thank God, almost o - ver.

2 Sister, if your heart is warm,
Snow and ice will do you no harm.

3 I done been down, and I done been tried,
I been through the water, and I been baptized.
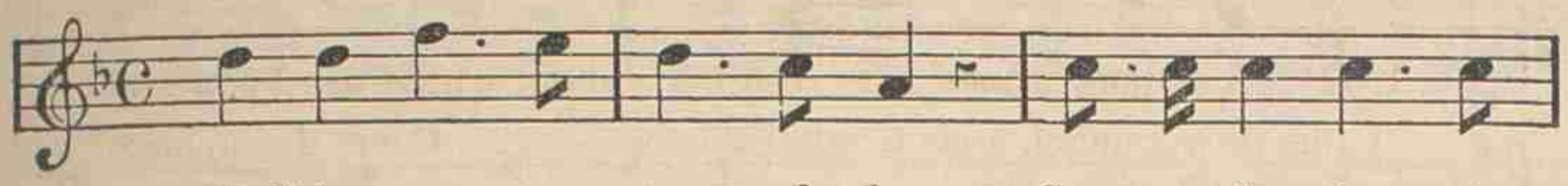
4 O sister, you must mind how you step on the cross,
Your foot might slip, and your soul get lost.

5 And when you get to heaven, you'll be able for to tell
How you shunned the gates of hell.
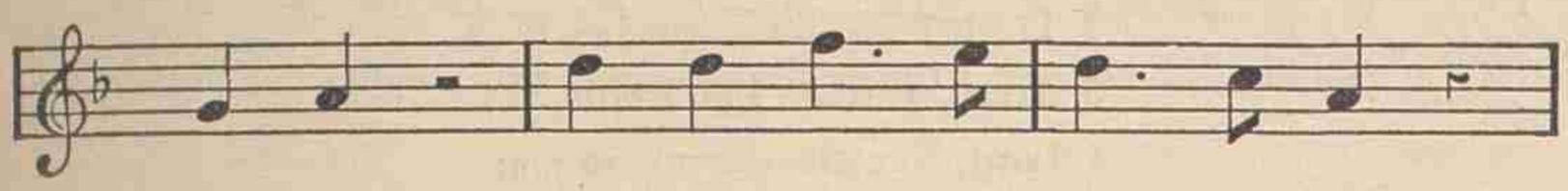
6 Wrestle with Satan and wrestle with sin,
Stepped over hell and come back agin.

[A baptismal song, as the chattering "almost o-ver" so forcibly suggests.]

98. DON'T BE WEARY, TRAVELLER.
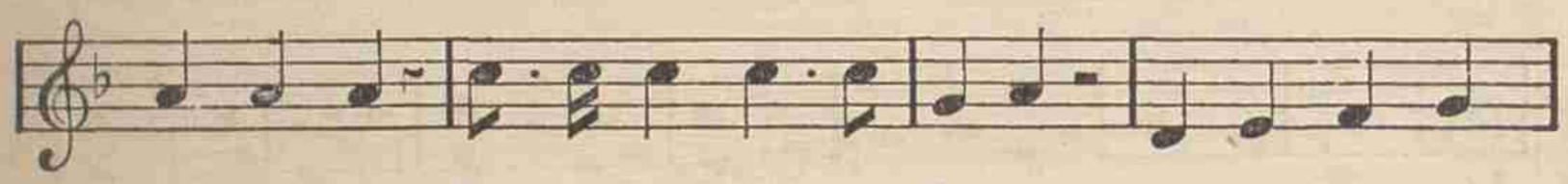


Don't be wear - y, trav - el - ler, Come a - long home to
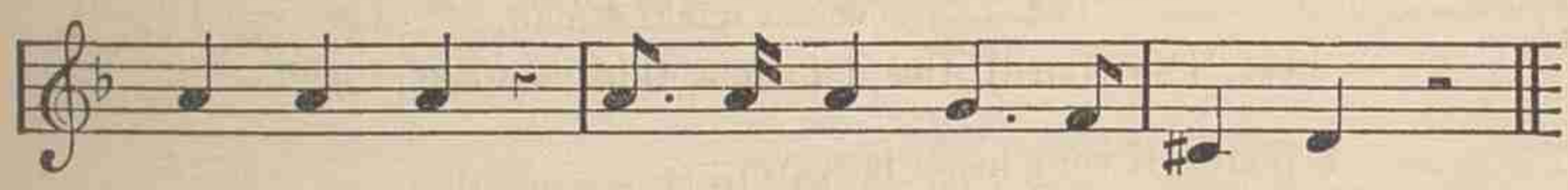


Je - sus; Don't be wear - y, trav - el - ler,



Come a - long home to Je - sus. 1 My head got wet with the



midnight dew, Come a - long home to Je - sus; Angels bear me
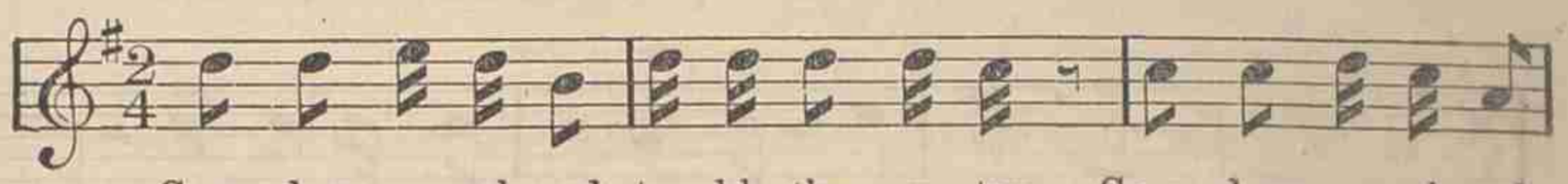


wit - ness too, Come a - long home to Je - sus.
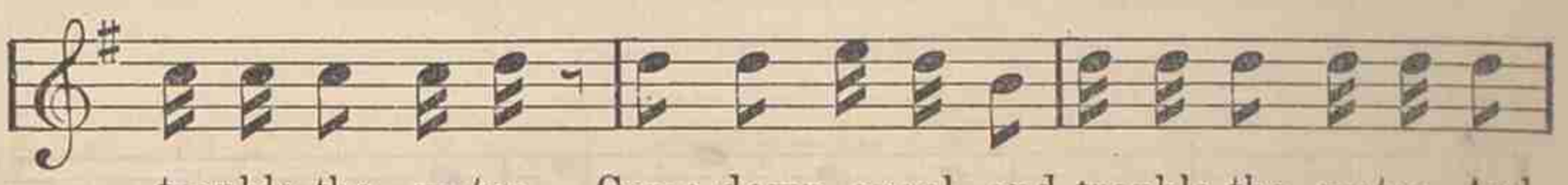
2 Where to go I did not know
Ever since he freed my soul,

3 I look at de worl' and de worl' look new,
I look at de worl' and de worl' look new.
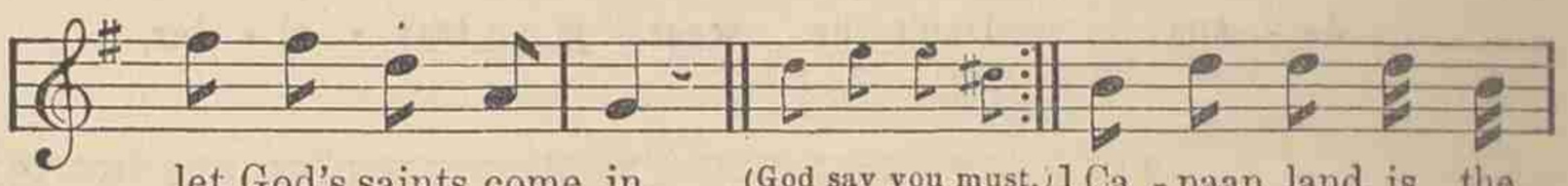
99. LET GOD'S SAINTS COME IN.
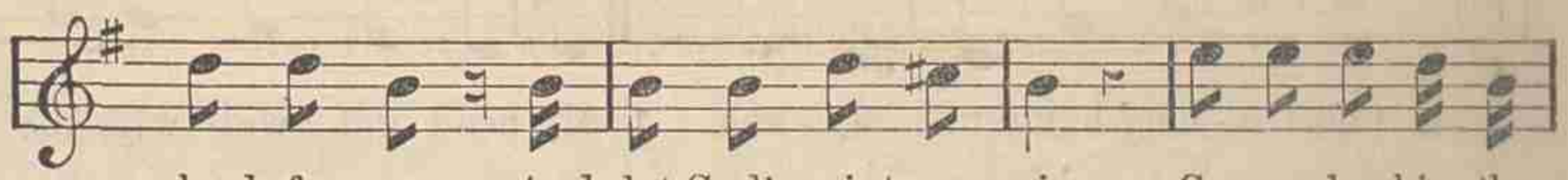


Come down, angel, and trouble the wa - ter, Come down, angel, and



trouble the water, Come down, angel, and trouble the water, And



let God's saints come in. (God say you must.) I Ca - naan land is the



land for me, And let God's saints come in. Canaan land is the



land for me, And let God's saints come in.

2 There was a wicked man,
He kept them children in Egypt land.
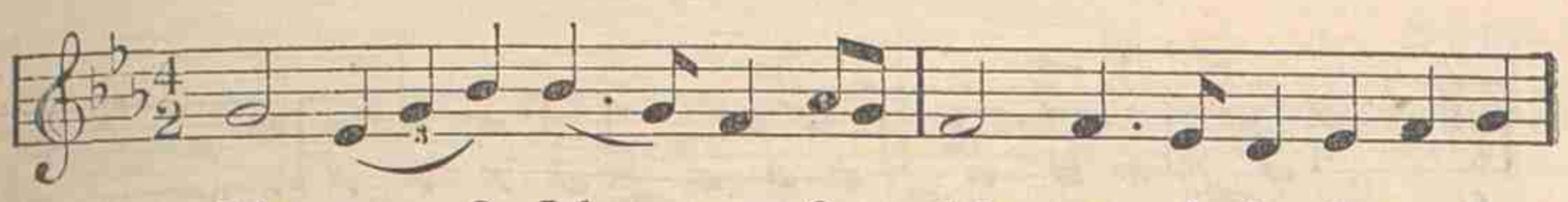
3 God did say to Moses one day,
Say, Moses go to Egypt land,

4 And tell him to let my people go.
And Pharaoh would not let 'em go.
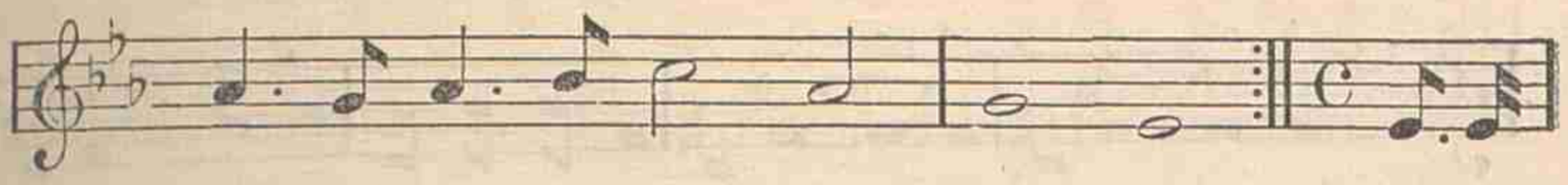
5 God did go to Moses' house,
And God did tell him who he was,

6 God and Moses walked and talked,
And God did show him who he was.

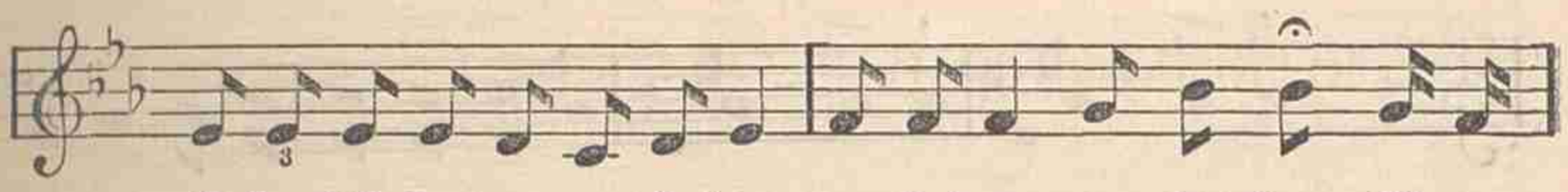
100. THE GOLDEN ALTAR.
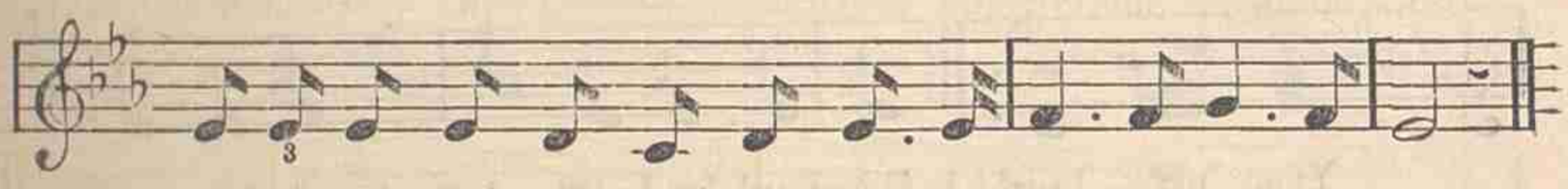


John saw-r-O, John saw-r-O... John saw de ho-ly number



set-tin' on de gold-en al-tar! 1. It's a



lit-tle while longer yere below, yere below, yere be-low, It's a



lit-tle while longer yere be-low, Be-fore de Lamb of God!

2 And home to Jesus we will go, we will go, etc.;
We are de people of de Lord.
John sawr-O, etc.

3 Dere's a golden slipper in de heavens for you, etc.,
Before de Lamb of God.
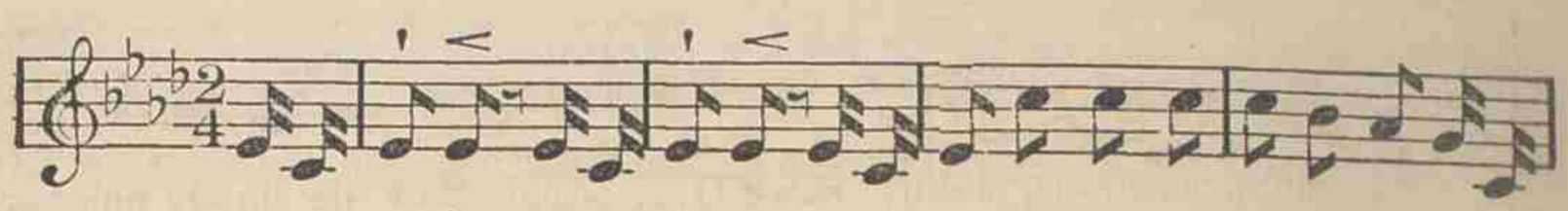
4 I wish I'd been dere when prayer begun, etc.

5 To see my Jesus about my sins, etc.
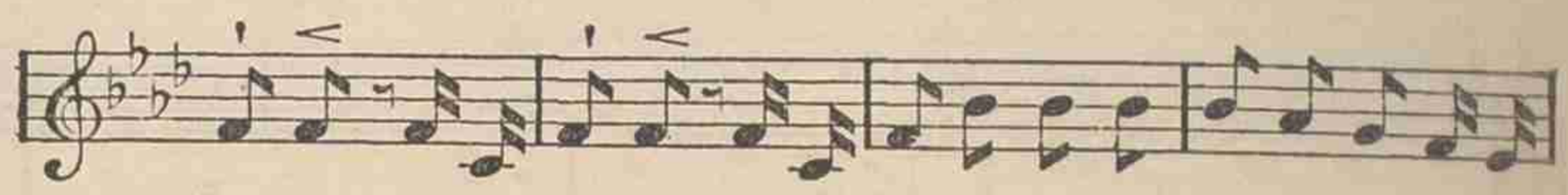
6 Then home to glory we will go, etc.

[This is interesting as an undoubted variation of "John, John of the holy order." No. 22. A comparison of the words shows that the word "number" should be "member."]
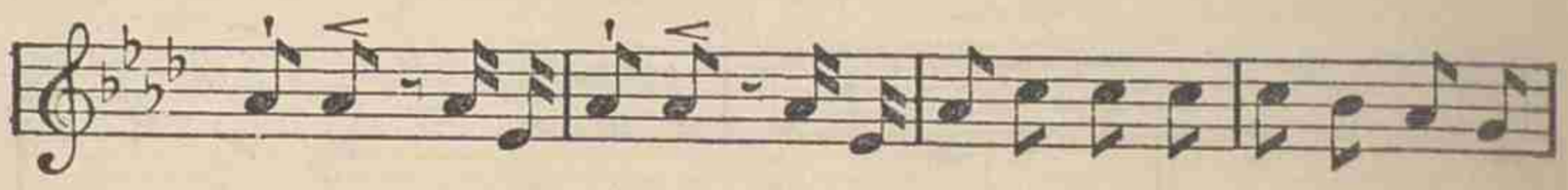
101. THE WINTER.
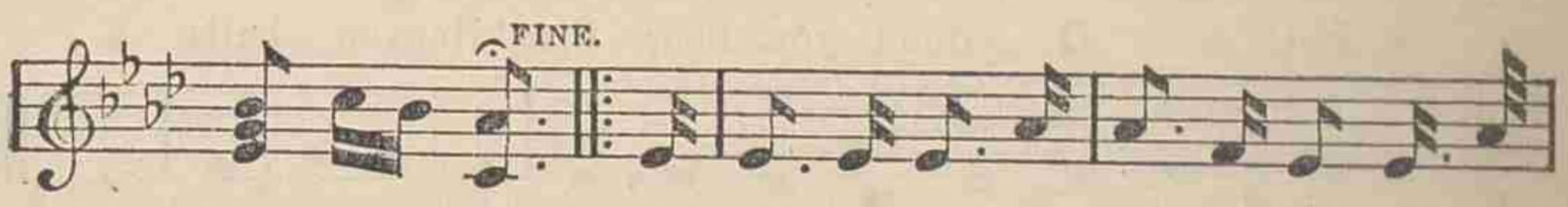


O de vinter, O de vinter, O de vinter 'll soon be ober,*chilen, De
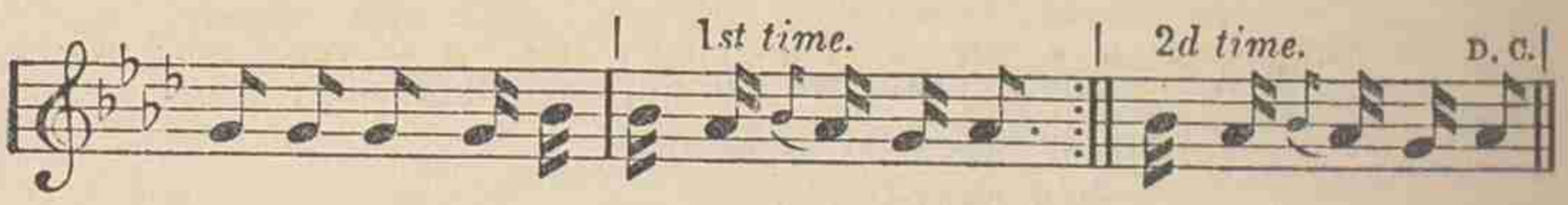


vinter, O de vinter, O de vinter 'll soon be ober, chilen, De



vinter, O de vinter, O de vinter 'll soon be ober, chilen,



Yes, my Lord! 1. 'Tis Paul and Silas bound in chains, chains, And



one did weep,† and de o - der one did pray, o - der one did pray!

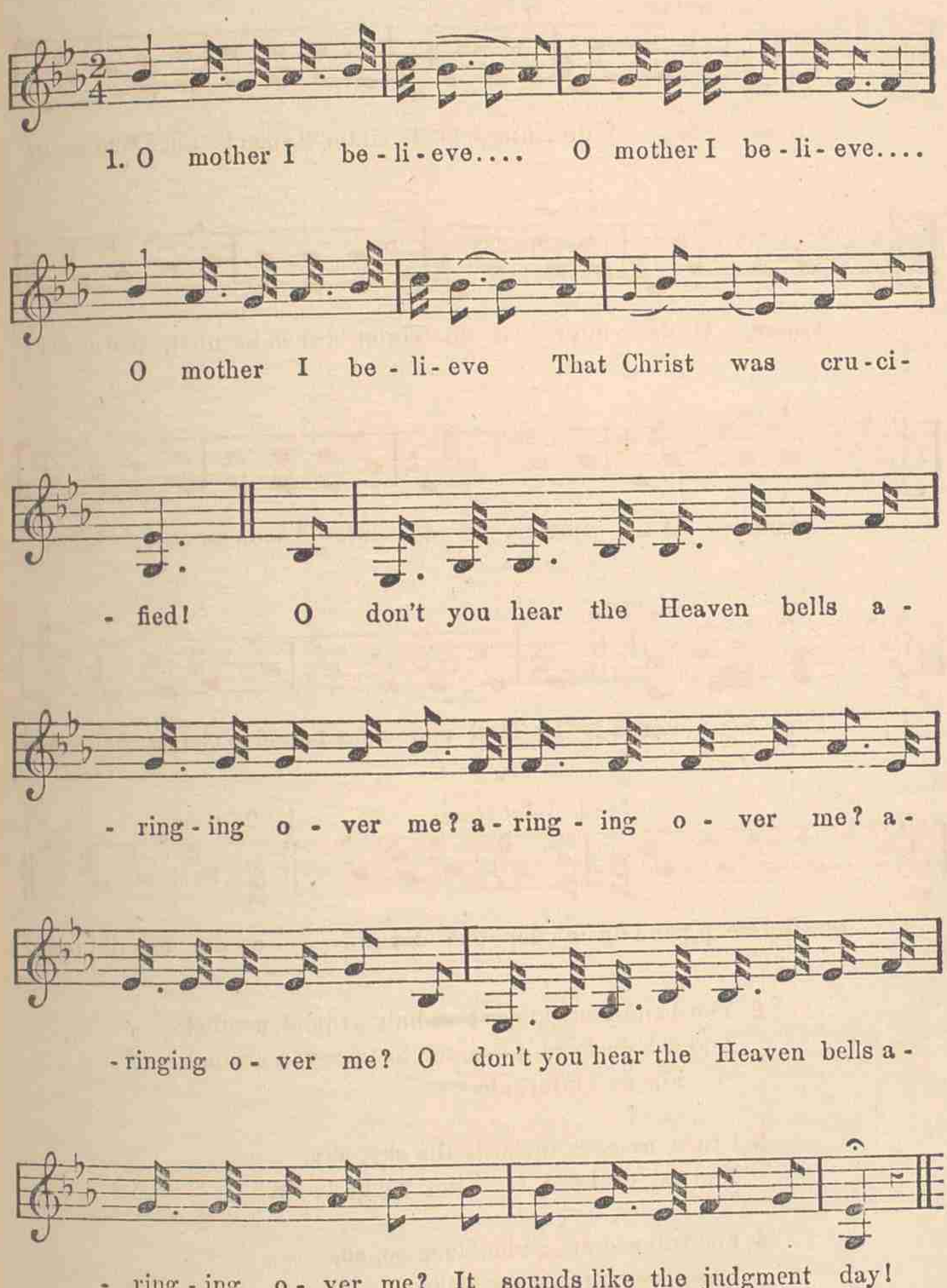
2 You bend your knees ‡ on holy ground, ground,
And ask de Lord, Lord, for to turn you around.
For de vinter, etc.

3 I turn my eyes towards the sky, sky,
And ask de Lord, Lord, for wings to fly.

4 For you see me gwine 'long so, so,
I has my tri-trials yer below.

* Am a-comin'. † Sing. ‡ I bend my knees, etc.

102. THE HEAVEN BELLS.



III.

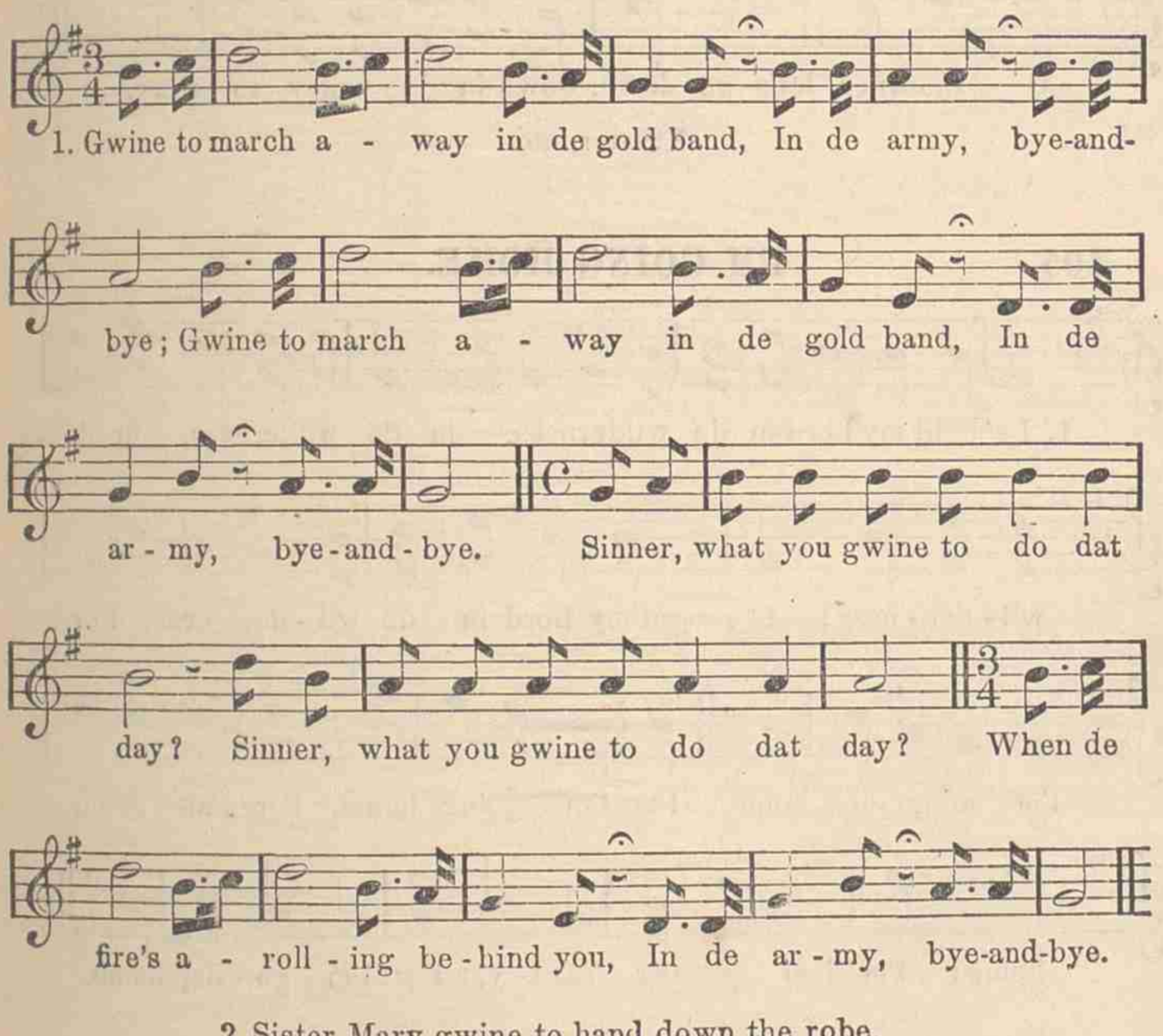
INLAND SLAVE STATES:

Including Tennessee, Arkansas, and the Mississippi River.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.

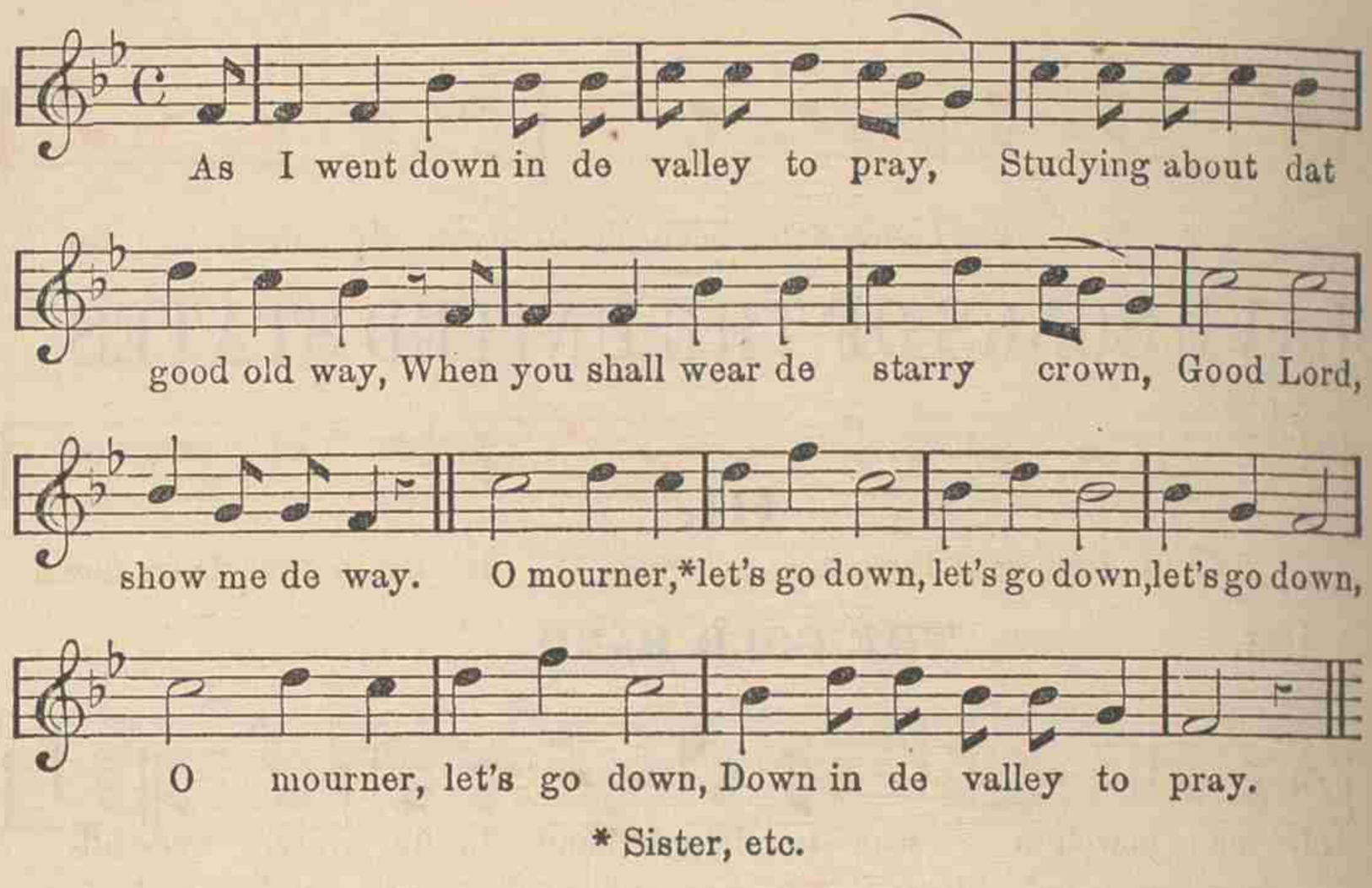
III.

103. THE GOLD BAND.
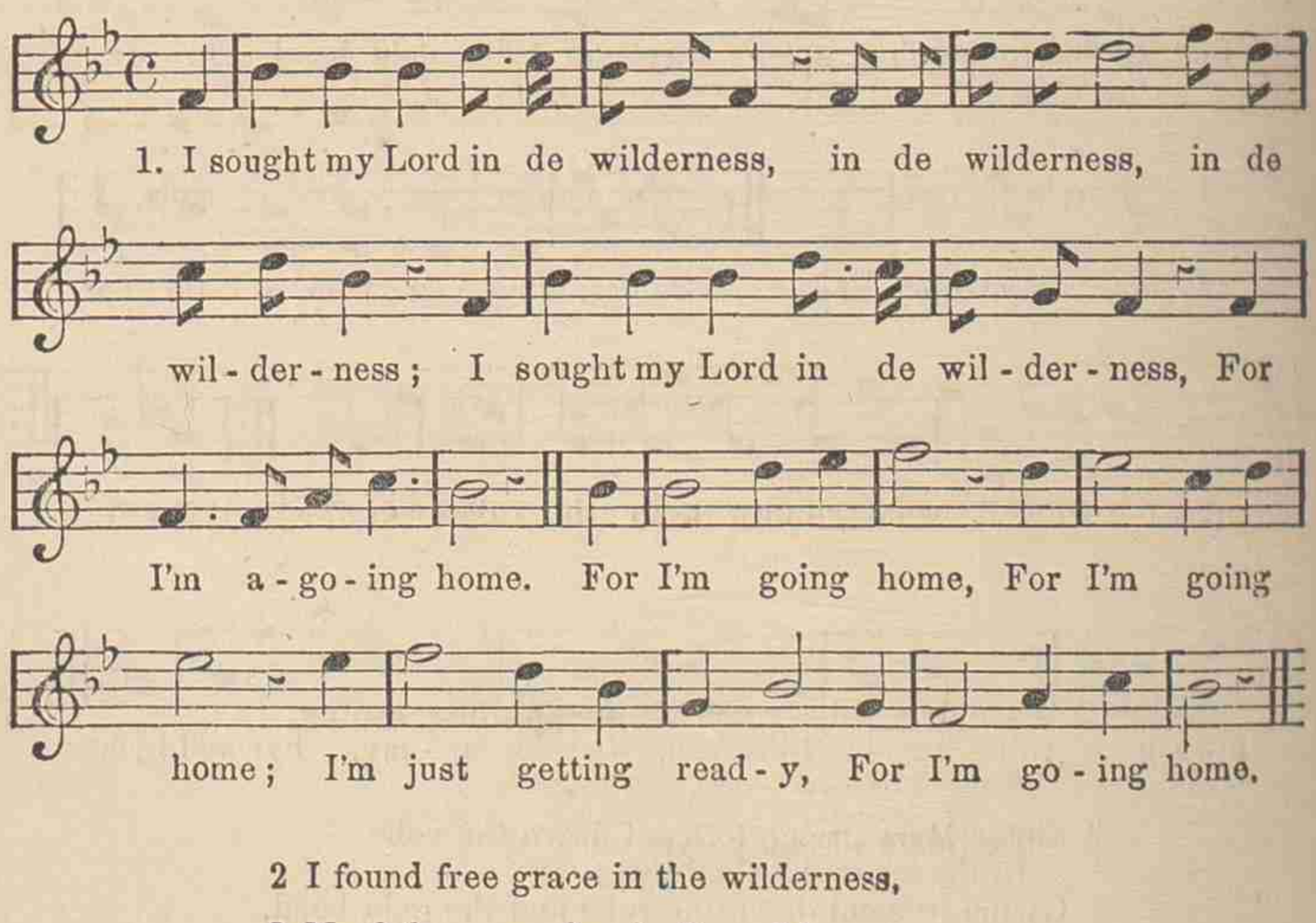


2 Sister Mary gwine to hand down the robe,
In the army, bye-and-bye;
Gwine to hand down the robe and the gold band,
In the army, bye-and-bye.

104. THE GOOD OLD WAY.



* Sister, etc.
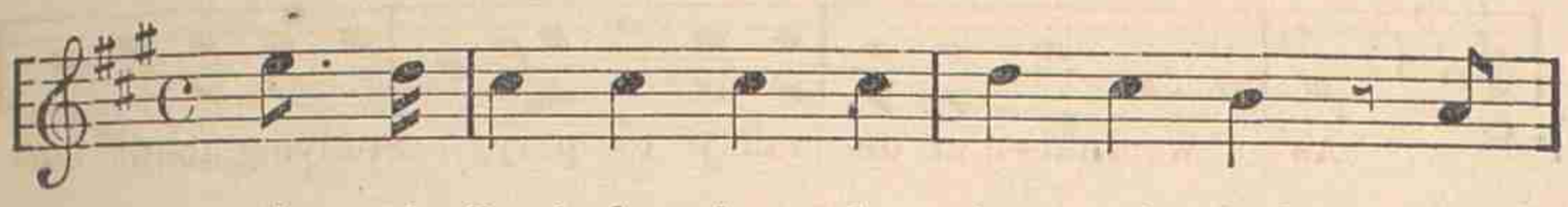
105. I'M GOING HOME.
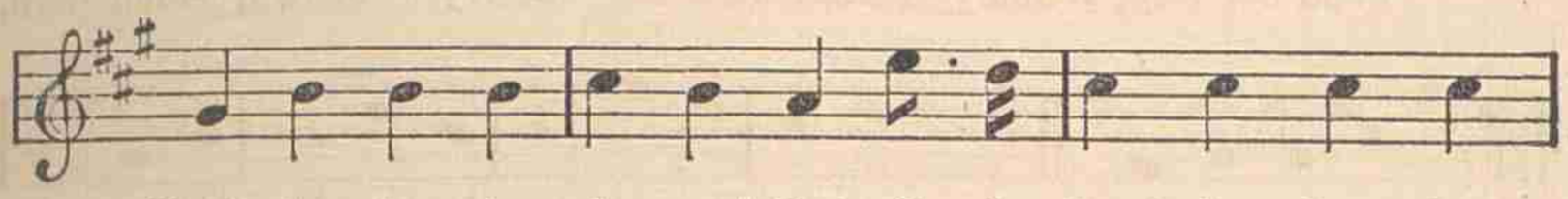


2 I found free grace in the wilderness,

3 My father preaches in the wilderness.
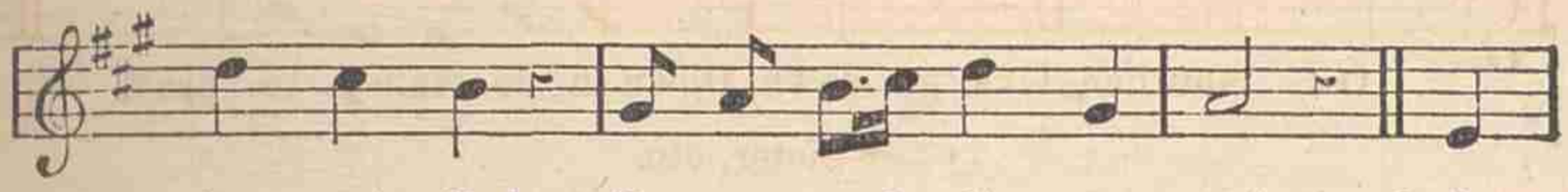
106. SINNER WON'T DIE NO MORE.
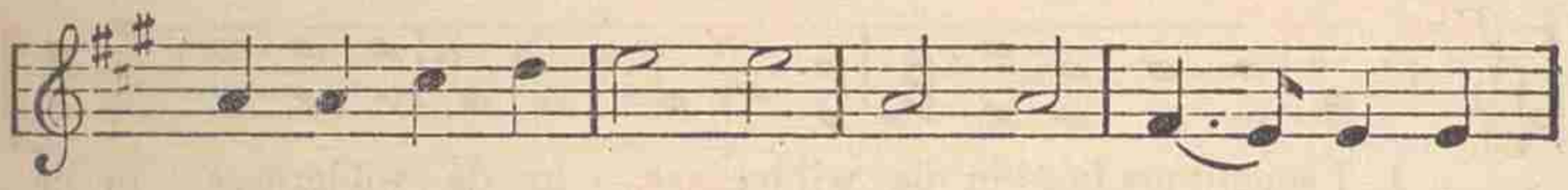


O de Lamb done been down here an' died, De
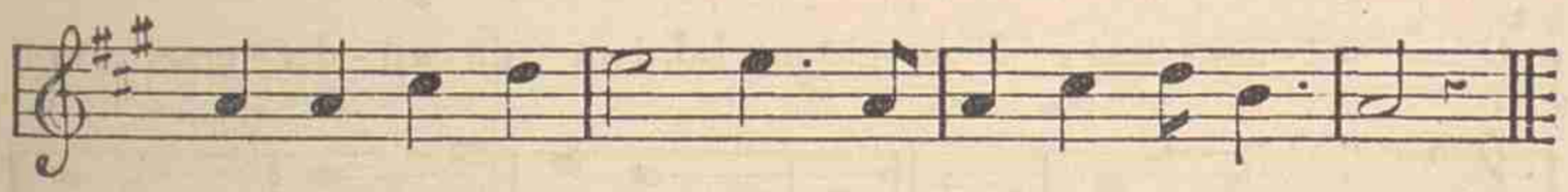


Lamb done been down here an' died, O de Lamb done been down



here an' died, Sin - ner won't die no mo'. 1. I
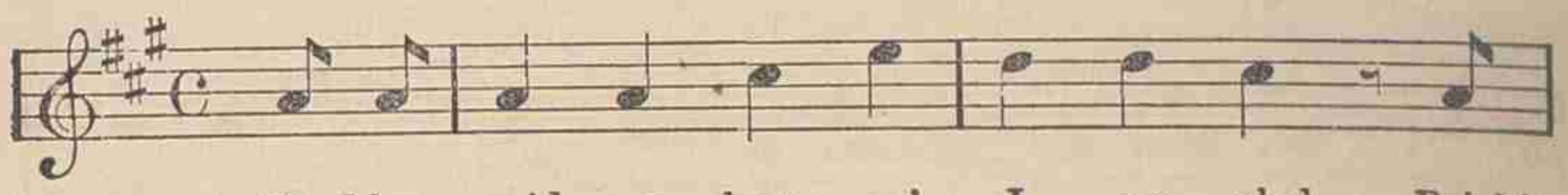


won - der what bright an - gels, an - gels, an - gels, I
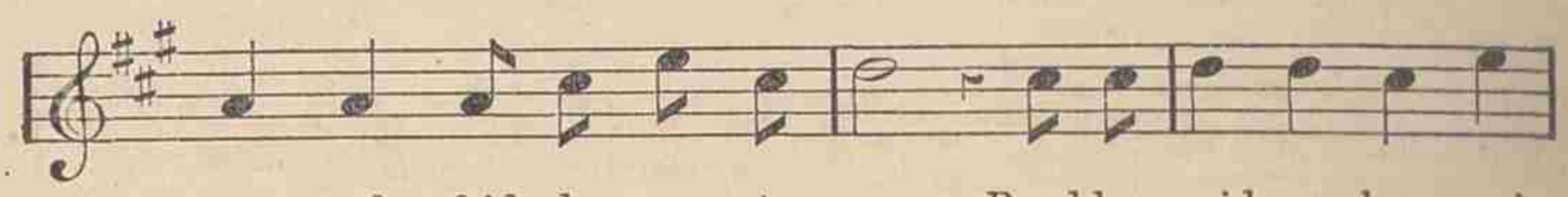


wonder what bright an - gels, De robes all ready now.

2 O see dem ships come a-sailing, sailing, sailing,
O see dem ships come a-sailing,
De robes all ready now.
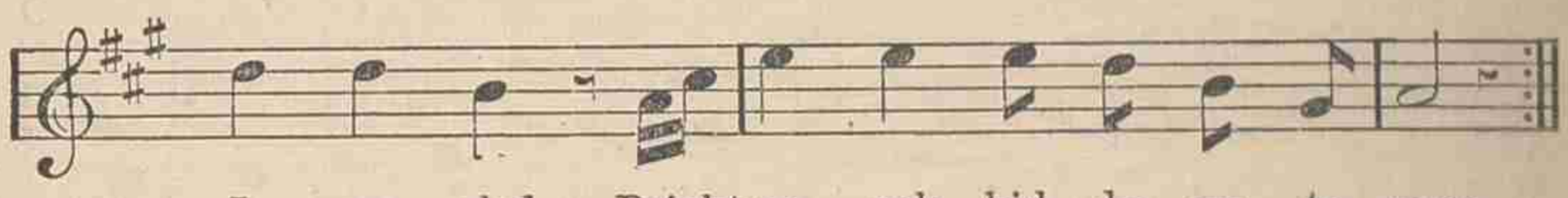
107. BROTHER, GUIDE ME HOME.
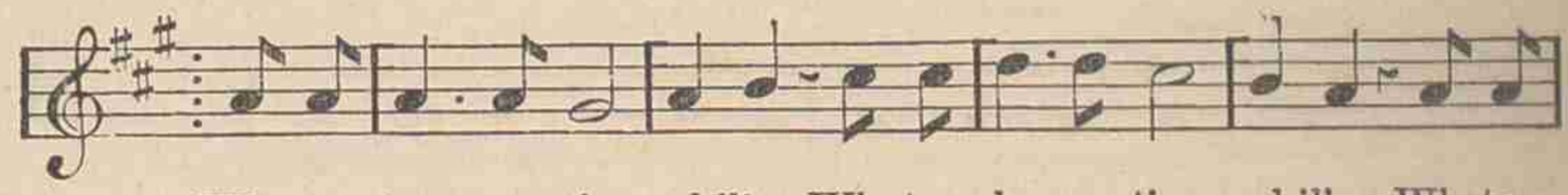


Brudder, guide me home an' I am glad, Bright
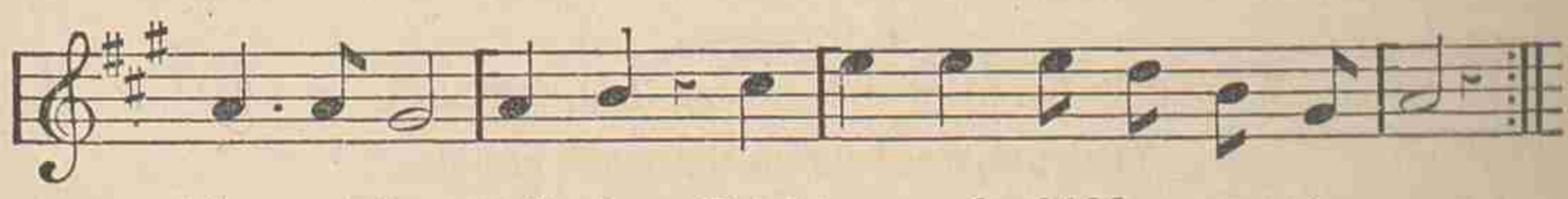


an - gels bid - dy me to come; Brudder, guide me home an'



I am glad, Bright an - gels bid - dy me to come.



1. What a hap - py time, chil'n, What a happy time, chil'n, What a
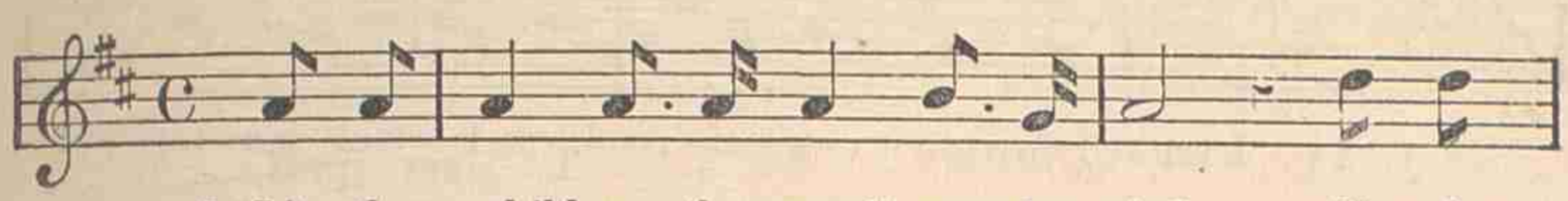


hap- py time, chil - 'n, Bright an - gels biddy me to come.
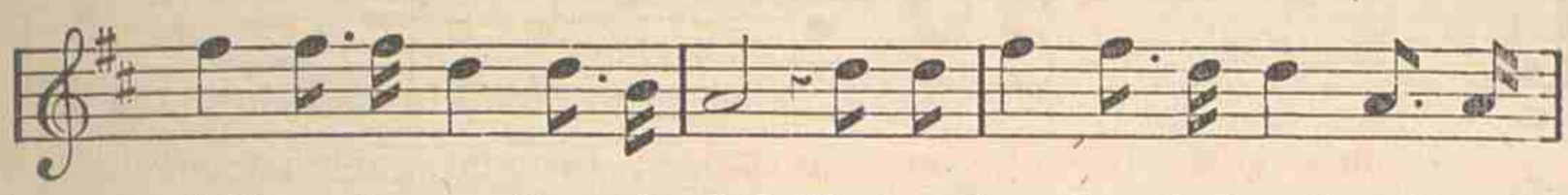
2 Let's go to God, chil'n, (*ter*)
Bright angels biddy me to come.

[I heard this in a praise-house at the "Contraband Camp" on President's Island near Memphis, in September, 1864. I will not vouch for the absolute accuracy of my memory.—W. F. A.]
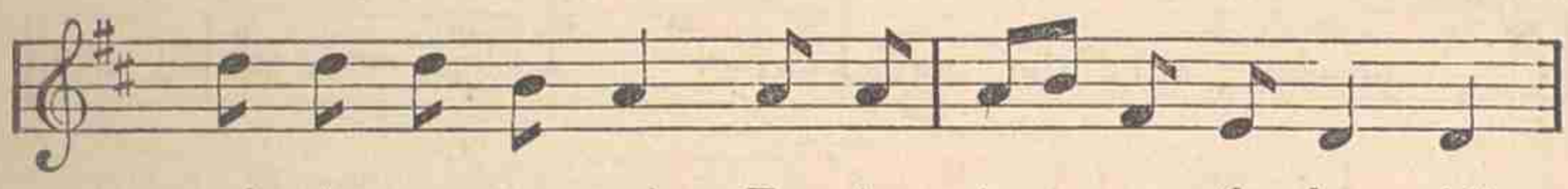
108. LITTLE CHILDREN, THEN WON'T YOU BE GLAD?
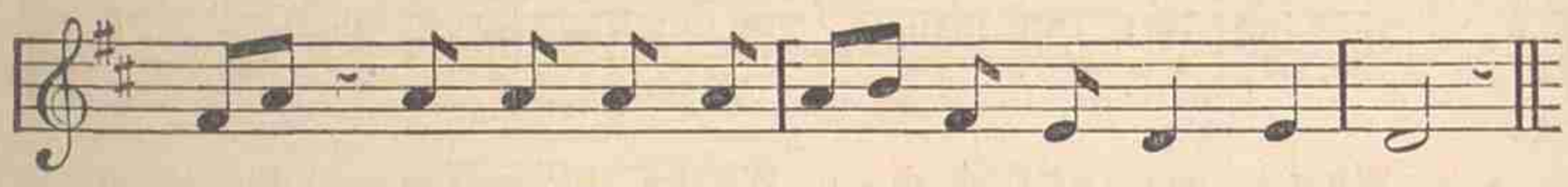


1. Lit - tle children, then won't you be glad, Lit - tle



children, then won't you be glad, That you have been to heav'n, an' you're



gwine to go a - gain, For to try on the long white



robe, children, For to try on the long white robe.
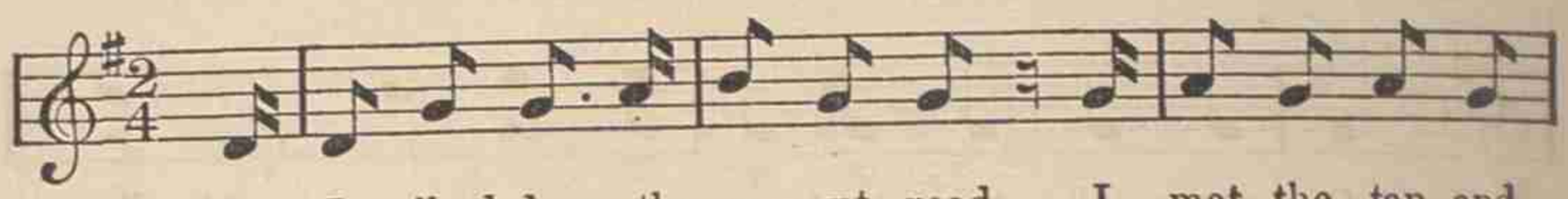
2 King Jesus, he was so strong (*ter*), my Lord,
That he jarred down the walls of hell.

3 Don't you hear what de chariot say? (*bis*)
De fore wheels run by de grace ob God,
An' de hind wheels dey run by faith.
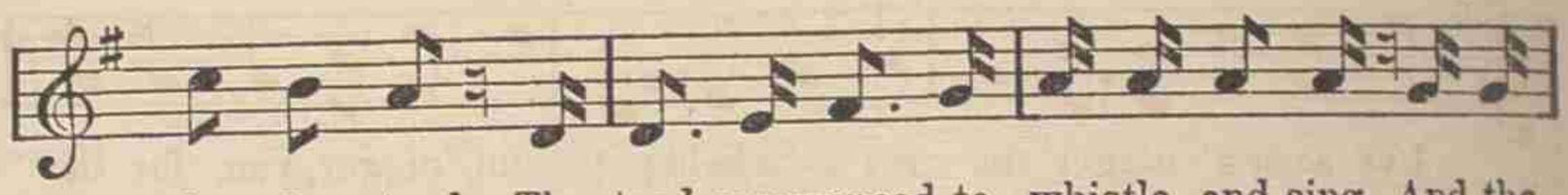
4 Don't you 'member what you promise de Lord? (*bis*)
You promise de Lord that you would feed his sheep,
An' gather his lambs so well.

[Often sung in the colored schools at Helena, Arkansas.]
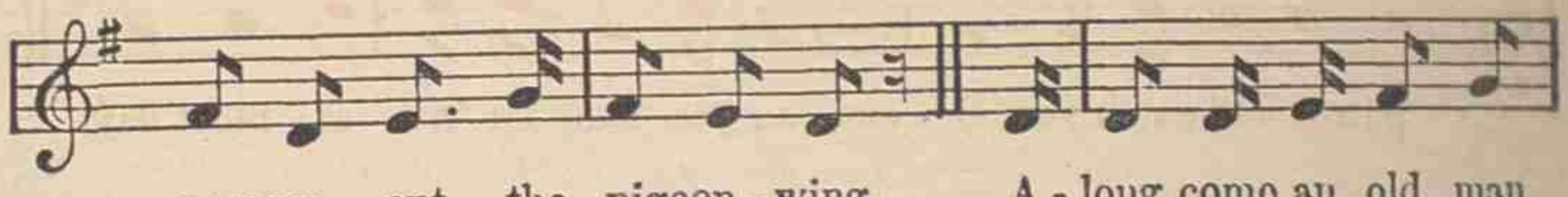
109. CHARLESTON GALS.
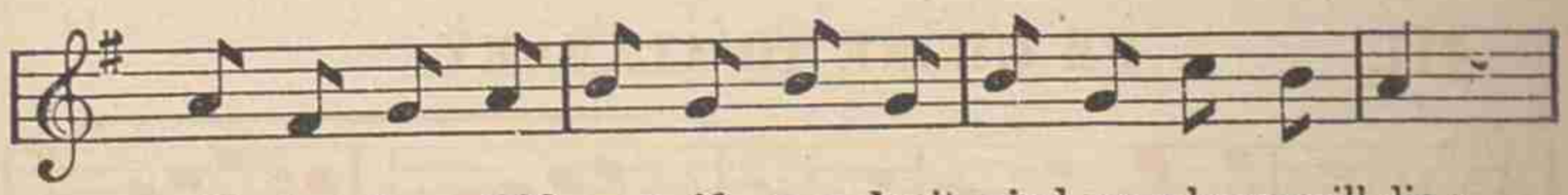


1. As I walked down the new-cut road, I met the tap and
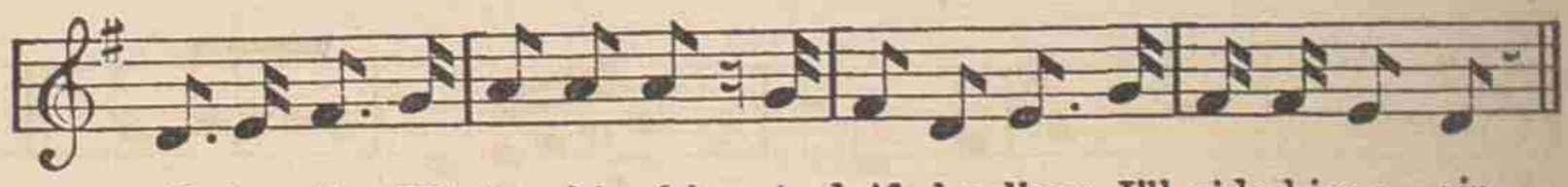


then the toad; The toad commenced to whistle and sing, And the



possum cut the pigeon-wing. A-long come an old man



rid-ing by: Old man, if you don't mind, your horse will die;
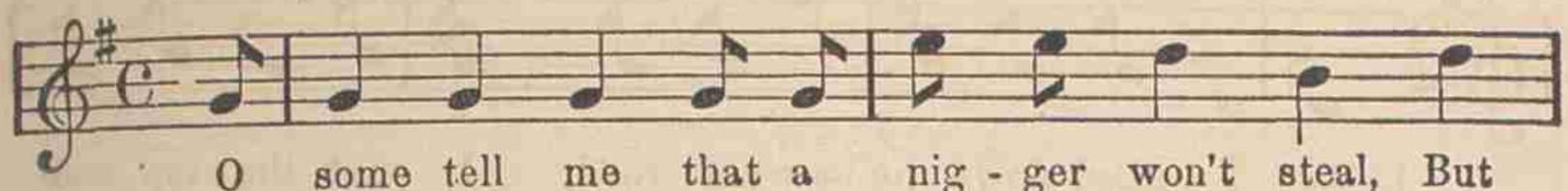


If he dies I'll tan his skin, And if he lives I'll ride him a-gin.
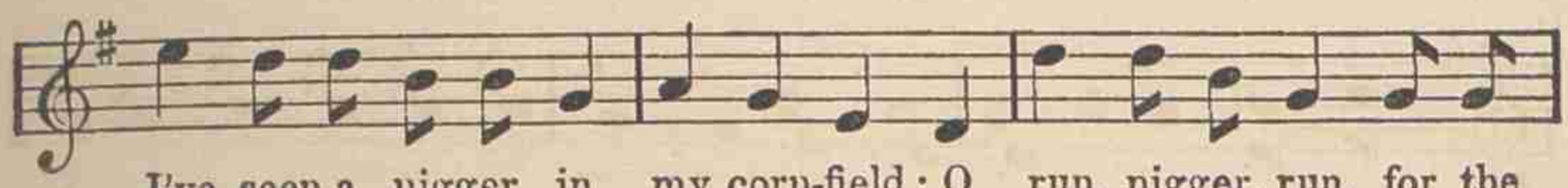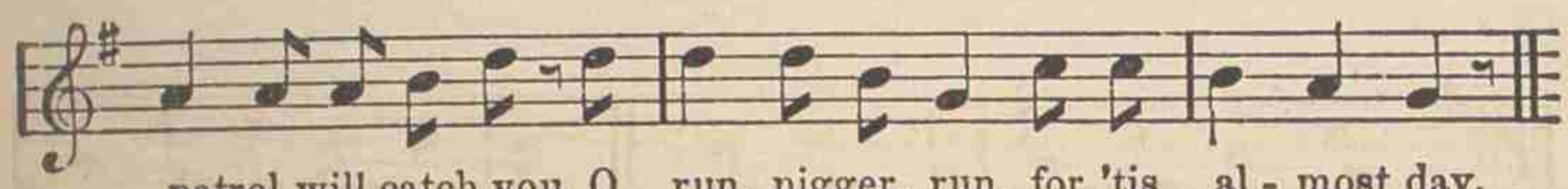


Hi ho, for Charleston gals! Charleston gals are the gals for me.

2 As I went a-walking down the street,
Up steps Charleston gals to take a walk with me.
I kep' a walking and they kep' a talking,
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stocking.
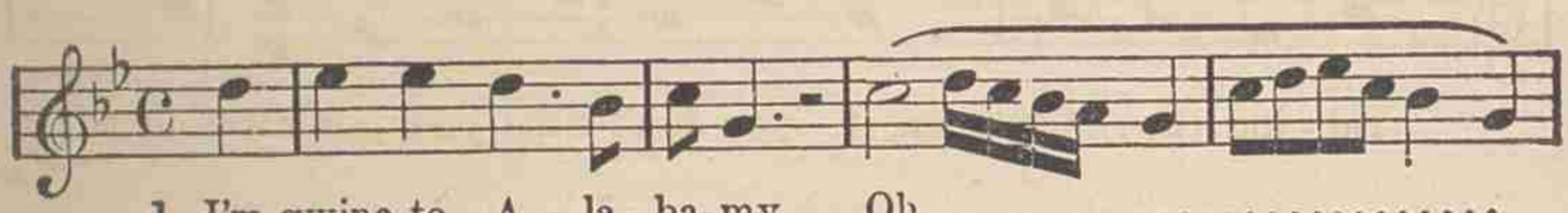
110. RUN, NIGGER, RUN!

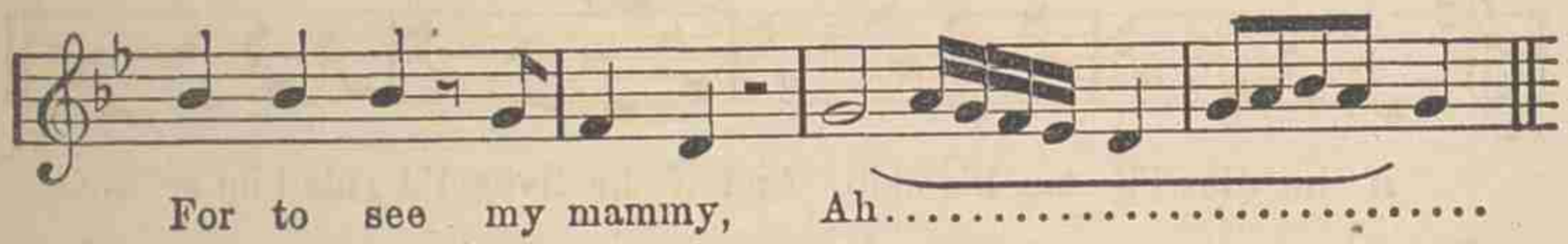






111. I'M GWINE TO ALABAMY.





2 She went from Ole Virginny,—Oh,
And I'm her pickaninny,—Ah.

3 She lives on the Tombigbee,—Oh,
I wish I had her wid me,—Ah.

4 Now I'm a good big nigger,—Oh,
I reckon I won't git bigger,—Ah.
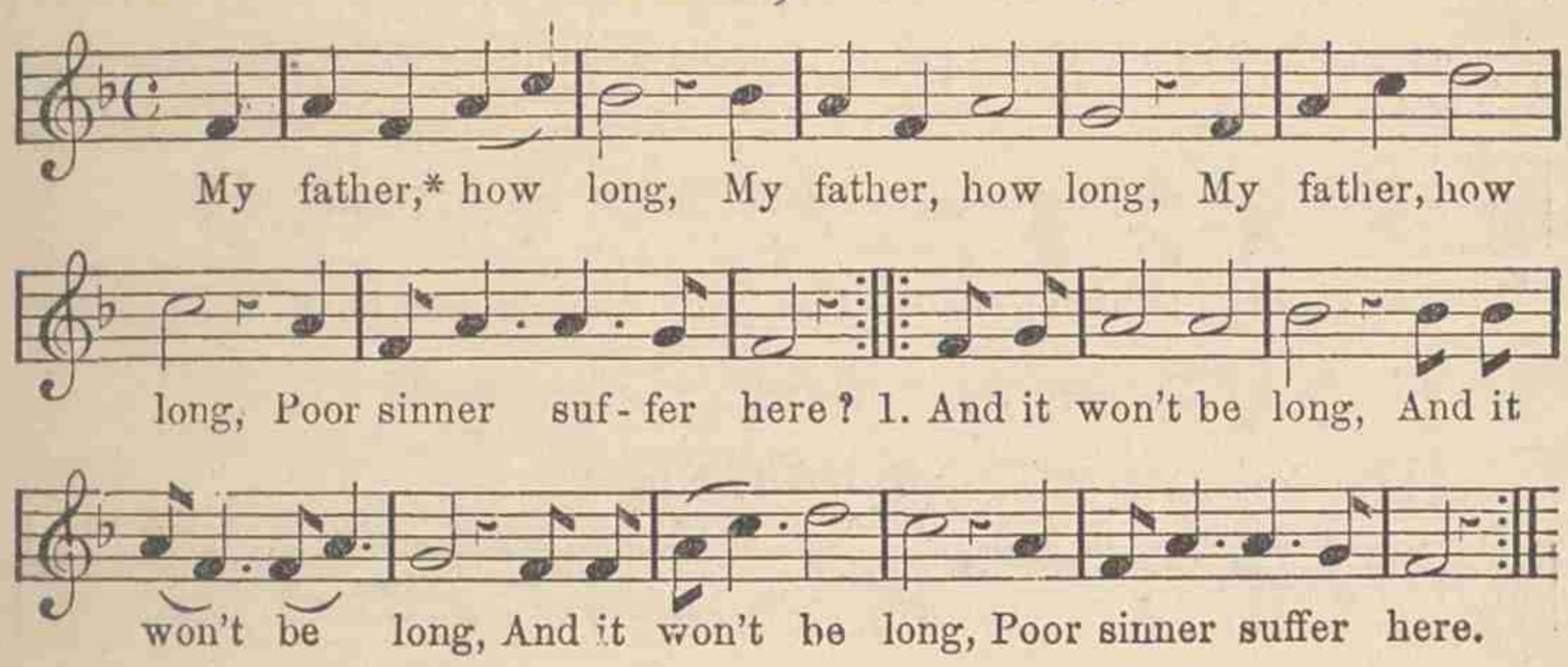
5 But I'd like to see my mammy,—Oh,
Who lives in Alabamy,—Ah.

[A very good specimen, so far as notes can give one, of the strange barbaric songs that one hears upon the Western steamboats.]

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.

IV.

112. MY FATHER, HOW LONG?



2 We'll soon be free, (*ter*)
De Lord will call us home.

3 We'll walk de miry road
Where pleasure never dies.

4 We'll walk de golden streets
Of de New Jerusalem.
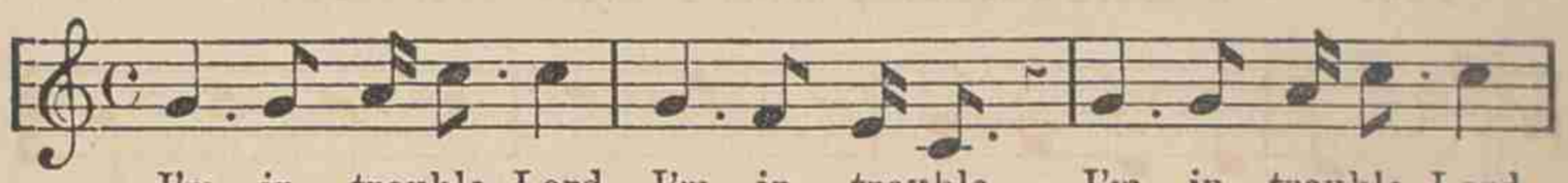
5 My brudders do sing
De praises of de Lord.
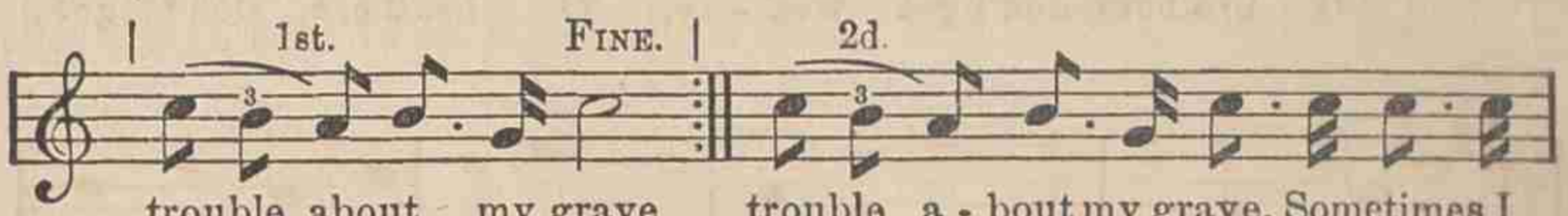
6 We'll fight for liberty
When de Lord will call us home.
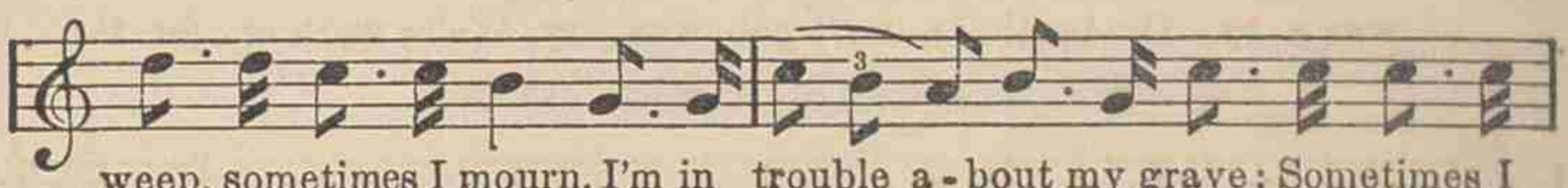
* Mother, etc.
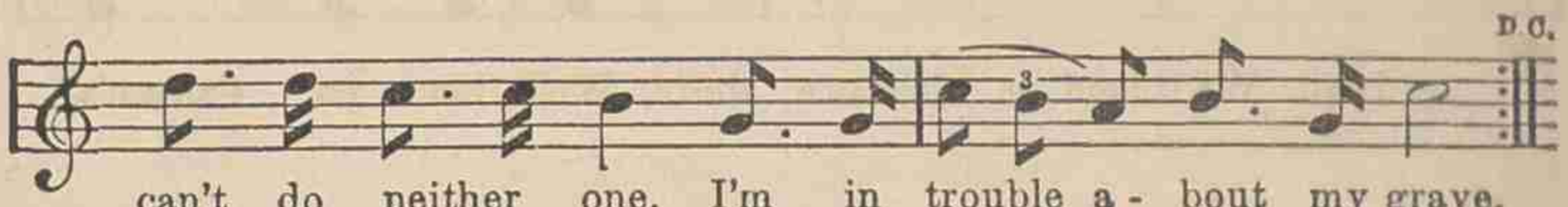
[For singing this "the negroes had been put in jail at Georgetown, S. C., at the outbreak of the Rebellion. 'We'll soon be free' was too dangerous an assertion, and though the chant was an old one, it was no doubt sung with re doubled emphasis during the new events. 'De Lord will call us home,' was evidently thought to be a symbolical verse; for, as a little drummer boy explained it to me, showing all his white teeth as he sat in the moonlight by the door of my tent, 'Dey tink *de Lord* mean for say *de Yankees.*'"—T. W. H.]

113. I'M IN TROUBLE.

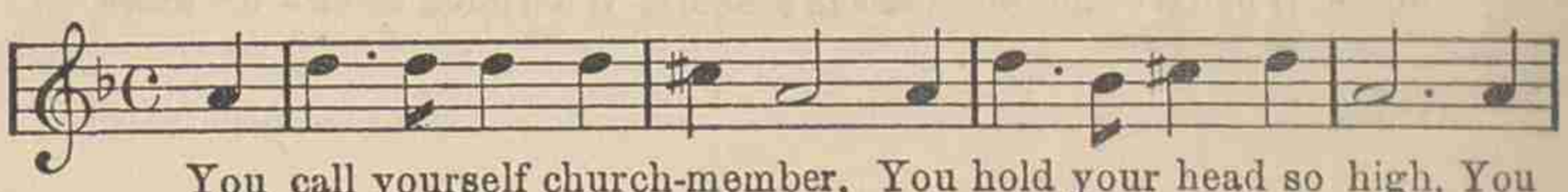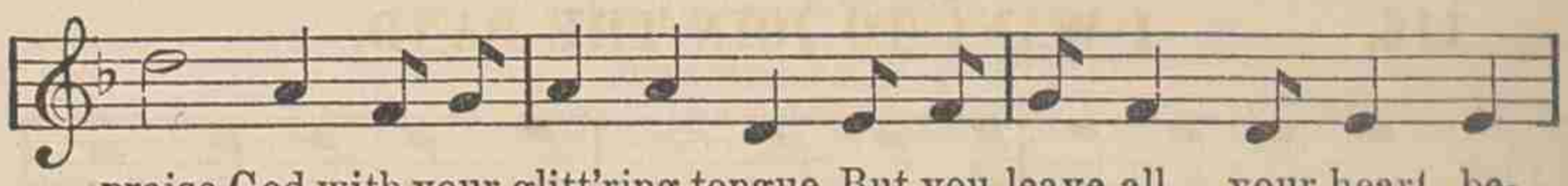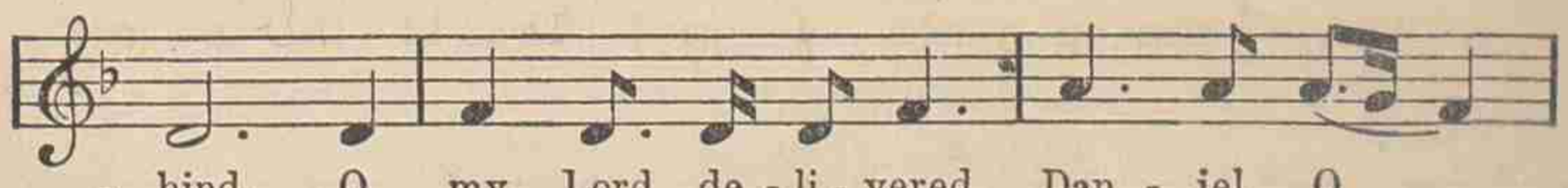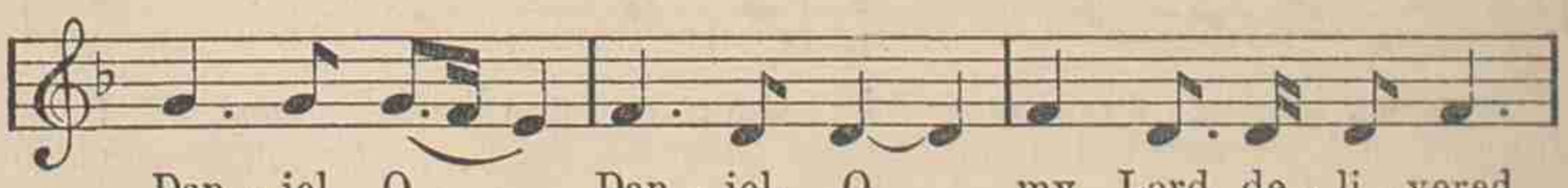








114. O DANIEL.
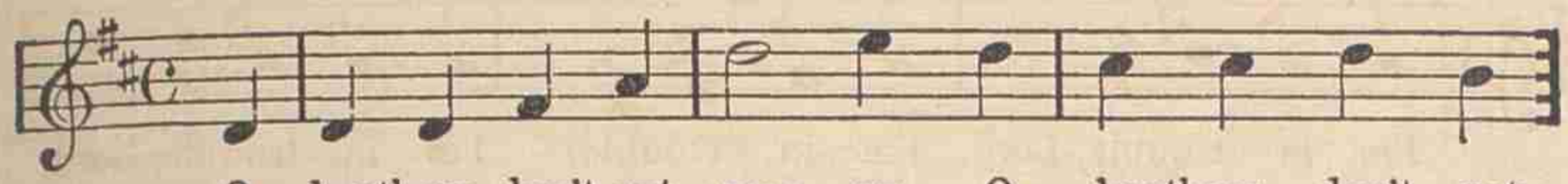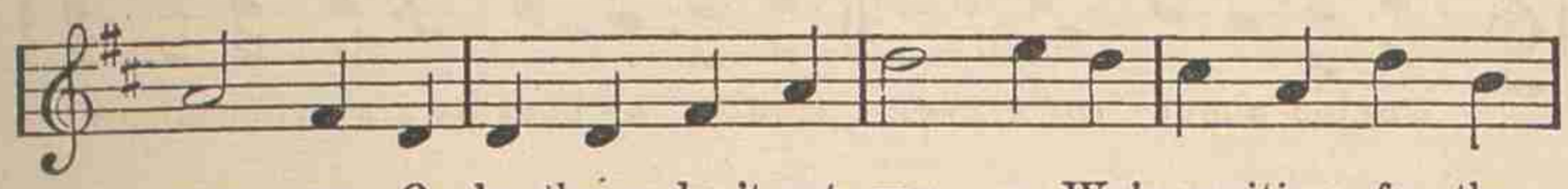










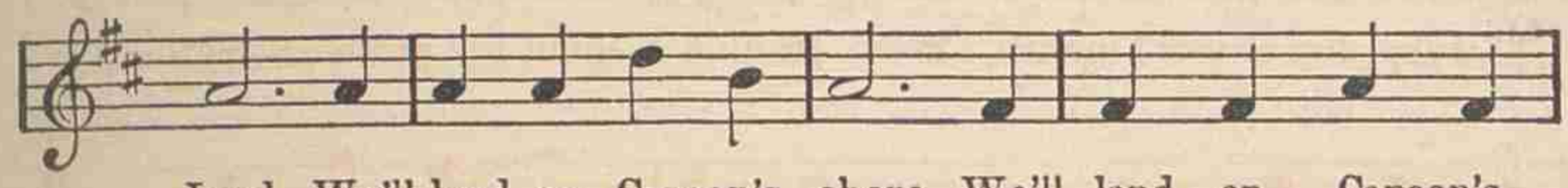
115. O BROTHERS, DON'T GET WEARY.
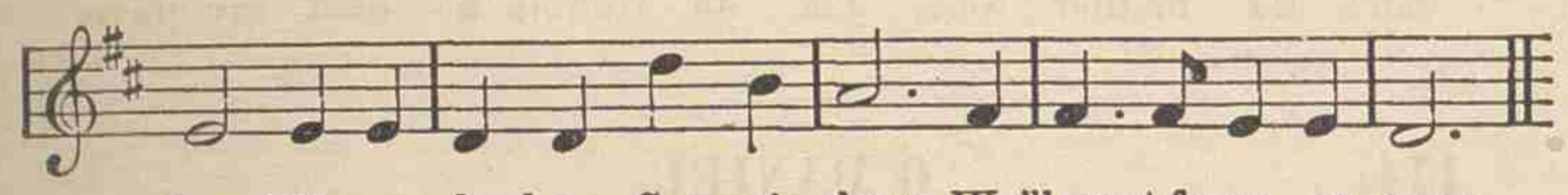


O brothers, don't get wea - ry, O brothers, don't get



wea - ry, O brothers, don't get wea - ry, We're waiting for the



Lord. We'll land on Canaan's shore, We'll land on Canaan's
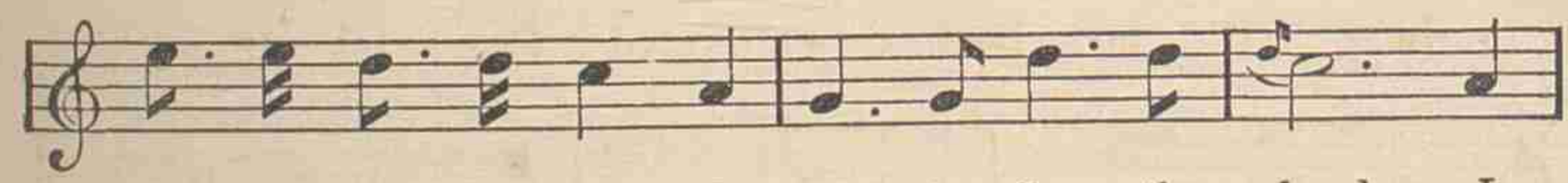


shore, When we land on Canaan's shore, We'll meet forev - er more.
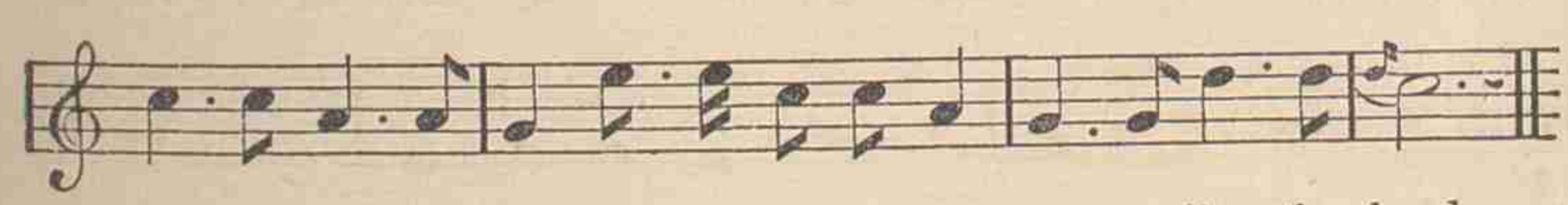
116. I WANT TO JOIN THE BAND.



What is that up yonder I see? Two lit - tle an - gels

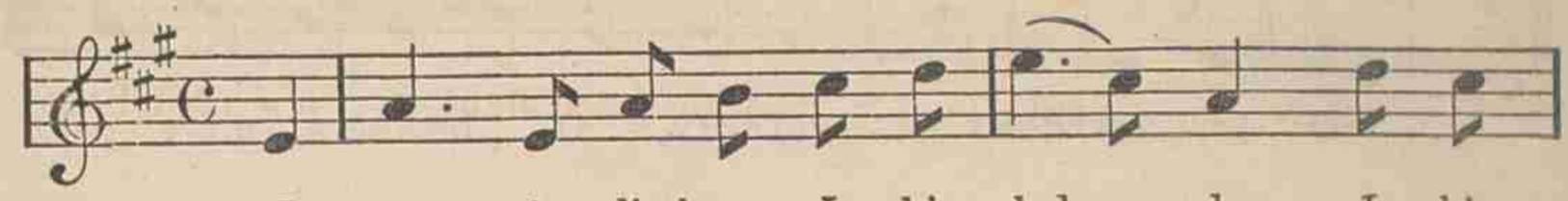


com - in' a' - ter me; I want to jine the band, I
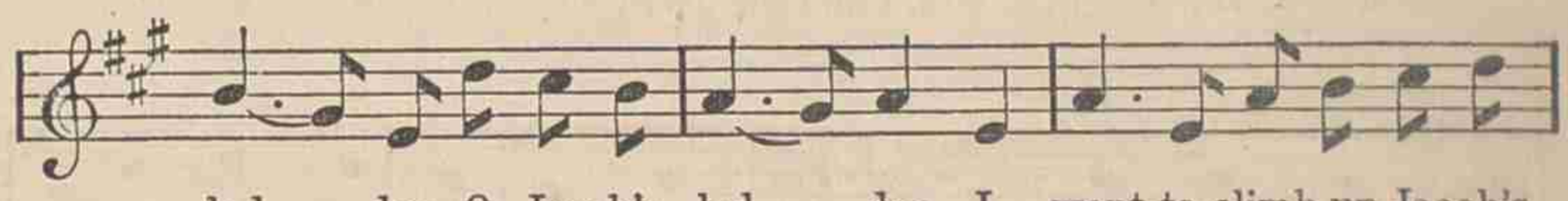


want to jine the band, (Sing togeth - er) I want to jine the band.
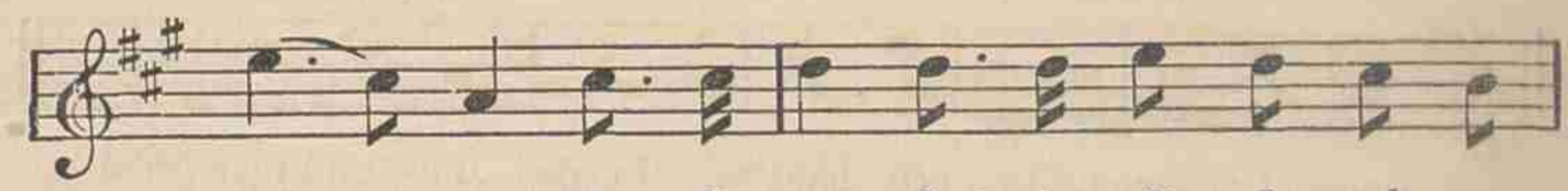
117. JACOB'S LADDER.
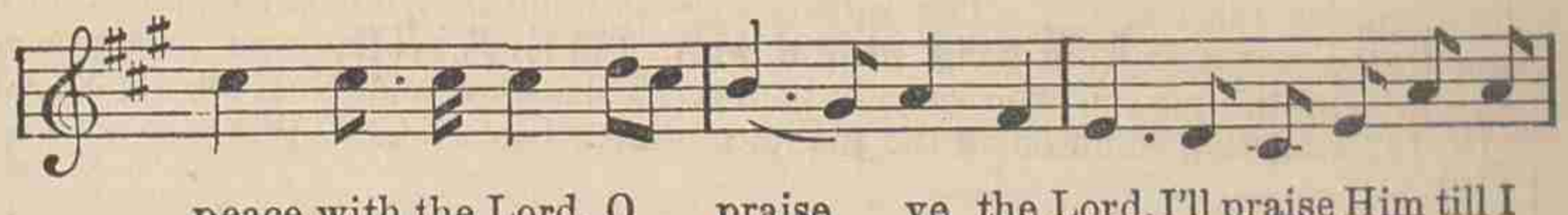


I want to climb up Jacob's lad - der, Jacob's



lad - der, O Jacob's lad - der, I want to climb up Jacob's
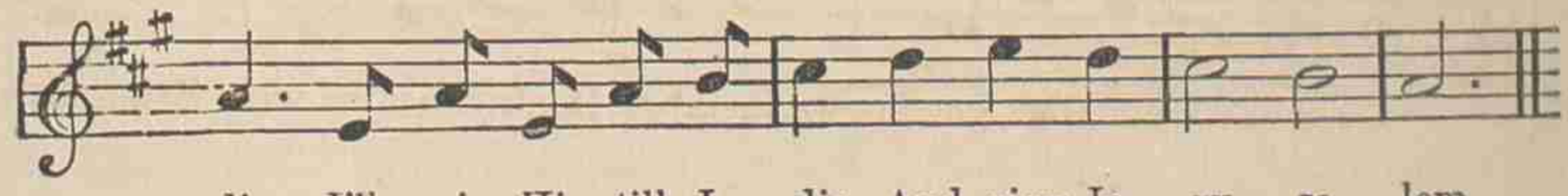


lad - der, But I can't climb it till I make my



peace with the Lord. O praise ye the Lord, I'll praise Him till I
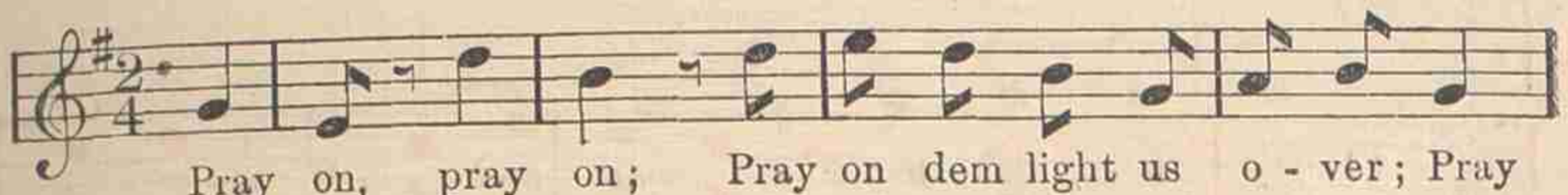
O praise the Lord, O praise ye the
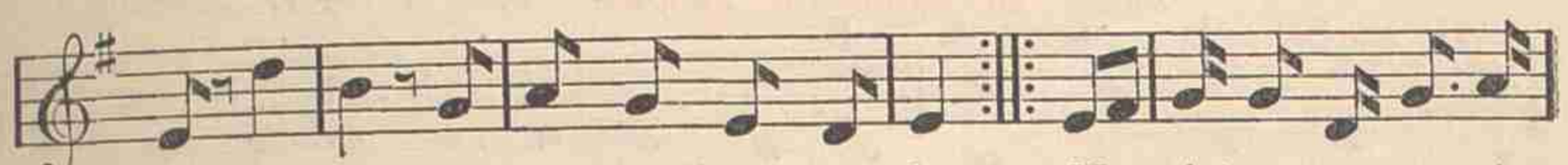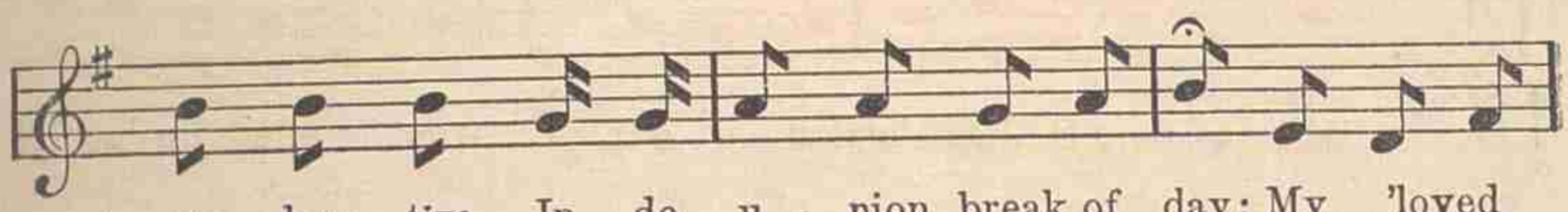


die, I'll praise Him till I die, And sing Je - ru - sa - lem,
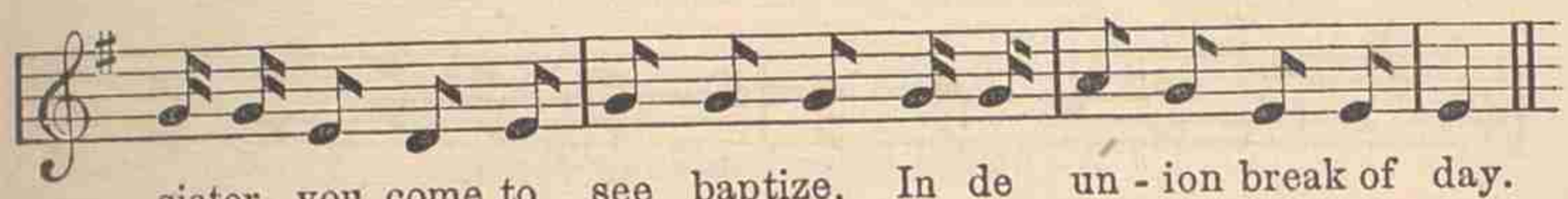
Lord.

118. PRAY ON.
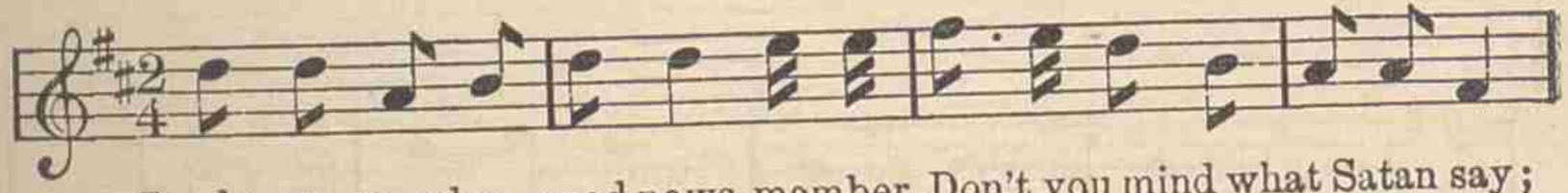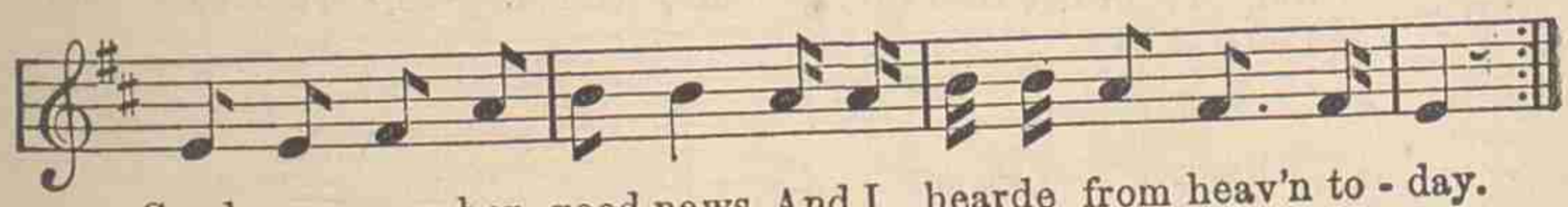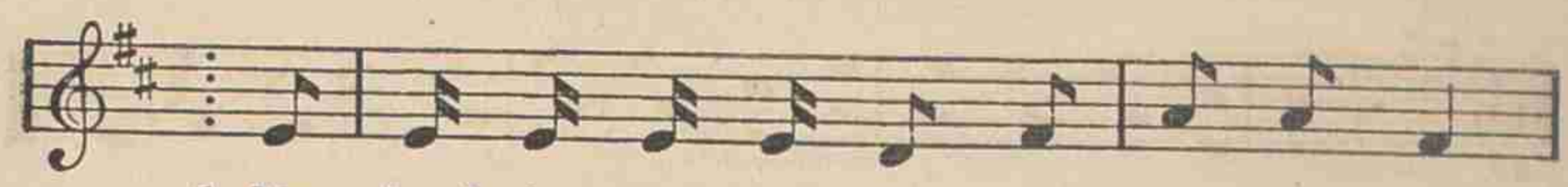








[As an interpretation of "dem light us over," I suggest "de night is over;" and "union" should probably have a capital *U*. "De night is over; de Union break of day (da comin')." The interchange of *l* and *n* is not uncommon, and is illustrated again in this song in the word "Union," which was pronounced "yuliul" by the person who sang it to me. This song and Nos. 38, 41, 42, 43, 119, 122, and 123, came on to the plantation after I left.—C. P. W.]

119. GOOD NEWS, MEMBER.



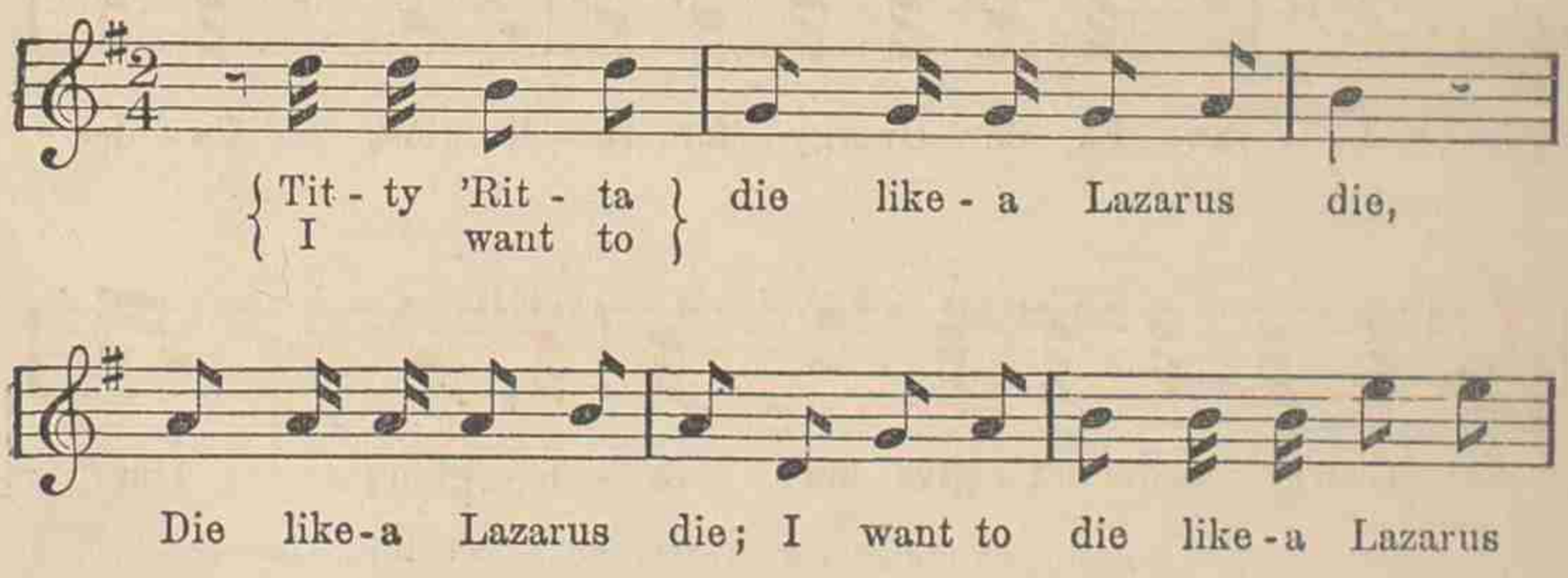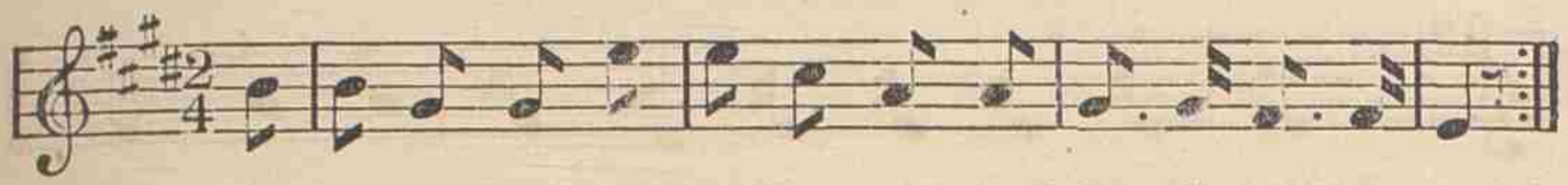




2 Mr. Hawley have a home in Paradise.

3 Archangel bring baptizing down.
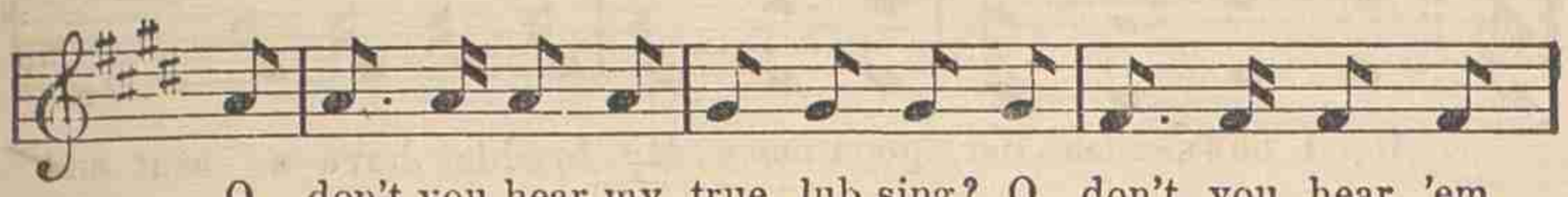
120. I WANT TO DIE LIKE-A LAZARUS DIE.
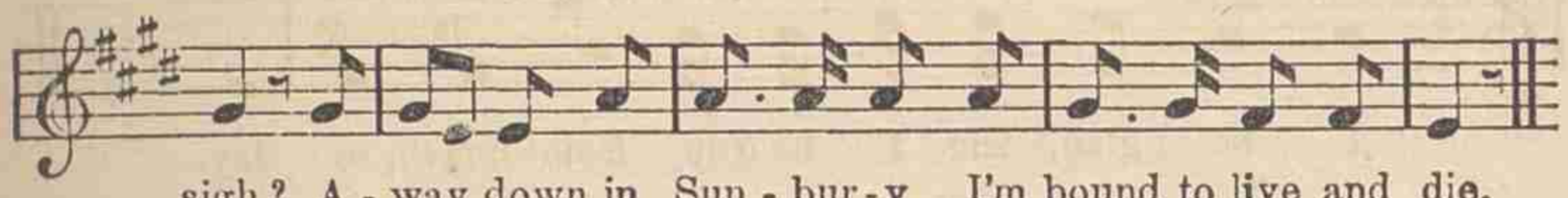


121. AWAY DOWN IN SUNBURY.



{ O massa take dat new bran coat And hang it on de wall,
Dat darkee take dat same ole coat And wear 'em to de ball. }
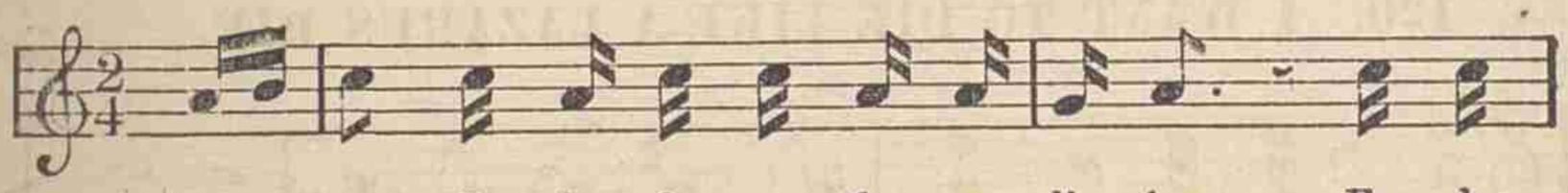


O don't you hear my true lub sing? O don't you hear 'em
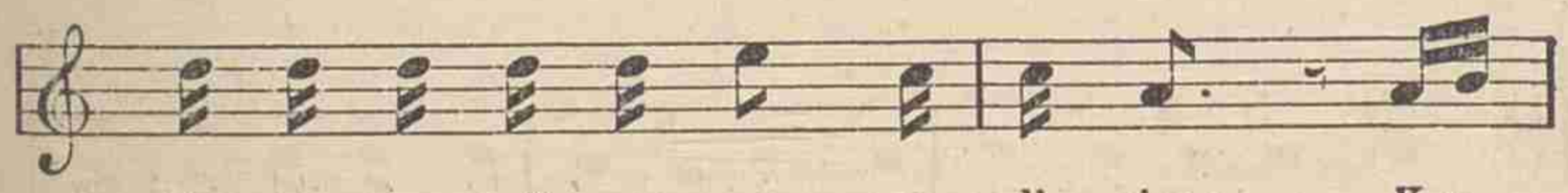


sigh? A - way down in Sun - bur - y I'm bound to live and die.
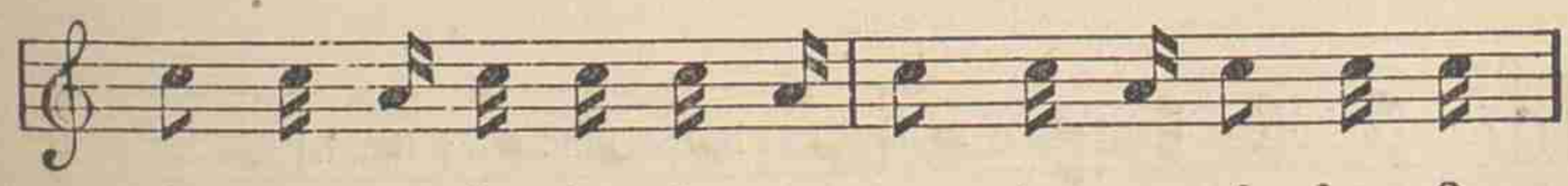
122. THIS IS THE TROUBLE OF THE WORLD.
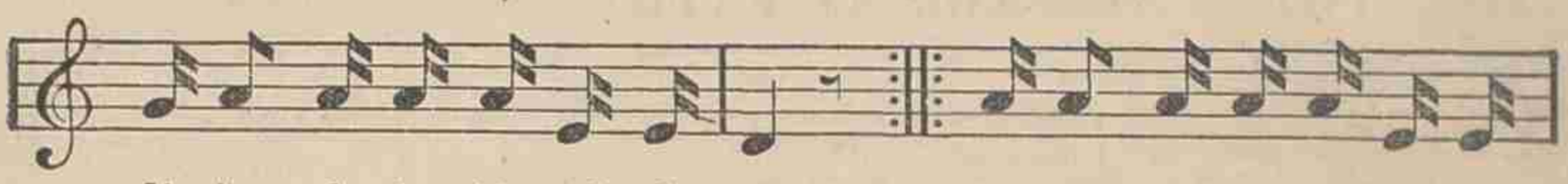


I ax Fa - der Georgy for re - li - gion, Fa - der
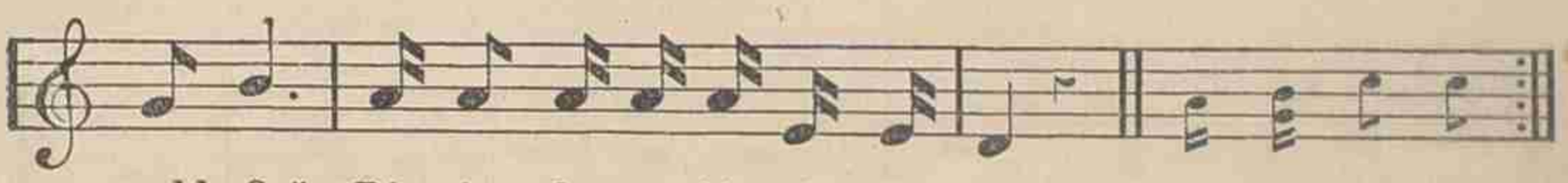


Georgy wouldn't give me re - li - gion; You



give me re - li - gion for to run to my el - der; O
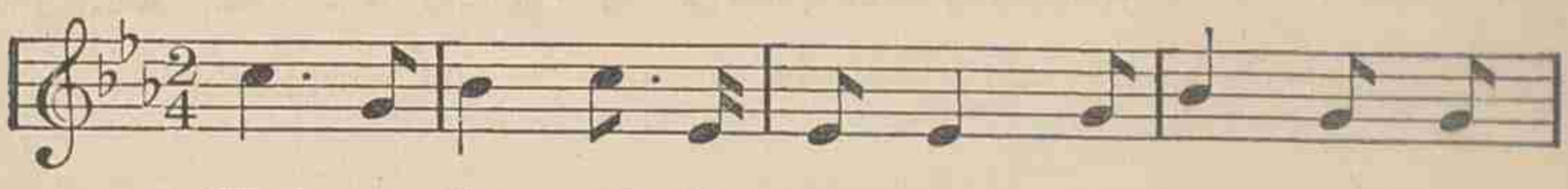


dis is de trouble of de world. Dis is de trouble of de
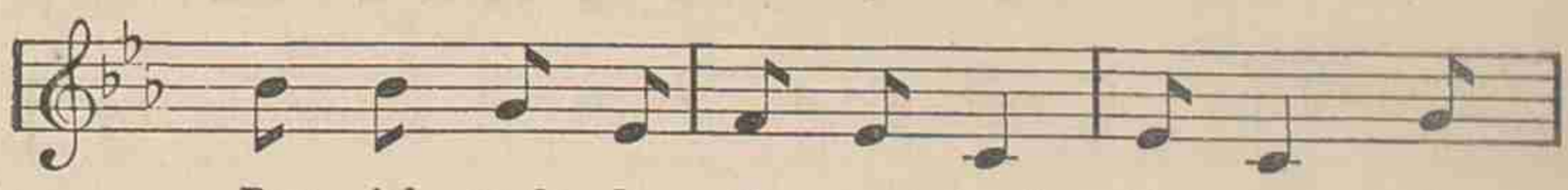


world, O,* Dis is de trouble of de world. (what you { doubt / shame } for?)
(take it ea - sy)
(Tit - ty 'Me - lia)

* (What you doubt for?) etc.
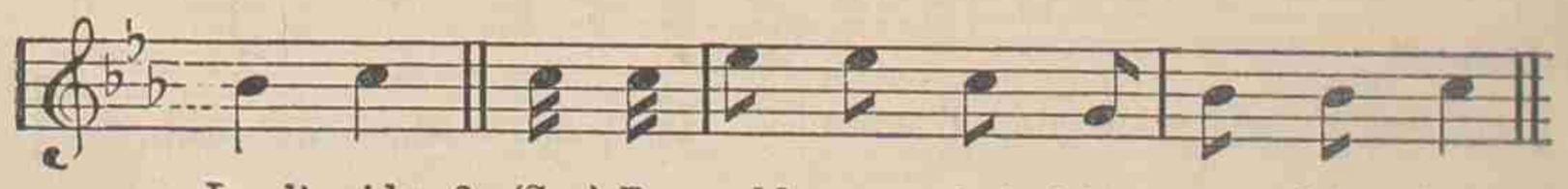
123. LEAN ON THE LORD'S SIDE.



1. Wai', poor Dan - iel, He lean on de Lord's side; (Say)



Dan - iel rock de li - on joy,* Lean on de
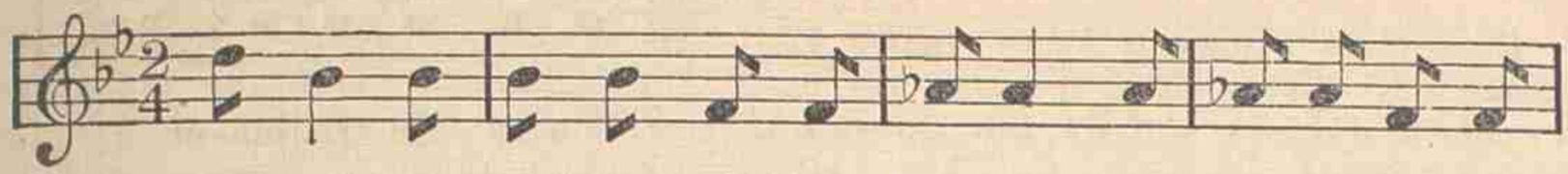


Lord's side. 2. (Say) De gold - en chain † to ease him down.

3 De silver spade to dig his grave;
He lean, etc.
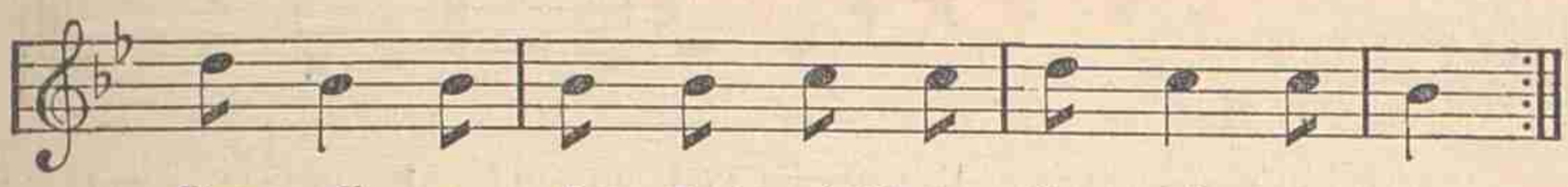
* *i. e.* Daniel (as if Samson) racked the lion's *jaw*. † Band.

A Port Royal variation of "Who is on the Lord's side" (No. 75.)
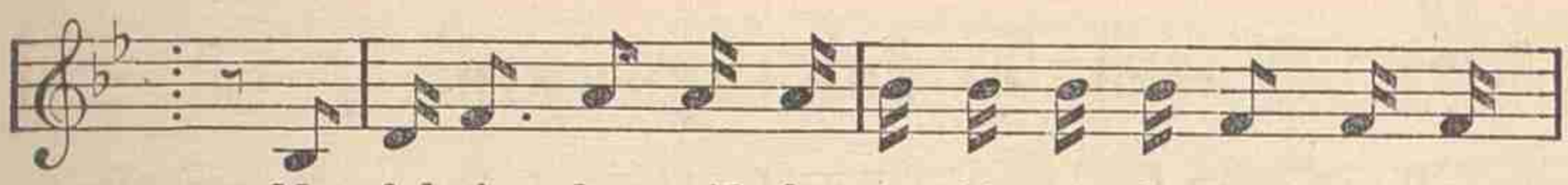
124. THESE ARE ALL MY FATHER'S CHILDREN.
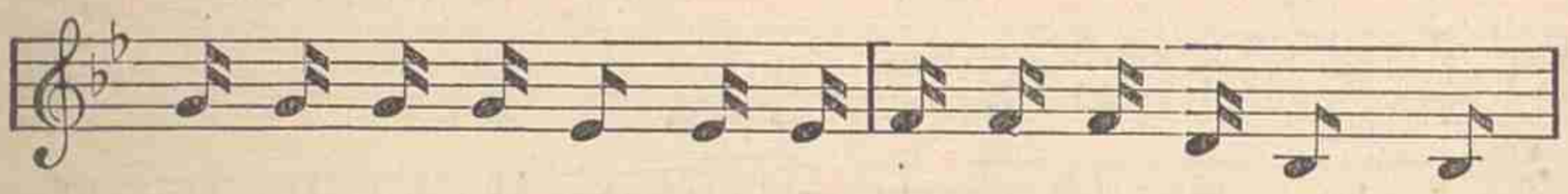


Dese all my fader's children, Dese all my fader's children,
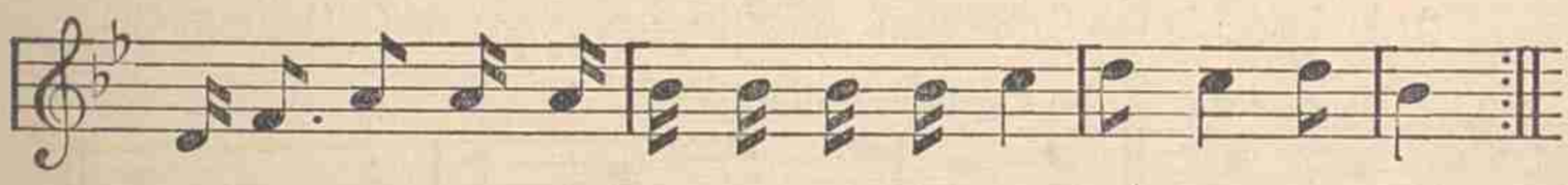


Dese all my fa - der's children, Out - shine de sun.



My fader's done wid de trouble o' de world, wid de



trouble o' de world, wid de trouble o' de world, My
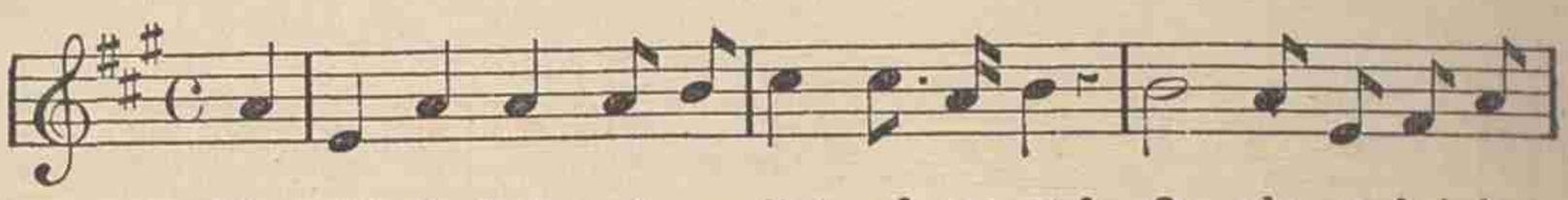


fader's done wid de trouble o' de world, Outshine de sun.
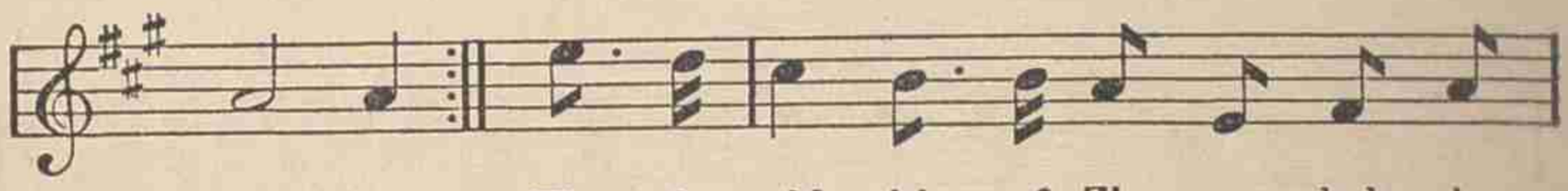
[This is interesting as being probably the original of "Trouble of the world" (No. 10,) and peculiarly so from the following custom, which is described by a North Carolina negro as existing in South Carolina. When a *pater-familias* dies, his family assemble in the room where the coffin is, and, ranging themselves round the body in the order of age and relationship, sing this hymn, marching round and round. They also take the youngest and pass him first over and then under the coffin. Then two men take the coffin on their shoulders and carry it on the run to the grave.]

125. THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.
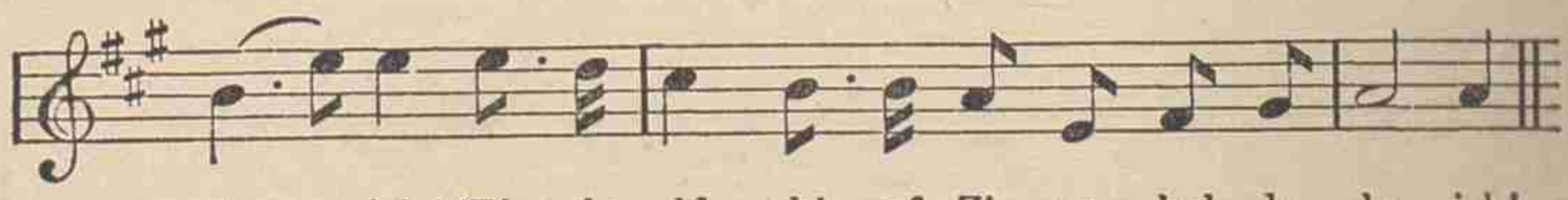
[We have received two versions of the "Old Ship of Zion," quite different from each other and from those given by Col. Higginson. The first was sung twenty-five years ago by the colored people of Ann Arundel Co., Maryland. The words may be found in "The Chorus" (Philadelphia: A. S. Jenks, 1860,) p. 170. (Compare, also, p. 167.)



1. What ship is that you're en- list - ed up - on? O glo - ry hal - le -
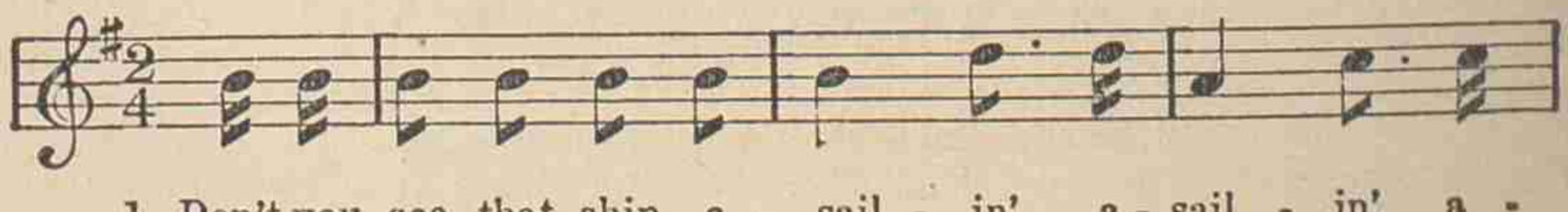


- lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, hal - le -
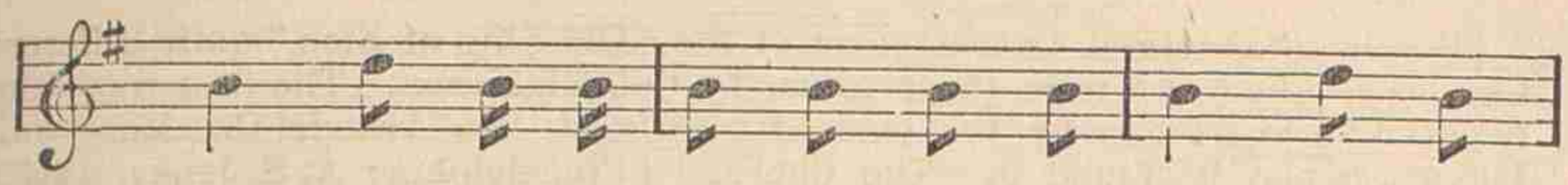


- lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, hal - le - lu - jah!

2 And who is the Captain of the ship that you're on?—O glory, etc.
My Saviour is the Captain, hallelujah!
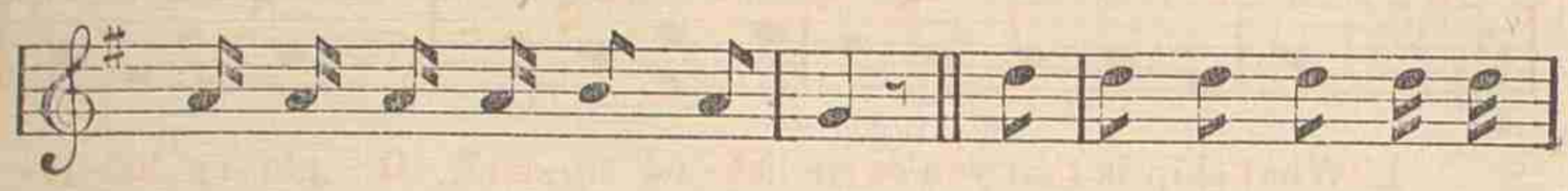
[The other is from North Carolina:]
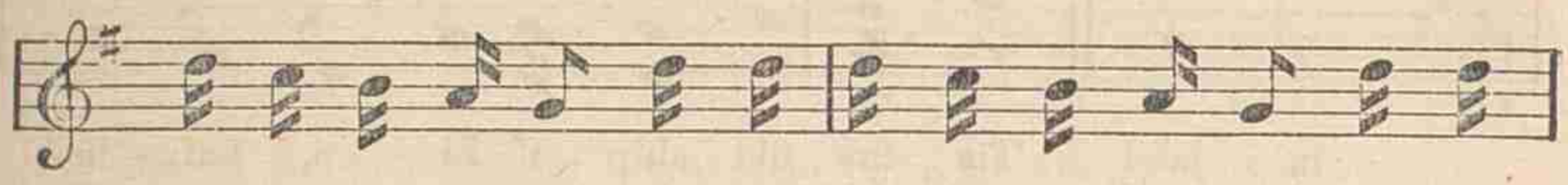


1. Don't you see that ship a - sail - in', a - sail - in', a -
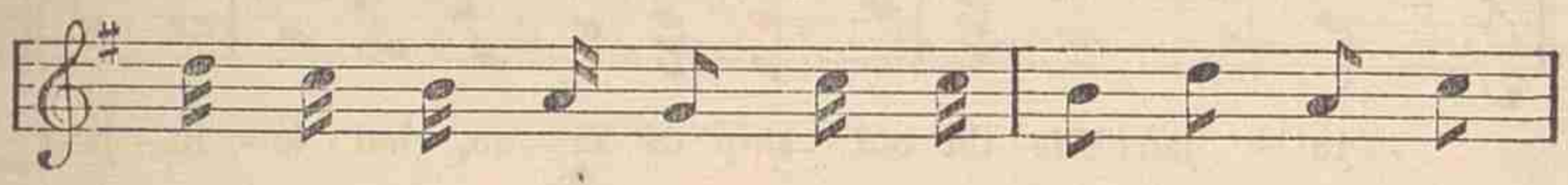


- sail - in', Don't you see that ship a - sail - in', Gwine
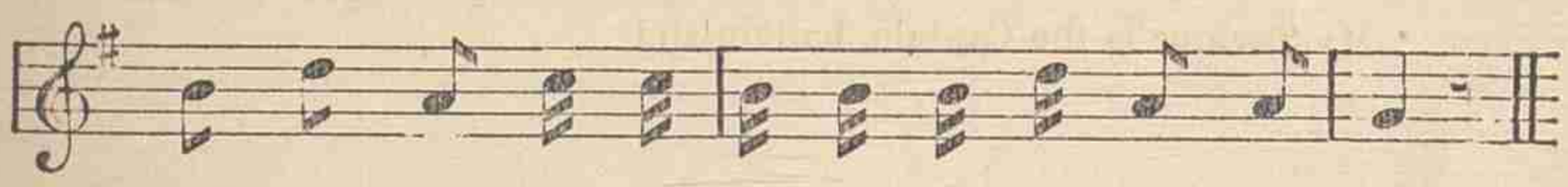


o - ver to the Prom - ised Land? I asked my Lord, shall I



ev - er be the one, shall I ev - er be the one, shall I



ev - er be the one, To go sail - in', sail - in',
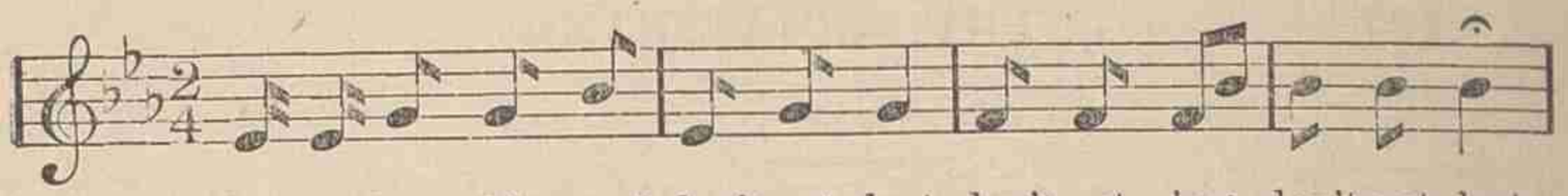


sail - in', sail - in', Gwine o - ver to the Promised Land?

2 She sails like she is heavy loaded.
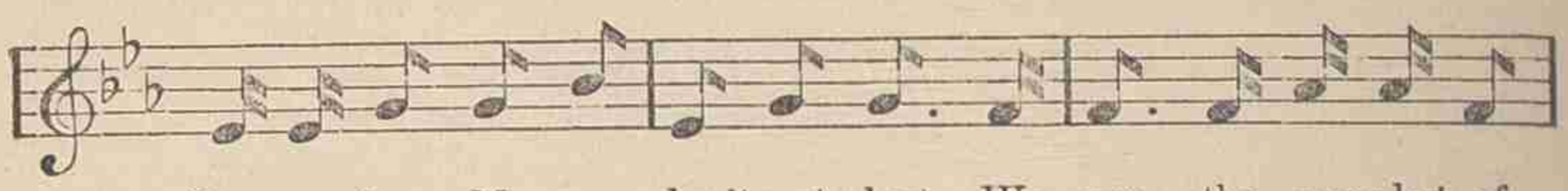
3 King Jesus is the Captain.

4 The Holy Ghost is the Pilot.
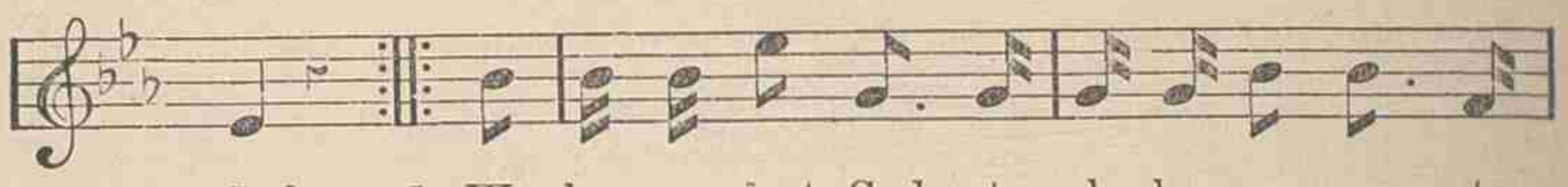
126. COME ALONG, MOSES.
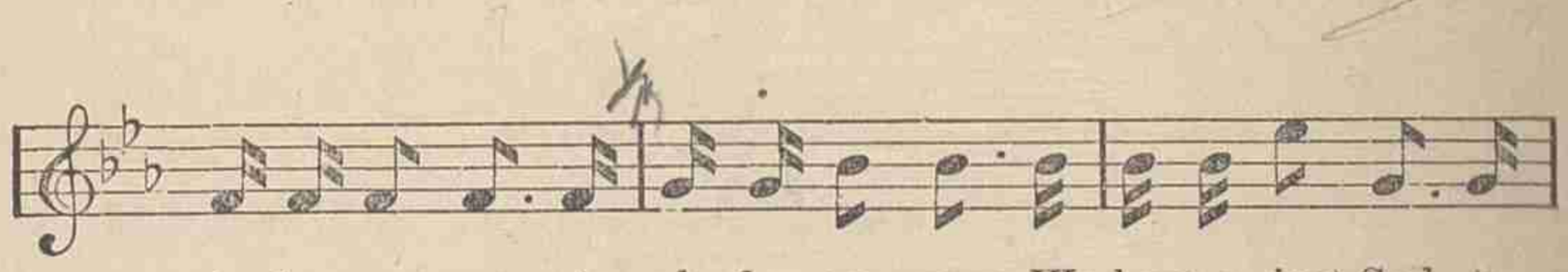


Come a - long, Mo-ses,* don't get lost, don't get lost, don't get lost,
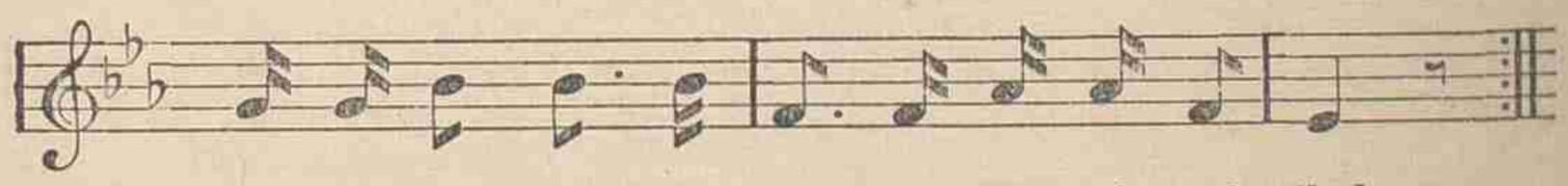


Come a - long, Mo- ses, don't get lost, We are the people† of



God. 1. We have a just God to plead-a our cause, to



plead-a our cause, to plead-a our cause, We have a just God to



plead-a our cause, We are the peo-ple of God.

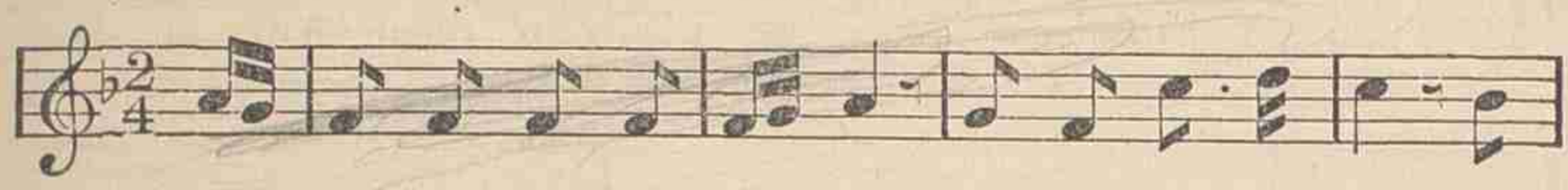
2 He sits in the Heaven and he answers prayer.

3 Stretch out your rod and come across.
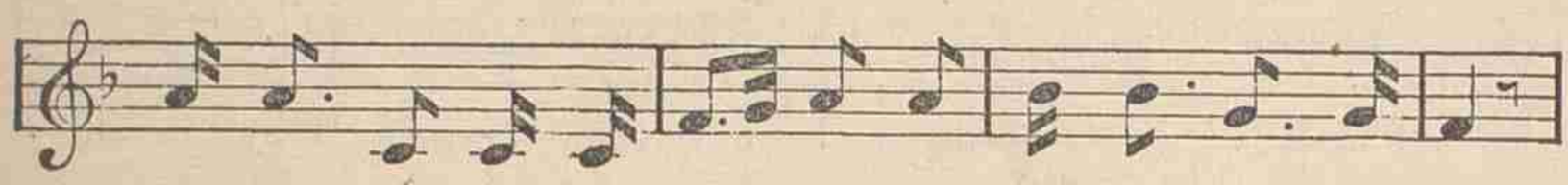
* Judy, Aaron. † Children.

[This air has in parts a suspicious resemblance to the Sunday-school hymn "'Tis religion that can give," which has become very wide-spread in the South since the war. Mrs. James, however, heard it from an old woman in North Carolina, early in 1862, which would seem to vouch for its genuineness.]
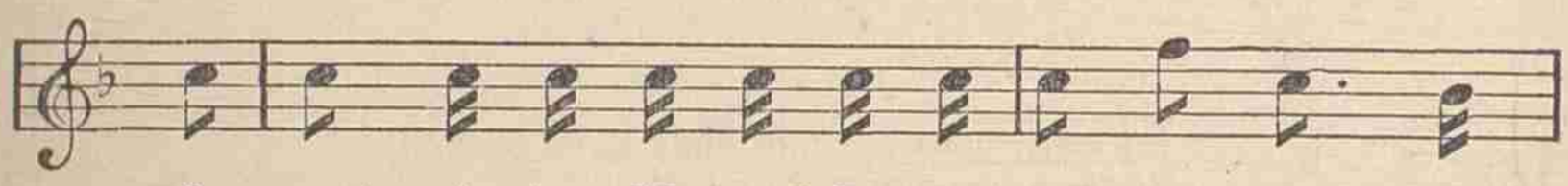
127. THE SOCIAL BAND.
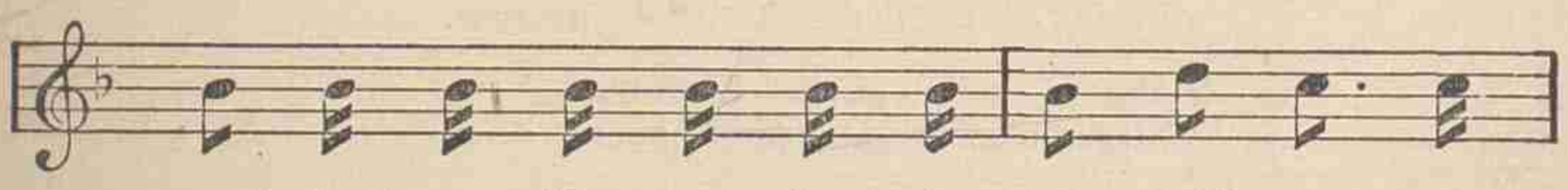


Bright an - gels on the wa - ter, Hovering by the light; Poor



sin - ner stand in the dark ness, And can - not see the light.



I want Aunty Ma - ry * for to go with me, I



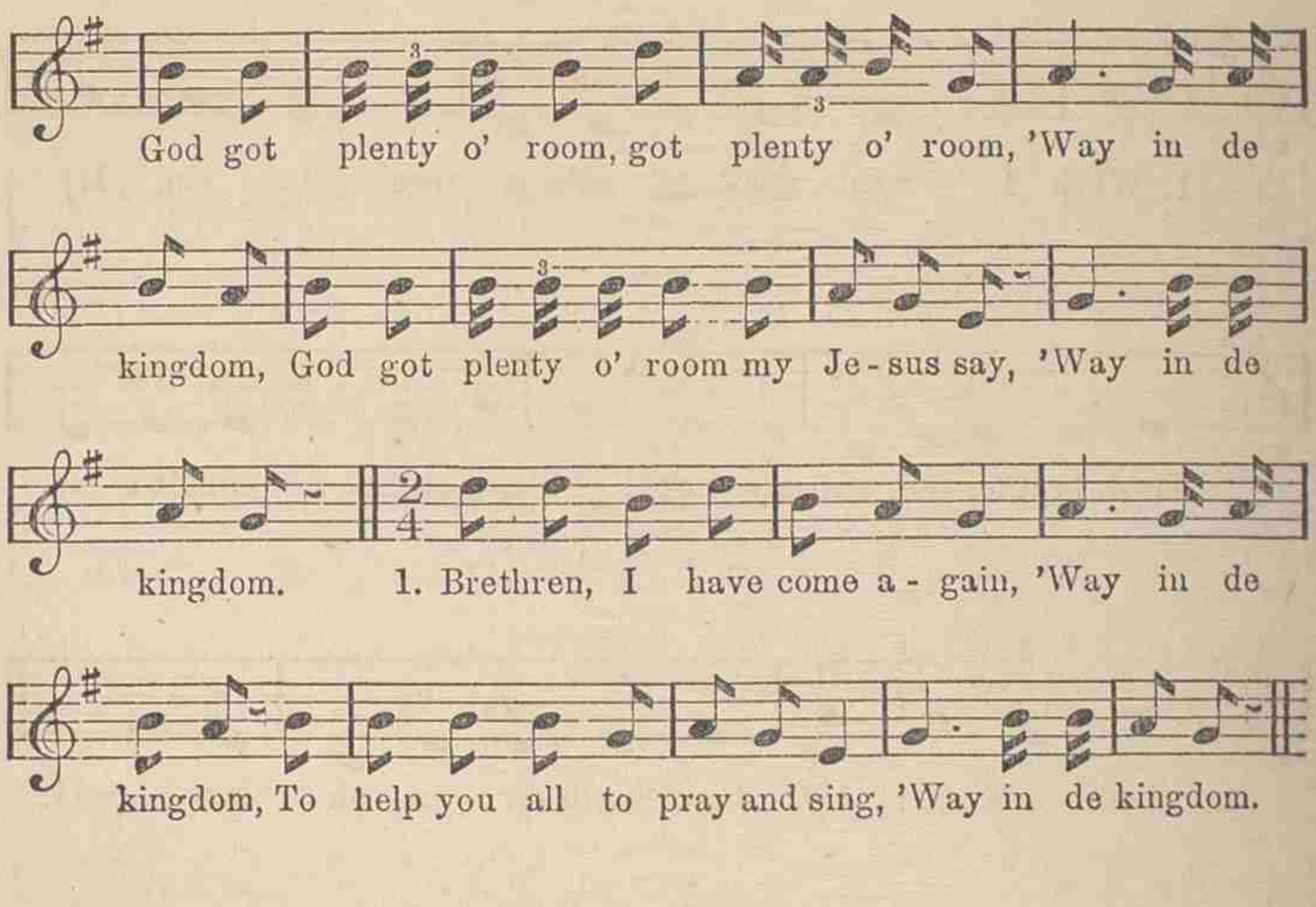
want Aunt - y Ma - ry for to go with me, I



want Aunty Mary for to go with me, To join the social band.

* Brother David.

128. GOD GOT PLENTY O' ROOM.



2 So many-a weeks and days have passed
Since we met together last.

3 Old Satan tremble when he sees
The weakest saints upon their knees.

4 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbed the ladder Jacob saw.

5 Daniel's wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit sure.
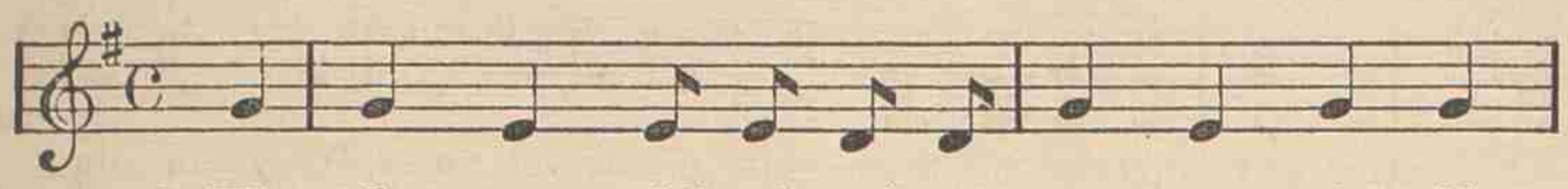
6 John's divine communion feel,
Joseph's meek and Joshua's zeal.

7 There is a school on earth begun
Supported by the Holy One.
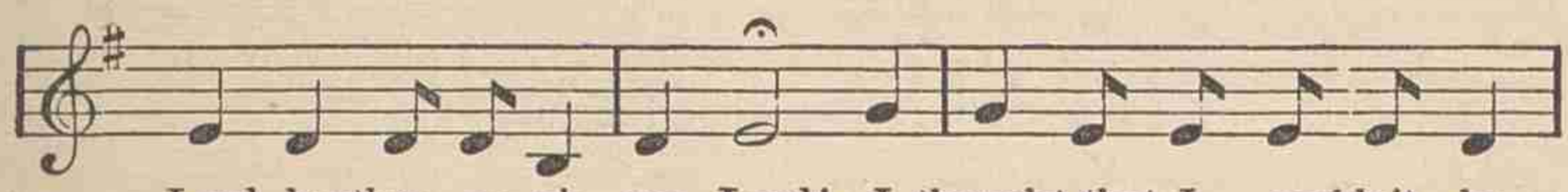
8 We soon shall lay our school-books by,
And shout salvation as I fly.

[The above is given exactly as it was sung, some of the measures in $\frac{2}{8}$, some in $\frac{3}{8}$, and some in $\frac{2}{4}$ time. The irregularity probably arises from omission of rests, but it seemed a hopeless undertaking to attempt to restore the correct time, and it was thought best to give it in this shape as at any rate a characteristic specimen of negro singing. The song was obtained of a North Carolina negro, who said it came from Virginia.]
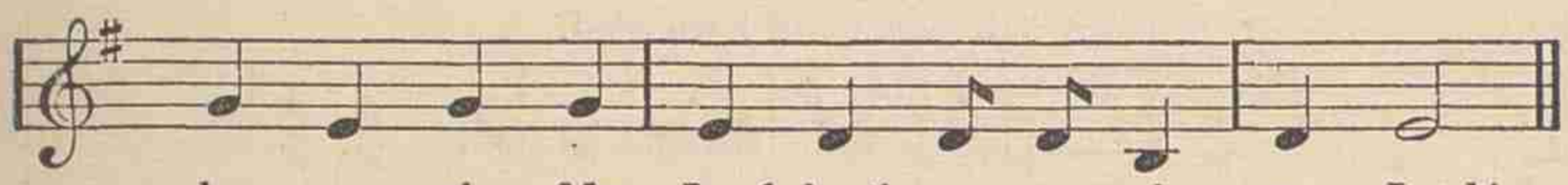
129. YOU MUST BE PURE AND HOLY.



1. When I was wick-ed an'-a prone to sin, My
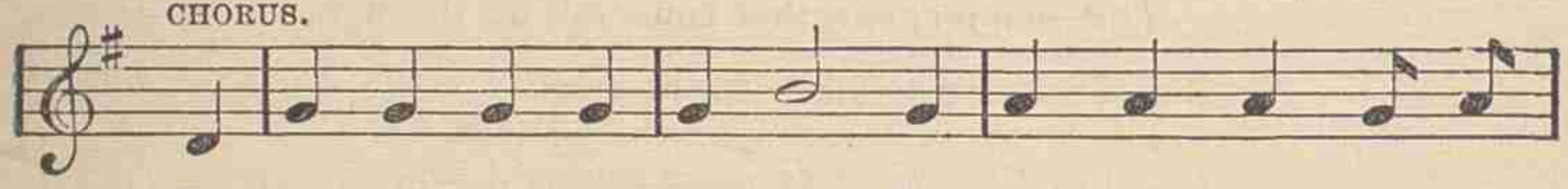


Lord, brether-en, ah my Lord! I thought that I couldn't be
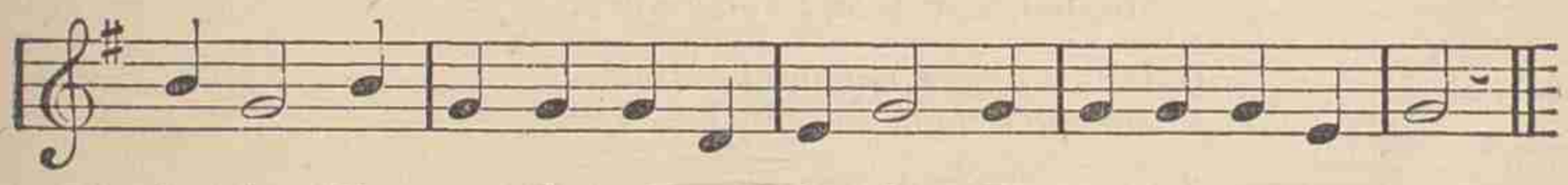


born a-gin, My Lord, breth-er-en, ah my Lord!

CHORUS.



You must be pure and ho-ly, You must be pure an'-a



ho-ly, You must be pure and ho-ly To see God feed his lambs.

2 I'll run all round the cross and cry,
My Lord, bretheren, ah my Lord,
Or give me Jesus, or I die,
My Lord, bretheren, ah my Lord.

You must be pure and holy, etc.

3 The Devil am a liar and conjurer too,
My Lord, etc.
If you don't look out he'll { conjure you, / cut you in two, / cut you through,
My Lord, etc.

4 O run up, sonny, and get your crown,
My Lord, etc.
And by your Father sit you down,
My Lord, etc.

5 I was pretty young when I begun,
My Lord, etc.
But, now my work is almost done,
My Lord, etc.

6 The Devil's mad and I am glad,
My Lord, etc.
He lost this soul, he thought he had,
My Lord, etc.
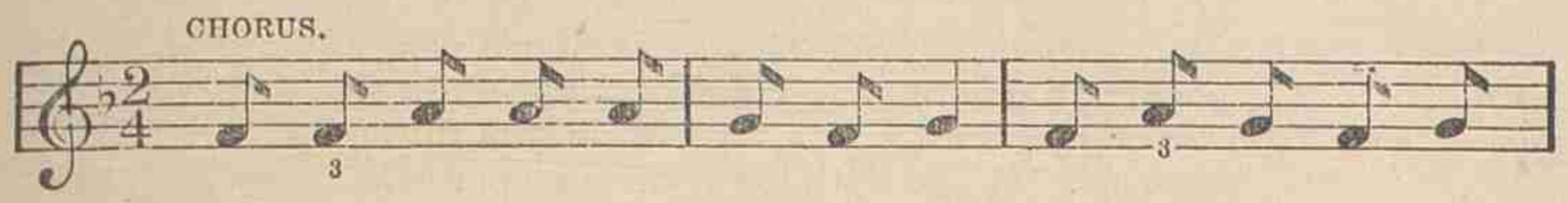
7 Go 'way, Satan, I don't mind you,
My Lord, etc.
You wonder, too, that you can't go through,
My Lord, etc.

8 A lilly * white stone came rolling down,
My Lord, etc.
It rolled like thunder through the town,
My Lord, etc.
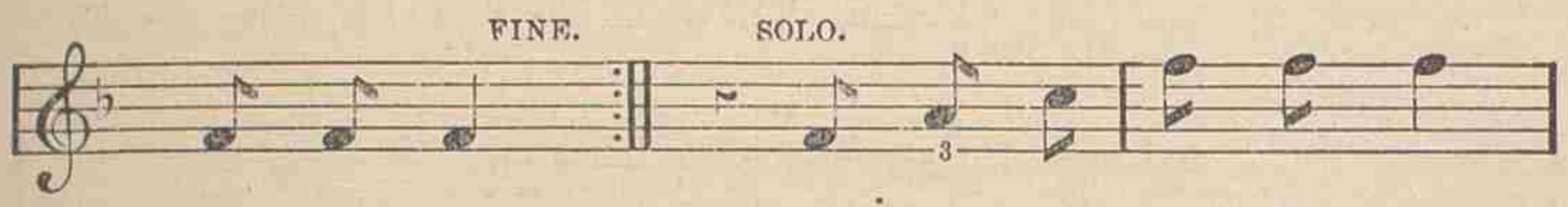
* *Qu.* little. ?

[This is a favorite and apparently genuine song which "flourishes" in a colored church at Auburn, N. Y. having been introduced there from the South. "It is sung on *all* occasions, and without any regard to *order* in the verses; you may not be able to see any connection between any of them. The chorus is always sung once or twice before the verses are used at all. You will see that occasionally there is inserted an extra syllable (ah) and always in the 2nd and 4th lines of the verses; why this is done I am unable to discover, but it appears to assist them wonderfully in singing. The first note in the chorus is sung very *loud*, and is prolonged to an indefinite time, at the pleasure of the leader. You will notice that the air is in the minor mode, but the chorus, with the exception of the last line, in the major."—W. A. B.]
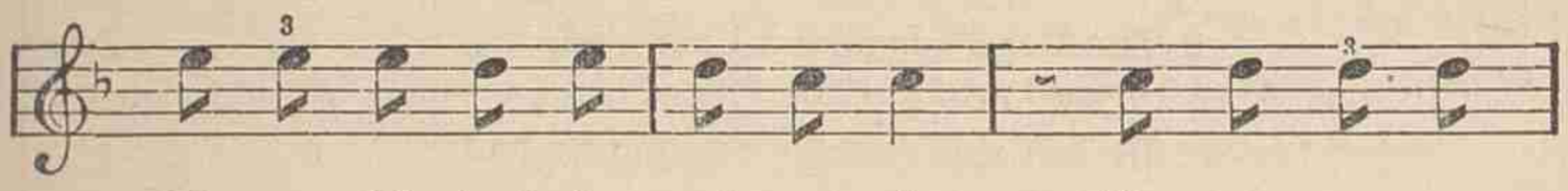
130. BELLE LAYOTTE.
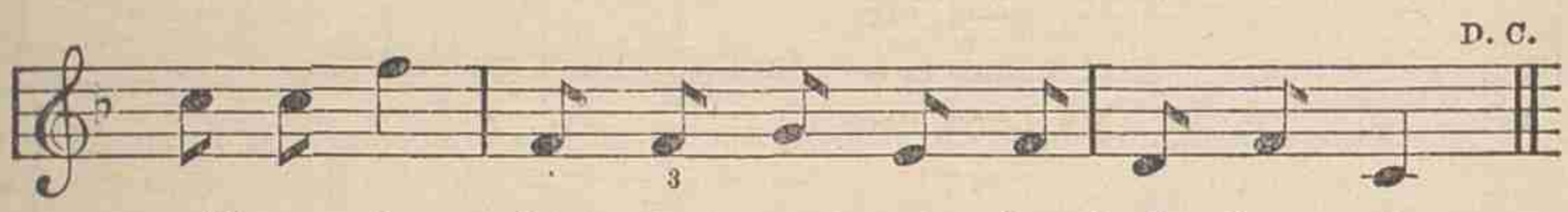


Mo dé - jà rou - lé tout la côte Pan - cor ouar par - eil



belle La - yotte. (*bis*) 1. Mo rou - lé tout la côte,



Mo rou - lé tout la col - o - nie; Mo pan - cor ouar
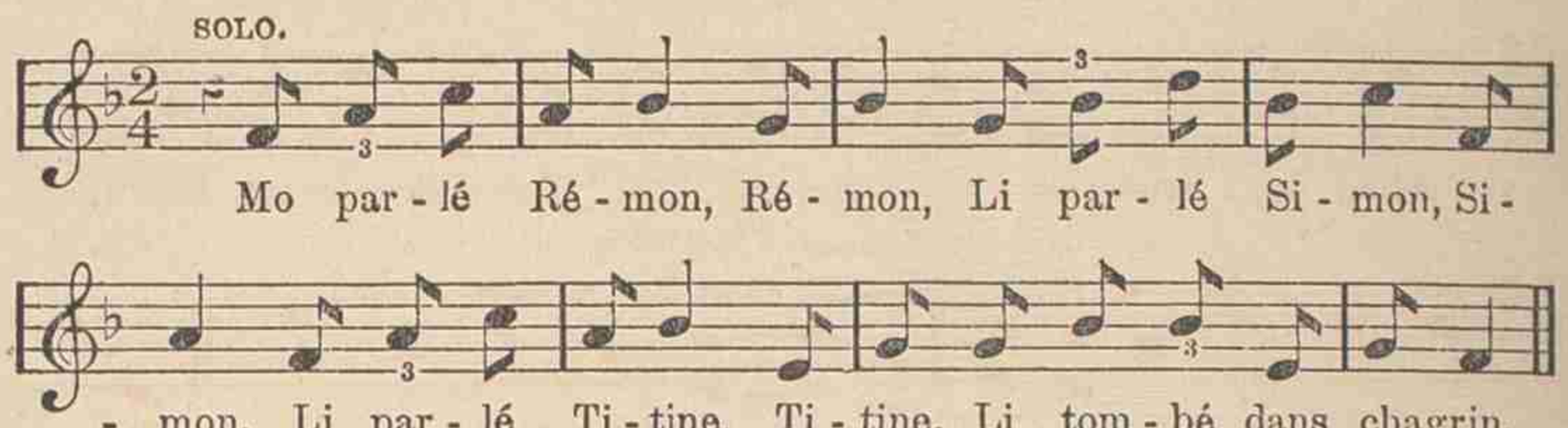


griffonne la Qua mo gout comme la belle La - yotte.

2 Jean Babet, mon ami,
Si vous couri par en haut,
Vous mandé belle Layotte
Cadeau la li té promi mouin.

3 Domestique la maison
Yé tout faché avec mouin,
Paraporte chanson la
Mo composé pou la belle Layotte.
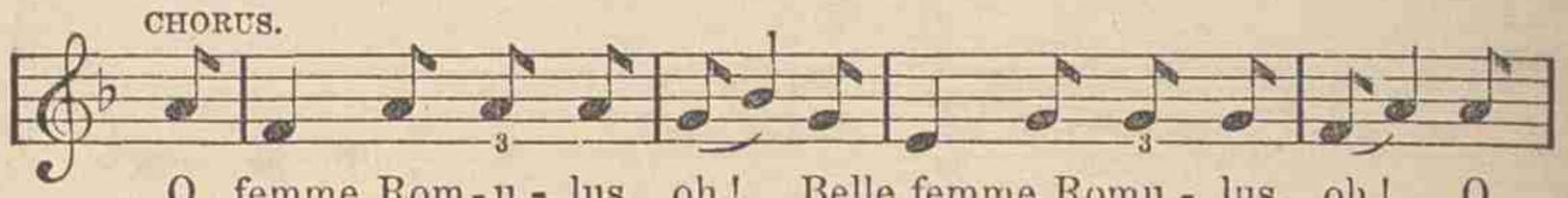
131. RÉMON.

SOLO.



Mo par - lé Ré - mon, Ré - mon, Li par - lé Si - mon, Si - mon, Li par - lé Ti - tine, Ti - tine, Li tom - bé dans chagrin.
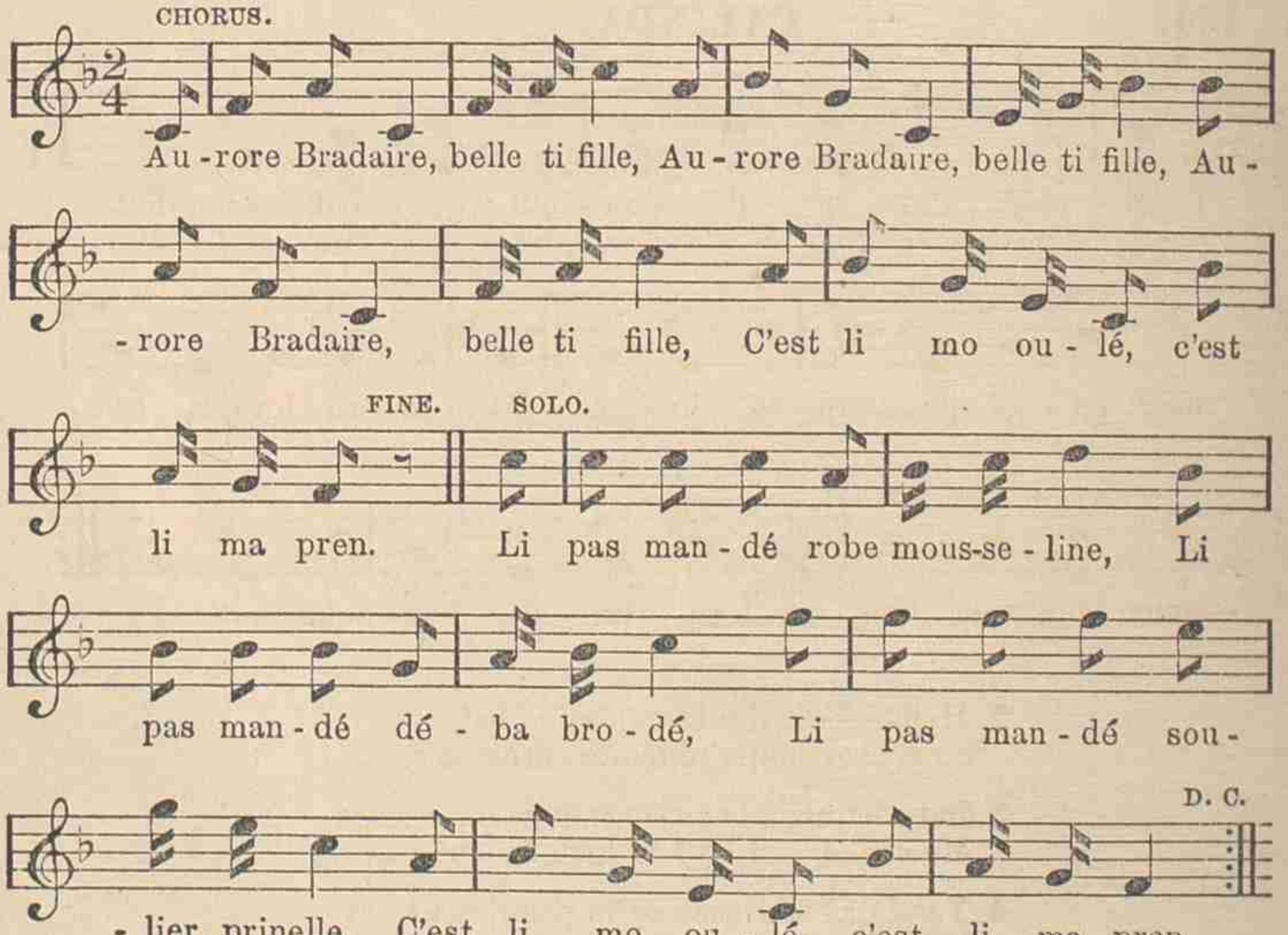
CHORUS.



O femme Rom - u - lus, oh! Belle femme Romu - lus, oh! O femme Rom - u - lus, oh! Belle femme qui ça vou - lé mo fai.

132. AURORE BRADAIRE.

CHORUS.



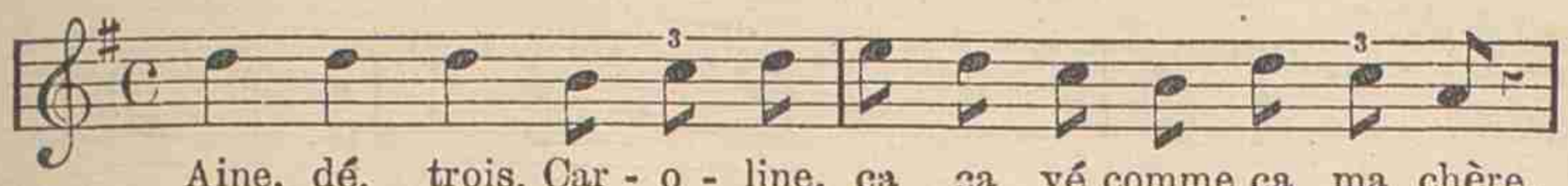
Au - rore Bradaire, belle ti fille, Au - rore Bradaire, belle ti fille, Au - rore Bradaire, belle ti fille, C'est li mo ou - lé, c'est li ma pren.

FINE. SOLO.
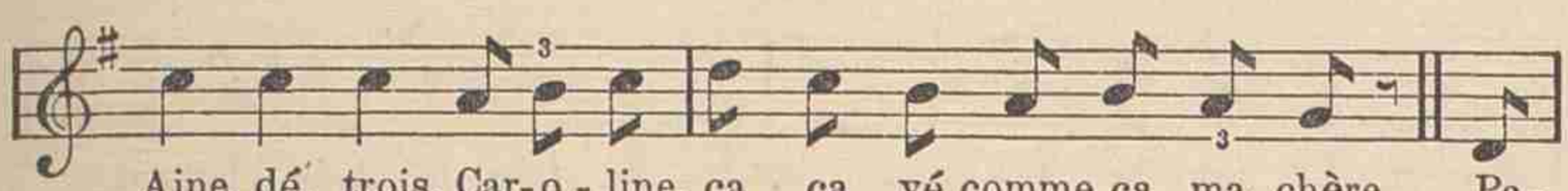
Li pas man - dé robe mous-se - line, Li pas man - dé dé - ba bro - dé, Li pas man - dé sou - lier prinelle, C'est li mo ou - lé, c'est li ma pren.

D. C.
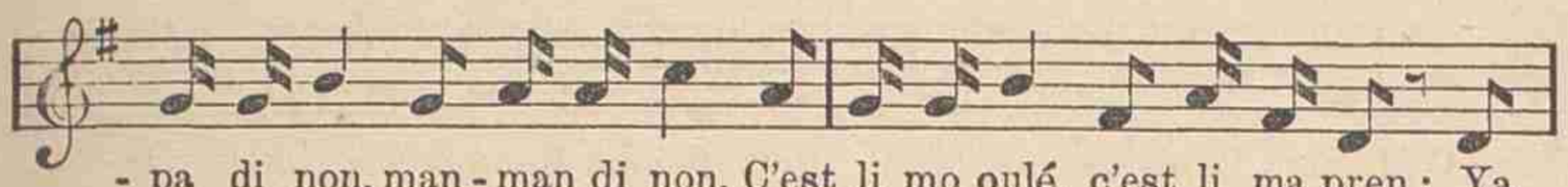
133. CAROLINE.
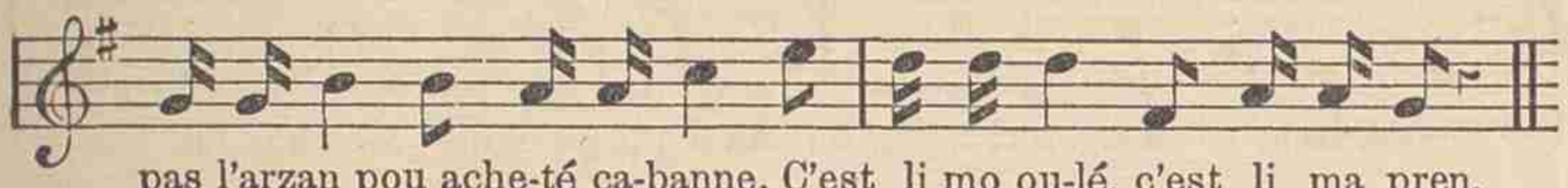


Aine, dé, trois, Car - o - line, ça ça yé comme ça ma chère,



Aine, dé, trois, Car-o - line, ça ça yé comme ça ma chère. Pa -
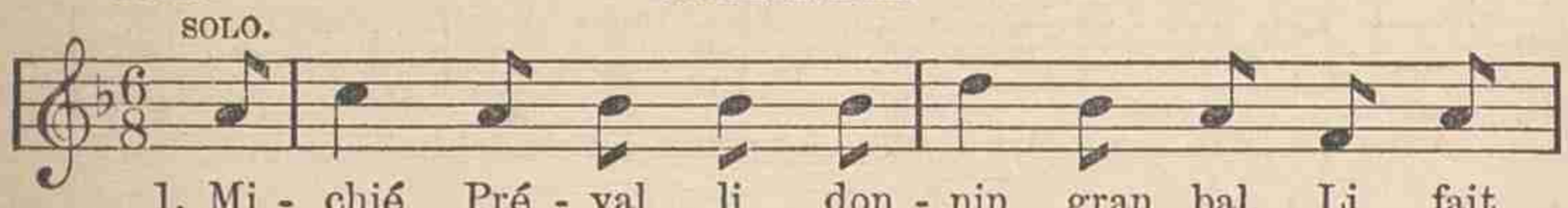


- pa di non, man - man di non, C'est li mo oulé, c'est li ma pren ; Ya
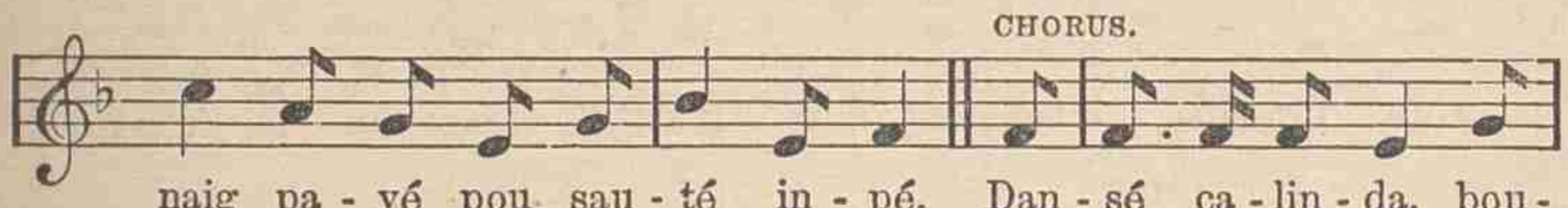


pas l'arzan pou ache-té ca-banne, C'est li mo ou-lé, c'est li ma pren.
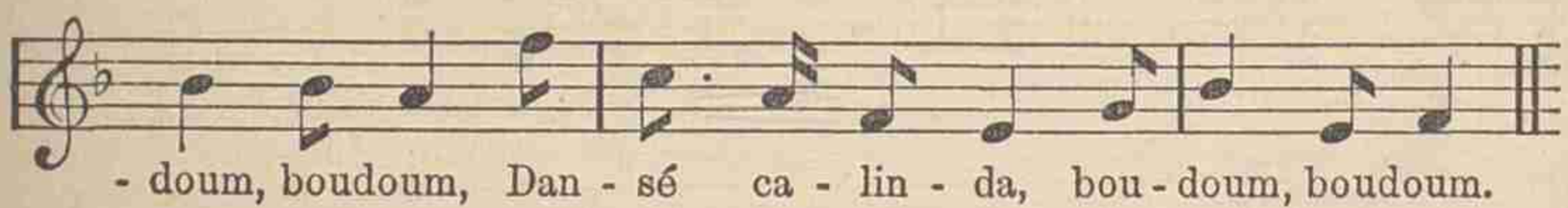
134. CALINDA.



1. Mi - chié Pré - val li don - nin gran bal, Li fait



naig pa - yé pou sau - té in - pé. Dan - sé ca - lin - da, bou -
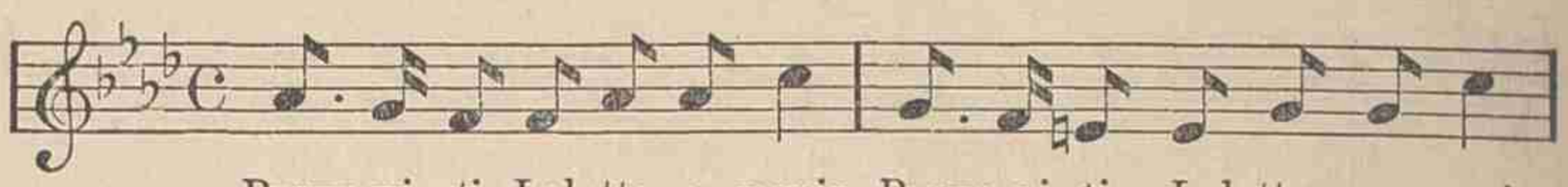


- doum, boudoum, Dan - sé ca - lin - da, bou - doum, boudoum.

2 Michié Préval li té capitaine bal,
So cocher Louis té maite cérémonie.
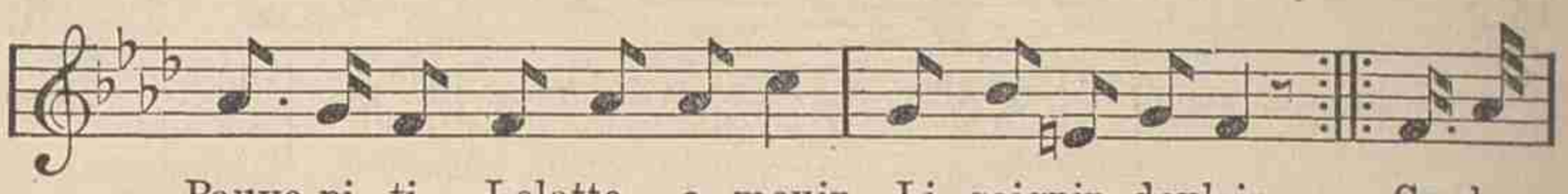
3 Dans lequirie la yavé gran gala,
Mo cré choual layé té bien étonné.

4 Yavé des négresse belle passé maitresse,
Yé volé bébelle dans l'ormoire mamzelle.
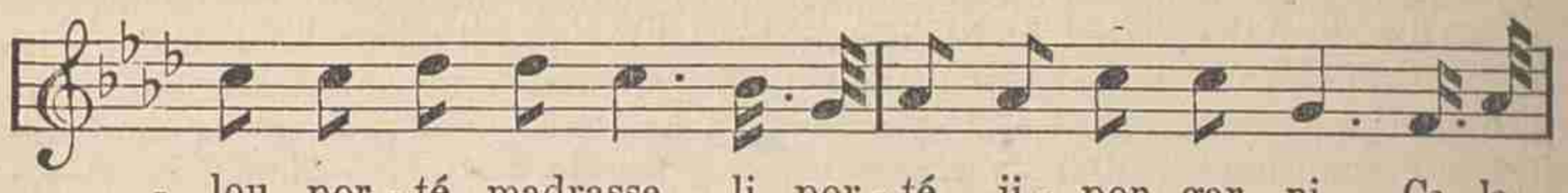
135. LOLOTTE.
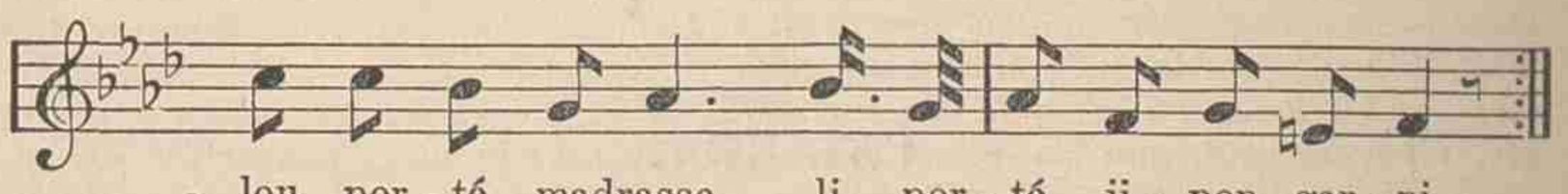


Pauve pi - ti Lolotte a mouin, Pauve pi - ti Lolotte a mouin,
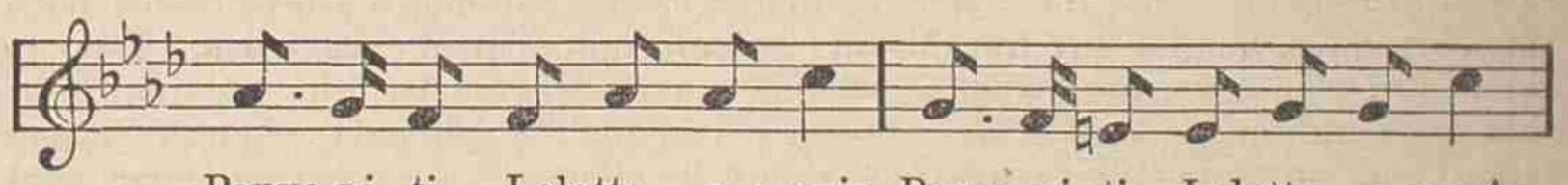


Pauve pi - ti Lolotte a mouin, Li gaignin doulair. Ca - la -
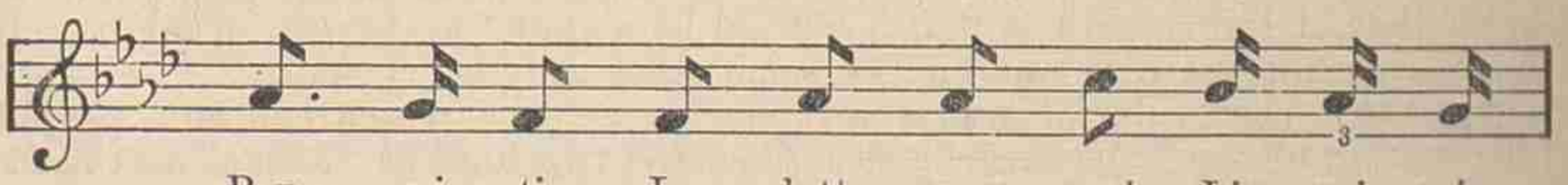


- lou por - té madrasse, li por - té ji - pon gar - ni, Ca - la -
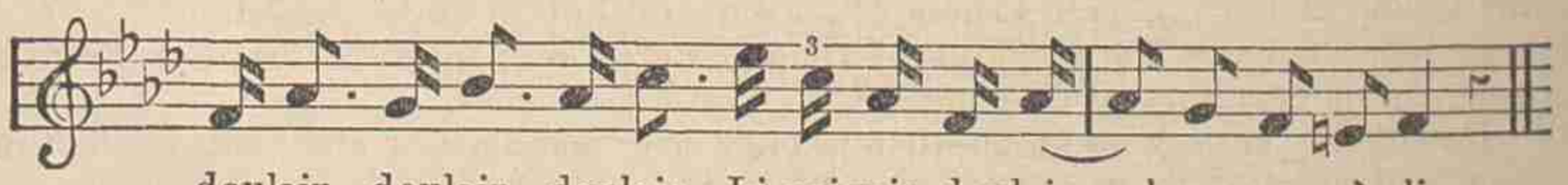


- lou por - té madrasse, li por - té ji - pon gar - ni.



Pauve pi - ti Lolotte a mouin, Pauve pi - ti Lolotte a mouin,
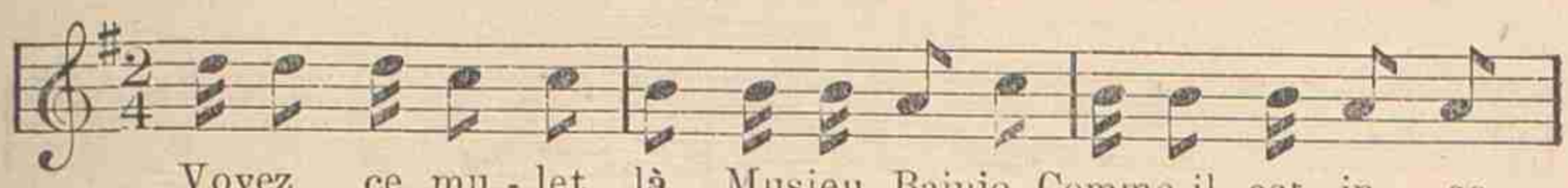


Pauve pi - ti Lo - lotte a mouin, Li gai - gnin
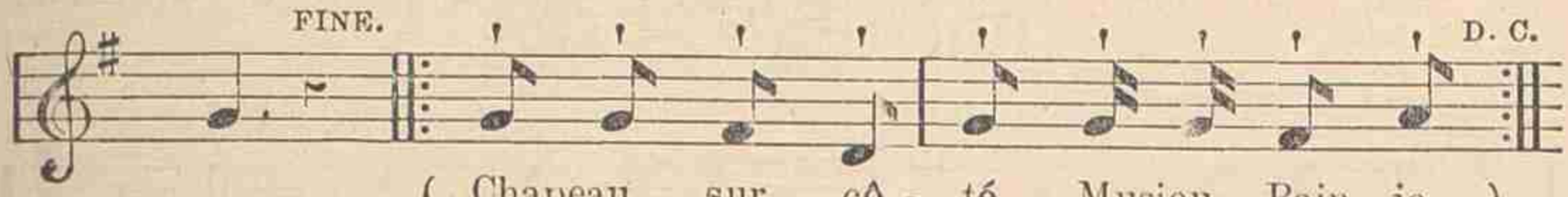


doulair, doulair, doulair, Li gaignin doulair dans cœur à li.

136. MUSIEU BAINJO.



Voyez ce mu - let là, Musieu Bainjo, Comme il est in - so -



- lent. { Chapeau sur cô - té, Musieu Bain - jo,
La canne à la main, Musieu Bain - jo,
Botte qui fait crin, crin, Musieu Bain - jo, }

[The seven foregoing songs were obtained from a lady who heard them sung, before the war, on the "Good Hope" plantation, St. Charles Parish, Louisiana. The language, evidently a rude corruption of French, is that spoken by the negroes in that part of the State; and it is said that it is more difficult for persons who speak French to interpret this dialect, than for those who speak English to understand the most corrupt of the ordinary negro-talk. The pronunciation of this negro-French is indicated, as accurately as possible, in the versions given here, which furnish, also, many interesting examples of the peculiar phrases and idioms employed by this people. The frequent omission of prepositions, articles, and auxiliary verbs, as well as of single letters, and the contractions constantly occurring, are among the most noticeable peculiarities. Some of the most difficult words are: *mo* for *me, mon, je; li* for *lui, le, la, il, elle; mouin* for *moi; yé* for *ils, leur; aine, dé*, for *un, deux; té* for *été, était; ya, yavé* for *il y a*, etc.; *ouar* for *voir* and its inflections; *oulé* for *vouloir*, etc.; *pancor* for *pas encore; michié* for *monsieur; inpé* for *un peu.* The words are, of course, to be pronounced as if they were pure French.

Four of these songs, Nos. 130, 131, 132 and 133, were sung to a simple dance, a sort of minuet, called the *Coonjai;* the name and the dance are probably both of African origin. When the *Coonjai* is danced, the music is furnished by an orchestra of singers, the leader of whom—a man selected both for the quality of his voice and for his skill in improvising—sustains the solo part, while the others afford him an opportunity, as they shout in chorus, for inventing some neat verse to compliment some lovely *danseuse*, or celebrate the deeds of some plantation hero. The dancers themselves never sing, as in the case of the religious "shout" of the Port Royal negroes; and the usual musical accompaniment, besides that of the singers, is that furnished by a skilful performer on the barrel-head-drum, the jaw-bone and key, or some other rude instrument.

No. 134. The "calinda" was a sort of contra-dance, which has now passed entirely out of use. Bescherelle describes the two lines as "avançant et reculant en cadence, et faisant des contorsions fort singulières et des gestes fort lascifs."

The first movement of No. 135, "Lolotte," has furnished M. Gottschalk with the theme of his "Ballade Créole," "La Savane," op. 3 de la Louisiane.

In 136, we have the attempt of some enterprising negro to write a French song; he is certainly to be congratulated on his success.

It will be noticed that all these songs are "seculars"; and that while the words of most of them are of very little account, the music is as peculiar, as interesting, and, in the case of two or three of them, as difficult to write down, or to sing correctly, as any that have preceded them.]

EDITORS' NOTE.

THE original arrangement of the foregoing collection has not been adhered to. Why the secular songs do not appear by themselves has been already explained. That the division into parts is not strictly geographical was caused by the tardy arrival of most of the songs contained in Part IV. Should a second edition ever be justified by the favor with which the present is received, these irregularities will be corrected.

It was proposed to print music without words, and words without music, each by themselves. But the first can hardly be said to have been obtained, unless "Shock along, John," No. 86, is an instance. The words without music which in one or two cases were kindly, and we fear laboriously, communicated to us, presented no fresh or striking peculiarities, and we therefore decided against their admission.

As was remarked in the Introduction, we are fully aware of the incompleteness of this collection, though we may fairly enough assume it to be *la crême de la crême*. Col. Higginson writes:

"I wish you would look up one 'spiritual,' of which I only remember the chorus—'*It doth appear*'—as being often sung in camp. Also, '*Ring dat charming bell*,' which they used to sing to please Mrs. Saxton, who liked it."

Gen. James H. Wilson, who, in the earlier part of the war, was at Port Royal, and, during explorations and night surveys of the coast between there and Ossabaw Sound, had frequent opportunities of hearing every grade of "spirituals," writes, of Col. Higginson's collection in the *Atlantic Monthly:*

"He has omitted two which I heard more generally sung than any others. I refer to the one beginning:

"'They took ole Master Lord,
And fed him on pepper and gall,'

and the other:

"'My brudder Johnny's new-born baby,
Hi oh, de new-born!'

"The airs to which these were sung are very peculiar, while the burthen of the songs is pretty clearly indicated by the lines given above. The first seems to allude to the persecutions of Christ, while the latter simply refers to the birth and early death of a new-born baby, and is varied by making a new verse for all the brothers and sisters that the singer happens to be able to call to mind.

"I also recollect the refrain of a boat-song which a crew of ten stalwart negroes used to sing for me in our excursions, but I am inclined to the belief that it was by no means a 'spiritual,' as I could never get any of them to explain it to my satisfaction. The only words I could make out clearly were:

"'Jah de window, jah!
Oh jah de window,' etc.

and the meaning of which I took to be ''jar the window.' If they had any such thing among them, this was probably a fragment of a simple ballad, describing an incident in a negro courtship. I got this impression at the time, partly from the peculiar tone of the song, and partly from their hesitancy to explain it. But whatever may have been its real character, it was quite musical, and had such an inspiring effect upon my boatmen that I have known them to row eighteen or twenty miles, exerting their utmost strength, keeping perfect time to its notes, and never pausing for breath."

These, certainly, are songs to be desired and regretted. But we do not despair of recovering them and others perhaps equally characteristic for a second edition; and we herewith solicit the kind offices of collectors into whose hands this volume may have fallen, in extending and perfecting our researches. For fully a third of the songs recorded by Col. Higginson we have failed to obtain the music, and they may very well serve as a guide for future investigators. We shall also gratefully acknowledge any errors of fact or of typography that may be brought to our attention, and in general anything that would enhance the value or the interest of this collection. Communications may be addressed to Mr. W. P. Garrison, Office of *The Nation* newspaper, New York City.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

6339

Music
1867
Al