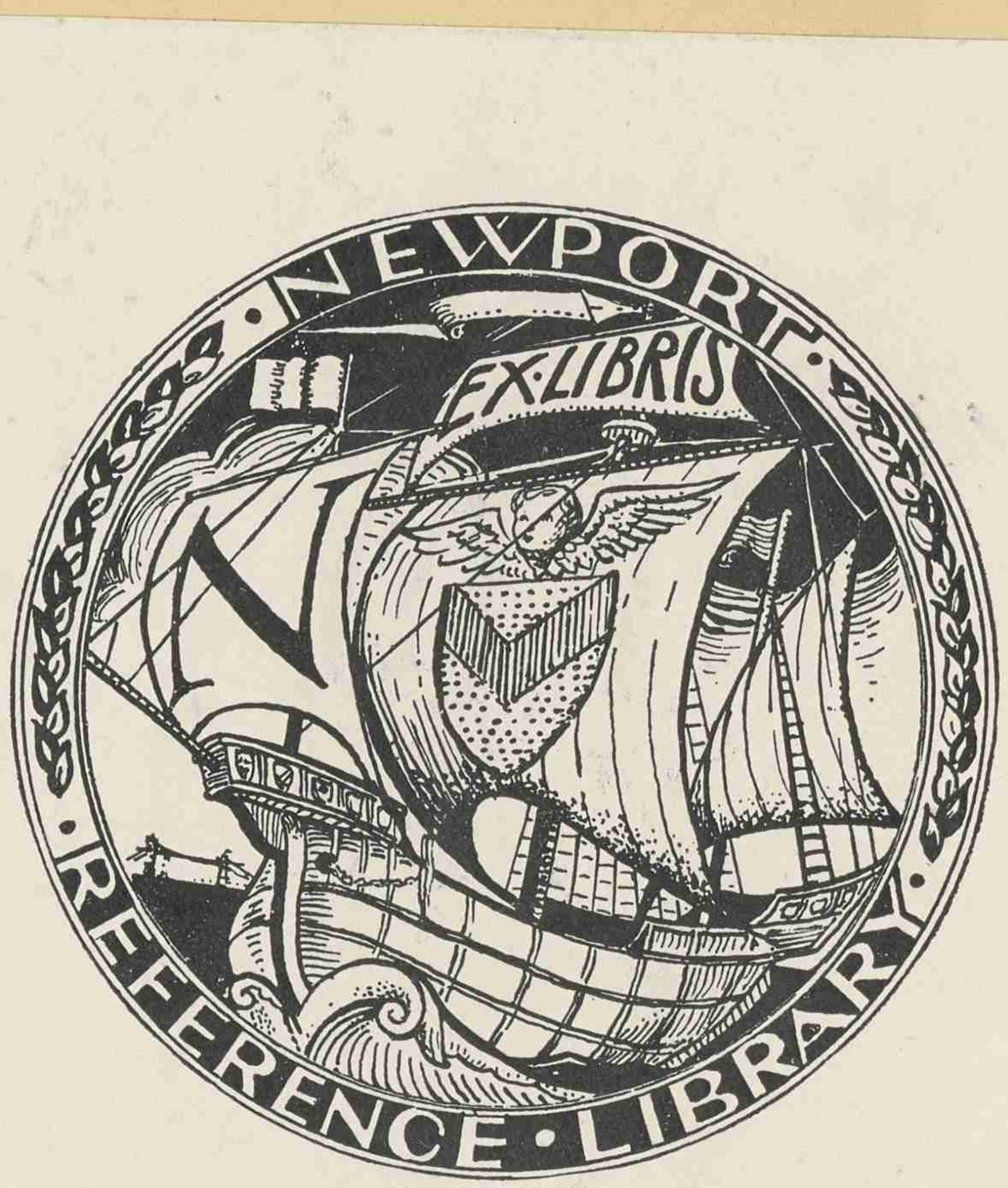

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HAMPTON'S GIRDLE AROUND THE WORLD.

MARTHA E. COOK, Virginia.

HERBERT WELSH, (Cloud Bear), Dakota.

L. L. VICENTE, Cuba.

GRACE LYONS, Gaboon.

HAGOP DALKARANIUM, (In Turkish Dress) Turkey.

LOO KEE CHUNG, China.

SEIJIRO SAITO, Japan.

DAVID KANUHA, Hawaiian Islands.

90-050 SR-045149

CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS

AS SUNG BY THE

HAMPTON STUDENTS,

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS P. FENNER AND FREDERIC G. RATHBUN,

MUSICAL INSTRUCTORS IN THE HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE OF VIRGINIA.

DISCARD
stock

ENLARGED EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED A FEW INDIAN SONGS, ETC., GATHERED AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE; AND OF THE SONGS OF THE STUDENTS OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL, TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA, ARRANGED BY R. H. HAMILTON.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK
27 WEST TWENTY-THIRD ST.

LONDON
27 KING WILLIAM ST., STRAND

The Knickerbocker Press

1891

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F. C. BRIGGS

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G. P. Putnam's Sons

PREFACE TO MUSIC.

THE slave music of the South presents a field for research and study very extensive and rich, and one which has been scarcely more than entered upon.

There are evidently, I think, two legitimate methods of treating this music: either to render it in its absolute, rude simplicity, or to develop it without destroying its original characteristics; the only proper field for such development being in the harmony.

Practical experience shows the necessity, in some cases, of making compensation for its loss in being transplanted. Half its effectiveness, in its home, depends upon accompaniments which can be carried away only in memory. The inspiration of numbers; the overpowering chorus, covering defects; the swaying of the body; the rhythmical stamping of the feet; and all the wild enthusiasm of the negro camp-meeting—these evidently can not be transported to the boards of a public performance. To secure variety and do justice to the music, I have, therefore, treated it by both methods. The most characteristic of the songs are left entirely or nearly untouched. On the other hand, the improvement which a careful bringing out of the various parts has effected in such pieces as "*Some o' dese Mornin's*," "*Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard*," "*Dust an' Ashes*," and "*The Church ob God*," which seemed especially susceptible to such development, suggests possibilities of making more than has ever yet been made out of this slave music.

Another obstacle to its rendering is the fact that tones are fre-

quently employed which we have no musical characters to represent. Such, for example, is that which I have indicated as nearly as possible by the flat seventh, in "*Great Camp-meetin'*," "*Hard Trials*," and others. These tones are variable in pitch, ranging through an entire interval on different occasions, according to the inspiration of the singer. They are rarely discordant, and often add a charm to the performance. It is of course impossible to explain them in words, and to those who wish to sing them, the best advice is that most useful in learning to pronounce a foreign language: *Study all the rules you please; then—go listen to a native.*

One reason for publishing this slave music is, that it is rapidly passing away. It may be that this people which has developed such a wonderful musical sense in its degradation will, in its maturity, produce a composer who could bring a music of the future out of this music of the past. At present, however, the freedmen have an unfortunate inclination to despise it, as a vestige of slavery; those who learned it in the old time, when it was the natural outpouring of their sorrows and longings, are dying off, and if efforts are not made for its preservation, the country will soon have lost this wonderful music of bondage.

The melodies in this book, with few exceptions, are published here for the first time, and these exceptions are themselves original in arrangement and effect. The words of the slave hymns are often common property through the South, sung to different tunes in different sections of the country.

THOMAS P. FENNER.

HAMPTON, VA., January 1, 1874.

INTRODUCTION.

IN publishing this new and enlarged edition of the Hampton Songs, little explanation is needed, for it is done in response to a demand. Ever since the publication of the first edition, in 1874, when the band of Hampton Student Singers were helping raise the walls of Virginia Hall, there have been frequent enough requests for their music to make it desirable to keep a supply on hand in pamphlet form. Meanwhile, though the old favorites have not been neglected, many more melodies, striking and beautiful, have been brought in by students from various parts of the South. The field seems almost inexhaustible. Their origin, no one exactly knows. An old "Aunty," questioned on the subject, declared that "When Mass'r Jesus He walk de earth, when He feel tired He sit a-restin' on Jacob's well and make up dese yer spirituals for His people." A half-familiar strain, recalling some old ballad or psalm-tune, now and then suggests a possible solution for some of them; and, as Lowell said of Chaucer, "If one can transmute lead into gold, why ask where he got his lead?" So strikingly original, as well as of such quaint, pathetic, even artistic beauty, are most of them, that they justify Edward Everett Hale's assertion, that they are "the only American music."

Some of the most beautiful of those now sung at Hampton, for the music of which we are frequently asked, are now published for the first time. They have been arranged by Mr. F. G. Rathbun, of Hampton, for the last six years instructor of our school choir and band.

To these are added, also, a number of the Tuskegee Students' songs, arranged by Mr. R. H. Hamilton, a graduate of Hampton Institute, one of its first band of student singers, and for several years leader of its choir, now occupying the same position in the Tuskegee Normal School, Alabama. Some account of that institution, founded by Hampton graduates, will be found in the introduction to its songs, on another page.

A consideration of the slave music of the South, from the musician's standpoint, was made by Mr. Thomas P. Fenner, who trained the original band of Hampton Student Singers, and arranged the songs in the first edition of this book, his preface to which is subjoined. After the fifteen years that have passed since he wrote, the disposition which he noticed in the freedmen to be ashamed of the songs of slave times still exists. Some of the old ring is lost with the experience that called it forth. Yet the people are still natural musicians, and it is easy to arouse in the more advanced an intelligent interest in the characteristic music which excites so much sympathy and respect for their race, is so identified with their past history and their present fortunes.

The Hampton School has more than one field of interest for the musician as well as the ethnologist. The two or three Indian songs which Mr. Rathbun has reduced to notation, are interesting specimens of the wild chants which, evanescent and untamable as the wind in the pine, have their own claim to monopolize the title of "the only American music."

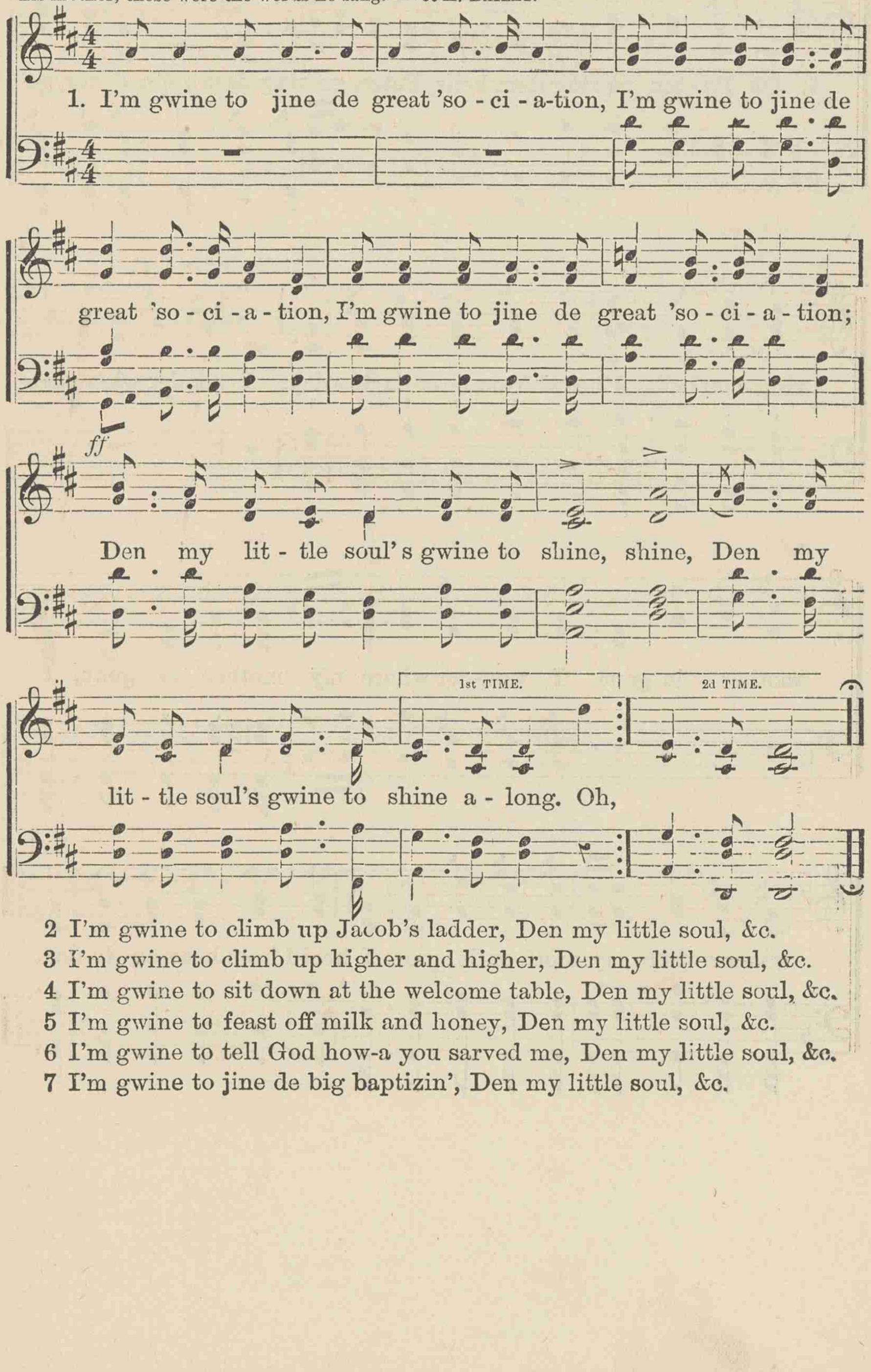
A few other songs of nationalities represented in Hampton's Girdle Around the World (see cut) are thought to be of sufficient interest to be introduced.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE, VA.,
Jan. 1st, 1891.

CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Oh, den my little Soul 's gwine to Shine.

"THIS was sung by a boy who was sold down South by his master; and when he parted from his mother, these were the words he sang."— J. H. BAILEY.



2 I'm gwine to climb up Jacob's ladder, Den my little soul, &c.
3 I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher, Den my little soul, &c.
4 I'm gwine to sit down at the welcome table, Den my little soul, &c.
5 I'm gwine to feast off milk and honey, Den my little soul, &c.
6 I'm gwine to tell God how-a you sarved me, Den my little soul, &c.
7 I'm gwine to jine de big baptizin', Den my little soul, &c.

Peter, go Ring dem Bells.

"A secret prayer-meeting song, sung by Thomas Vess, a blacksmith and a slave. He especially sang it when any one confessed religion. Thomas Vess was a man whose heart was given to these songs, for in the neighborhood where he lived, it seemed like a prayer-meeting did not go on well without him. I have long since learned wherever he was known what happiness he got from them."

J. M. WADDY.

Peter, go Ring dem Bells.—*Concluded.*

2 I wonder where sister Mary 's gone—
I heard from heaven to-day;
I wonder where sister Martha's gone—
I heard from heaven to-day;
It's good news, and I thank God—
I heard from heaven to-day.
Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells—
I heard from heaven to-day.

CHO.—I heard from heaven, &c.

3 I wonder where brudder Moses gone—
I heard from heaven to-day;
I wonder where brudder Daniel 's gone—
I heard from heaven to-day;
He 's gone where Elijah has gone—
I heard from heaven to-day;
Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells—
I heard from heaven to-day.

CHO.—I heard from heaven, &c.

My Lord, what a Morning.

2 You 'll hear de Christians shout, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
You 'll hear de angels sing, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
CHO.—My Lord, what a morning, &c.

3 You 'll see my Jesus come, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
His chariot wheels roll round, To wake, &c.
Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
CHO.—My Lord, what a morning, &c.

Hail! Hail! Hail!

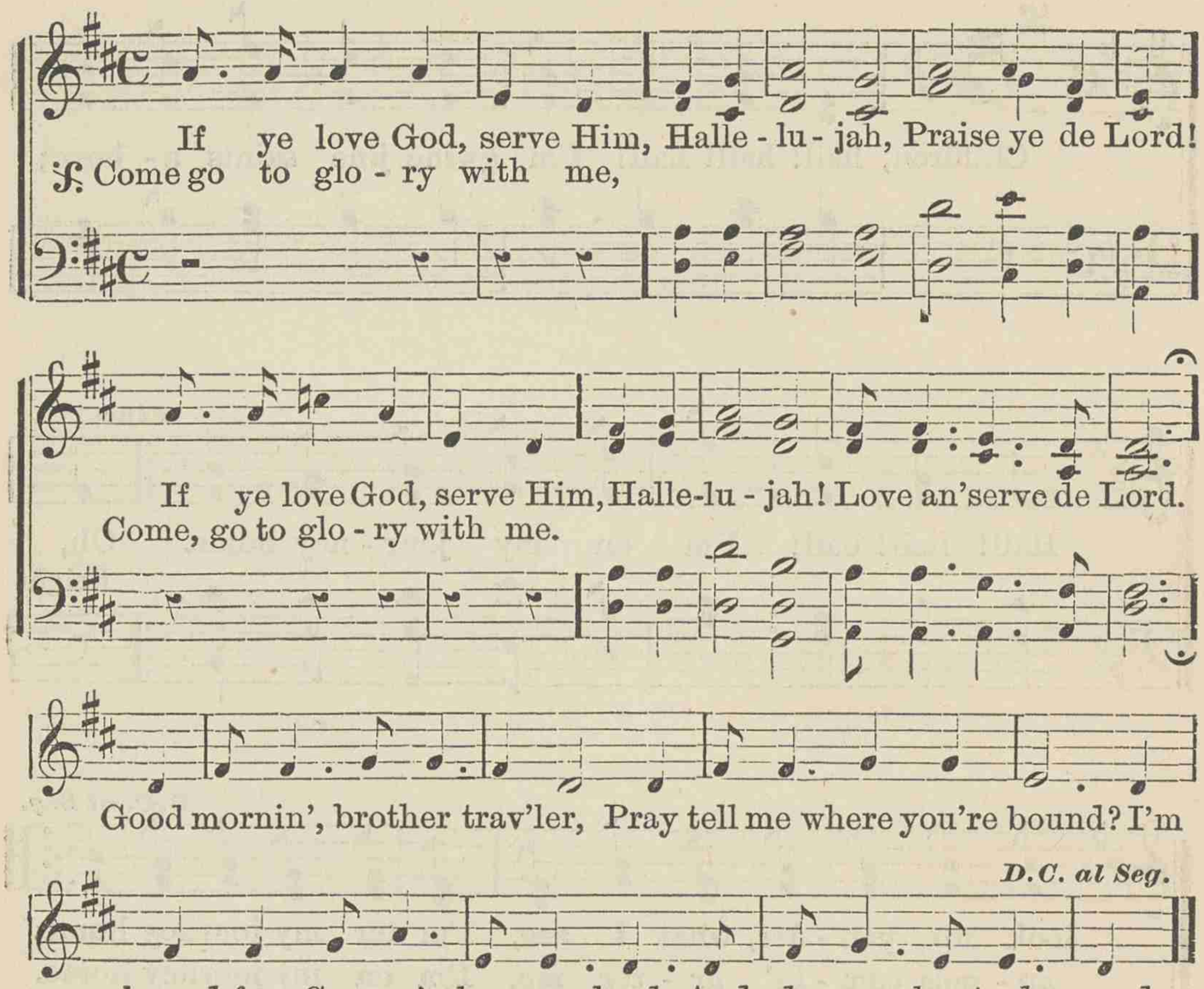
2 If you git dere before I do,
I'm on my journey home—
Look out for me—I'm comin' too;
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Children, hail, &c.

3 Oh, hallelujah to de Lamb!
I'm on my journey home;
King Jesus died for ebry man,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Children, hail, &c.

Love an' serve de Lord.

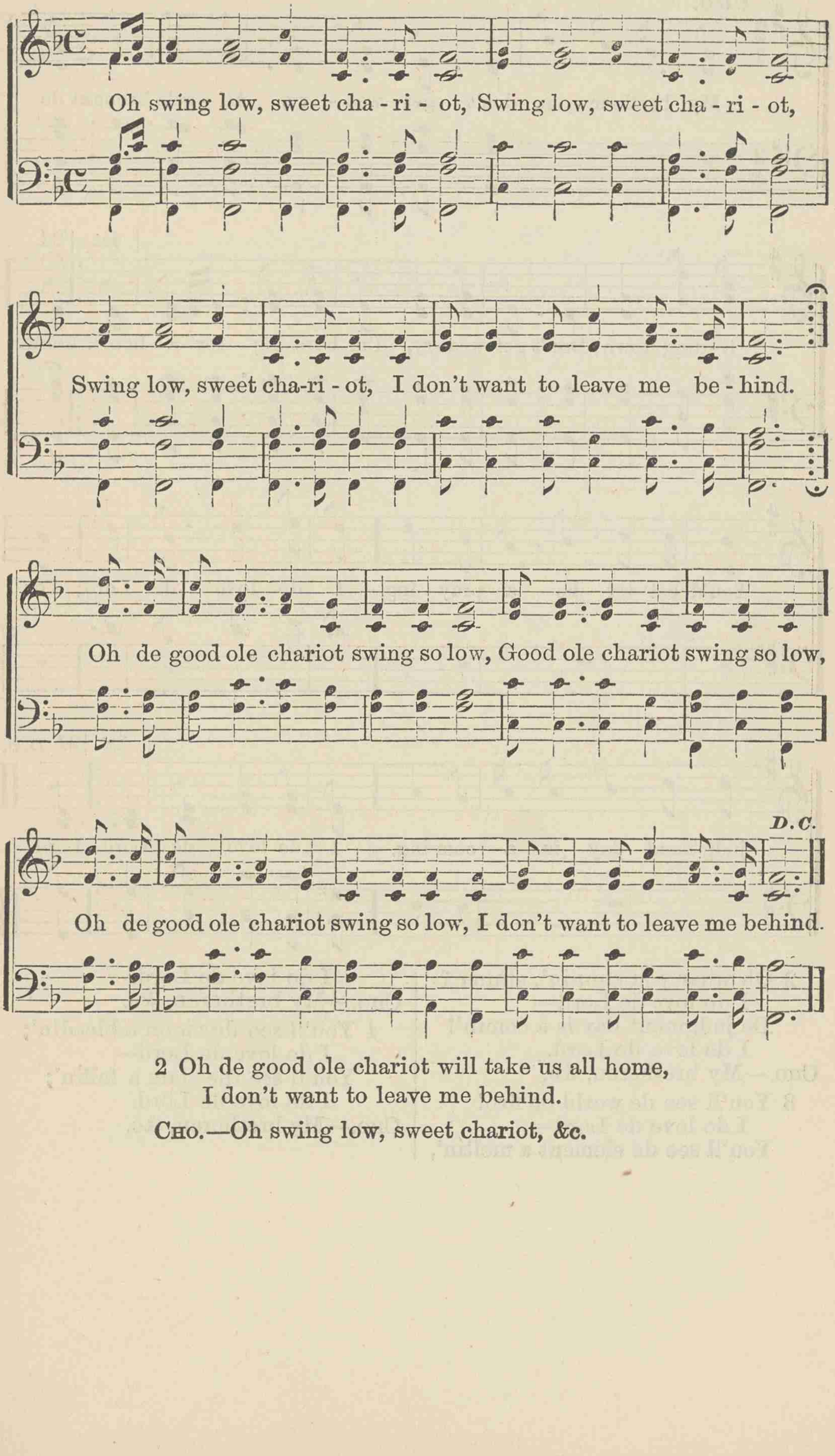


2 Oh, when I was a sinner,
I liked my way so well;
But when I come to find out,
I was on de road to hell.
CHO.—I fleed to Jesus—Hallelujah! &c.
Oh, Jesus received me, Hallelujah, &c.

3 De Father, He looked on de Son, and smiled,
De Son, He looked on me;
De Father, redeemed my soul from hell;
An' de Son, He set me free.
CHO.—I shouted Hallelujah! Hallelujah, &c.
I praised my Jesus, Hallelujah, &c.

4 Oh when we all shall get dere,
Upon dat-a heavenly sho',
We'll walk about dem-a golden streets,
An' nebber part no mo'.
CHO.—No rebukin' in de churches—Hallelujah,
Ebery day be Sunday—Hallelujah, &c.

Swing low, sweet Chariot.



2 Oh de good ole chariot will take us all home,
I don't want to leave me behind.

CHO.—Oh swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

My Bretheren, don't get Weary.

2 Oh whar you runnin', sinner ?
I do love de Lord—
De judgment day is a comin'!
I do love de Lord.
CHO.—My bretheren, &c.

3 You'll see de world on fire!
I do love de Lord—
You'll see de element a meltin',
I do love de Lord.
CHO.—My bretheren, &c.

4 You'll see de moon a bleedin';
I do love de Lord—
You'll see the stars a fallin';
I do love de Lord.
CHO.—My bretheren, &c.

Nobody knows de trouble I've Seen.

(This song was a favorite in the Sea Islands. Once when there had been a good deal of ill feeling excited, and trouble was apprehended, owing to the uncertain action of the Government in regard to the confiscated lands on the Sea Islands, Gen. Howard was called upon to address the colored people earnestly. To 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 seen," and the whole audience joined in. The General was so affected by the plaintive melody, that he found it difficult to maintain his official dignity.)

2 One day when I was walkin' along, Oh yes, Lord—
De element opened, an' de Love came down, Oh yes, &c.
I never shall forget dat day, Oh yes, &c.
When Jesus washed my sins away, Oh yes, &c.

Cho.—Oh, nobody knows de trouble I've seen, &c.

View de Land.

CHORUS.

2 What kind o' shoes is dem-a you wear? View de land, &c.
Dat you can walk upon de air? Go view, &c.
Dem shoes I wear am de gospel shoes; View de land, &c.
An' you can wear dem ef-a you choose; Go view, &c.—*Cho.*

3 Der' is a tree in Paradise; View de land, &c.
De Christian he call it de tree ob life; Go view, &c.
I spects to eat de fruit right off o' dat tree; View de land, &c,
Ef busy old Satan will let-a me be; Go view, &c.—*Cho.*

4 You say yer Jesus set-a you free; View de land, &c.
Why don't you let-a your neighbor be? Go view, &c.
You say you're aiming for de skies; View de land, &c.
Why don't you stop-a your telling lies; Go view, &c.—*Cho.*

The Danville Chariot.

CHORUS.

2 I had a little book, an' I read it through,
I got my Jesus as well as you;
I don' want to stay here no longer;
Oh I got a mother in de promised land,
I hope my mother will feed dem lambs;
I don' want to stay here no longer.

CHO.—Oh swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

3 Oh, some go to church for to holler an' shout,
Before six months dey're all turned out;
I don' want to stay here no longer.
Oh, some go to church for to laugh an' talk,
But dey knows nothin' bout dat Christian walk;
I don' want to stay here no longer.

CHO.—Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

4 Oh shout, shout, de deb'l is about;
Oh shut your do' an' keep him out;
I don' want to stay here no longer.
For he is so much-a like-a snaky in de grass,
Ef you don' mind he will get you at las',
I don' want to stay here no longer.

CHO.—Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

Ef ye want to see Jesus.

"My father sang this hymn, and said he knew a time when a great many slaves were allowed to have a revival for two days, while their masters and their families had one; and a great many professed religion. And one poor, ignorant man, professed religion, and praised God, and sang this hymn."

Ef ye want to see Jesus.—*Concluded.*

2 I shouted Hallelujah, when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I heard de angels singin', when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I heard de harps a harpin,' when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord.
CHO.—Oh, leanin' on de Lord.

3 I heard de angels moanin', when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I heard de deb'l howlin', when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord ;
I gib de deb'l a battle, when I come out de wilderness—
Leanin' on de Lord.
CHO.—Oh, leanin' on de Lord.

Oh, Yes.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I tell ye, breth-er-en, a mor-tal fac',
Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Ef ye want to get to heab'n, don't nebber look back,
Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I want to know-a before I go, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Ebber since I hab-a been newly born.
Yea, whether you love-a de Lord or no, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
I love for to see-a God's work go on,
Oh, wait till I put on my robe, wait till I put on my robe,

Oh, Yes.—*Concluded.*

2.

Ef eber I land on de oder sho', Oh, yes,
I'll nebber come here for to sing no mo',
Oh, yes;
A golden band all round my waist,
An' de palms ob vic-a-try in-a my hand,
An' de golden slippers on to my feet,
Gwine to walk up an' down o' dem golden street.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

3.

An' my lovely bretherin, dat aint all, Oh, yes,
I'm not done a talkin' about my Lord;
An' a golden crown a-placed on a-my head,
An' my long white robe a-come-a-dazzlin' down,
Now wait till I get on my gospel shoes,
Gwine to walk about de heaben an' a-carry de news.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

4.

I'm anchored in Christ, Christ anchored in me, Oh, yes, &c.,
All de deb'ls in hell can't-a-pluck a-me out;
An' I wonder what Satan 's grumbulin' about,
He's bound into hell, an' he can't git out.
But he shall be loose an' hab his sway,
Yea at de great resurrection day.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

Verses, some of which are often added as encores.

5.

I went down de hill side to make a-one prayer, Oh, yes,
An' when I got dere, old Satan was dere,
Oh, yes,
An' what do ye t'ink he said to me?
Oh, yes,
Said, "Off from here you'd better be."
Oh, yes;
An' what for to do, I did not know, Oh, yes,
But I fell on my knees, an' I cried, Oh, Lord, Oh, yes,
Now my Jesus bein' so good an' kind,
Yea, to de with-er-ed, halt an' blind;
My Jesus lowered his mercy down,
An' snatch-a-me from a-dem doors ob hell,
He snatch-a-me from dem doors ob hell,
An' took-a me in a-wid him to dwell.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

6.

I was in de church an' prayin' loud,
An' on my knees to my Jesus bowed,
Ole Satan tole me to my face,
"I'll git you when-a-you leave dis place;"
Oh, brother, dat scare me to my heart,
I was 'fraid to walk a-when it was dark.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I get on my robe.

7.

I started home, but I did pray,
An' I met ole Satan on de way;
Ole Satan made a-one grab at me,
But he missed my soul, an' I went free.
My sins went a-lumberin' down to hell,
An' my soul went a-leapin' up Zion's hill;
I tell ye what, bretherin, you'd better not laugh,
Ole Satan 'll run you down his path;
If he runs you, as he run me,
You'll be glad to fall upon your knee.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

Run, Mary, Run.

2 Swing low, chariot, into de east, I know, &c.
Let God's children hab some peace; I know, &c.
Swing low, chariot, into de west; I know, &c.
Let God's children hab some rest; I know, &c.—Cho.

3 Swing low, chariot, into de north; I know, &c.
Gib me de gold widout de dross; I know, &c.
Swing low, chariot, into de south; I know, &c.
Let God's children sing and shout; I know, &c.—Cho.

4 Ef dis day war judgment day, I know, &c.
Ebery sinner would want to pray; I know, &c.
Dat trouble it come like a gloomy cloud; I know, &c.
Gader tick, an' tunder loud; I know, &c.—Cho.

Religion is a Fortune.

2 Gwine to sit down in de kingdom, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.,
Gwine to walk about in Zion, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.
Duo.—Whar ye ben young convert, &c.

3 Gwine to see my sister Mary, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.
Gwine to see my brudder Jonah, I raly do believe.
Duo.—Whar ye ben good Christian, &c.

4 Gwine to talk-a wid de angels, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.,
Gwine to see my massa Jesus, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.

Some o' dese Mornin's.

Some o' dese Mornin's.—*Continued.*

- way in de heav - en, ... Look a - way in de

Look a-way in de heaven, in de

- way in de heav - en.... Look a - way in de

Look a-way in de heaven, in de

Look a-way in de heav-en, Look a-way in de

heaven, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a-way in de

heav - en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a -

Look away,.....

heav - en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a -way in de

heav - en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look a -

heav - en, Lord, Hope I'll jine de band, Look away in de

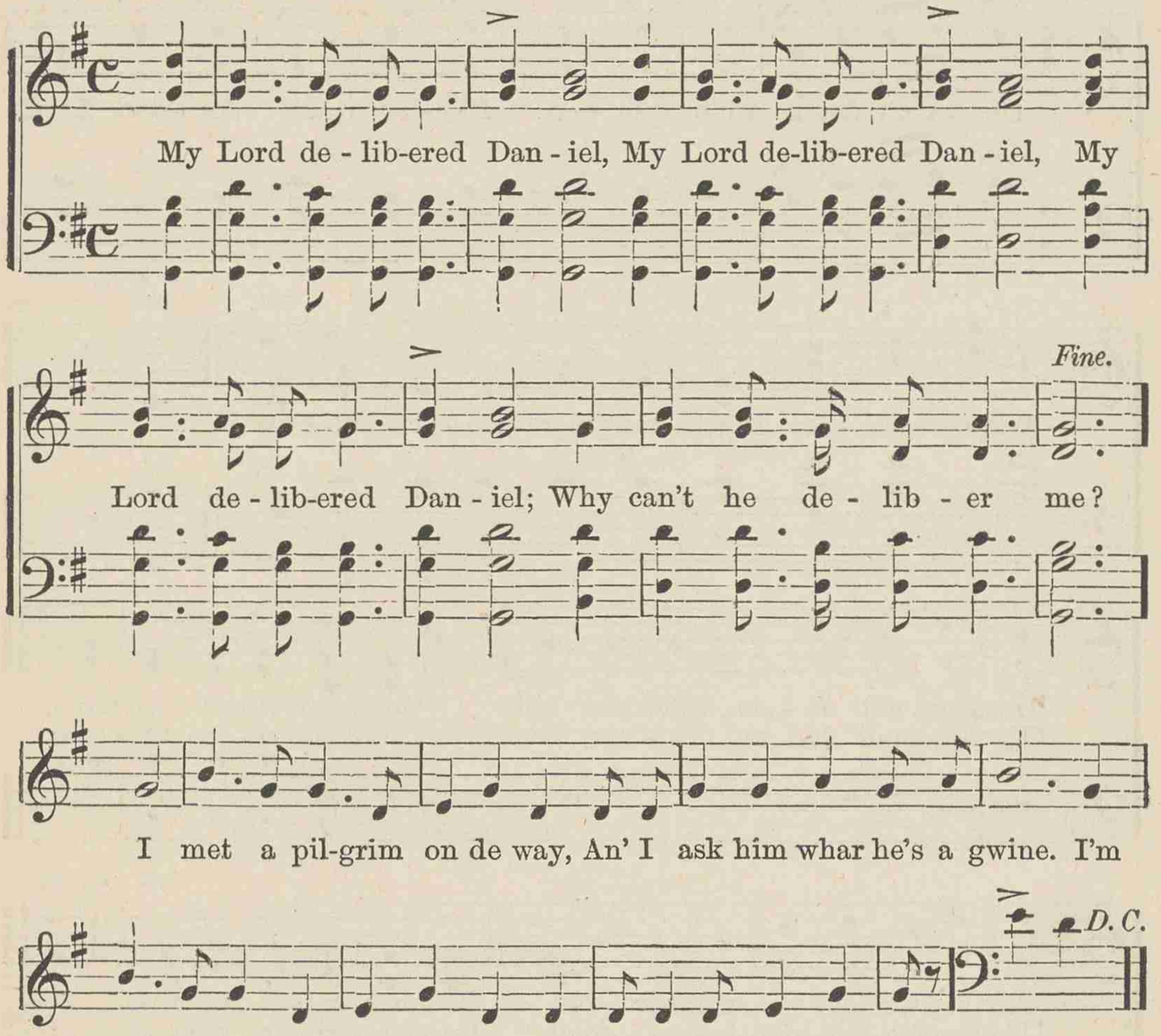
Some o' dese Mornin's.—*Concluded.*

2 Gwine to see my brother some o' dese mornin's;
Oh, shouting in de heaven some o' dese mornin's,
Hope I'll jine de band. CHO.—Look away.

3 Gwine to walk about in Zion, some o' dese mornin's,
Gwine to talk-a with de angels some o'dese mornin's,
Hope I'll jine de band. CHO.—Look away.

4 Gwine to talk de trouble ober some o' dese mornin's,
Gwine to see my Jesus some o' dese mornin's,
Hope I'll jine de band. CHO.—Look away.

My Lord delibered Daniel.



2.

Some say dat John de Baptist
Was nothing but a Jew,
But de Bible doth inform us
Dat he was a preacher, too;
Yes, he was!
Cho.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

3.

Oh, Daniel cast in de lions den,
He pray both night an' day,
De angel came from Galilee,
An' lock de lions' jaw.
Dat's so.
Cho.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

4.

He delibered Daniel from de lions' den,
Jonah from de belly ob de whale,
And de Hebrew children from de fiery furnace,
And why not ebery man?
Oh, yes!
Cho.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

5.

De richest man dat eber I saw
Was de one dat beg de most,
His soul was filled wid Jesus,
And wid de Holy Ghost.
Yes it was!
Cho.—My Lord delibered Daniel.

Oh, wasn't dat a wide River.

2.

Oh, de good ole chariot passing by,
One more riber to cross,
She jarred de earth an' shook de sky,
One more, &c.,
I pray, good Lord, shall I be one?
One more, &c.,
To get up in de chariot, trabbel on,
One more, &c.
CHO.—Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? &c.

3.

We're told dat de fore-wheel run by love,
One more, &c.,
We're told dat de hind wheel run by faith,
One more, &c.,
I hope I shall get dere bimeby,
One more, &c.,
To jine de number in de sky,
One more, &c.
CHO.—Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? &c.

4.

Oh, one more riber we hab to cross,
One more, &c.,
'Tis Jordan's riber we hab to cross,
One more, &c.,
Oh, Jordan's riber am chilly an' cold,
One more, &c.,
But I got de glory in-a my soul,
One more, &c.
CHO.—Oh, wasn't dat a wide riber? &c.

Oh, give way, Jordan.

2.

Oh, stow back, stow back de powers of hell,
I want to go across to see my Lord,
And let God's children take de field,
I want to go across to see my Lord.
Now stan' back Satan, let me go by,
I want to go across, &c.,
Gwine to serve my Jesus till I die,
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

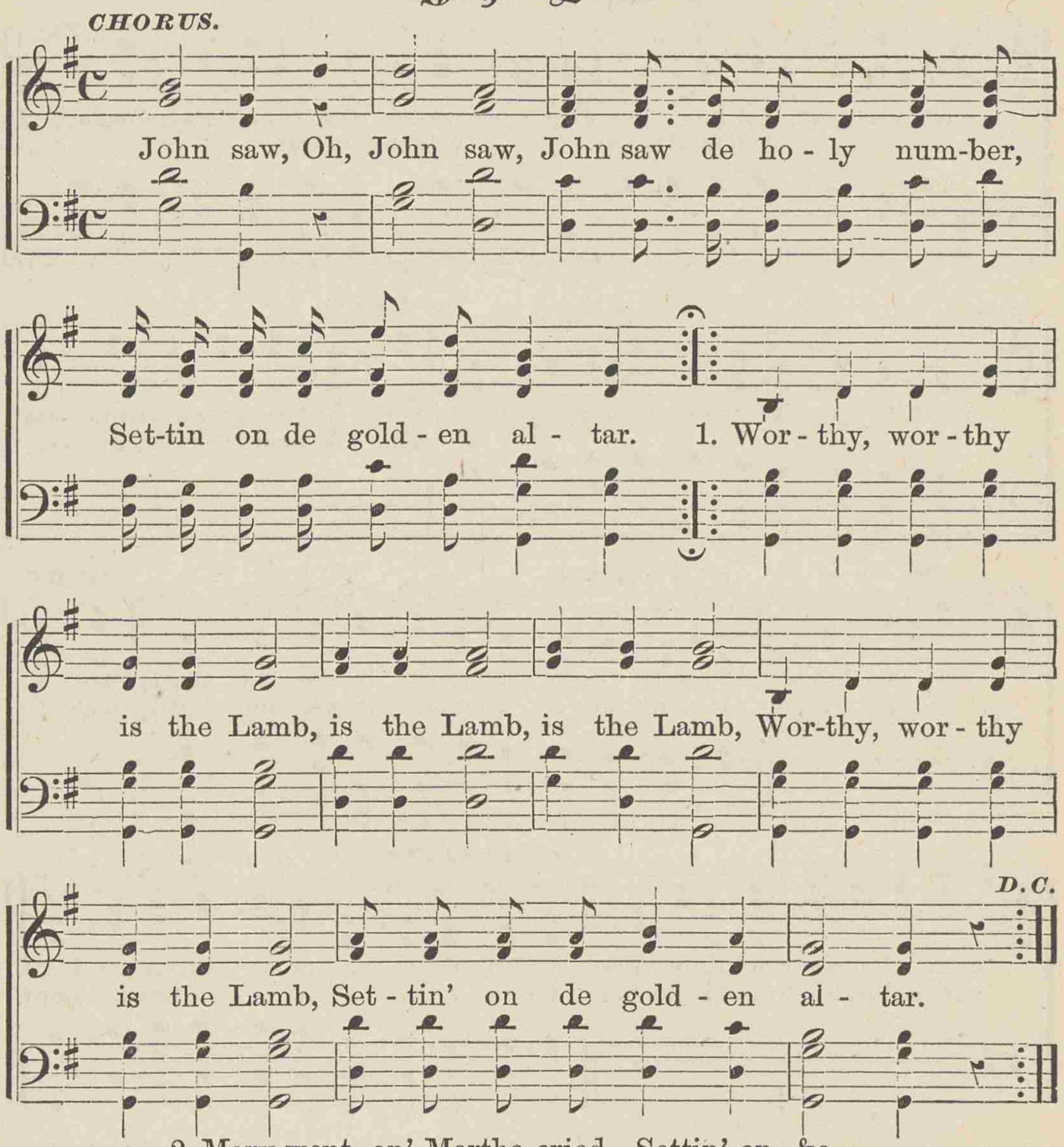
3.

Soon in de mornin' by de break ob day,
I want to go across, &c.,
See de ole ship ob Zion sailin' away,
I want to go across, &c.,
Now I must go across, an' I shall go across,
I want to go across, &c.,
Dis sinful world I count but dross,
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

4.

Oh, I heard such a lumbering in de sky,
I want to go across, &c.,
It make a-me t'ink my time was nigh,
I want to go across, &c.,
Yes, it must be my Jesus in de cloud,
I want to go across, &c.,
I nebber heard him speak so loud- -
I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

John Saw.

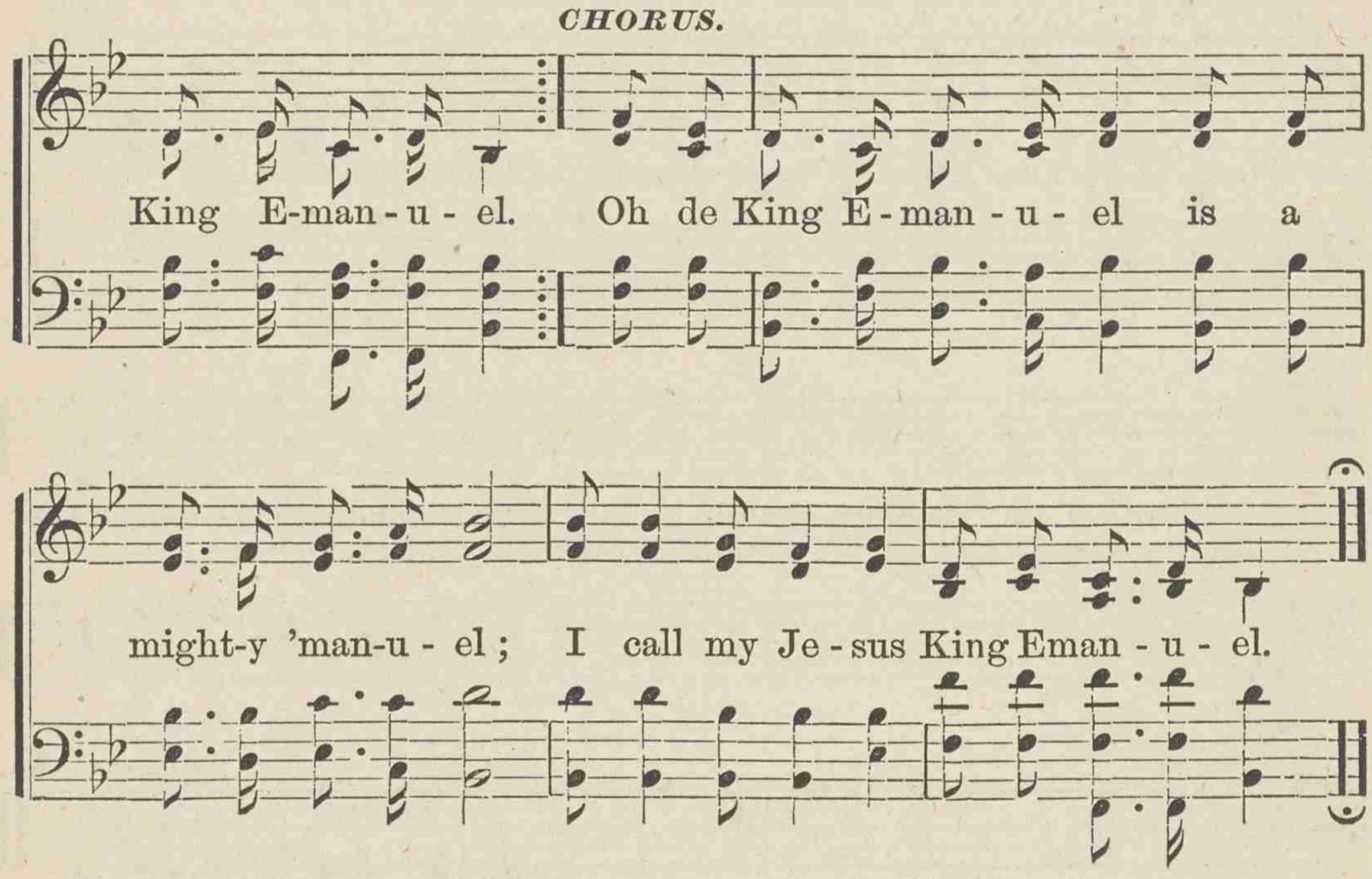


2 Mary wept, an' Martha cried—Settin' on, &c.
To see de'r Saviour crucified—Settin' on, &c.
Weepin' Mary, weep no more—Settin' on, &c.
Jesus say He gone before—Settin' on, &c.
CHO.—John saw, &c.

3 Want to go to hebben when I die—Settin' on, &c.
Shout salvation as I fly—Settin' on, &c.
It's a little while longer here below—Settin' on, &c.
Den-a home to glory we shall go—Settin' on, &c.
CHO.—John saw, &c.

King Emanuel.

CHORUS.



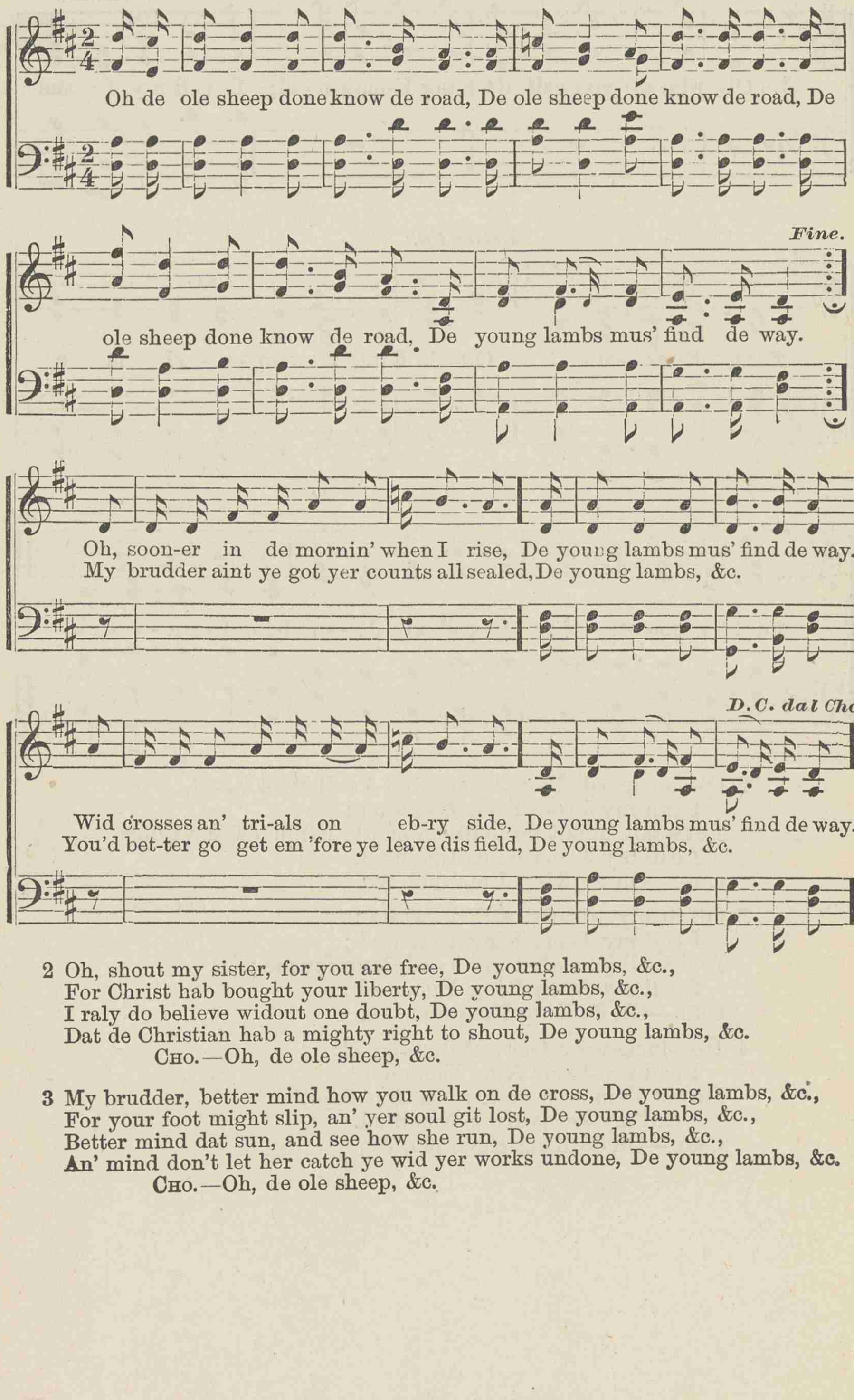
2 Oh, some call Him Jesus ; but I call Him Lord,
I call my Jesus King Emanuel ;
Let's talk about de hebben, an' de hebben's fine t'ings,
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
CHO.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

3 Oh steady, steady, a little while ;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel ;
I will tell you what my Lord done for me ;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
CHO.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

4 He pluck-a my feet out de miry clay ;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel ;
He sot dem a-on de firm Rock o' Age;
I call my Jesus King Emanuel.
CHO.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

De ole Sheep done know de Road.

CHORUS.



2 Oh, shout my sister, for you are free, De young lambs, &c.,
For Christ hab bought your liberty, De young lambs, &c.,
I raly do believe widout one doubt, De young lambs, &c.,
Dat de Christian hab a mighty right to shout, De young lambs, &c.
CHO.—Oh, de ole sheep, &c.

3 My brudder, better mind how you walk on de cross, De young lambs, &c.,
For your foot might slip, an' yer soul git lost, De young lambs, &c.,
Better mind dat sun, and see how she run, De young lambs, &c.,
An' mind don't let her catch ye wid yer works undone, De young lambs, &c.
CHO.—Oh, de ole sheep, &c.

De Church of God.

QUARTETTE.

2.

Oh, Jesus tole you once before,
To go in peace an' sin no more;
Oh, Paul an' Silas bound in jail,
Den one did sing, an' de oder pray.
CHO.—De church ob God, &c.

3.

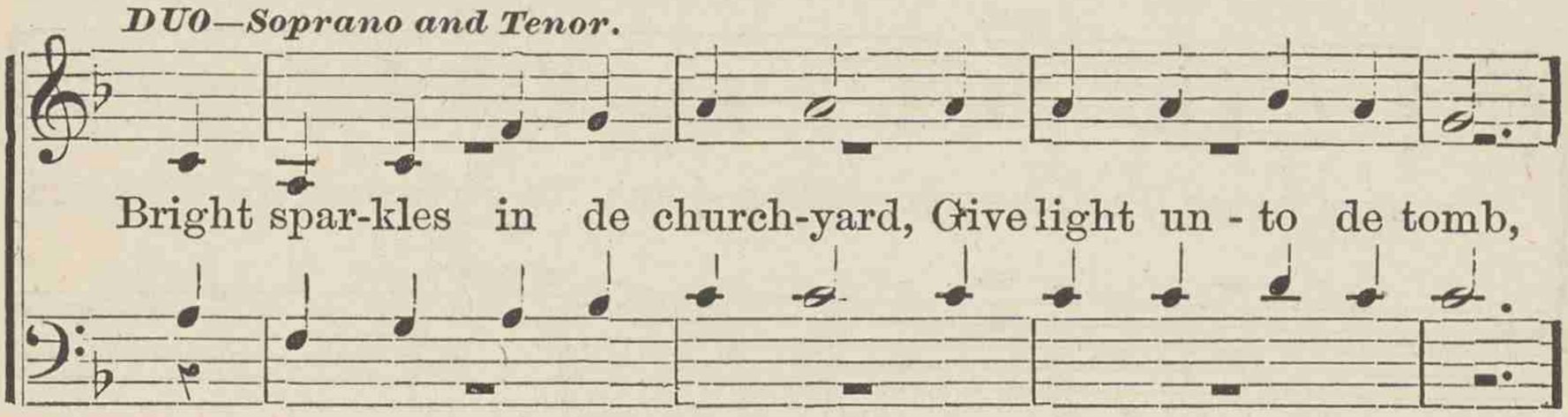
Oh, did you hear my Jesus say
"Come unto me, I am de way;"
Oh, come along, Moses, don't get lost,
Oh, stretch your rod, an' come across.
CHO.—De church ob God, &c.

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.

This peculiar but beautiful medley was a great favorite among the hands in the tobacco factories in Danville, Va.

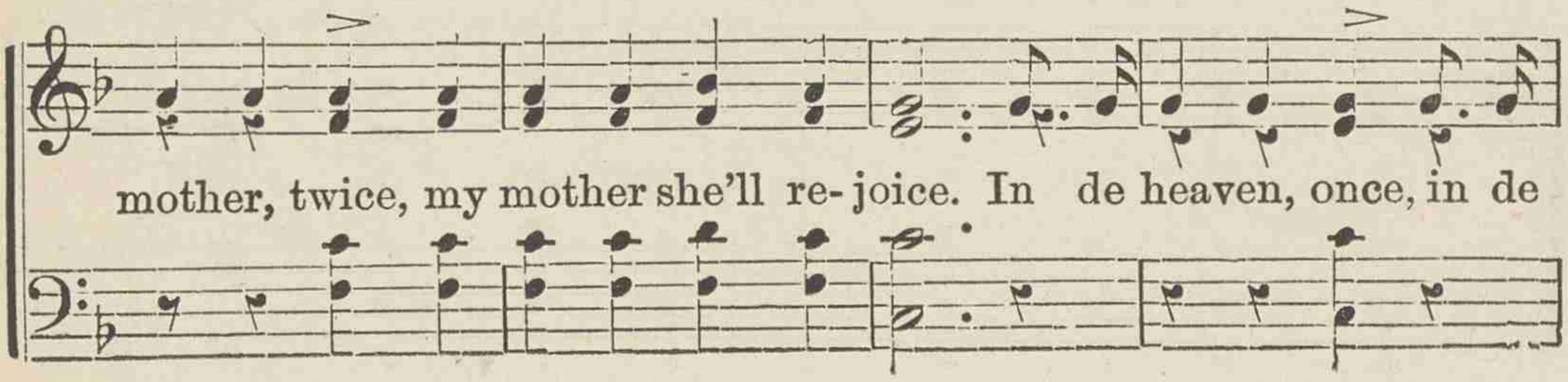
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—*Continued.*

DUO—Soprano and Tenor.



TRIO—1st & 2d Soprano & Alto.

QUARTETTE.



Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—*Continued.*

1st TIME. 2d TIME.

heaven, twice, In de heaven she'll re-joice, In de heaven she'll rejoice.

p

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

all de day,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day . . . Moth - er,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day . . . . . Moth-er,

all de day,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day,

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—*Continued.*

QUARTETTE.

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—*Continued.*

moth-er, don't ye love yer dar - lin child? Oh, rock me in de

ff

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

Moth-er, rock me in the cra - dle, moth-er,

rock me in de cra - dle, rock me in de cra - dle all de

rock me in de cra - dle, mother,

1*st* 2*d* *QUARTETTE*

day.... mother, day. All de day..... all de day.....

all de day, all de

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

day,

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—*Concluded.*

all de day, all de day,

all de day..... all de day..... Oh,

rock me in de cra - dle all de day. You may

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

day, ... You may lay me down to sleep, my moth - er

Dim - in - u - en - do.

dear, Oh, rock me in de cra - dle all de day...

Judgment Day is a-rollin' around.

CHO.

Judgment, Judgment, Judgment day is a - roll - in' a-round,

Judgment, Judgment, Oh, how I long to go.

SOLO.

I've a good ole mud-der in de heav - en, my Lord,
I've a good ole fa - der in de heav - en, my Lord,

TUTTI.

Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole mudder in de
Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole fa - der in de

TUTTI.

heav-en, my Lord, Oh, how I long to go. Judg - ment,
heav-en, my Lord, Oh, how I long to go.

Judgment Day is a-rollin' around.—*Concluded.*

2.

Dar's a long white robe in de heaven for me,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
Dar's a starry crown in de heaven for me,
Oh, how I long to go.
My name is written in de book ob life,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Ef you look in de book you'll fin'em dar,
Oh, how I long to go.

3.

Brudder Moses gone to de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
Sister Mary gone to de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's no more slave in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
All is glory in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go.

4.

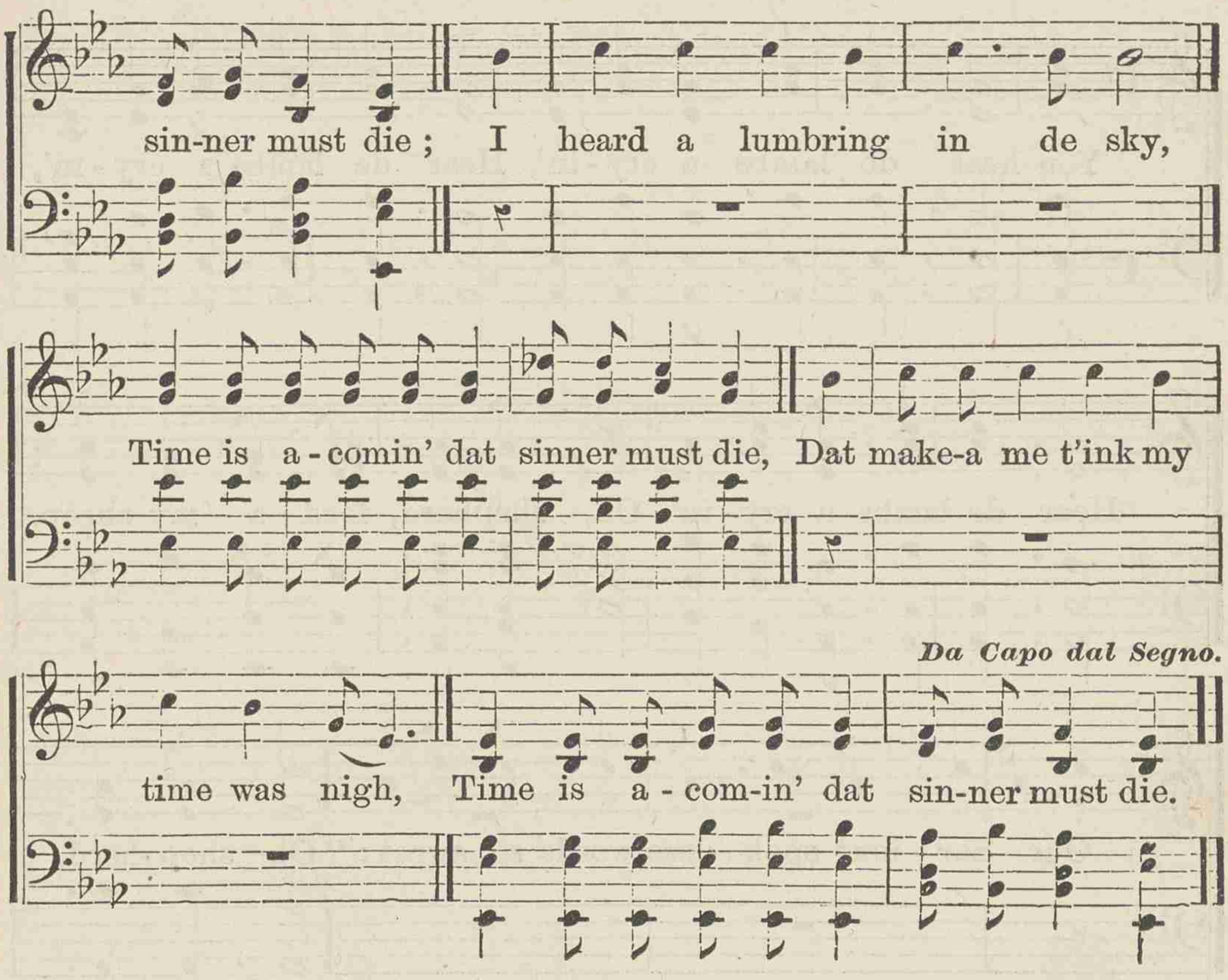
My brudder build a house in Paradise,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
He built it by dat ribber of life,
Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's a big camp meetin' in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Come, let us jine dat a heavenly crew,
Oh, how I long to go.

5.

King Jesus sittin' in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
De angels singin' all round de trone,
Oh, how I long to go.
De trumpet sound de Jubilo,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
I hope dat trump will blow me home,
Oh, how I long to go.

Oh, Sinner, you'd better get ready.

Oh, Sinner, you'd better get ready.—*Concluded.*



2.

I heard of my Jesus a many one say—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Could 'move poor sinner's sins away—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Yes, I'd rather a pray myself away—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Dan to lie in hell an' burn a-one day—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
CHO.—Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, &c.

3.

I think I heard a my mother say—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
'Twas a pretty thing a to serve de Lord—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Oh, when I get to Heaven I'll be able for to tell—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Oh, how I shun dat dismal hell—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
CHO.—Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, &c.

Hear de Lambs a Cryin'.

Hear de Lambs a Cryin'.—*Concluded.*

2 I don' know what you want to stay here for, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
For dis vain world's no friend to grace, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
If I only had wings like Noah's dove, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
I'd fly away to de heavens above, Oh, shepherd, &c.
CHO.—You hear de lambs crying, &c.

3 When I am in an agony, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
When you see me, pity me, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
For I am a pilgrim travellin' on, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
De lonesome road where Jesus gone, Oh, shepherd, &c.
CHO.—You hear de lambs a-crying, &c.

4 Oh, see my Jesus hanging high, Oh, shepherd. &c.,
He looked so pale an' bled so free, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
Oh, don't you think it was a shame, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
He hung three hours in dreadful pain, Oh, shepherd, &c.
CHO.—You hear de lambs a-crying, &c.

Rise and Shine.

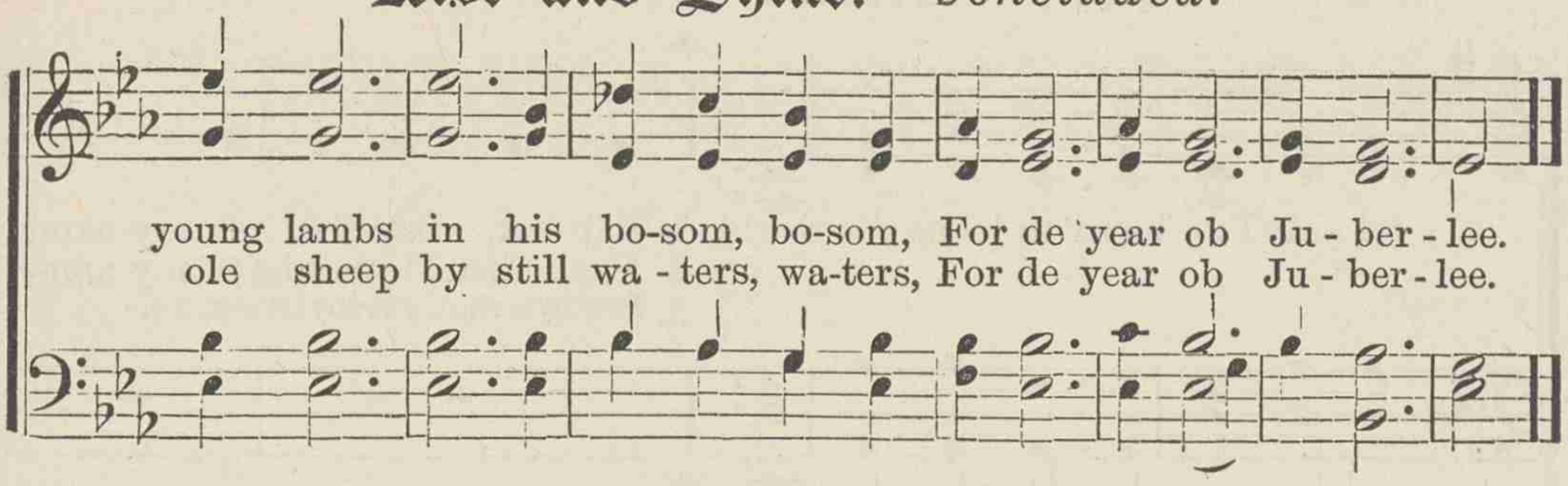
CHORUS.

Oh, rise an' shine, an' give God de glo - ry, glo - ry, Rise an'
shine, an' give God de glo - ry, glo - ry, Rise an' shine, an'
give God de glo - ry, glo - ry for de year of Ju - ber - lee.

Je - sus car - ry de young lambs in his bo - som, bo - som,
Je - sus lead de ole sheep by still wa - ters, wa - ters,

Car - ry de young lambs in his bo - som, bo - som, Car - ry de
Lead de ole sheep by still wa - ters, wa - ters, Lead de

Rise and Shine.—*Concluded.*

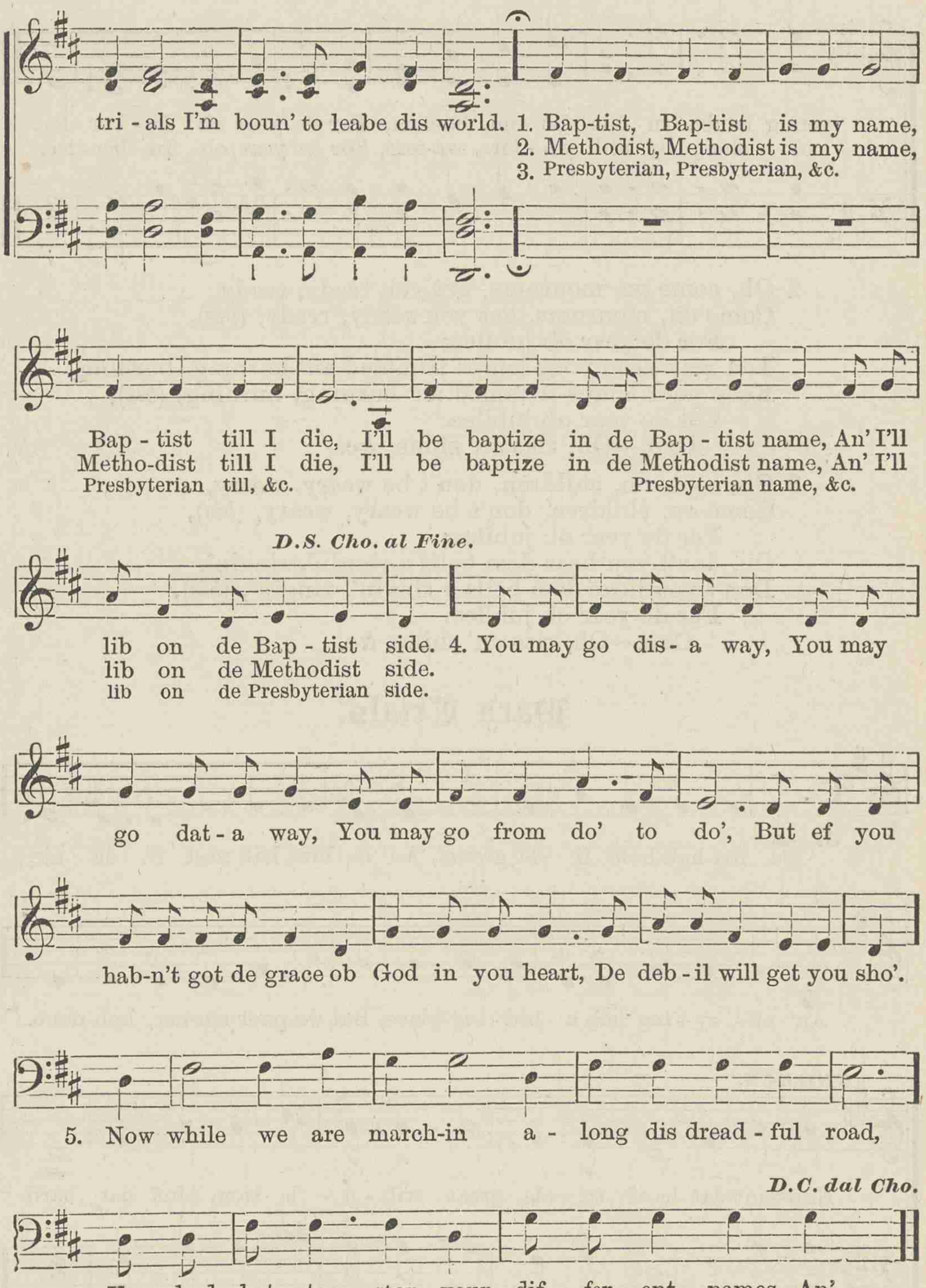


2 Oh, come on, mourners, get you ready, ready,
Come on, mourners, get you ready, ready, (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee;
You may keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning,
Keep your lamps trimmed an' burning, burning, (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee.
CHO.—Oh, rise an' shine, &c.

3 Oh, come on, children, don't be weary, weary,
Come on, children, don't be weary, weary, (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee;
Oh, don't you hear dem bells a-ringin', ringin',
Don't you hear dem bells a-ringin', ringin', (*bis*),
For de year ob jubilee.
CHO.—Oh, rise an' shine, &c.

Hard Trials.

Hard Trials.—*Concluded.*



Most Done Trabelling.

2.

Oh, my sister's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
My sister's in de road,
Most done trabelling. } (*bis*)
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

3.

Oh, my brudder's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
My brudder's in de road,
Most done trabelling. } (*bis*)
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

4.

Oh, de preacher's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
De preacher's in de road,
Most done trabelling. } (*bis*)
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

5.

All de member's in de road,
Most done trabelling,
De members' in de road,
Most done trabelling. } (*bis*)
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

Gwine up.

CHO.

Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, gwine up, gwine all de way, Lord, Gwine up,

gwine up to see de hebbenly land, Oh, yes, I m gwine up, gwine up,

gwine all de way, Lord, Gwine up, gwine up to see de hebbenly land.

Oh, saints an' sin-ners will-a you go, see de hebbenly land,

I'm a gwine up to heaven for to see my robe, See de hebbenly land,

Gwine up.—*Concluded.*

2.

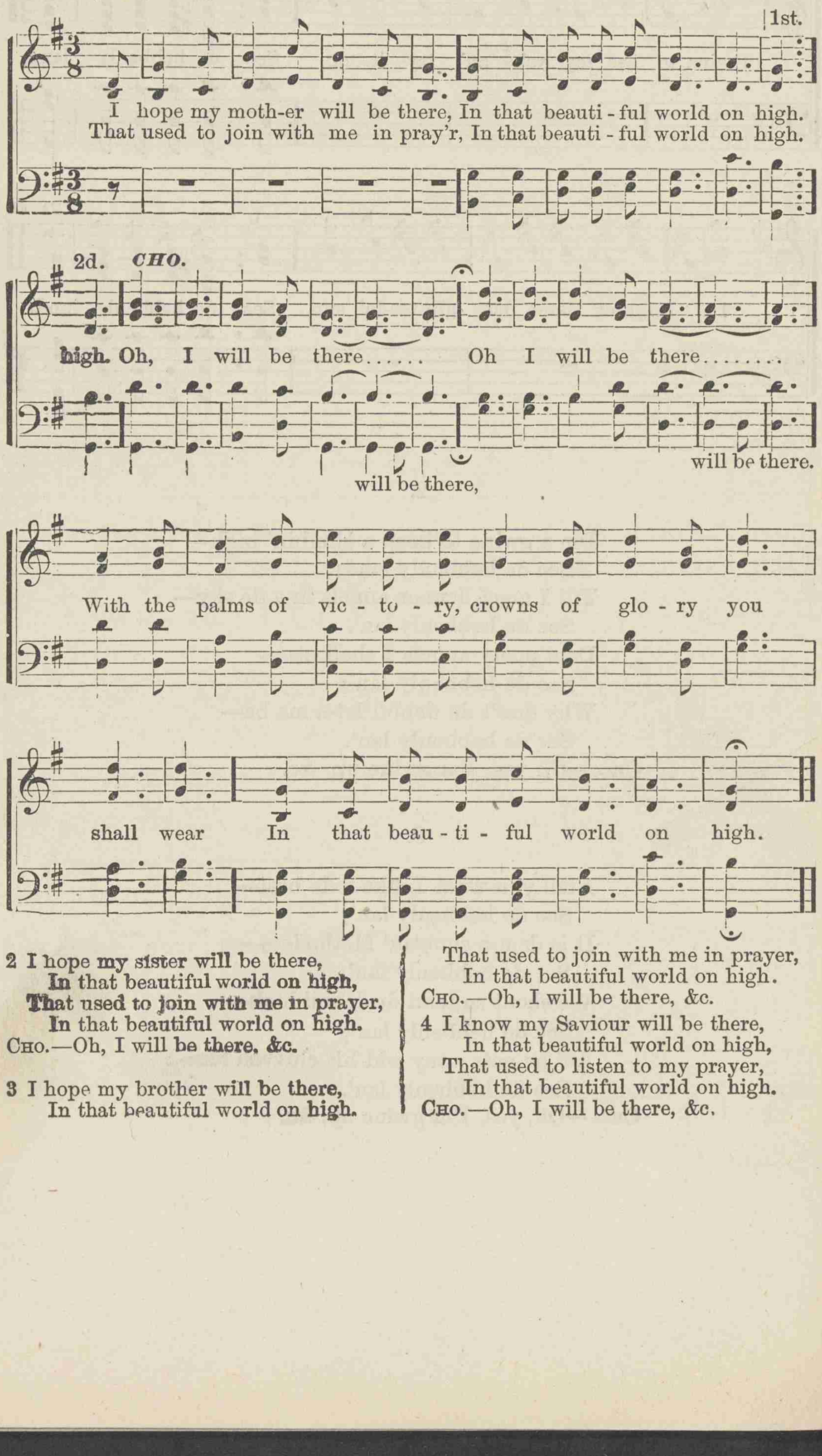
I'm a gwine to keep a climbin' high—
See de hebbenly land;
Till I meet dem-er angels in-a de sky—
See de hebbenly lan'.
Dem pooty angels I shall see—
See de hebbenly lan';
Why don't de debbil let-a me be—
See de hebbenly lan'.
CHO.—Oh yes, I'm gwine up, &c.

3.

I tell you what I like-a de best—
See de hebbenly lan';
It is dem-a shoutin' Methodess—
See de hebbenly lan';
We shout so loud de debbil look—
See de hebbenly lan';
An' he gets away wid his cluvven foot—
See de hebbenly lan'.
CHO.—Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, &c.

I hope my Mother will be there.

This was sung by the hands in Mayo's Tobacco Factory, Richmond, and is really called "The Mayo Boys' Song."



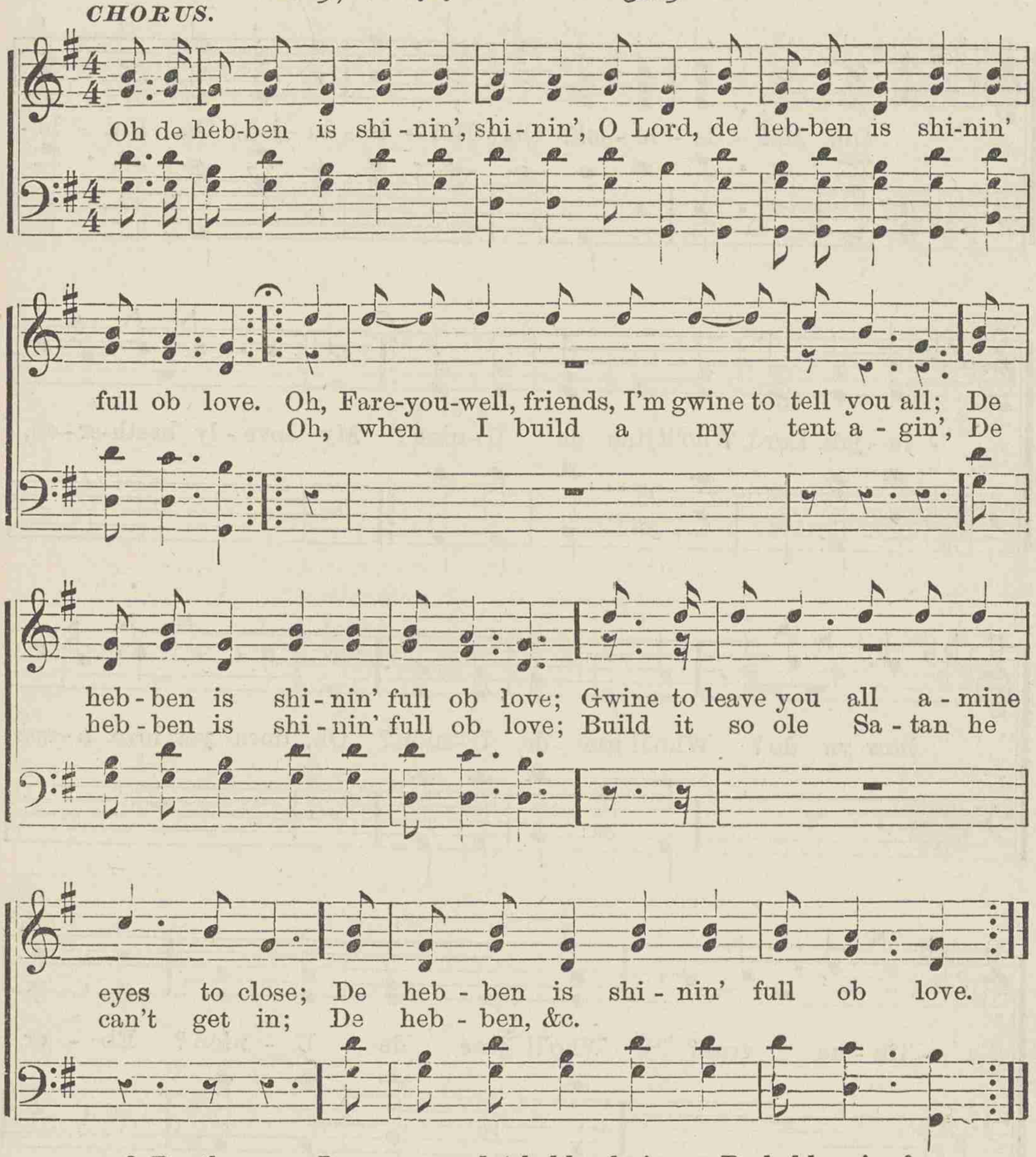
2 I hope my sister will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
CHO.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

3 I hope my brother will be there,
In that beautiful world on high.
That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
CHO.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

4 I know my Saviour will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to listen to my prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.
CHO.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

Oh, de Hebben is Shinin'.

CHORUS.



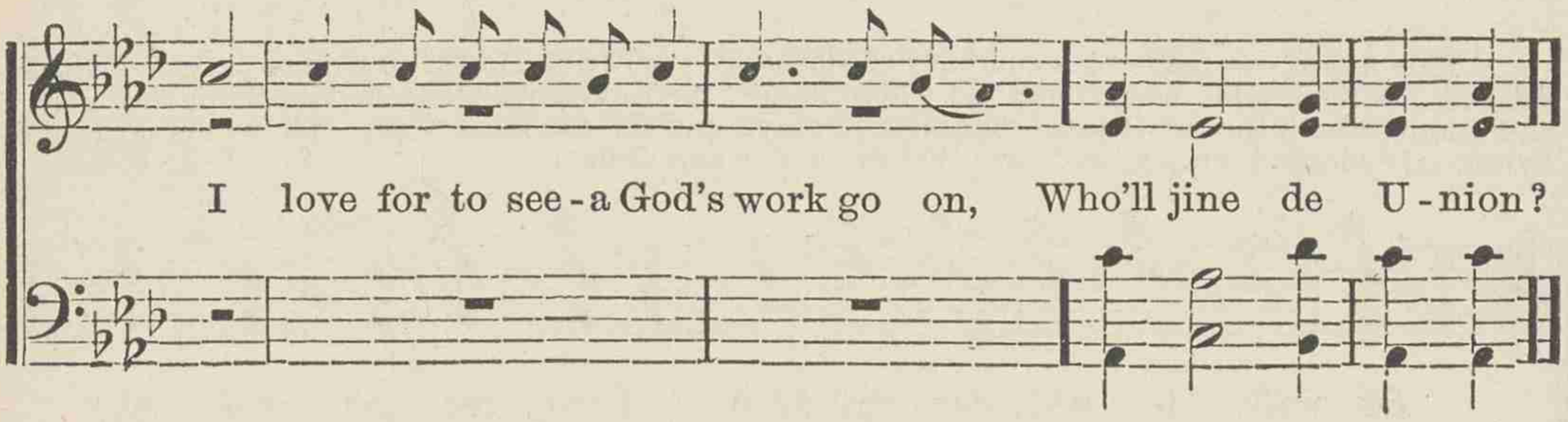
2 Death say, "I come on a-dat hebbenly 'cree; De hebben is, &c.
My warrant's for to summage thee; De hebben is, &c.
An' whedder thou prepared or no; De hebben is, &c.
Dis very day He say you must go;" De hebben is, &c.—*Cho.*

3 Oh, ghastly Death, wouldst thou prevail; De hebben is, &c.
Oh, spare me yet anoder day; De hebben is, &c.
I'm but a flower in my bloom; De hebben is, &c.
Why wilt thou cut-a me down so soon? De hebben is, &c.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, if I had-a my time agin; De hebben is, &c.
I would hate dat road-a dat leads to sin; De hebben is, &c.
An' to my God a-wid earnest pray; De hebben is, &c.
An' wrastle until de break o' day; De hebben is, &c.—*Cho.*

Who'll jine de Union.

Who'll jine de Union.—*Concluded.*



2.

Ef ye want to ketch-a dat hebbenly breeze,
Who'll jine de Union ?
Go down in de valley upon yer knees,
Who'll jine de Union ?
Go bend yer knees right smoove wid de groun',
Who'll jine de Union ?
An' pray to de Lord to turn you roun',
Who'll jine de Union ?
CHO.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

4.

Say, ef you belong to de Union ban',
Who'll jine de Union ?
Den here's my heart, an' here's my han'
Who'll jine de Union ?
I love yer all, both bond an' free,
Who'll jine de Union ?
I love you ef-a you don't love me,
Who'll jine de Union ?
CHO.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

3.

Now ef you want to know ob me,
Who'll jine de Union ?
Jess who I am, an' a-who I be,
Who'll jine de Union ?
I'm a chile ob God, wid my soul sot free,
Who'll jine de Union ?
For Christ hab bought my liberty,
Who'll jine de Union ?
CHO.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

A great Camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

"This hymn was made by a company of Slaves, who were not allowed to sing or pray anywhere the old master could hear them; and when he died their old mistress looked on them with pity, and granted them the privilege of singing and praying in the cabins at night. Then they sang this hymn, and shouted for joy, and gave God the honor and praise." J. B. Towe.

A great Camp-meetin'.—*Concluded.*

2.

Oh get you ready, children, Dont you get weary,
Get you ready, children, Dont you, &c. (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
For Jesus is a comin', Dont you get, &c,
Jesus is a comin', Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Gwine to hab a happy meetin', Dont you get weary,
Hab a happy meetin', Dont you get, &c. (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Cho.—Gwine to pray an' nebber tire,
Pray an' nebber tire, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

3.

Gwine to hab it in hebben, Dont you, &c.
Gwine to hab it in hebben, Dont, &c. (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Gwine to shout in hebben, Dont you get weary,
Shout in hebben, Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Oh will you go wid me, Dont you get, &c.,
Will you go wid me, Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,

Cho.—Gwine to shout an' nebber tire,
Shout an' nebber tire, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land,

4.

Dere's a better day comin', Dont you get weary,
Better day a comin', Dont you get, &c., (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Oh slap your hands children, Dont, &c.
Slap your hands children, Dont, &c., (*bis.*
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
Oh pat your foot children, Dont you get weary,
Pat your foot children, Dont, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Cho.—Gwine to live wid God forever,
Live wid God forever, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

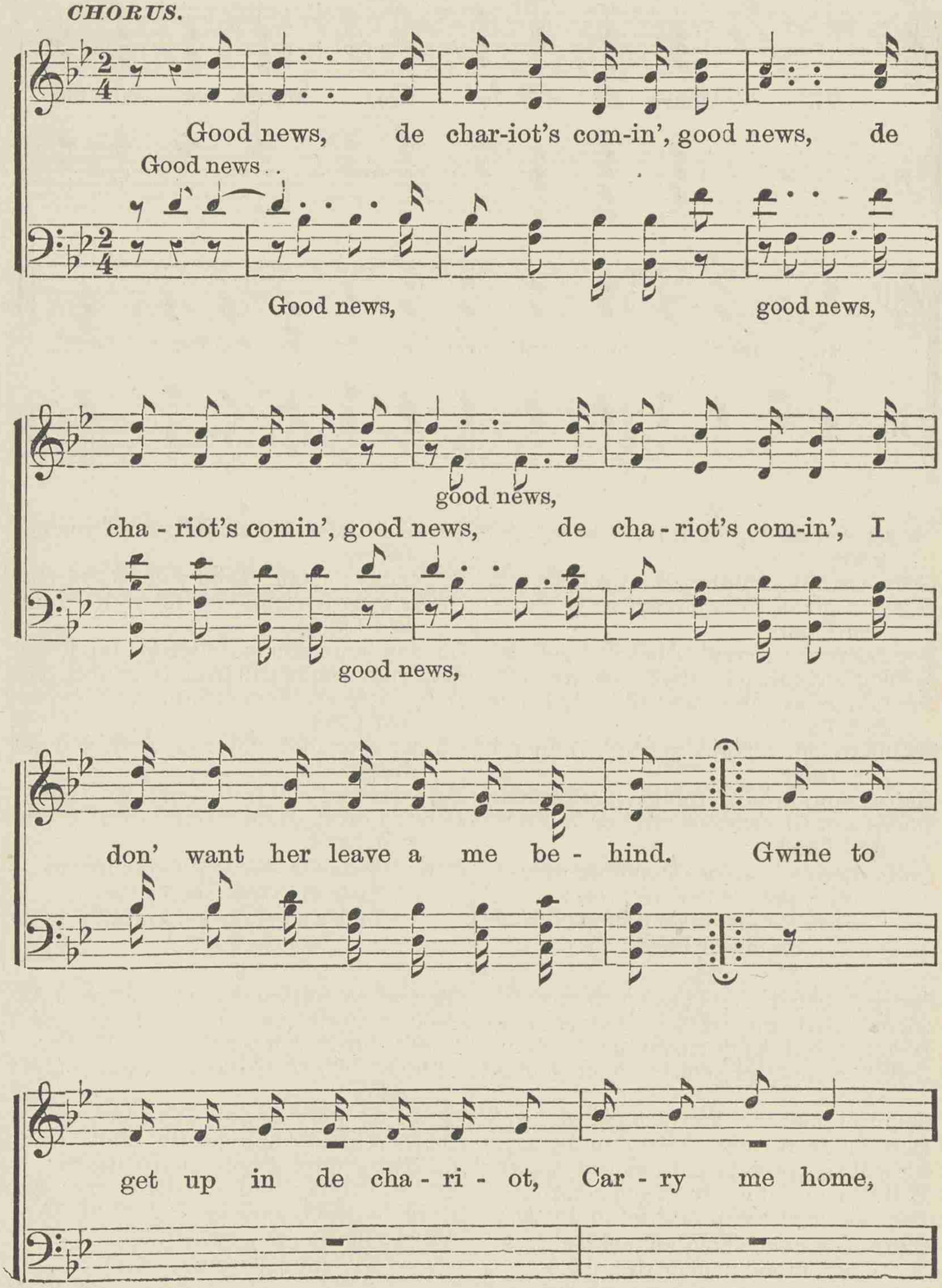
5.

Oh, feel de Spirit a movin', Dont you, &c.
Feel de Spirit a movin', Dont, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
Oh now I'm gettin' happy, Dont you get weary,
Now I'm gettin' happy, Dont, &c., (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
I feel so happy, Dont you get weary,
Feel so happy, Dont you get weary, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.

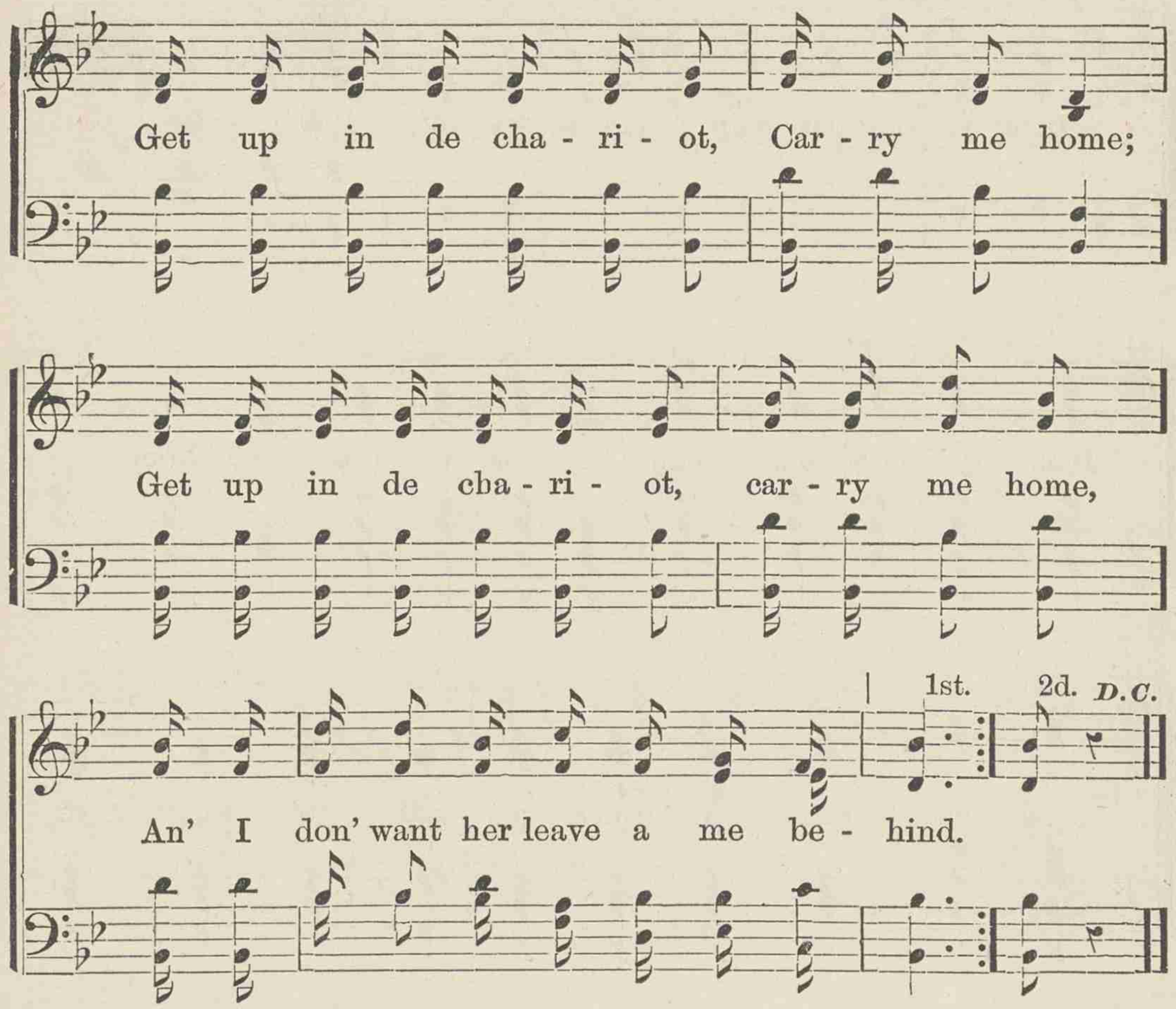
Cho.—Oh, fly an' nebber tire,
Fly an' nebber tire, (*bis.*)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Good news, de Chariot's comin'.

CHORUS.



Good news, de Chariot's comin'.—*Concluded.*



2 Dar's a long white robe in de hebben I know,
A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's a golden crown in de hebben, I know,
A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
CHO.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.

3 Dar's a golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
CHO.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.

Don't ye view dat ship a come a sailin'.

For 1st verse only.

Dont ye view dat ship a come a sail - in'? Hal - le - lu - jah,

Dont ye view dat ship a come a sail - in'? Dont ye

view dat ship a come a sail - in'? Dont ye

view dat ship a come a sail - in? Hal - le - lu - jah.

For 2d and all succeeding verses.

Dat ship is heav - y load - ed, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Dont ye view dat ship.—*Concluded.*

2 Dat ship is heavy loaded, Hallelujah, &c.

3 She neither reels nor totters, Hallelujah.

4 She is loaded wid-a bright angels, Hallelujah.

5 Oh, how do you know dey are angels? Hallelujah.

6 I know dem by a de'r mournin', Hallelujah.

7 Oh, yonder comes my Jesus, Hallelujah.

8 Oh, how do you know it is Jesus? Hallelujah.

9 I know him by-a his shinin', Hallelujah.

I don't feel no-ways tired.

Oh,
I am seek-in' for a ci - ty, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Oh,.... bredren, trab - bel wid me, Hal - le - lu - jah,

I am
Oh,....

For a
Say.....

seek - in' for a cit - y, Hal - le - lu - jah,
bred - ren, trab - bel wid me? Hal - le - lu - jah,

For a
Say,.....

cit - y in - to de heav - en, Hal - le - lu - jah,
will you go a - long wid me? Hal - le - lu - jah,

cit - y in - to de heav - en, Hal - le lu - jah.
will you go a - long wid me? Hal - le lu - jah.

CHO.

Lord, I don't feel no - ways ti - red, Chil - dren,

I don't feel no-ways tired.—*Concluded.*

2 We will trabbel on together, Hallelujah, *(bis)*
Gwine to war agin de debbel, Hallelujah, "
Gwine to pull down Satan's kingdom, Hallelujah, "
Gwine to build up de walls o' Zion, Hallelujah. "
CHO.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

3 Dere is a better day a comin', Hallelujah, *(bis)*
When I leave dis world o' sorrer, Hallelujah, "
For to jine de holy number, Hallelujah, "
Den we'll talk de trouble ober, Hallelujah. "
CHO.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

4 Gwine to walk about in Zion, Hallelujah, *(bis)*
Gwine to talk a wid de angels, Hallelujah, "
Gwine to tell God 'bout my crosses, Hallelujah, "
Gwine to reign wid Him foreber, Hallelujah. "
CHO.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

Did you hear my Jesus.

Ef you want to get to heb-ben, come a-long, come a-long, Ef you
Ef you want to see de an-gels, come a-long, come a-long, Ef you

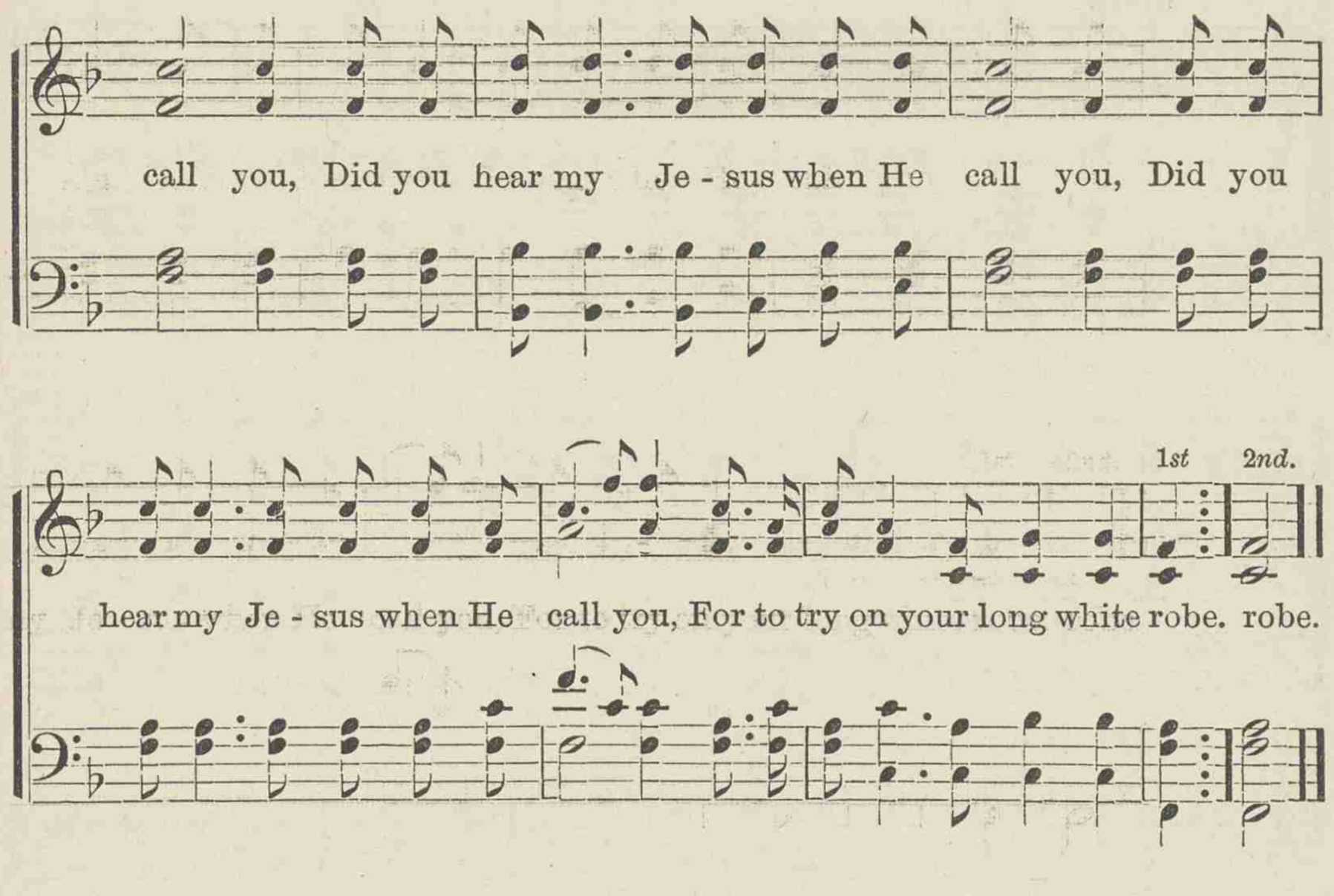
want to get to heb-ben, come a-long, come a-long, Ef you
want to see de an-gels, come a-long, come a-long, Ef you

want to go to heb-ben, come a-long, come a-long,
want to see de an-gels, come a-long, come a-long,

CHORUS.

Hear my Je-sus when He call you. Did you hear my Je-sus when He
Hear my Je-sus when He call you.

Did you hear my Jesus.—*Concluded.*



2 Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along,
Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along,
Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you,
I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along,
I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you.

Cho.—Did you hear my Jesus when he call you,
Did you hear my Jesus when he call you, (*bis*,,
For to try on your long white robe.

3 Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along,
Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along,
Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along, (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Did you hear my Jesus calling, "come along, come along,"
Did you hear my Jesus calling, "come along, come along." (*bis.*,
Hear my Jesus when He call you.

Cho.—Did you hear my Jesus when He call you,
Did you hear my Jesus when He call you, (*bis.*,
For to try on your long white robe.

Zion, weep a=low.

CHO.

Zi - on, weep a - low, Zi - on, weep a - low, Zi - on,

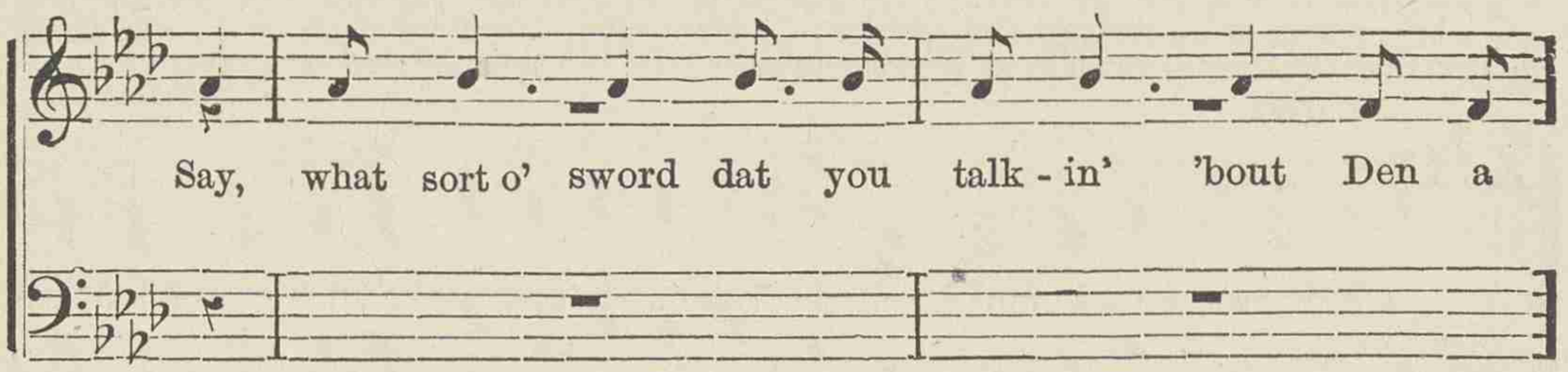
weep a - low, Den - a Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb.

My Je - sus Christ, a - walk-in' down de heb-ben - ly road, Den a

Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb, An' out o' his mouth come a

two-edged sword, Den a Hal - le - lu - jah to - a de Lamb,

Zion, weep a-low.—*Concluded.*



2 Oh, look up yonder, Lord, a-what I see,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Dere's a long tall angel a comin' a'ter me,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Wid a palms o' vicatry in-a my hand,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Wid a golden crown a-placed on-a my head,
Den a Hallelujah, &c. CHO.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

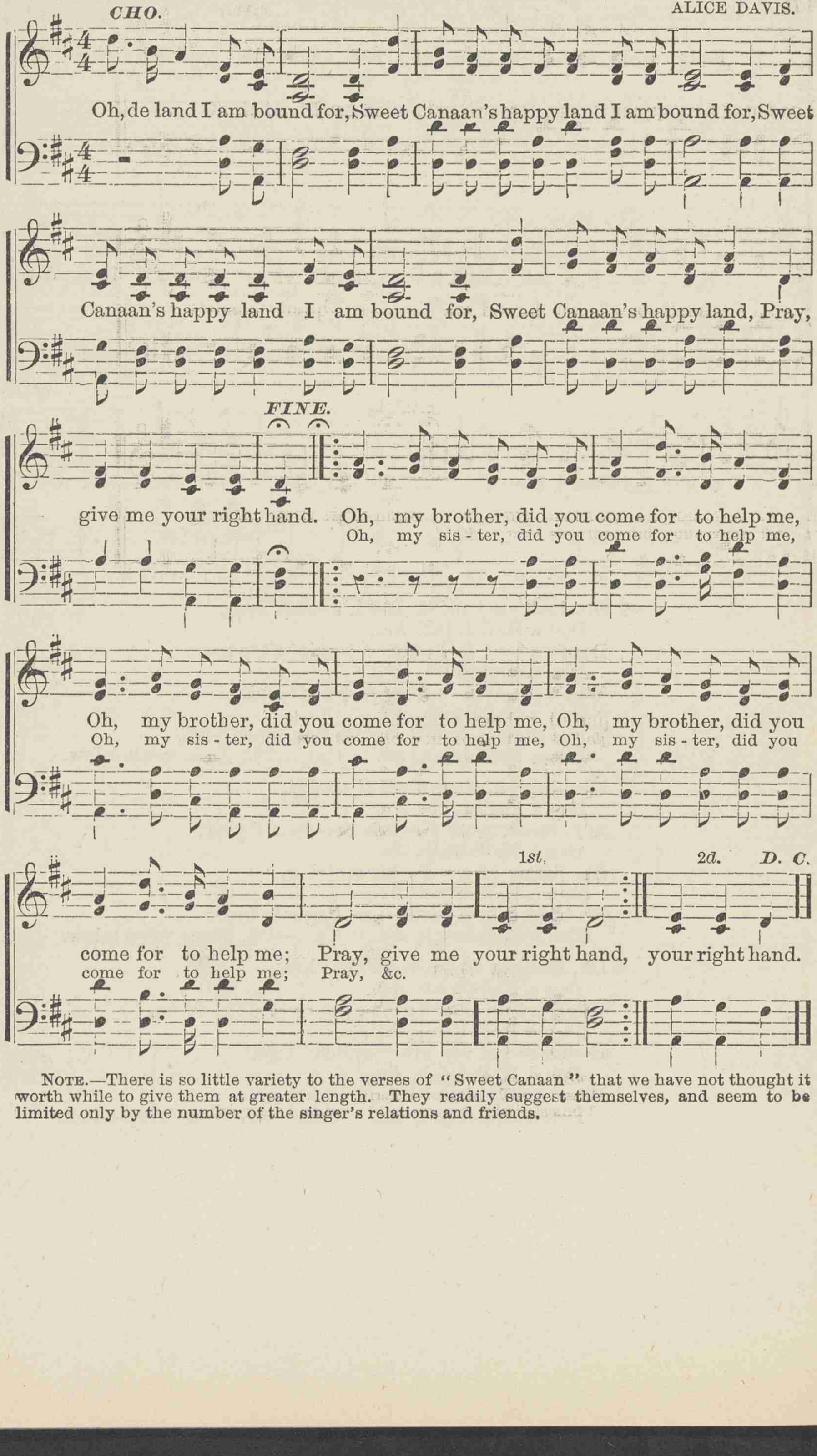
3 Zion been a-weepin' all o' de day,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Say, come, poor sinners, come-a an' pray,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Oh, Satan, like a dat huntin' dog,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
He hunt dem a Christian's home to God,
Den a Hallelujah, &c. CHO.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

4 Oh, Hebben so high, an' I so low,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
I don' know shall I ebber get to Hebben or no,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Gwine to tell my brudder befo' I go,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
What a dolesome road-a I had to go,
Den a Hallelujah, &c. CHO.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

Sweet Canaan.

My mother used to tell me how the colored People all expected to be free some day, and how one night, a great many of them met together in a Cabin, and tied little budgets on their backs, as though they expected to go off some where, and cried, and shook hands, and sang this hymn.

ALICE DAVIS.

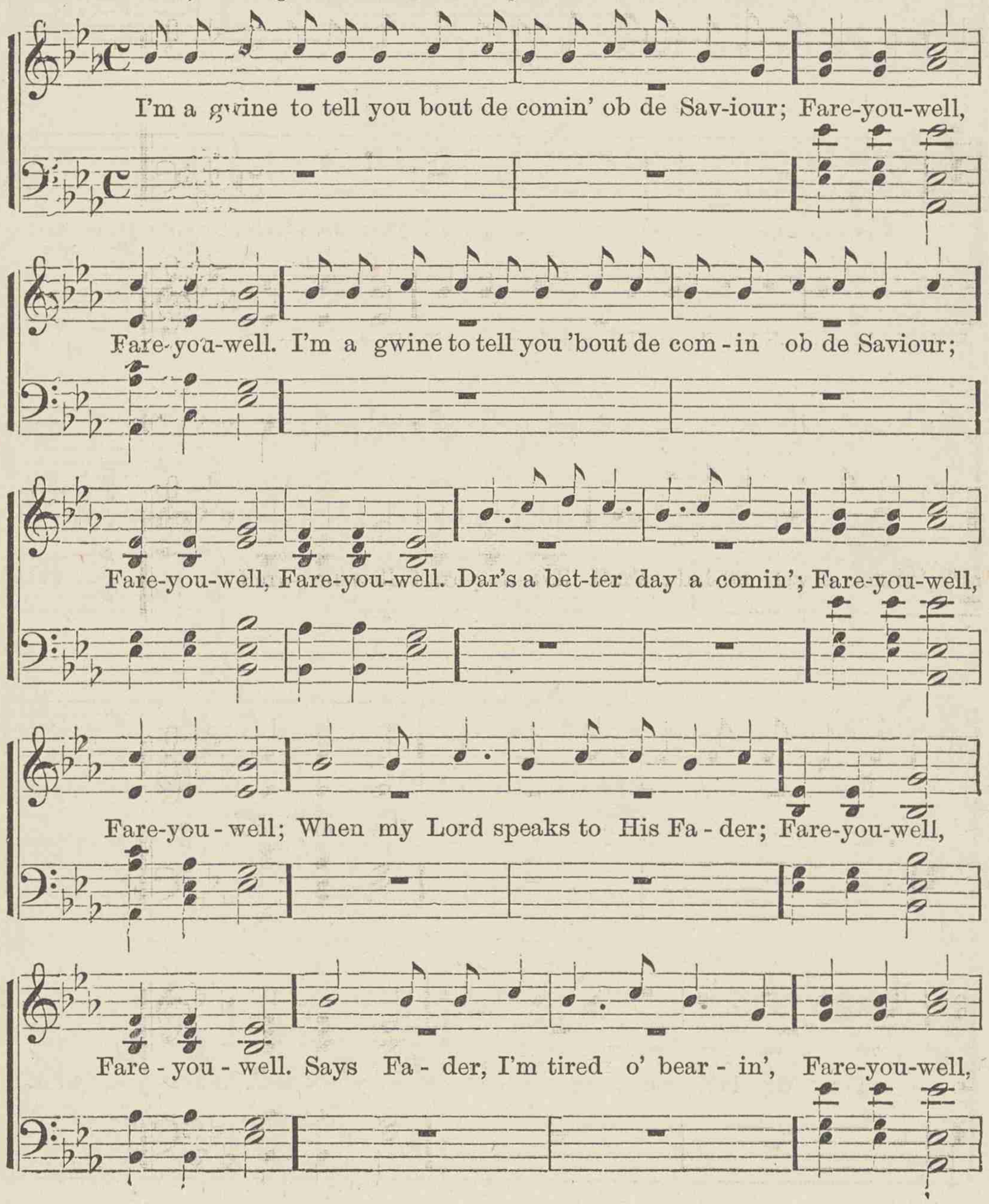


NOTE.—There is so little variety to the verses of "Sweet Canaan" that we have not thought it worth while to give them at greater length. They readily suggest themselves, and seem to be limited only by the number of the singer's relations and friends.

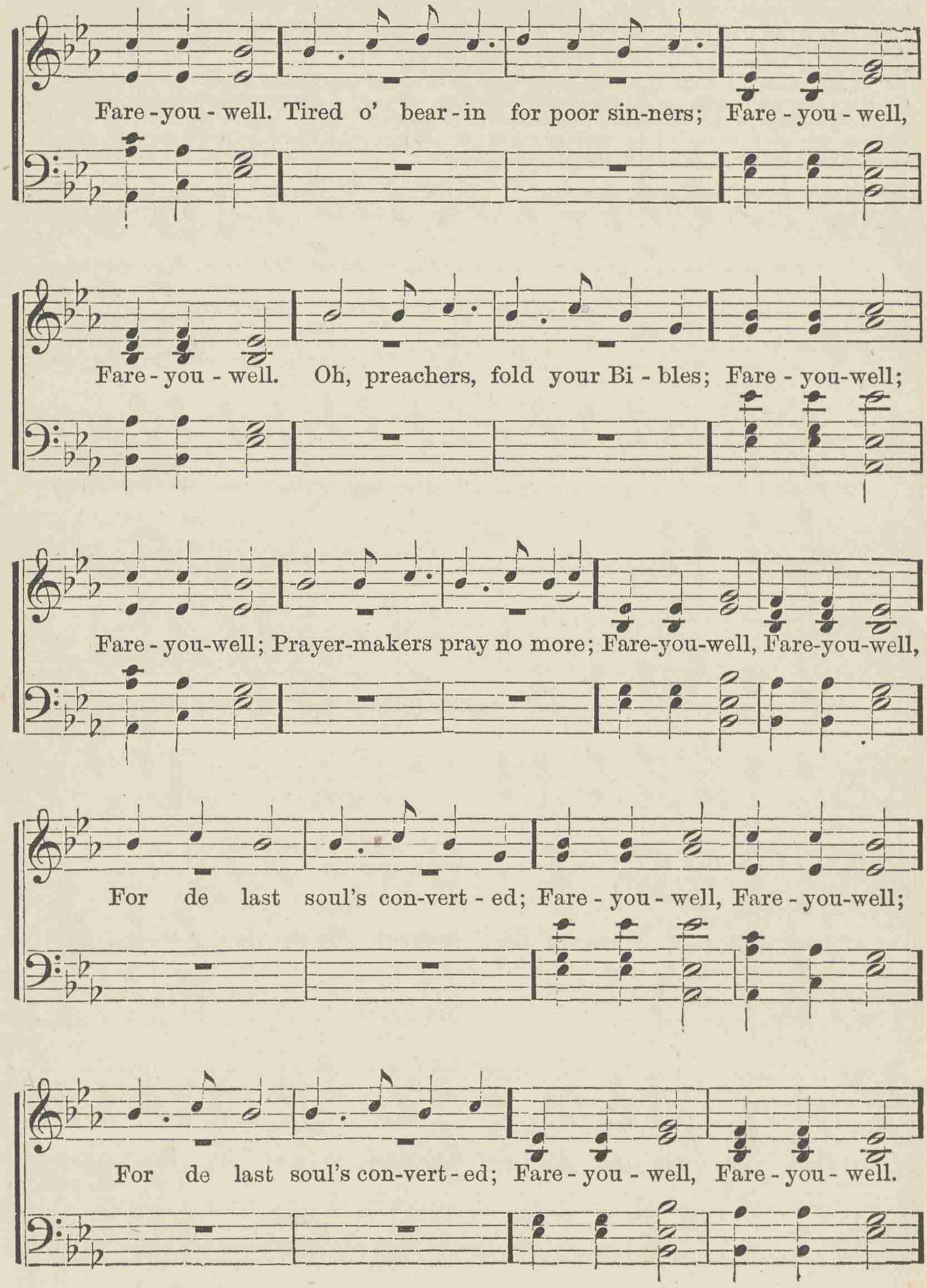
En dat great gittin-up Mornin'.

THIS song is a remarkable paraphrase of a portion of the Book of Revelations, and one of the finest specimens of negro "Spirituals." The student who brought it to us, and who sings the Solos, has furnished all that he can remember of the almost interminable succession of verses, which he has heard sung for half an hour at a time, by the slaves in their midnight meetings in the woods. He gives the following interesting account of its origin :

"I have heard my uncle sing this hymn, and he told me how it was made. It was made by an old slave who knew nothing about letters or figures. He could not count the number of rails that he would split when he was tasked by his master to split 150 a day. But he tried to lead a Christian life, and he dreamed of the General Judgment, and told his fellow-servants about it, and then made a tune to it, and sang it in his cabin meetings." J. B. TOWE.

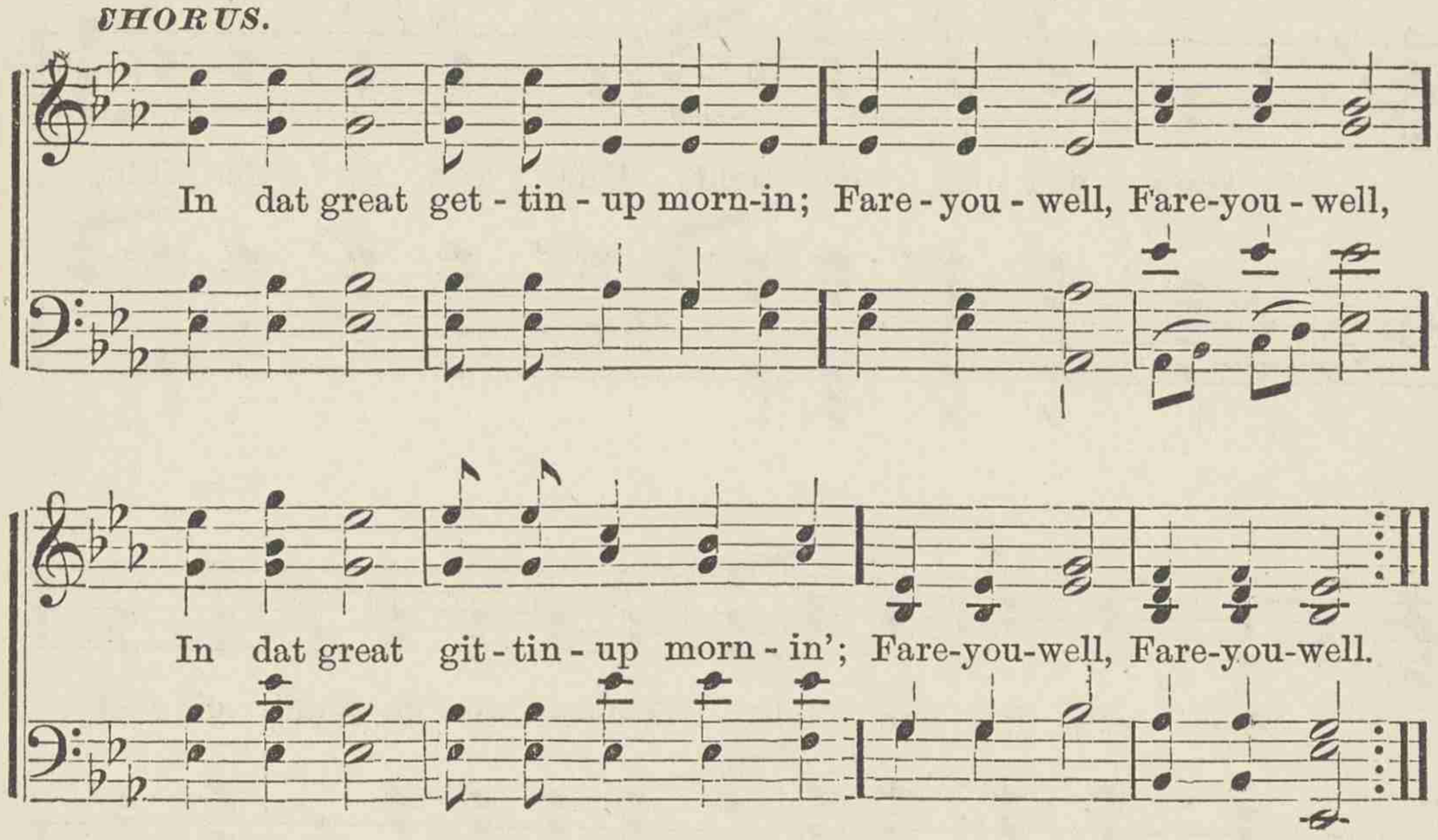


In dat great gittin-up Mornin'.—*Continued.*



In dat great gittin-up Mornin'.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.



2. Dere's a better day a comin',
3. When my Lord speaks to his Fader,
4. Says, Fader, I'm tired o' bearin',
5. Tired o' bearin' for poor sinners,
6. Oh preachers, fold your Bibles,
7. Prayer-makers, pray no more,
8. For de last soul's converted.(*bis*)*Cho.*
9. De Lord spoke to Gabriel.
10. Say, go look behind de altar,
11. Take down de silver trumpet,
12. Go down to de sea-side,
13. Place one foot on de dry land,
14. Place de oder on de sea,
15. Raise your hand to heaven,
16. Declare by your Maker,
17. Dat time shall be no longer.(*bis*) *Cho.*
18. Blow your trumpet, Gabriel.
19. Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
20. Blow it right calm and easy,
21. Do not alarm my people,
22. Tell dem to come to judgment. (*bis*) *Cho.*
23. Den you see de coffins bustin',
24. Den you see de Christian risin',
25. Den you see de righteous marchin',
26. Dey are marchin' home to heaven.
27. Den look upon Mount Zion,
28. You see my Jesus comin'
29. Wid all his holy angels.
30. Where you runnin', sinner?
31. Judgment day is comin'. (*bis*) *Cho.*
32. Gabriel, blow your trumpet,
33. Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
34. Loud as seven peals of thunder,
35. Wake de sleepin' nations.
36. Den you see poor sinners risin'.
37. See de dry bones a creepin', *Cho.*
38. Den you see de world on fire,
39. You see de moon a bleedin',
40. See de stars a fallin',
41. See de elements meltin',
42. See de forked lightnin',
43. Hear de rumblin' thunder.
44. Earth shall reel and totter,
45. Hell shall be uncapped,
46. De dragon shall be loosened.
47. Fare-you-well, poor sinner. *Cho.*
48. Den you look up in de heaven,
49. See your mother in heaven,
50. While you're doomed to destruction.
51. When de partin' word is given,
52. De Christian shouts to your ruin.
53. No mercy'll ever reach you, *Cho.*
54. Den you'll cry out for cold water,
55. While de Christian's shoutin' in glory,
56. Sayin' amen to your damnation,
57. Den you hear de sinner sayin',
58. Down I'm rollin', down I'm rollin',
59. Den de righteous housed in heaven,
60. Live wid God forever.(*bis.*) *Cho.*

Walk you in de Light.

Walk you in de light, Walk you in de light,

Walk you in de light, Walk-in' in de light o' God,

1st. 2d.

Oh, chil-dren. God. Oh, chil-dren, do you think it's true,
Yes, He died for me an' He died for you,

Walkin' in de light o' God, Dat Je-sus Christ did die for you,
For de Ho-ly Bi-ble does say so,

Walk you in de Light.—*Concluded.*

2 I think I heard some children say,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
Dat dey neber heard de'r parents pray,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Oh, parents, dat is not de way,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
But teach your children to watch an' pray,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, parents, walk you in de light,
Walk you in de light, walk you in de light,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

3 I love to shout, I love to sing,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
I love to praise my Heavenly King,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Oh, sisters, can't you help me sing,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
For Moses' sister did help him,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, sisters, walk you in de light, &c.

4 Oh, de heavenly lan' so bright an' fair,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
A very few dat enter dere,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
For good Elijah did declare,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
Dat nothin' but de righteous shall go dere,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, Christians, walk you in de light, &c.

Sweet Turtle Dove, or Jerusalem Mornin'.

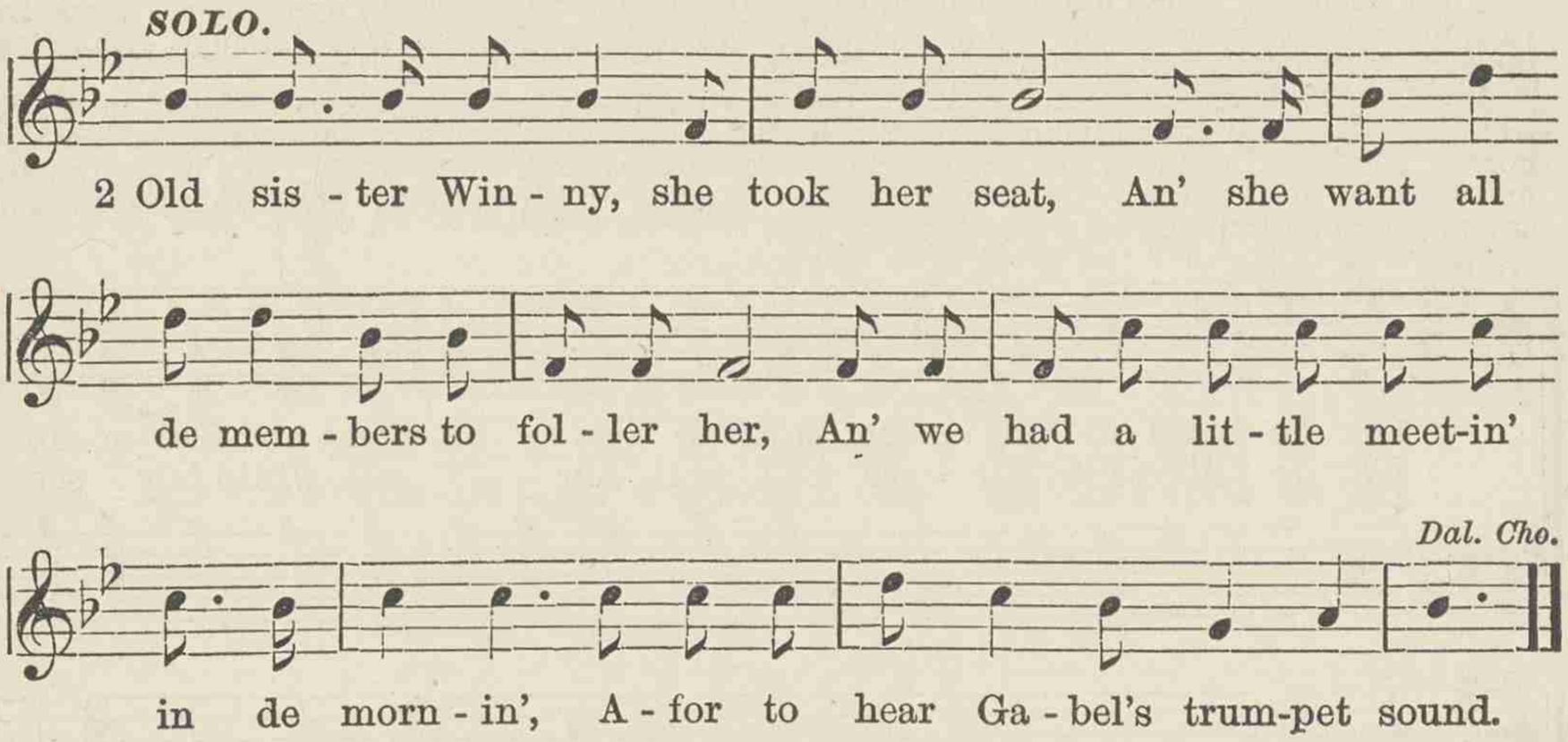
pp 1st, 4th and 8th verses only.

1 Sweet tur - tle dove, she sing - a so sweet, Mud-dy de wa- ter,
so deep, An' we had a lit - tle meet - in' in de
morn - in', A - for to hear Ga - bel's trum - pet sound.

CHORUS.

Je - ru - sa - lem morn - in', Je - ru - sa - lem morn - in' by de
light, Don't you hear Ga - bel's trum-pet in dat morn - in'?

Sweet Turtle Dove.—*Concluded.*



2 Ole sister Hannah, she took her seat,
An' she want all de member to foller her;
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

3 Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet,
Muddy de water, so deep,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(SOLO.) 5 Ole brudder Philip, he took his seat,
An' he want all de member to foller him,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin,'
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(SOLO.) 6 Ole sister Hagar, she took her seat,
An' she want all de member to foller her,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound,
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

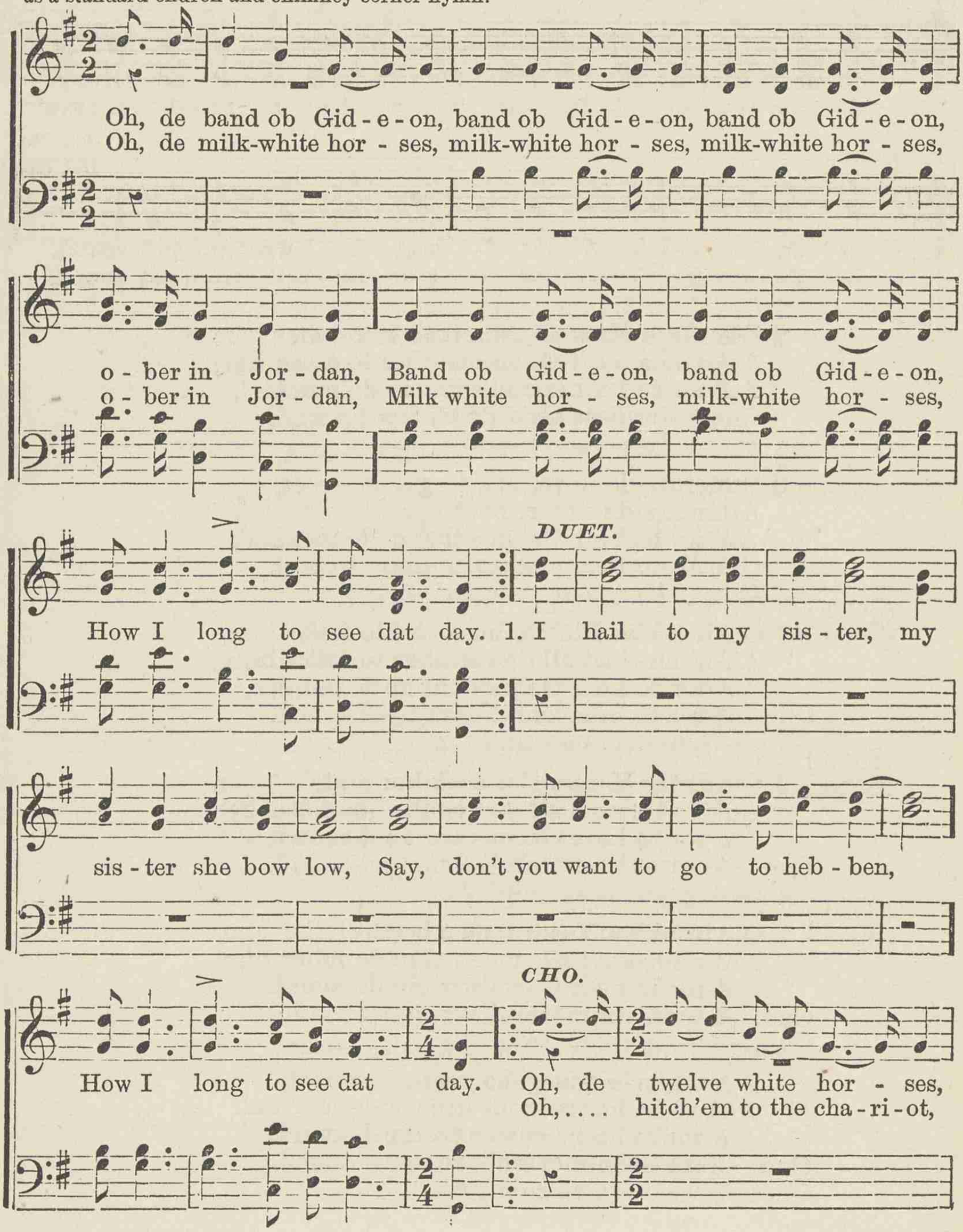
(SOLO.) 7 Ole brudder Moses took his seat,
An' he want all de member to foller him,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin',
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

8 Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet,
Muddy de water. so deep,
An' we had a little meetin' in de mornin'.
A-for to hear Gabel's trumpet sound.
CHO.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

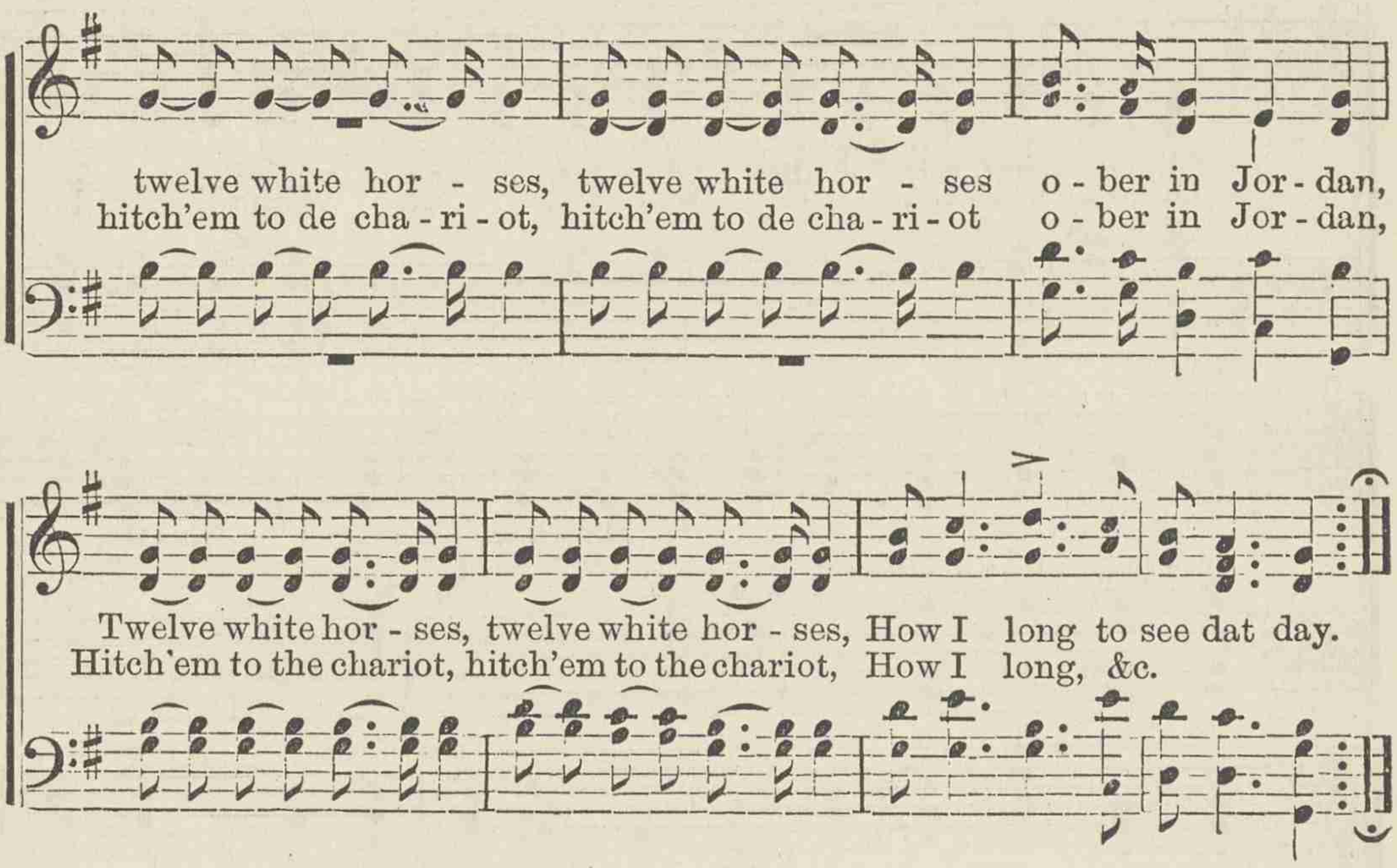
Gideon's Band; or, De milk-white Horses.

The explanation which has been given us of the origin of this curious hymn is, we think, invaluable as an example of the manner in which external facts grew to have a strange symbolical meaning in the imaginative mind of the negro race.

In a little town in one of the Southern States, a Scriptural panorama was exhibited, in which Gideon's Band held a prominent place, the leader being conspicuously mounted upon a white horse. The black people of the neighborhood crowded to see it, and suddenly, and to themselves inexplicably, this swinging "Milk-White Horses" sprang up among them, establishing itself soon as a standard church and chimney-corner hymn.



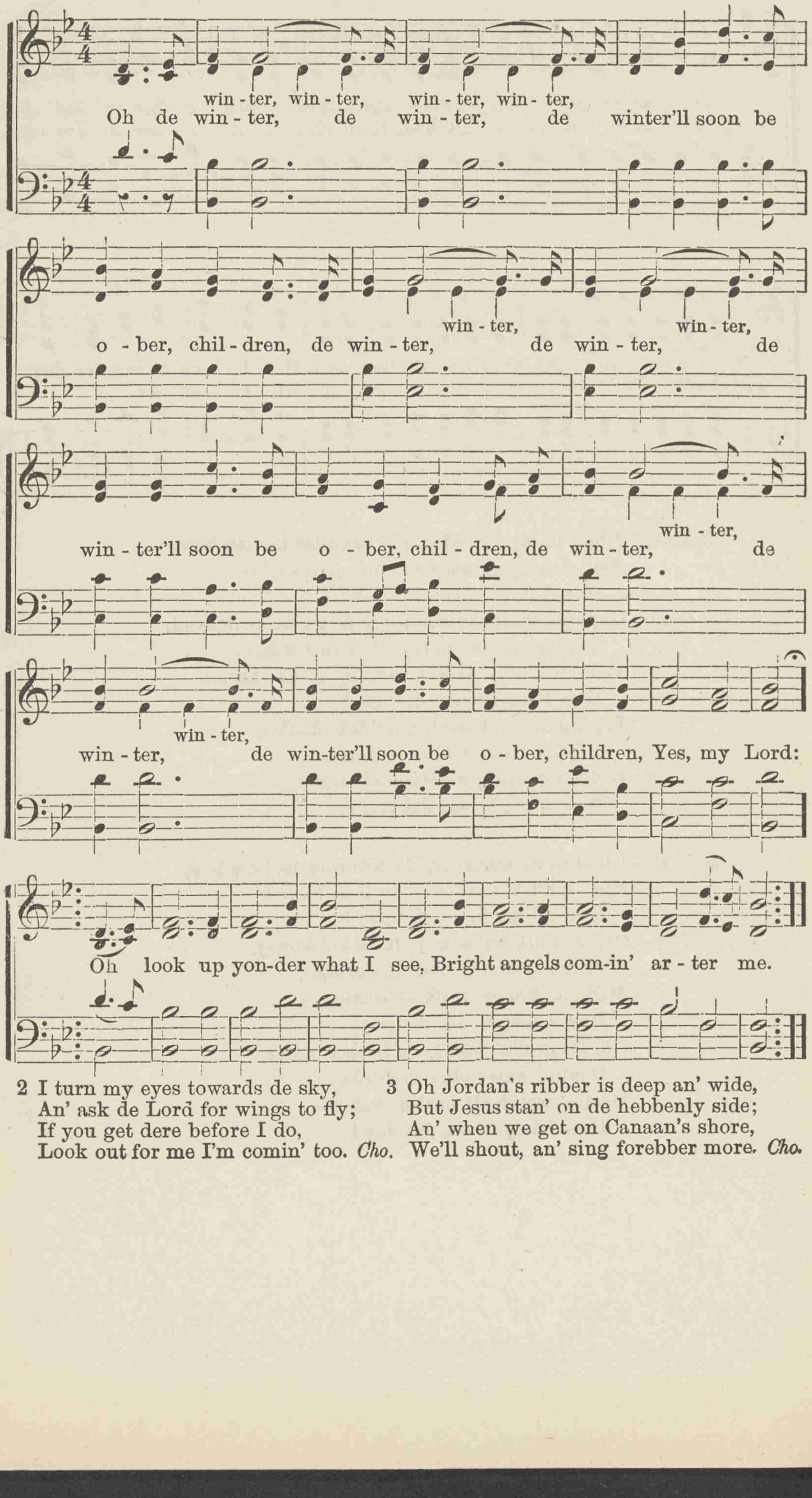
Gideon's Band.—*Concluded.*



2 Duo.—I hail to my brudder, my brudder he bow low,
Say, don't you want to go to hebben?—
How I long to see dat day!
Cho.—Oh, ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot,
Ride up in de chariot ober in Jordan;
Ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot—
How I long to see dat day!
It's a golden chariot, a golden chariot,
Golden chariot ober in Jordan;
Golden chariot, a golden chariot—
How I *long* to see dat day!

3 Duo.—I hail to de mourner, de mourner he bow low,
Say, don't you want to go to hebben?—
How I long to see dat day!
Cho.—Oh, de milk an' honey, milk an' honey,
Milk an' honey ober in Jordan;
Milk an' honey, milk an' honey—
How I long to see dat day!
Oh, de healin' water, de healin' water,
Healin' water ober in Jordan;
Healin' water, de healin' water—
How I *long* to see dat day!

De Winter'll soon be Over.



2 I turn my eyes towards de sky,
An' ask de Lord for wings to fly;
If you get dere before I do,
Look out for me I'm comin' too. *Cho.*

3 Oh Jordan's ribber is deep an' wide,
But Jesus stan' on de hebbenly side;
An' when we get on Canaan's shore,
We'll shout, an' sing forebber more. *Cho.*

Keep Me from sinkin' Down.

Oh Lord, Oh my Lord! Oh my good Lord! Keep me from sink-in'

down, Oh my Lord. Oh my good Lord, Keep me from sink-in'

Oh Lord,

1st. 2nd. *Fine.*

down. down, Keep me from sink - in' down.

tell you what I mean to do, Keep me from sink - in' down,
bless de Lord I'm gwine to die. Keep me from sink - in' down,

D.C.

I mean to go to heb - ben too, Keep me from sink - in' down.
I'm gwine to judgment by an' by. Keep me from sink - in' down.

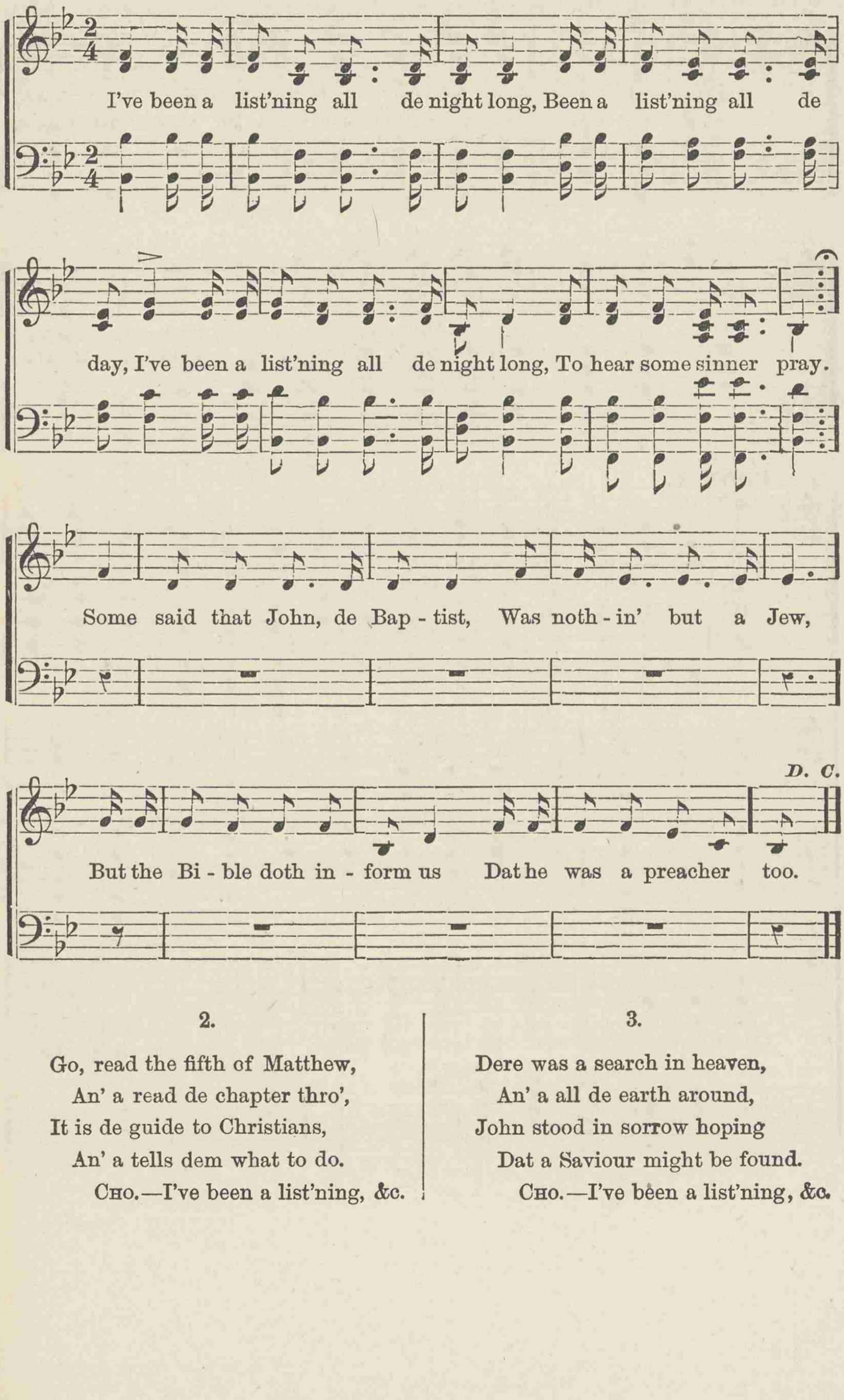
Hear de Angels singin'.

2 Now all things well, an' I don't dread hell;—
Hear de angels singin',
I am goin' up to Hebben, where my Jesus dwell;—
Hear de angels singin'.
For de angels are callin' me away,—
Hear de angels singin',
An' I must go, I cannot stay,—
Hear de angels singin'. CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.

3 Now take your Bible, an' read it through,—
Hear de angels singin',
An' ebery word you'll find is true;—
Hear de angels singin'.
For in dat Bible you will see,—
Hear de angels singin',
Dat Jesus died for you an' me,—
Hear de angels singin'. CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.

4 Say, if my memory sarves me right,—
Hear de angels singin',
We're sure to hab a little shout to-night,—
Hear de angels singin'.
For I love to shout, I love to sing,—
Hear de angels singin',
I love to praise my Hebbenly King,—
Hear de angels singin'. CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.

I've been a-list'ning all de Night long.



2.

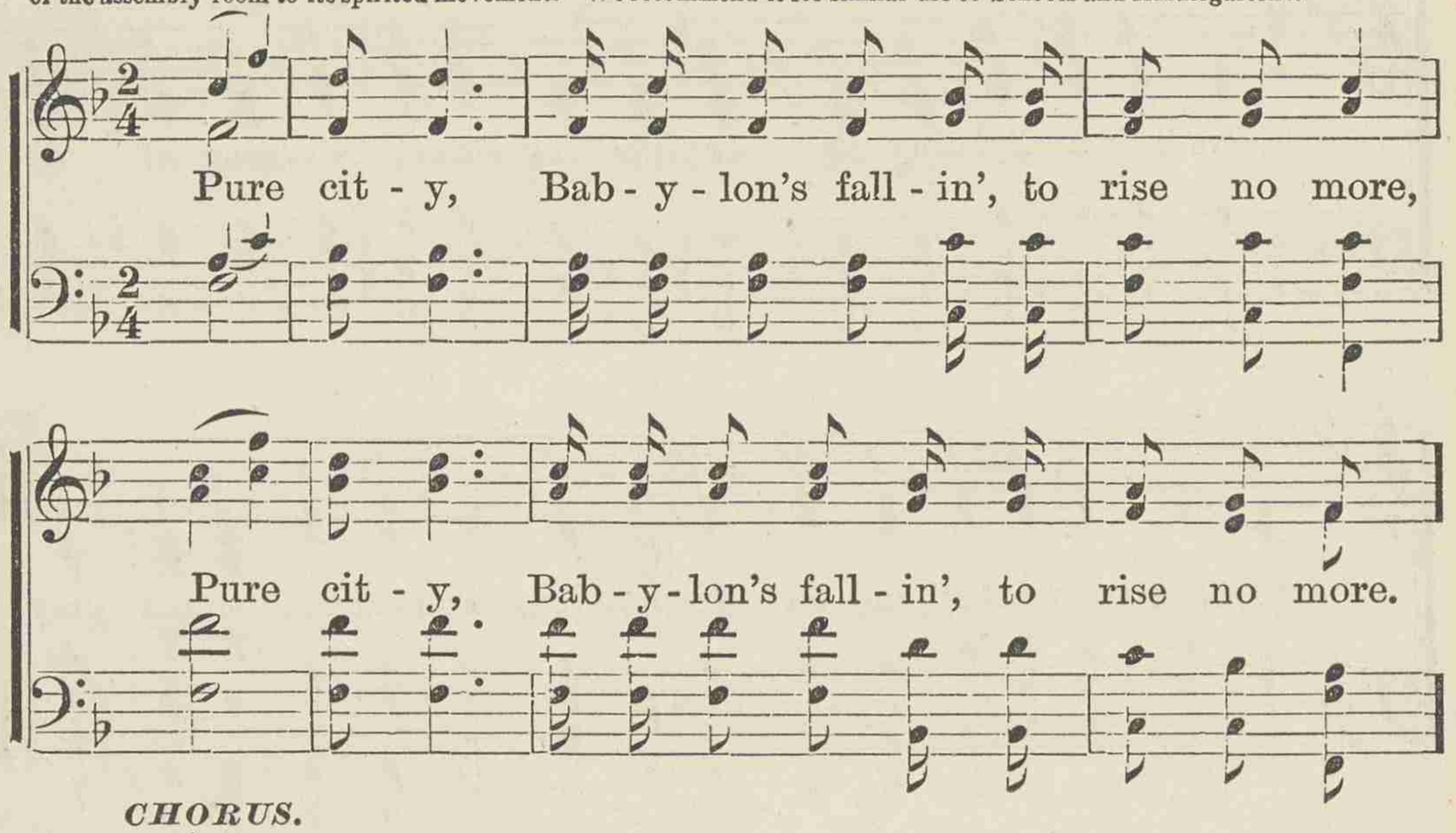
Go, read the fifth of Matthew,
An' a read de chapter thro',
It is de guide to Christians,
An' a tells dem what to do.
Cho.—I've been a list'ning, &c.

3.

Dere was a search in heaven,
An' a all de earth around,
John stood in sorrow hoping
Dat a Saviour might be found.
Cho.—I've been a list'ning, &c.

Babylon's Fallin'.

This is often used in Hampton as a Marching song, and is quite effective when the two hundred students are filing out of the assembly room to its spirited movement. We recommend it for similar use to Schools and Kindergartens.



CHORUS.

Babylon's Fallin'.—*Concluded.*

once be - fore, Bab - y - lon's fall - in' to rise no more; To
fore I do, Bab - y - lon's fall - in' to rise no more; Tell

Dal Seg. Cho.

go in peace an' sin no more; Babylon's fall in' to rise no more.
all my friends I'm comin' too; Babylon, &c.

De ole Ark a-moverin' Along.

1*st.*

Jes' wait a lit - tle while, I'm gwine to tell ye 'bout de ole ark,
De Lord told No - ah for to build him an [*Omit.*]

2*nd.*

ole ark, De ole ark a - mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in' a - long,

Oh de ole ark a - mov - er - in', a-mov - er - in', a - mov-er - in', De

De ole Ark a-moverin' Along.—*Concluded.*

Omit in the last verse,

For the last verse only. ***FINE.***

2 Den Noah an' his sons went to work upon de dry lan',
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Dey built dat ark jes' accordin' to de comman',
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Noah an' his sons went to work upon de timber,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
De proud began to laugh, an' de silly point de'r finger,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
CHO.—De ole ark a-moverin', &c.

3 When de ark was finished jes' accordin' to de plan,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Massa Noah took in his family, both animal an' man,
De ole ark a-moverin, &c.,
When de rain began to fall an' de ark began to rise,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
De wicked hung around' wid der groans an' de'r cries,
De ole ark a-moverin,' &c.
CHO.—Oh de ole ark a-moverin, &c.

4 Forty days an' forty nights, de rain it kep' a fallin',
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
De wicked clumb de trees, an' for help dey kep' a callin',
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Dat awful rain, she stopped at last, de waters dey subsided,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
An' dat ole ark wid all on board on Ararat she rided,
De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
CHO.—Oh, de ole ark a-moverin, &c.

Dust an' Ashes.

1. Dust, dust an' ash - es fly ov-er on my grave, Dust, dust an' ash-es fly
o - ver on my grave, Dust, dust an' ash - es fly o - ver on my grave,
An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home.

2. Dey cru - ci - fied my Sav - iour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey
3. Oh, Jo-seph begged his bo - dy, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh,
4. De an - gel came from heav-en, An' roll de stone a - way, De
5. De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i - ron band, De

cru - ci - fied my Saviour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey cru-ci - fied my
Jo-seph begged His body, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh Joseph begged His
an - gel came from heaven, An' roll de stone a-way, De an - gel came from
cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold iron band, De cold grave could not

Dust an' Ashes.—*Continued.*

Sav-iour, An' nailed Him to de cross, An' de Lord shall bear my
bo - dy, An' laid it in de tomb, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.
heb - ben, An' roll de stone a - way, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.
hold Him, Nor death's cold i - ron band, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.

spi - rit home, An' de Lord shall bear my spi - rit home.

CHORUS.

He rose, He rose, He rose from de dead, He rose, He

He rose, He rose, He rose,

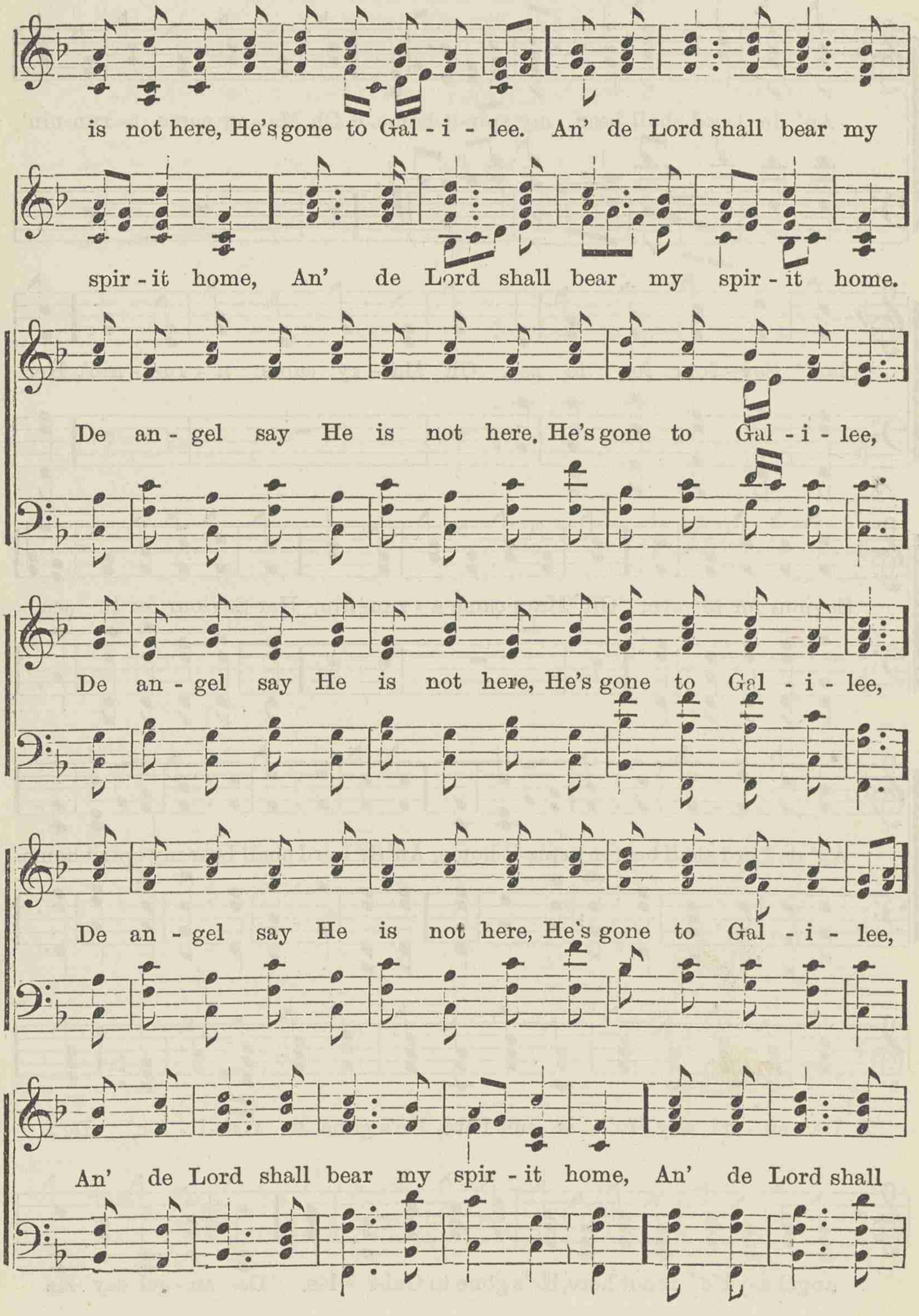
rose, He rose from the dead. He rose, He rose,

He rose, He rose, He rose,

He rose from de dead, an' de Lord shall bear my spi - rit home;

Dust an' Ashes.—*Continued.*

Dust an' Ashes.—*Continued.*



Dust an' Ashes.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.

bear my spir - it home. He rose, He rose,

He rose, He rose,

He rose from de dead, He rose, He rose,

He rose, He rose,

He rose from de dead, He rose, He rose,

He rose, He rose,

He rose from de dead, An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it

home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir - it home.

Stars in the Elements.

Refrain.

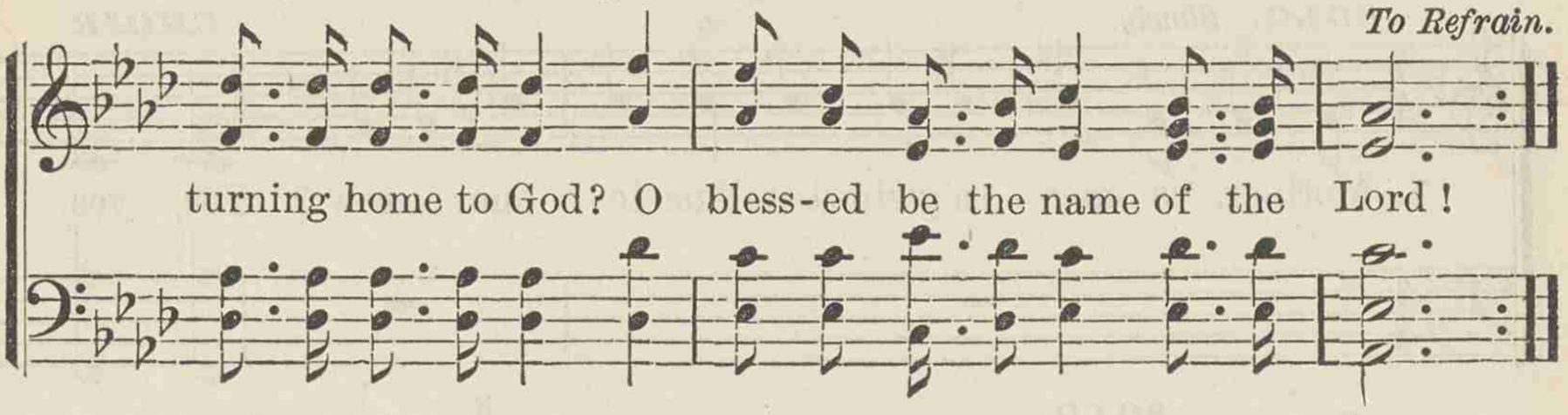
O the stars in the el - e-ments are fall - ing, And the moon drips a - way in the blood, And the ran-somed of the Lord are re - in the blood, turn-ing home to God. O bless - ed is the name of the Lord!

SOLO.

1. Don't you hear those Christians a - pray - ing, While the moon drips a - way in the blood, And the ran-somed of the Lord are in the blood,

Stars in the Elements.—*Concluded.*

To Refrain.

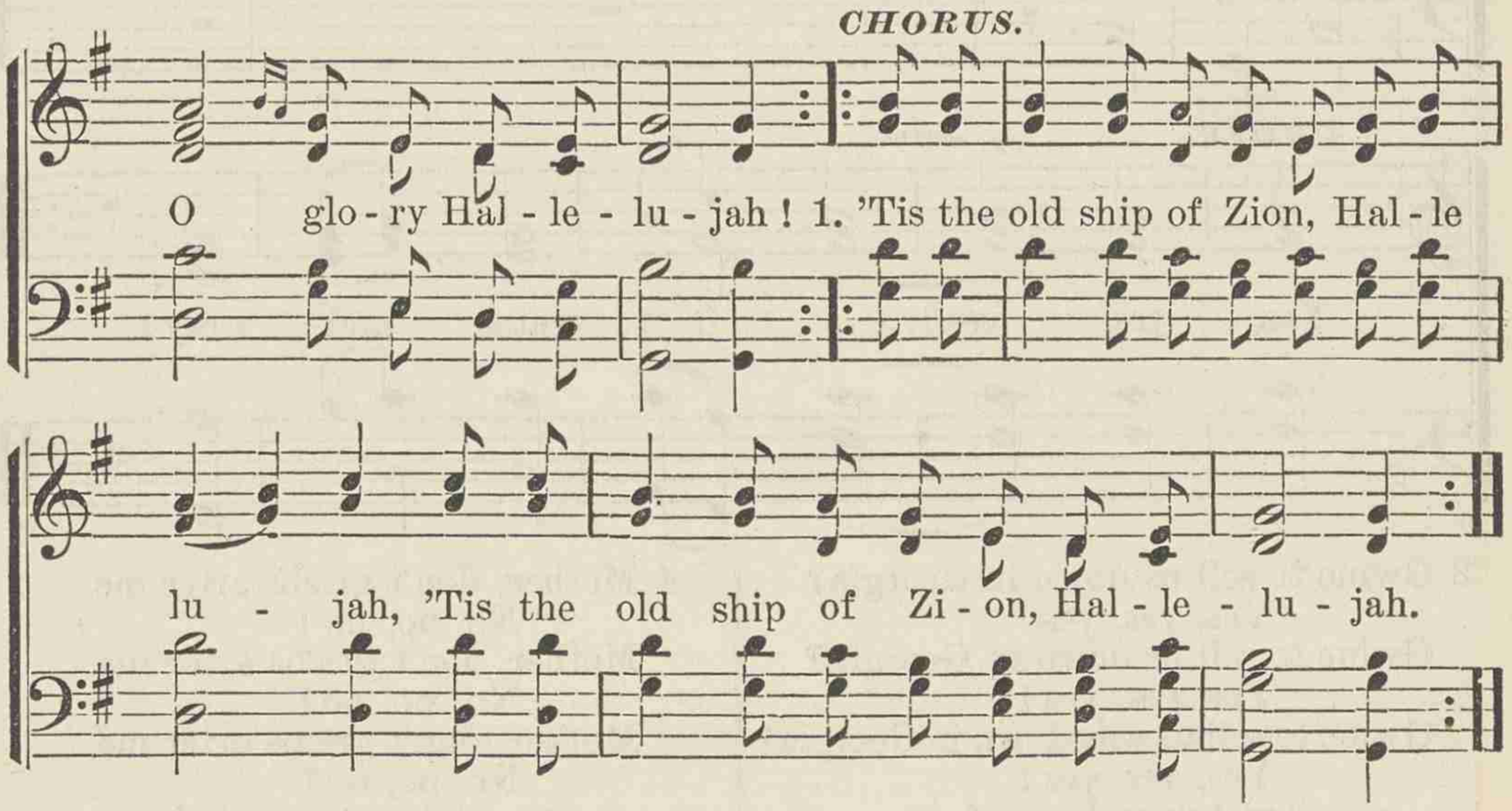


2 Don't you hear those sinners a-screaming,
While the moon drips away, etc.

3 Don't you hear those sinners a-crying,
While the moon drips away, etc.

Ole Ship of Zion.

CHORUS.



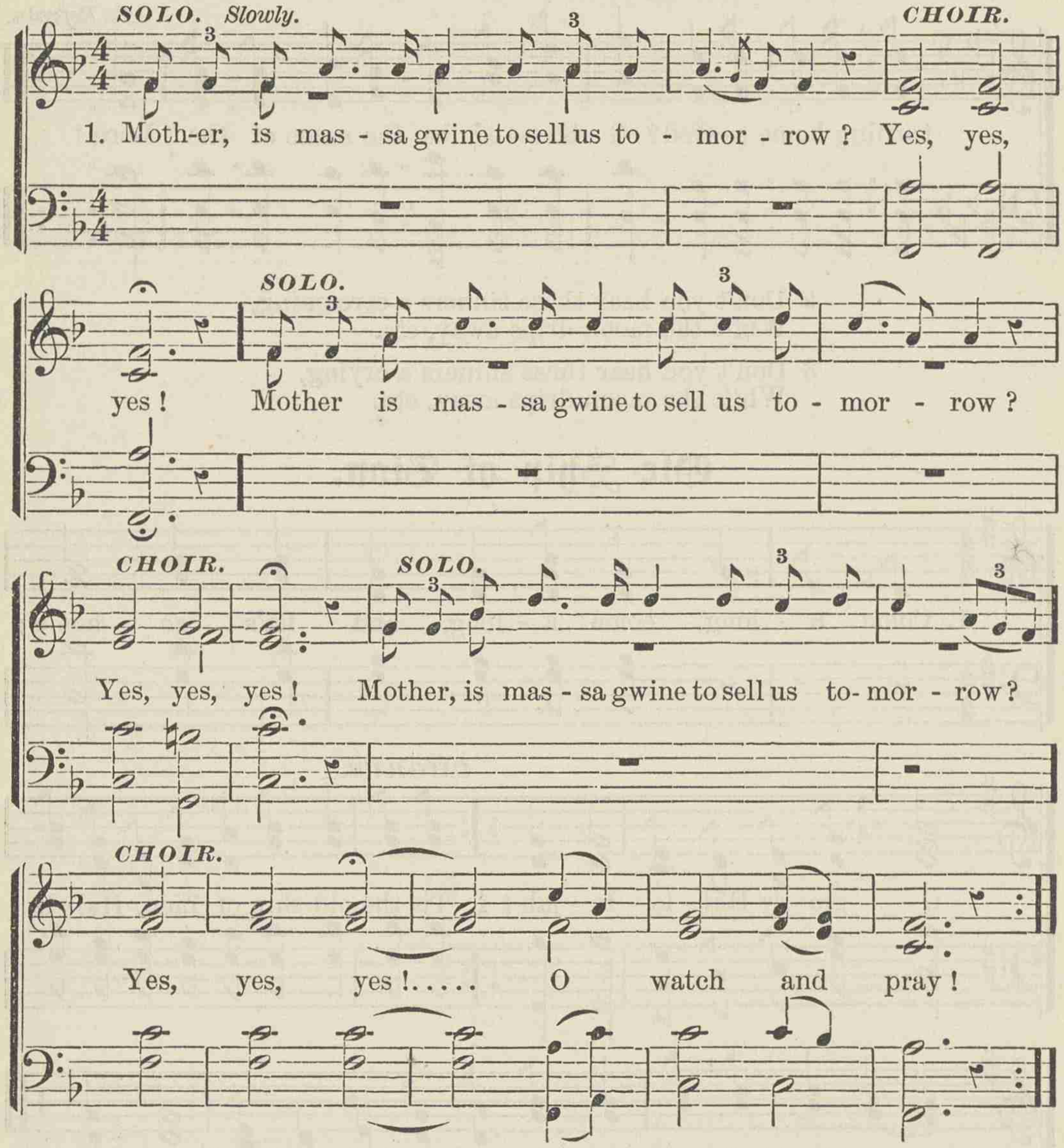
2 O what ship is this
That will take us all home?
O glory Hallelujah!—*Cho.*

3 She has landed many thousand,
And she'll land as many a more.
O glory Hallelujah!—*Cho.*

4 Do you think she will be able
For to take us all home?
O glory Hallelujah!—*Cho.*

5 O yes, she will be able
For to take us all home.
O glory Hallelujah!—*Cho.*

Massa Gwine to Sell us To-morrow.



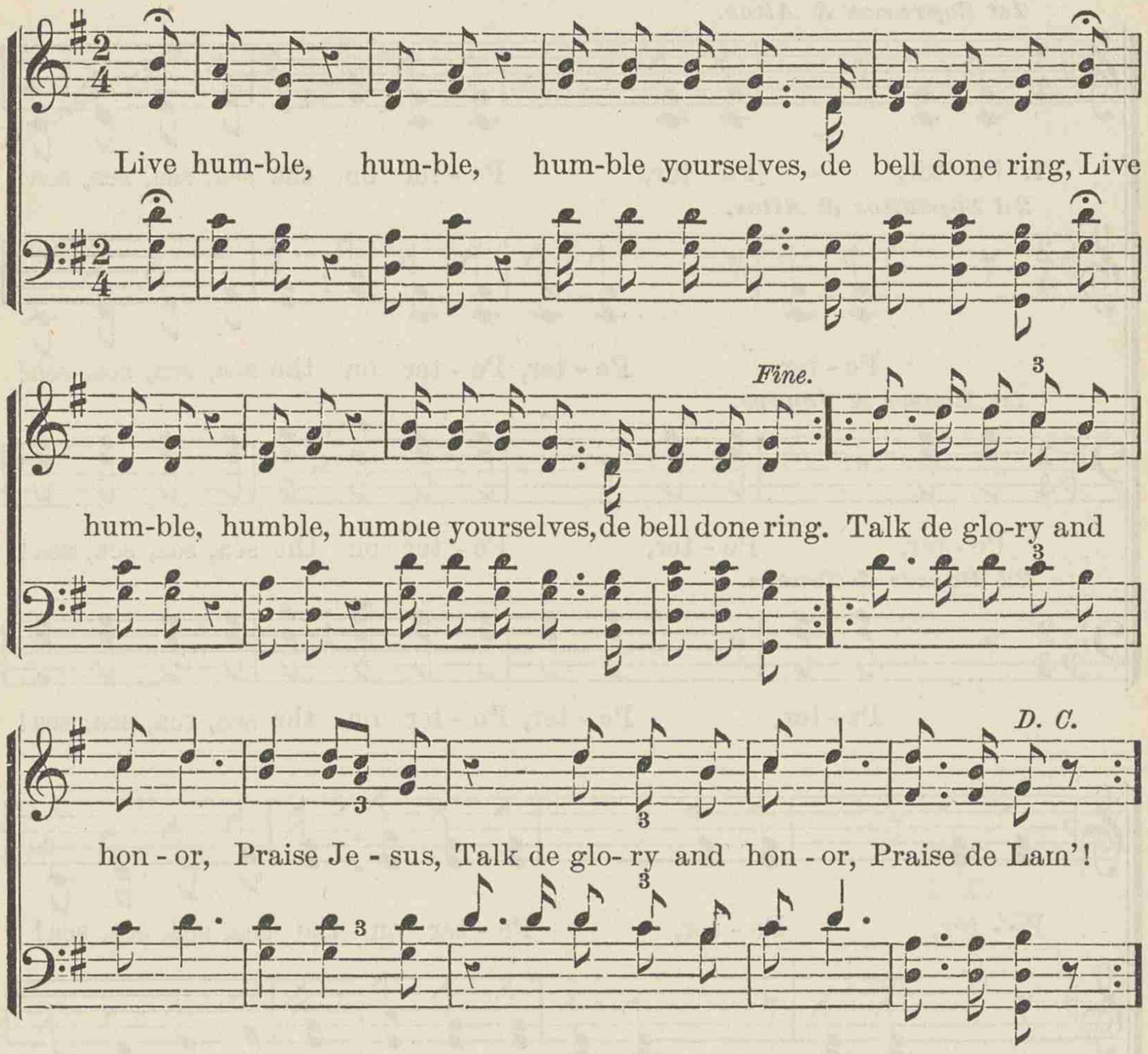
2 Gwine to sell us down in Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes !
Gwine to sell us down in Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes !
Gwine to sell us way down in Georgia?
Yes, yes, yes !
O watch and pray !

3 Farewell, mother, I must lebe you.
Yes, yes, yes !
Farewell, mother, I must lebe you.
Yes, yes, yes !
Farewell, mother, I must lebe you.
Yes, yes, yes !
O watch and pray !

4 Mother, don't griebe arter me.
No, no, no !
Mother, don't griebe arter me.
No, no, no !
Mother, don't griebe arter me.
No, no, no !
O watch and pray !

5 Mother, I'll meet you in heaven.
Yes, my child !
Mother, I'll meet you in heaven.
Yes, my child !
Mother, I'll meet you in heaven.
Yes, my child !
O watch and pray !

Glory and Honor.



SOLO. *(To be sung rapidly in one tone.)*

1. Oh, my young Christians, I got lots for to tell you all, Jesus Christ, speaking thro' de organ of the clay, } judge ye not, { for ye shall be judged, false pretenders gettin' in Christian band. Live humble, etc.

2. False pretenders wear sheep's clothin' on his back, In his heart like a raving wolf,..... } one day, one day, { When God goin' to call dem children from de distant land. Tombstones cra'king, graves bustin', hell and the seas gwine t' give up their dead. Live humble, etc.

Peter on the Sea.

1st Sopranos & Altos.

1. Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

2d Sopranos & Altos.

Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

1st Basses & Tenors.

Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

2d Basses & Tenors.

Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

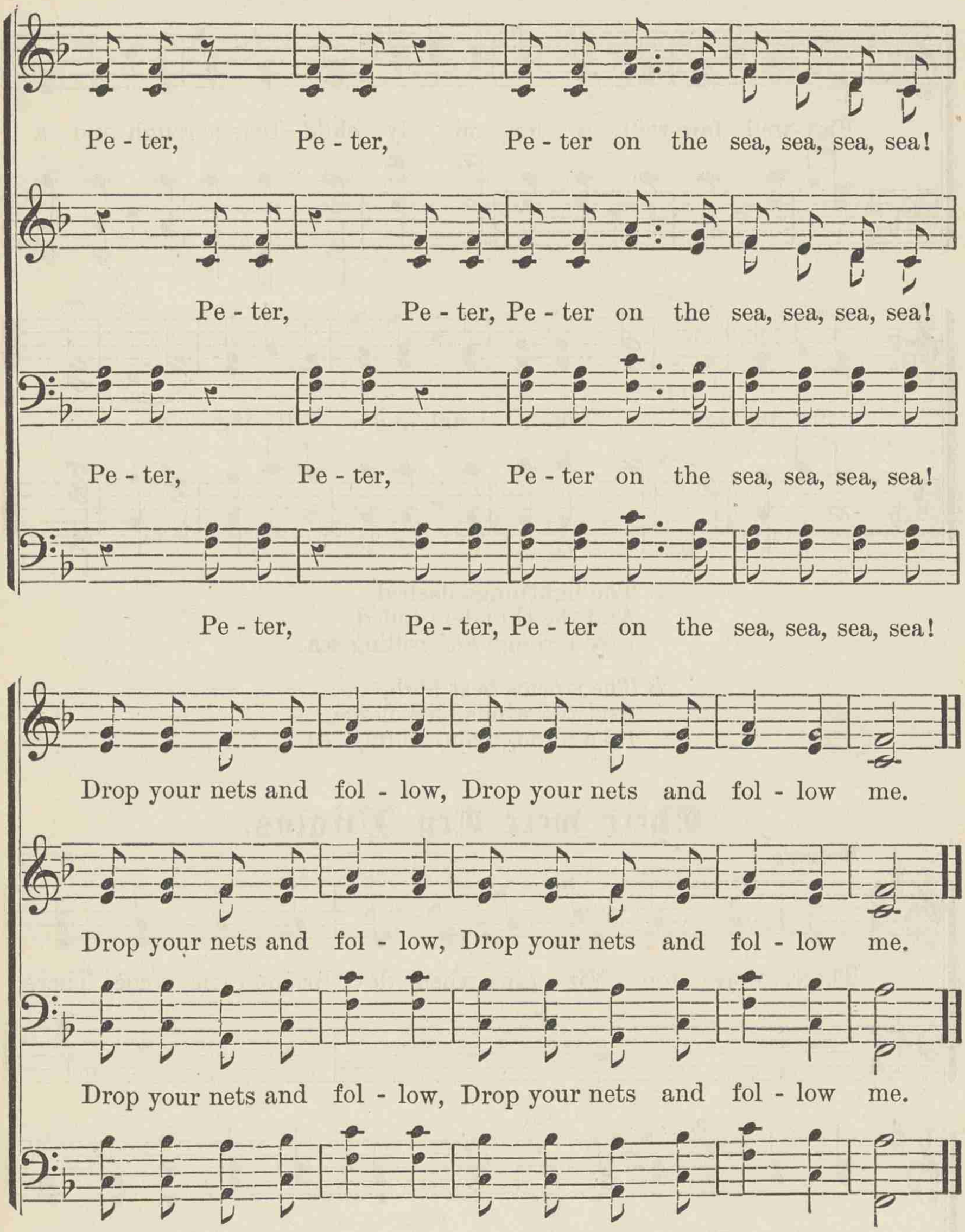
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!

2 ‖::Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel blow your trump, trump, trump, trump!::‖
Gabriel blow your trumpet, Gabriel blow your trumpet loud!

3 ‖::Daniel, Daniel, Daniel in the lions', lions', ::‖
Daniel in the lions', Daniel in the lions' den.

Peter on the Sea.—*Concluded.*



4 ‖::Who did, who did, who did swallow Jonah, Jonah?::‖
Who did swallow Jonah, who did swallow Jonah whole?

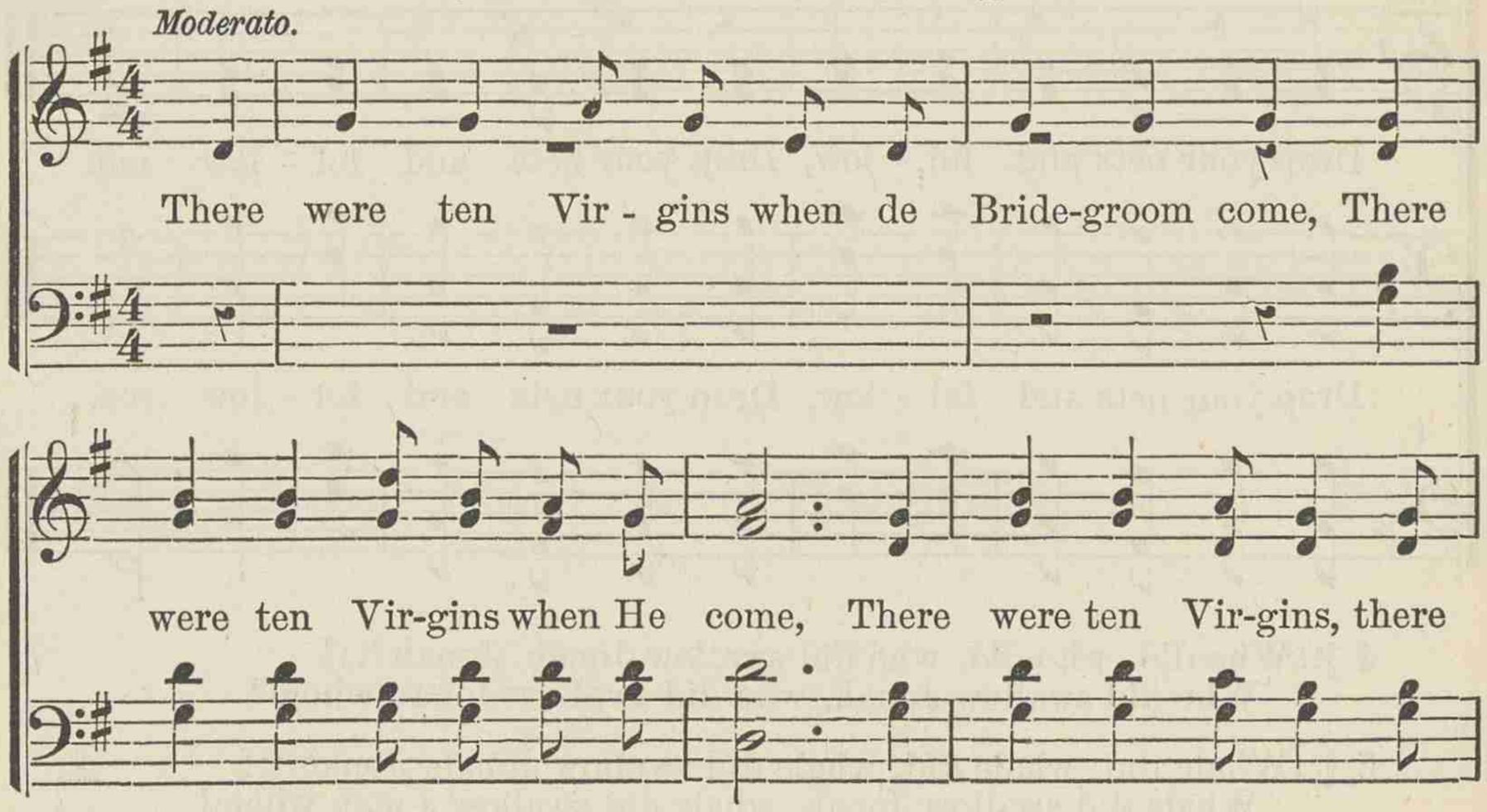
5 ‖::Whale did, whale did, whale did swallow Jonah, Jonah,::‖
Whale did swallow Jonah, whale did swallow Jonah whole!

Rough and Rolling Sea.

2 The lightnings flashed,
And the thunders rolled,
Like a rough and rolling sea.

3 The storms beat high,
And the winds blew fierce,
Like a rough and rolling sea.

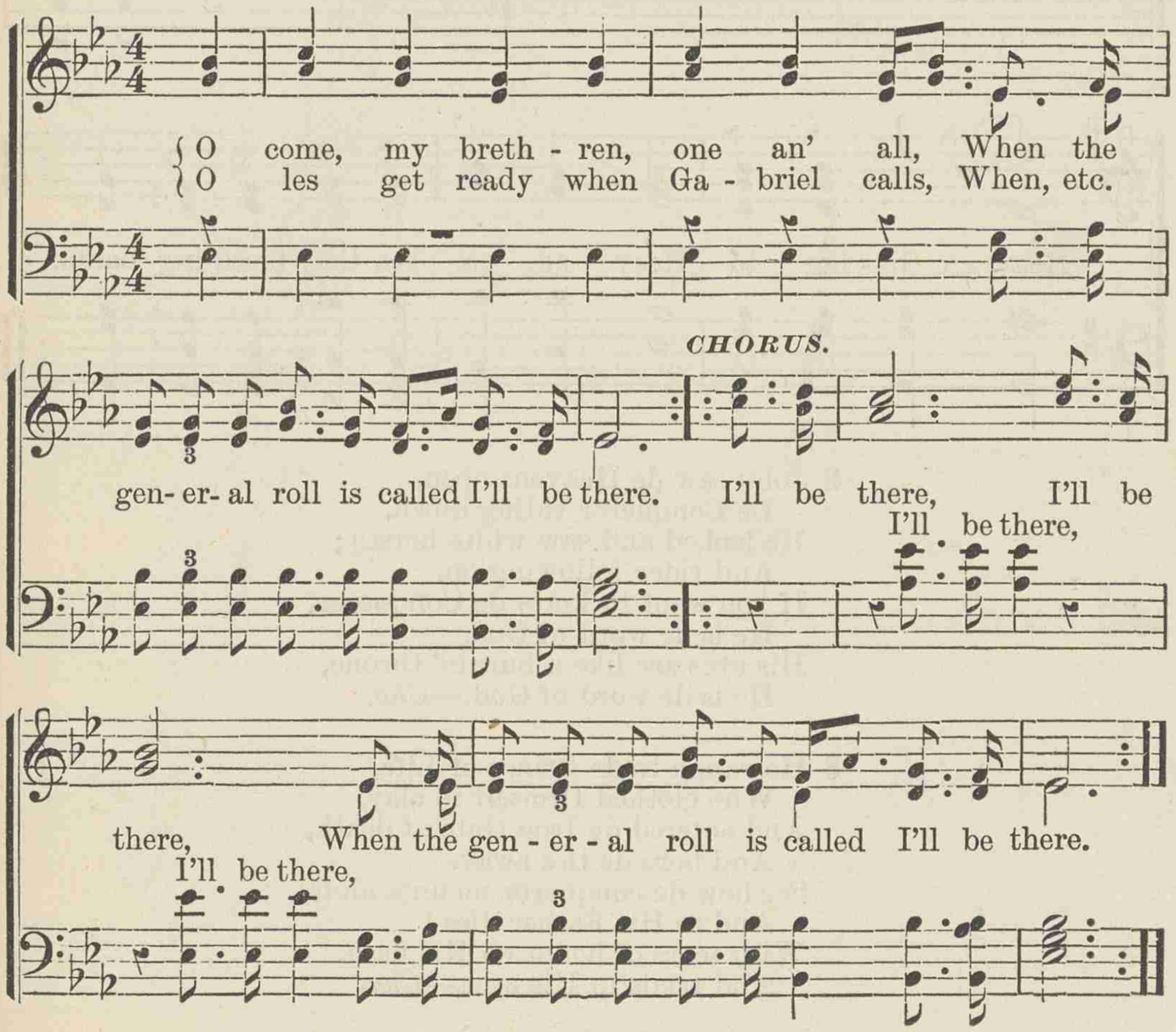
There were Ten Virgins.



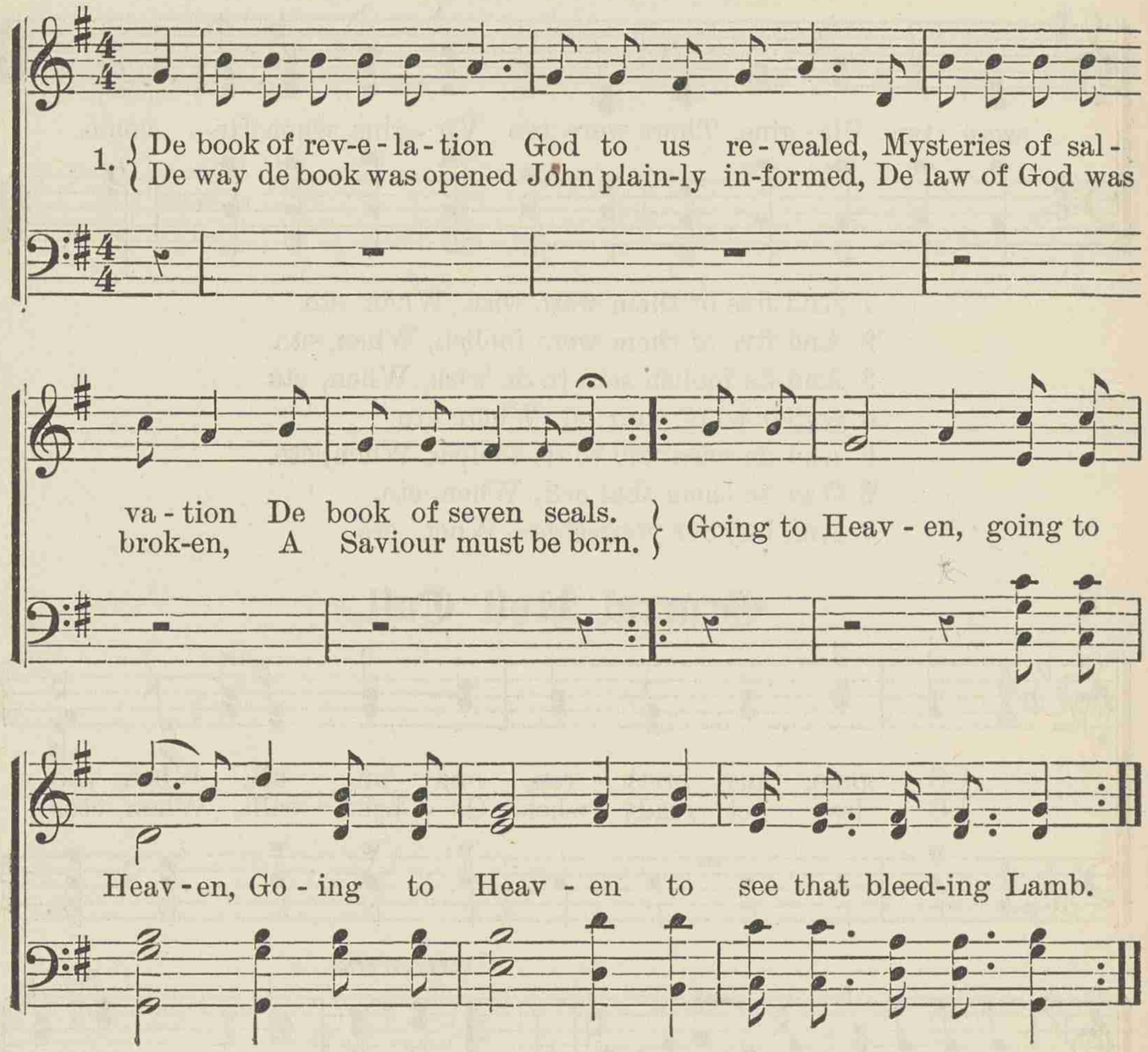
There were Ten Virgins.—*Concluded.*

1 And five of them were wise, When, etc.
2 And five of them were foolish, When, etc.
3 And de foolish said to de wise, When, etc.
4 O give us of your oil, When, etc.
5 And de wise said to de foolish, When, etc.
6 O go to them that sell, When, etc.
7 And buy for yourselves, When, etc.

General Roll Call.



Going to Heaven.



2 John saw de Heavens open,
De Conqueror riding down,
He looked and saw white horses;
And rider following on.
If you want to know de Conqueror,
He is de word of God,
His eyes are like a burnin' throne,
He is de word of God.—*Cho.*

3 Hossanna to de Prince of Life,
Who clothed Himself in clay,
And entered de Iron Gate of death,
And bore de ties away.
See how de conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies!
With scars of honor on His flesh,
And trials in His eyes.—*Cho.*

Fighting On.

Male Voices.—Moderato.

Fight-ing on, Hal-le - lu - jah! We are al-most down to de shore.

REFRAIN.

Fighting on.....
Fighting on, Hal-le - lu - jah! We are almost down to de shore.

SOLO. *CHORUS.*

1. Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Je-sus died for eb-'ry man.
2. In my room right by my bed, Jesus take me when I'm dead.

We are

SOLO.

al - most down to de shore.

He died for you, He died for me, He
When I get on dat oth-er shore, I'll

CHORUS. *To Refrain.*

died to save de whole world free.
bless my Lord for ev - er - more.

We are al - most down to de shore.

I'm a-Rolling.*

I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing thro' an un -

friend - ly world; I'm a - roll - ing, I'm a - roll - ing thro' an

un - friend - ly world. 1. O brothers, won't you help me,
2. O sis - ters, won't you help me,
3. O preachers, won't you help me,

O broth-ers, won't you help me to pray? O brothers, won't you
O sis - ters, won't you help me to pray? O sis - ters, etc.
O preachers, won't you help me to fight? O preachers, etc.

D. C.

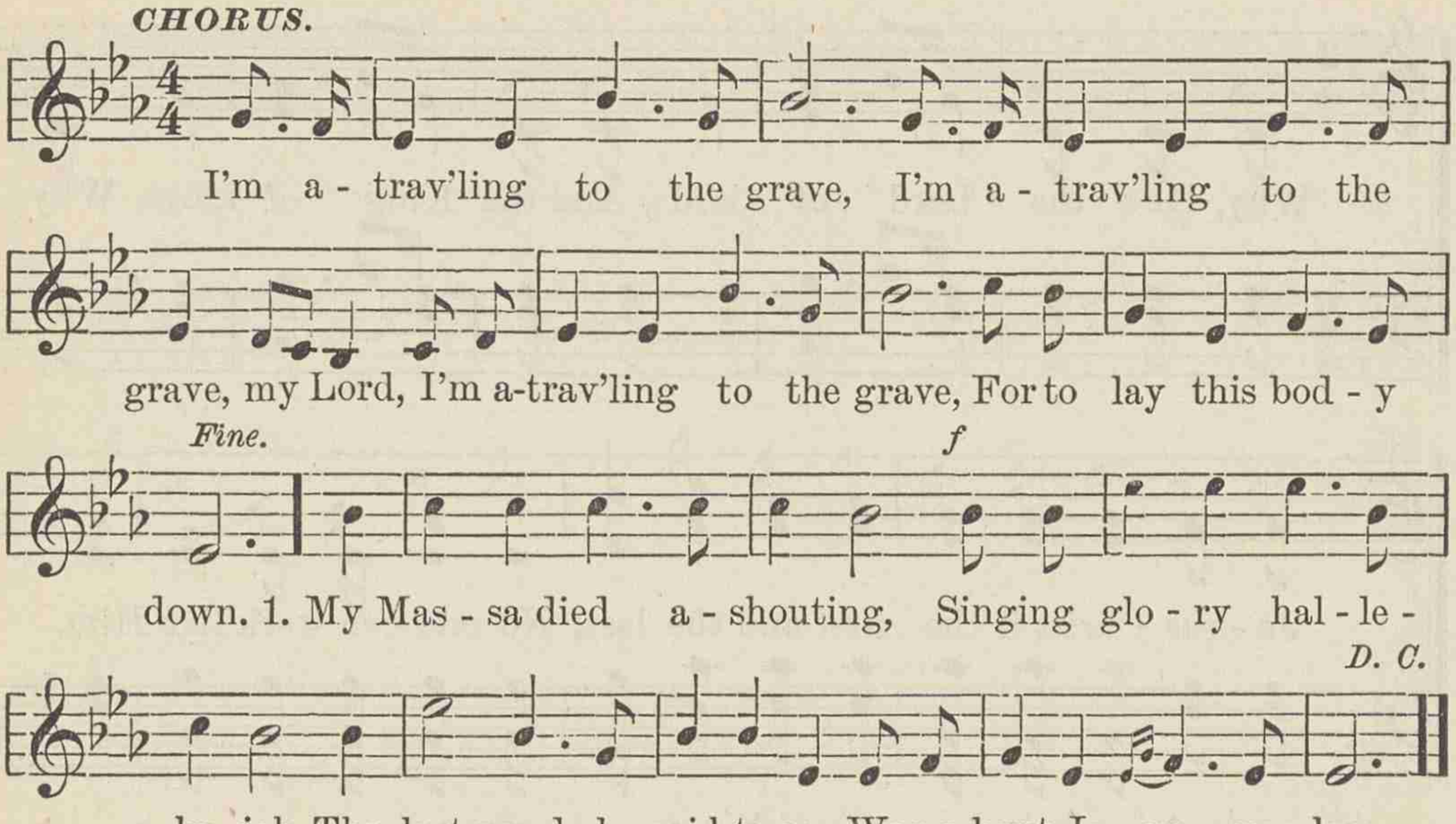
help me, Won't you help me in the service of the Lord? †

* Fisk Jubilee Collection, by permission.

† Return to beginning in exact time.

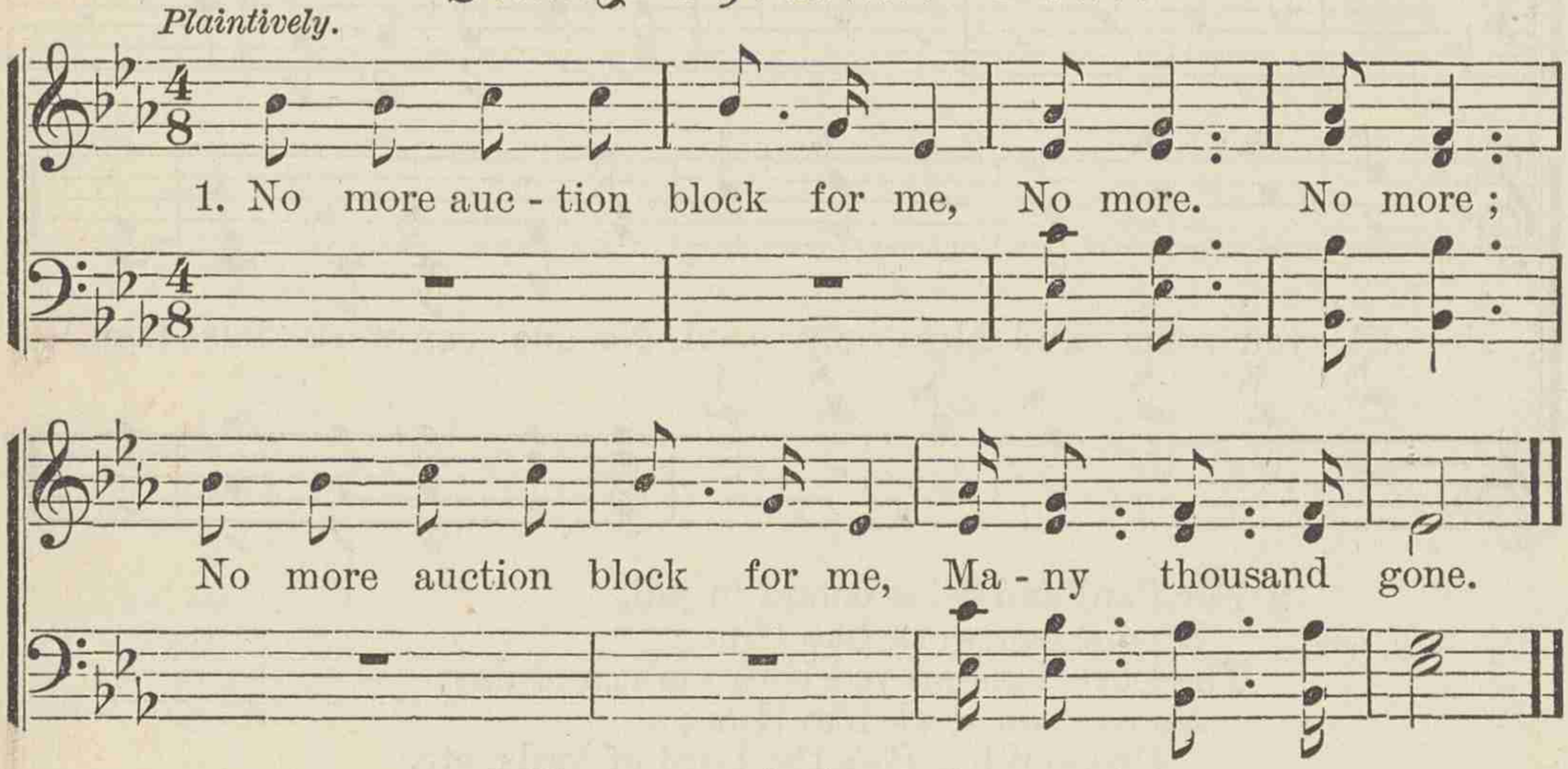
I'm a-trav'ling to the Grave.*

CHORUS.



2 My missis died a-shouting, etc.
3 My brother died a-shouting, etc.
4 My sister died a-shouting, etc.

Many Thousand Gone.*



2 No more peck o' corn for me, etc.
3 No more driver's lash for me, etc.
4 No more pint o' salt for me, etc.
5 No more hundred lash for me, etc.
6 No more mistress' call for me, etc.

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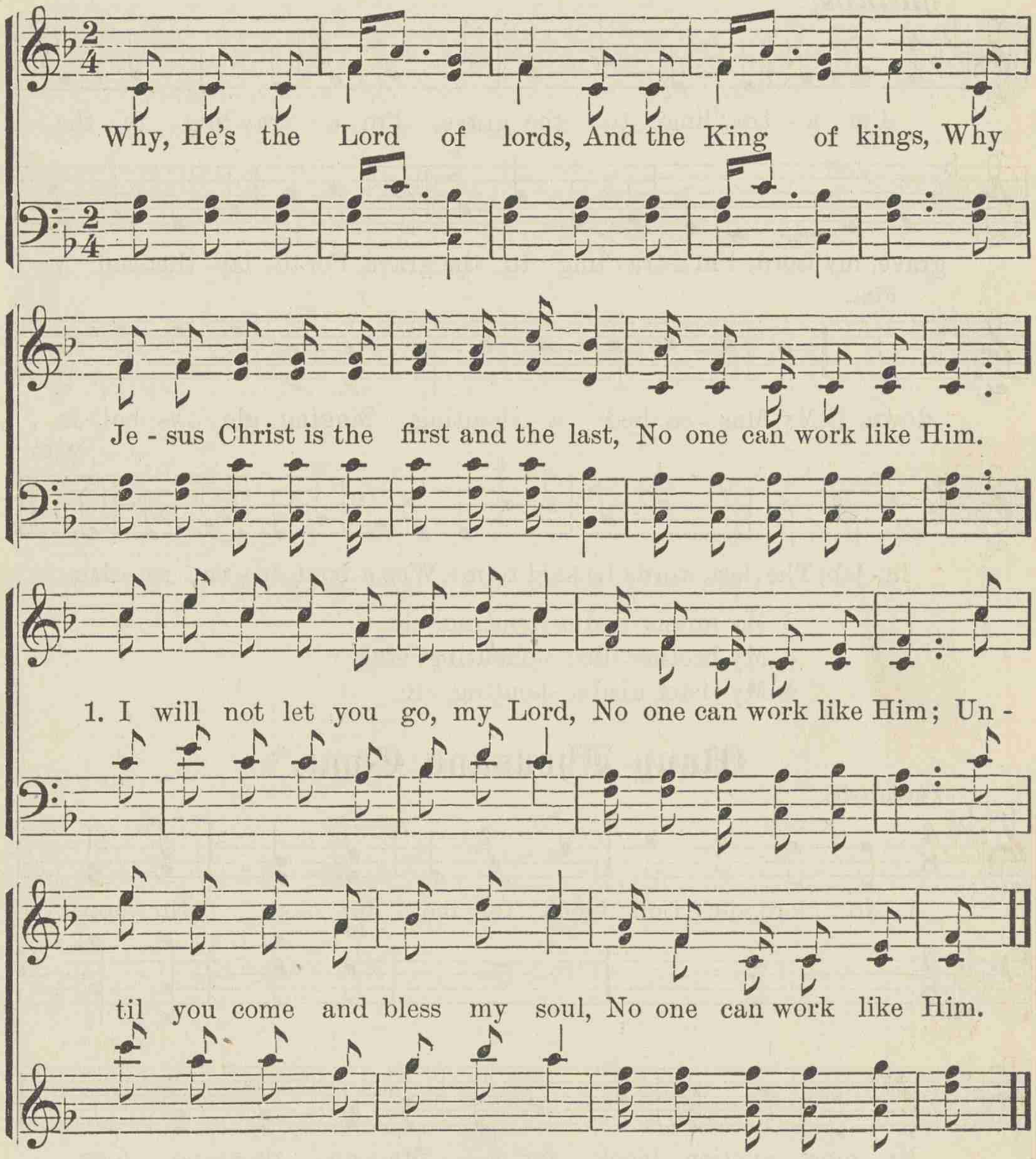
He's the Lord of Lords.*



2 For Paul and Silas bound in jail,
No one can work like Him ;
The Christians prayed both night and day,
No one can work like Him ;
Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, etc.

3 I wish those mourners would believe,
No one can work like Him,
That Jesus is ready to receive,
No one can work like Him.
Cho.—Why, He's the Lord of lords, etc.

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My Way's Cloudy.*

Oh ! breth-er-en, my way, my way's cloud - y, my way, Go

send them an - gels down, Oh ! breth - er - en, my way,

my way's cloud - y, my way, Go send them an - gels down.

1. There's fire in the east and fire in the west, Send them angels down, And
2. Old Sa-tan's mad, and I am glad, Send them angels down, He
3. I'll tell you now as I told you be-fore, Send them angels down, To
4. This is the year of Ju - bi - lee, Send them angels down, The

D. C.

fire a - mong the Meth - o - dist, O send tbem an - gels down.
missed the soul he thought he had, O send them an - gels down.
the promised land I'm bound to go, O send them an - gels down.
Lord has come to set us free, O send them an - gels down.

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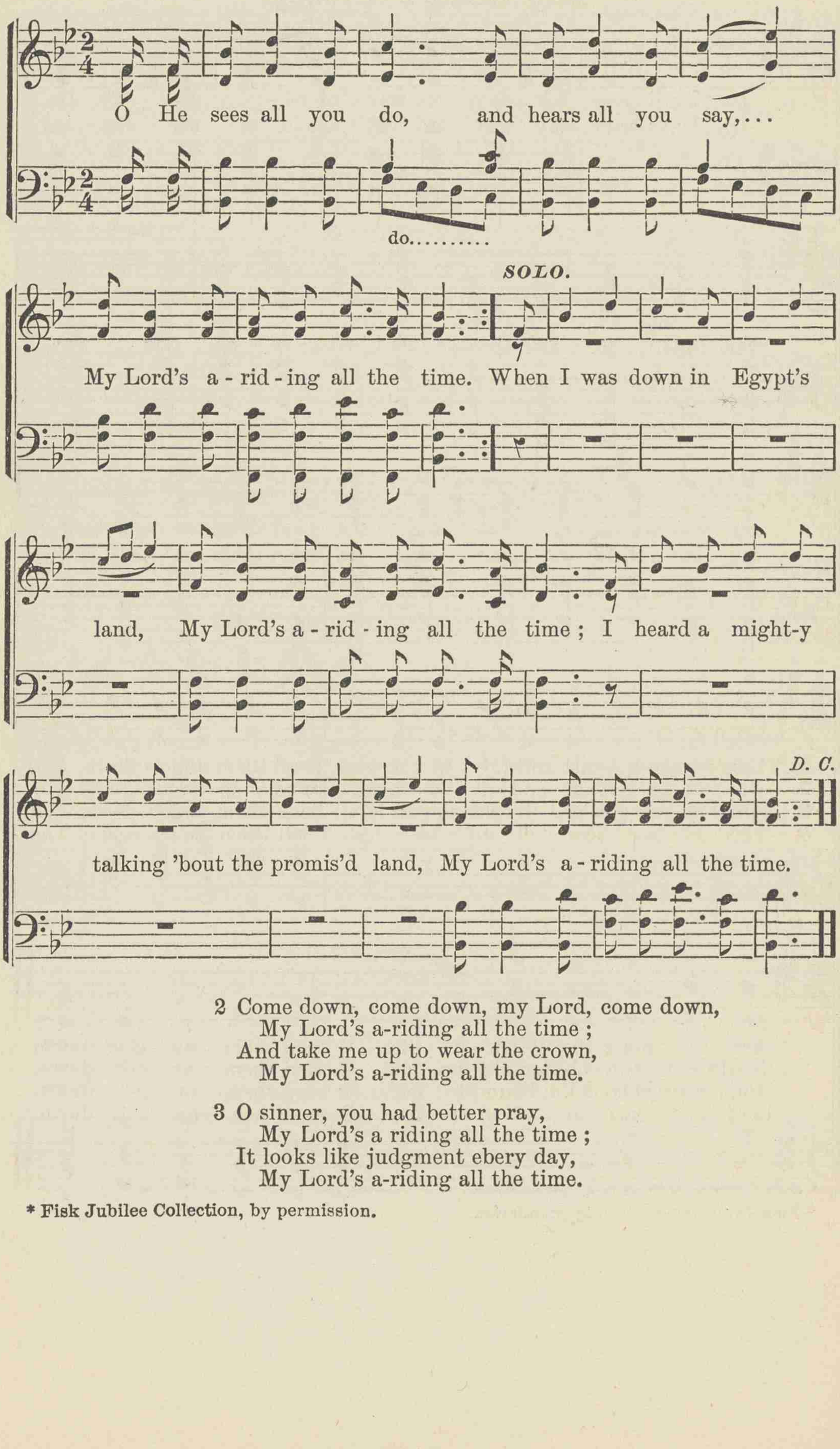
My Lord's Riding all the Time.*



2 Come down, come down, my Lord, come down,
My Lord's a-riding all the time;
And take me up to wear the crown,
My Lord's a-riding all the time.

3 O sinner, you had better pray,
My Lord's a riding all the time;
It looks like judgment ebery day,
My Lord's a-riding all the time.

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TUSKEGEE SONGS.

ARRANGED BY R. H. HAMILTON.

THE relation between the Hampton and Tuskegee schools being the close and pleasant one of mother and daughter, it is fitting and pleasant that some of the Tuskegee songs should find place in this book. They have been collected and arranged by Mr. R. H. Hamilton, a Hampton graduate and member of the original band of Hampton Singers, now musical instructor at Tuskegee and director of its band of students who have sung through the North as did our own.

The Tuskegee School, as our friends generally know, was founded in 1881, when the Legislature of Alabama appropriated $2,000 for a Colored State Normal School; and, on request of a Committee of Citizens, the Principal of Hampton Institute recommended one of Hampton's graduates to take charge of it.

Since that time, by the enterprise and management of that son of Hampton (of whom she has good right to be proud), Mr. Booker T. Washington, it has grown to its present proportions of a chartered institution, in high favor in the State; with a property valued at $100,000; with an industrial department on the Hampton plan, teaching many trades; with over four hundred students, and with a corps of twenty-six teachers and officers, of whom sixteen, including its Principal and Treasurer, are Hampton graduates; while in the death of another—Mrs. Olivia Davidson Washington—the school, as well as its principal, has lost inspiring and invaluable aid and devotion. What was said of it some years ago by the Principal of Hampton, can be said with increasing emphasis year after year: "It is the noblest and grandest work of any colored man in the land—in genuine value and power for good."

That is its story, and here are some of its songs, characteristic in the quaintness and wildness that seem to increase in the negro music with the distance south from Mason and Dixon's line.

Little Wheel a-turnin' in my Heart.

2 ‖: O I feel so very happy in my heart, :‖
In my heart, in my heart,
O I feel so very happy in my heart.

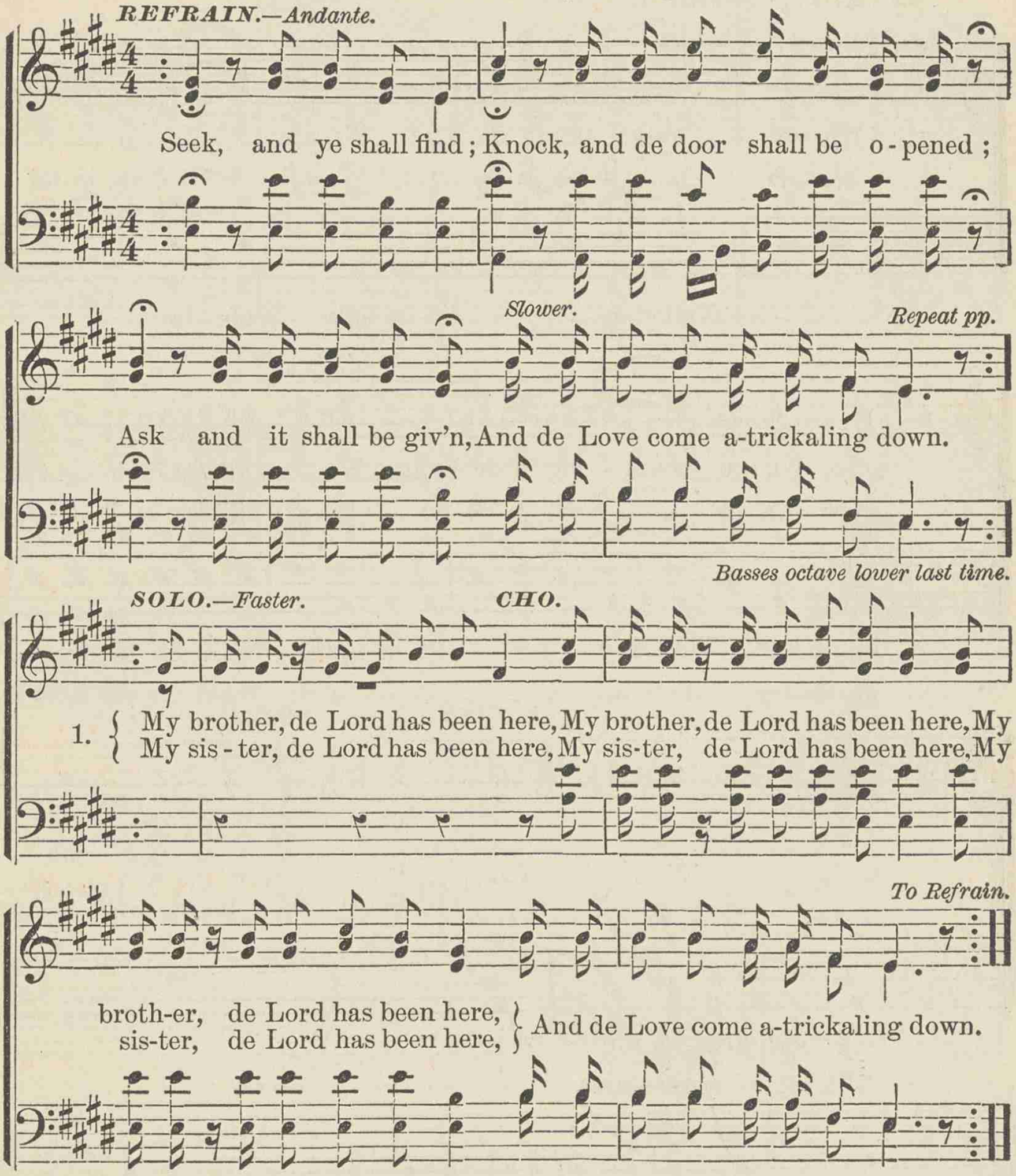
3 ‖: O I don't feel no ways tired in my heart, :‖
In my heart, in my heart,
O I don't feel no ways tired in my heart.

4 ‖: O I feel like shouting in my heart, :‖
In my heart, in my heart,
O I feel like shouting in my heart.

5 ‖: Iv'e a double 'termination in my heart, :‖
In my heart, in my heart,
Iv'e a double 'termination in my heart.

Seek and Ye shall Find.

REFRAIN.—Andante.



Seek, and ye shall find; Knock, and de door shall be o-pened;

Slower. *Repeat pp.*

Ask and it shall be giv'n, And de Love come a-trickaling down.

Basses octave lower last time.

SOLO.—Faster. ***CHO.***

1. { My brother, de Lord has been here, My brother, de Lord has been here, My
   { My sis-ter, de Lord has been here, My sis-ter, de Lord has been here, My

To Refrain.

broth-er, de Lord has been here, } And de Love come a-trickaling down.
sis-ter, de Lord has been here, }

2 ‖::Elder, de Lord has been here,::‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
‖::Deacon, de Lord has been here,::‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
Seek, and ye shall find, etc.

3 ‖::Preacher, de Lord has been here,::‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
‖::Class-leader, de Lord has been here,::‖
And de Love come a-trickaling down.
Seek, and ye shall find, etc.

Walking in de Light.

REFRAIN.—*Moderato.*

S.

We are walk - ing in de light, We are walk - ing in de

Walk-ing in de light, Walk - ing

light, We are walk - ing in de light, We are walking in de light of

in de light Walk-ing in de light, Walk in de light of

1. *2. FINE.* ***SOLO.***

God, We are God.
1. Hal - le - lu - jah
2. If re - li-gion was a thing dat
3. But I thank God it

God. Chil-dren, we are

CHORUS. ***SOLO.***

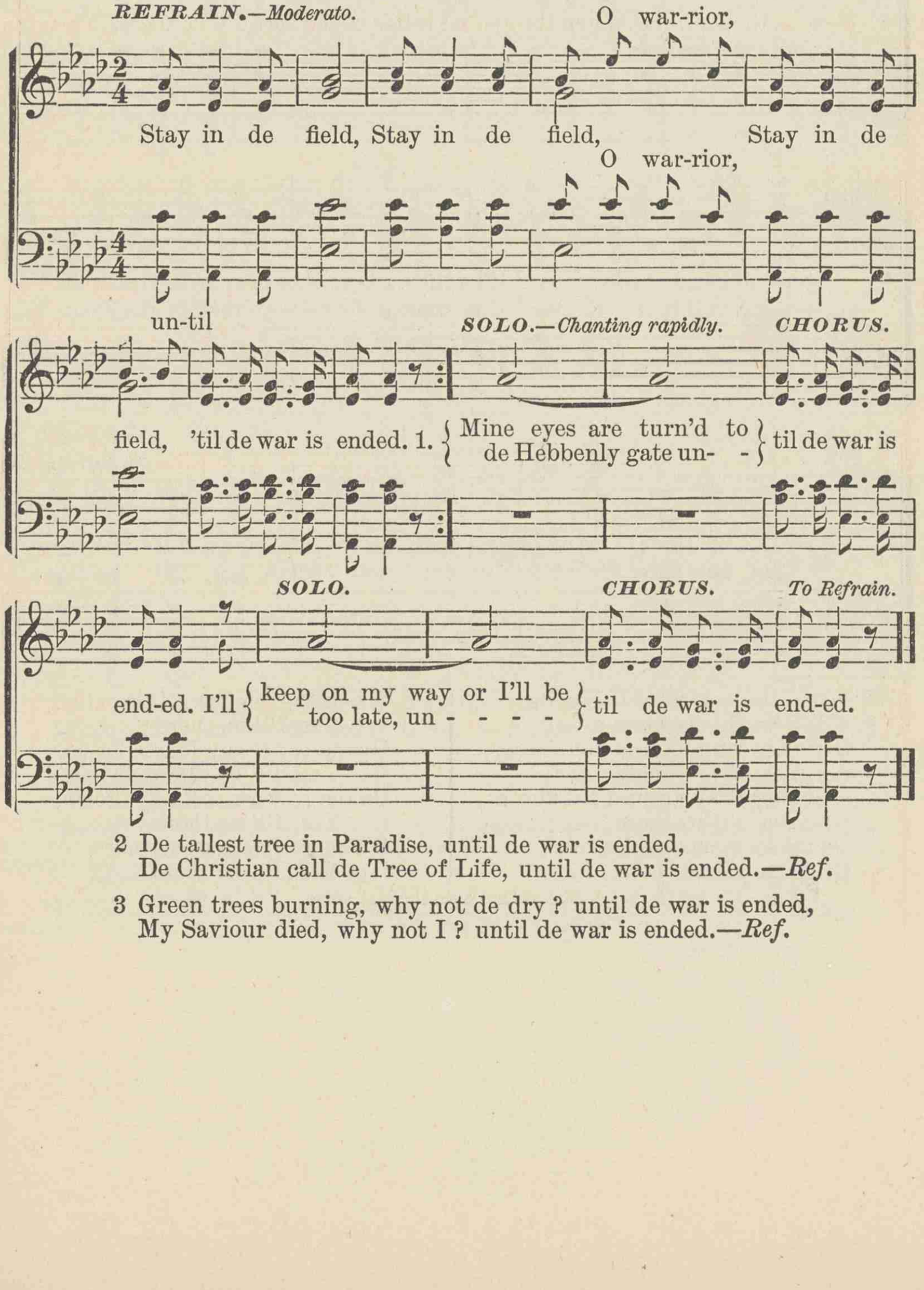
to de Lamb,
money could buy,
is not so,
} We are walking in de light. {
Je-sus died for
De rich would live and de
De rich and poor to -

Walking in de Light.—*Concluded.*

CHORUS. *D. S. after each verse.*

Stay in de Field.

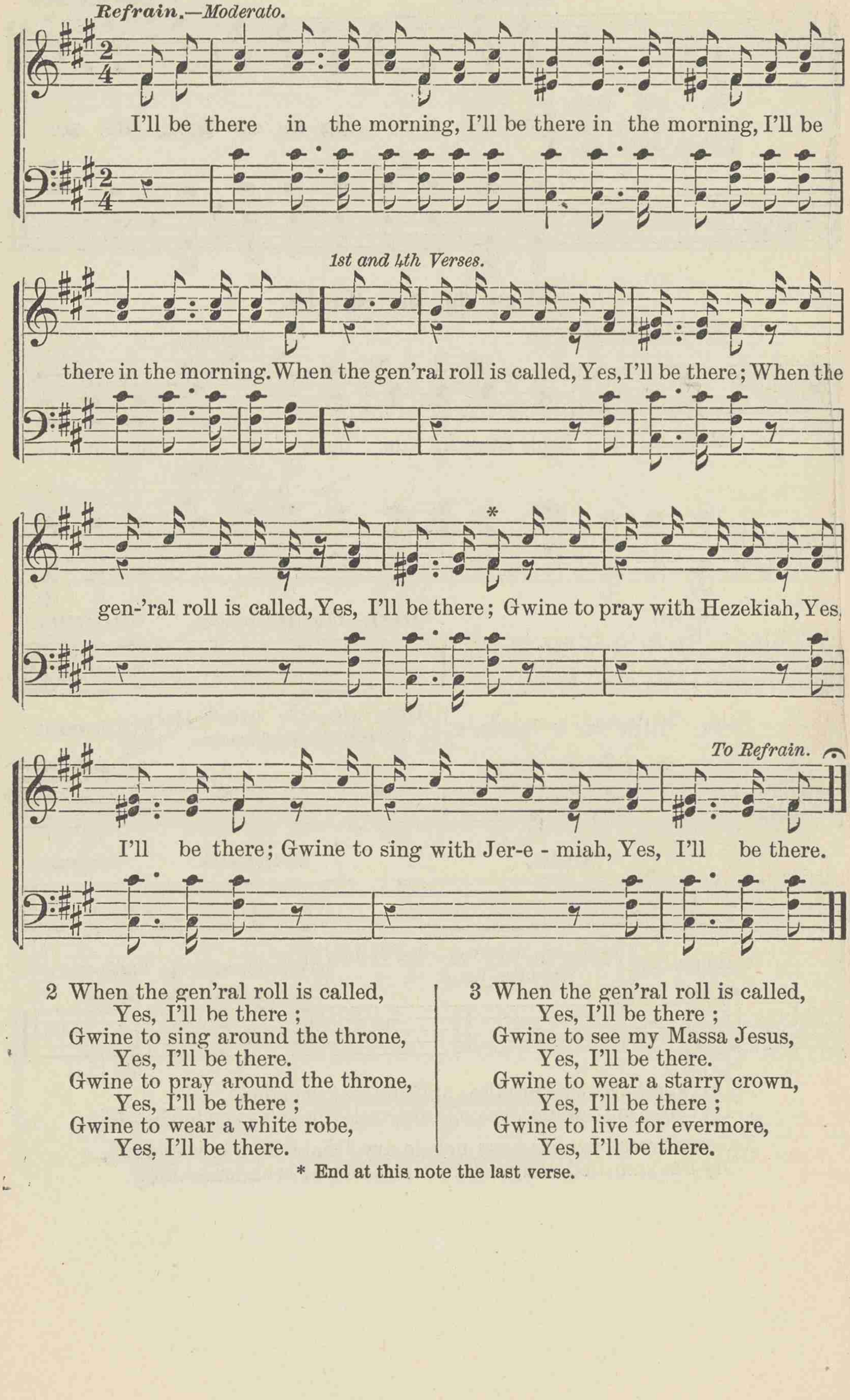
REFRAIN.—*Moderato.*



2 De tallest tree in Paradise, until de war is ended,
De Christian call de Tree of Life, until de war is ended.—*Ref.*

3 Green trees burning, why not de dry? until de war is ended,
My Saviour died, why not I? until de war is ended.—*Ref.*

I'll be there in the Morning.

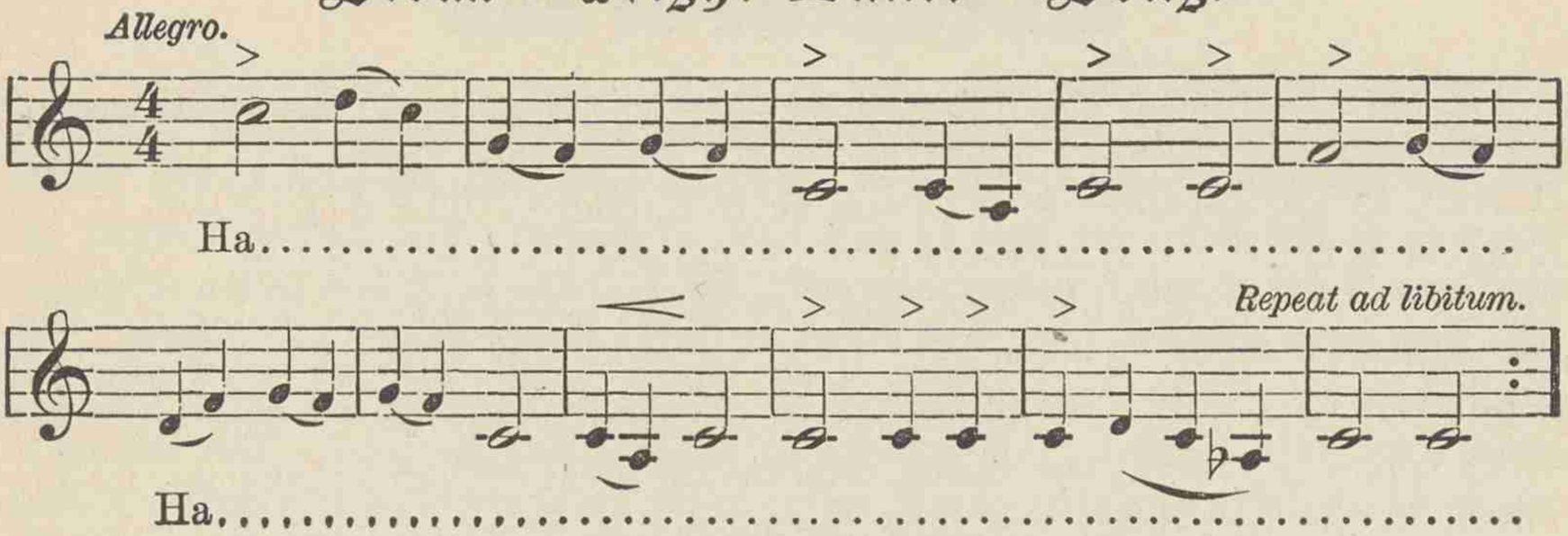


2 When the gen'ral roll is called,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to sing around the throne,
Yes, I'll be there.
Gwine to pray around the throne,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to wear a white robe,
Yes, I'll be there.

3 When the gen'ral roll is called,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to see my Massa Jesus,
Yes, I'll be there.
Gwine to wear a starry crown,
Yes, I'll be there;
Gwine to live for evermore,
Yes, I'll be there.

* End at this note the last verse.

Sioux "Night Dance" Song.*



Sioux "War Song."*

Sioux "Love Song."

Translated—Brother-in-law, walk straight forward, I will try and follow you.

NOTE.—I have indicated as far as possible the actual tones of the above songs. It is impossible to put in notation the literal manner in which they are sung, as it depends entirely on the singer to change as his fancy dictates.

* Sing throughout to the tone produced by saying *Ha* through the nose, and as throaty as possible.

Tencho-Setsu no Uta.

NOTE.—This song, the words of which were composed by Baron Takasaki, the poet-laureate of Japan, shows the divine honors that are paid to the Son of Heaven, as the Japanese love to call their Emperor. The feeling toward the Emperor is not so much patriotic as religious, and the song is a hymn of praise. The first verse contains historical allusions to the recent changes in Japan. The sun hidden by clouds through ages, is the Emperor, who through seven hundred years lived in seclusion, while ambitious nobles ruled the land. The arising of winds which drive away the clouds, refers to the great outburst of popular feeling which, in the year 1868, overthrew the *shogunate*, or government that ruled instead of the Emperor, and placed the Emperor once more in his rightful position.

Yamato is a poetic name for Japan, used more frequently in speaking of her military glories.—A. M. B.

SONG FOR THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY.

The glory of the sun never fails nor grows dim,
  Though swift-passing clouds may ofttimes hide his light.
Now he shines through their screen, now clouds hide his rim,
  Then again the winds arise and the shadows take flight.
So our nation's Sun, though hidden through ages of night,
  Now rises in glory; the fresh breezes come at his call;
Clouds are fled that through centuries darkened his light.
  The people now rejoice, for their Sun shines upon all.

Chorus.—Glory to our King, long live our King.
Glory to our King, long live our King.
Long may he live.

Yamato, the beautiful, now again revealed!
  May the pride of her sons and their valor still increase!
New ways once more are opened, new learning is unsealed.
  We move onward hand in hand, in brotherhood and peace.
Our nation's Sun has wrought this, thy people rejoice;
  In daylight and darkness they praise thy great wisdom and love.
A prosperous people, sing we with heart and with voice,
  "Our Sun shines down upon us as onward we move."

Chorus.—Glory to our King, etc.

How great is thy power, O Sun of Yamato!
  As the limitless sea is thy spirit in its might!
In the harbors long closed the ships sail to and fro,
  And thy happy country smiles in the blessings of thy light.

Tencho=Setsu no Uta.—*Continued.*

The great ships and the small, as they sail across the seas,
And the blue smoke rising skyward from the humble peasant's cot,
Teach thy people to rejoice in the benison of peace,
In the glory of our Sunshine, in the mercies of our lot.

Chorus.—Glory to our King, etc.

Like dew that never dries are thy blessings upon all,
Thy people flourish like the tender herbs and grass.
Happy we to whom kind Heaven has allowed this lot to fall,
Our peaceful days beneath thy gentle rule to pass!
On this festal day thy people, wherever they may be,
In the palace of the noble or the peasant's humble home,
With wine-cup in hand pledge a loving health to thee,
And rejoice that now to them once more this happy day has come.

Chorus.—Glory to our King, etc.

Words by Baron TAKASAKI. Music by Mr. S. ISAWA.
Harmonized by Prof. G. SAUVLET.

Tencho=Setsu no Uta.—*Continued.*

ha - re - mi ku - mo - ri - mi sa - da - ma - ra - de
Ya - ma - to da - ma - shi - i ta - gu - i na - ki
Ya - shi - ma no u - mi no ka - gi - ri - na - ku
ko - no ō - - - mi - yo ni u - ma - re - zu - ba

mf *cres.* *sf*

na - na mo - mo - to - se ni na - ri - nu - ru wo
hi - ka - - - ri ma - su - masu so - i - nu be - ku
hi - ro - - - ki mi - ko - koro shi - ta - i - tsu - tsu
ko - no sa - chi i - ka - de e - ra - ru be - ki

Allegretto.

i - ma wa to o - ko - - ru to - ki - tsu ka - - ze
hi - ra - ki ta - ma - e - - ru mo - ro - mo - ro.... no
ō - - - bu - ne o - bu - - ne ku - ni - tsu mo - - no
ta - ma no u - te - na.... mo shi - ba no to.... mo

ff

yo - mo no mu - ra - ku - mo fu - ki ha - ra - - - - i
ma - na - bi no mi - chi mo na - su wa - za..... mo
tsu - mi - te ha - ko - be - ba to - shi do - shi..... ni
wa - ga - ō - - ki - mi no yo - ro - zu - yo..... wo

Tencho=Setsu no Uta.—*Concluded.*

a tempo. mf

to - yo - sa - ka no - bo - ru mi - hi - ka - ri wo
na - ra - - bi su - su - mi - te tsuki ni hi ni
ta - mi - - no ke - mu - ri mo tachi so - i - te
i - wo - - - - sa - ka - zu - ki to-ri - do - ri ni

rit.

ō - - - - gu mi - yo ko - so ta - no - - shi ke - re.
sa - ka - yu - ku mi - yo ko - so ta - no - - shi ke - re.
ni - gi - ō..... mi - yo ko - so ta - no - - shi ke - re.
u - to..... kyo - - ko - so ta - no - - shi ke - re.

CHORUS—Allegro.

Ki - mi wa chi - yo ma - se ya - chi - yo ma - se

ff

Ki - mi wa chi - yo ma - se ya - chi - yo ma - se.

rit.

Hawaii Ponoi.

Words by King KALAKAUA. Composed by H. BERGER.

Helu 1. Ha-wa - ii po - no - i Na - na - i kou Mo - i Ka la ni

Helu 2. Ha-wa - ii po - no - i Na - na - i na' li - i Na pu a

Helu 3. Ha-wa - ii po - no - i E ka la - hui... e O kau ha -

A - - lii Ke A - li - i, Ma ku a la ni e Ka me ha -

muli kou Na po - ki - i Ma ku a la ni e Ka me ha -

na nui E u - i e Ma ku a la ni e Ka me ha -

Hawaii Ponoi.—*Concluded.*

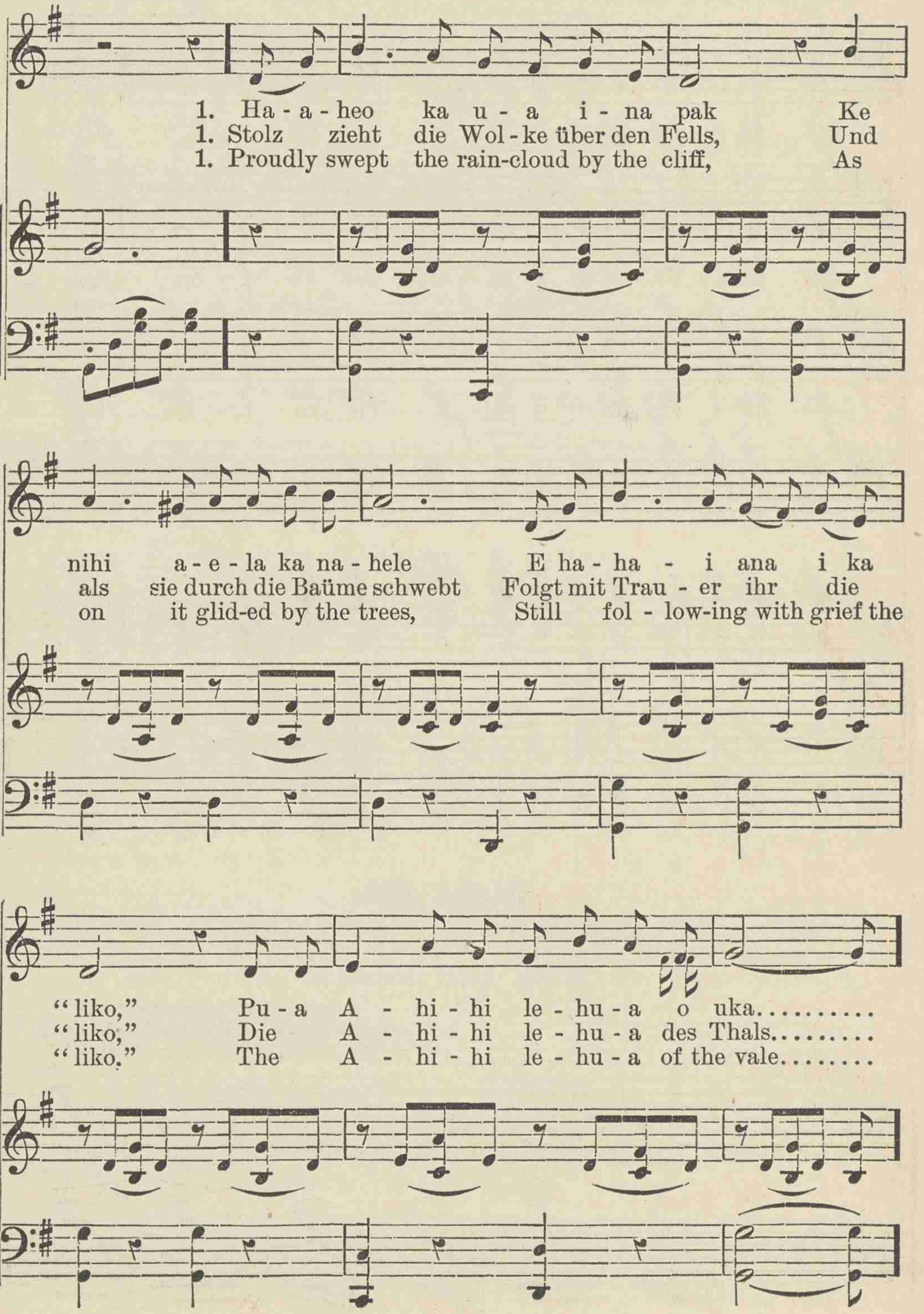
Aloha Oe.

(MY LOVE TO YOU.)

SONG AND CHORUS.

Composed by LILIUOKALANI,
Princess Regent of Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.

Aloha Oe.—*Continued.*



Aloha Oe.—*Continued.*

1. A - lo - ha o - - - e, a - lo - ha o - - - e, E ke

1. Nun le - be wohl,..... du Viel - ge - lieb - te, Du....

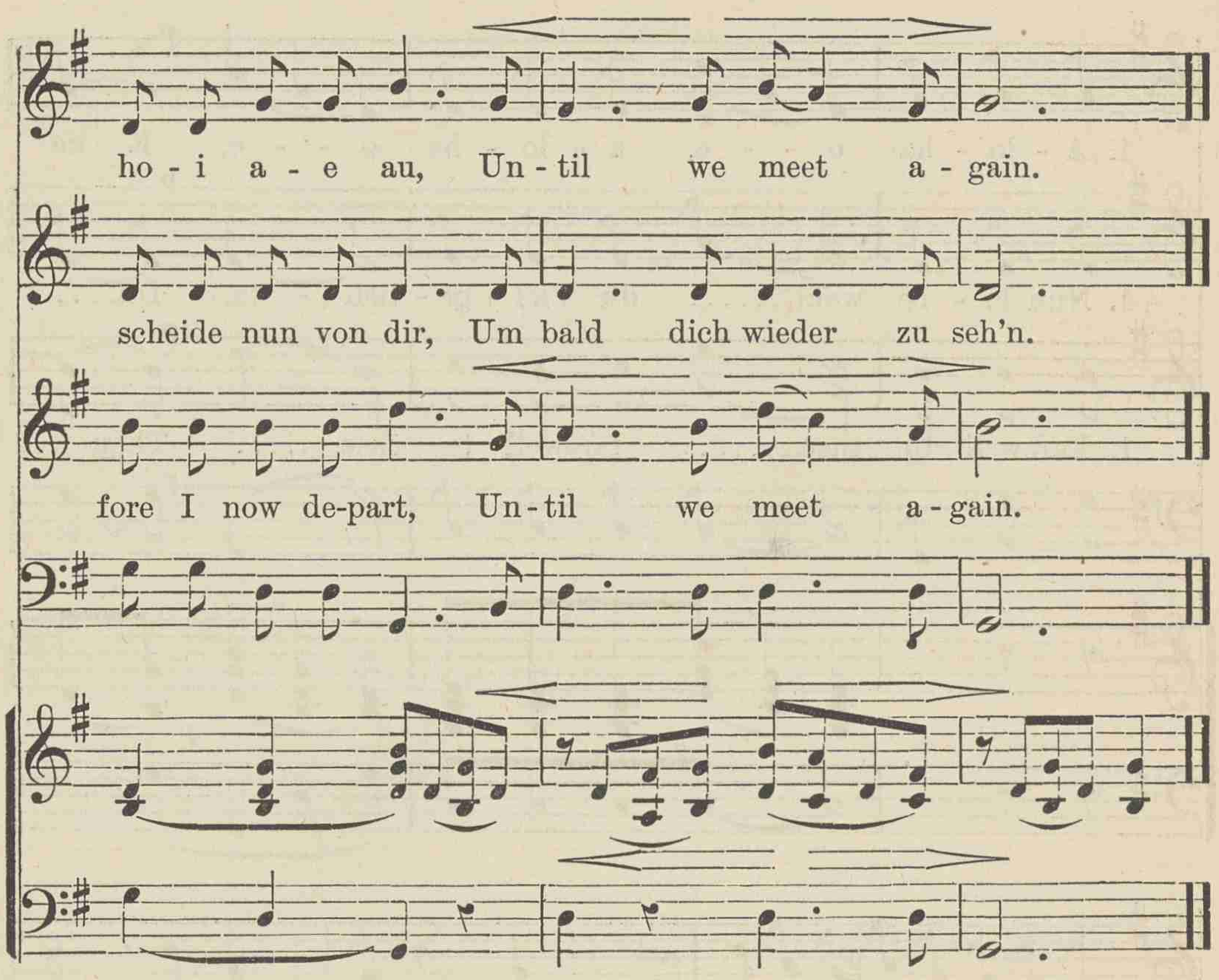
1. Farewell to thee,..... farewell to thee,..... Thou

o - na - o - na no-ho i - ka li - - po A fond em-brace a

Zau-be-rin in schatt'gen Lauben woh - nend, Um - ar - me mich, ich

charming one who dwells among the bow - ers, One fond em-brace be -

Aloha Oe.—*Concluded.*



2 O ka ha 'lo-ha i niki mai,
Ke hone ae nei ku'u nanaiva.
O oe no ka i paloha
A lo ko e hana nei.
Chorus. Aloha oe, etc.

3 Mao popo ku'u ike i ka nani,
Na pua rose o Maunavili,
Ilaila niaai namanu
Miki ala i ka nani o ka liko.
Chorus. Aloha oe, etc.

---

2 Dein Andenken kommt zurück zu mir,
Bringt dein Bild vor meine Seele,
Ja, Geliebte, ja ; Du bist mein,
Fur dich mein treues Herz soll stets schlagen.
Chorus. Nun lebe wohl, etc.

3 Deine Anmuth hat bezaubert mich,
Süsse Ros' von Maunaville,
Hier wohnen die Vögel der Liebe,
Und trinken Honig von schönen Lippen.
Chorus. Nun lebe wohl, etc.

---

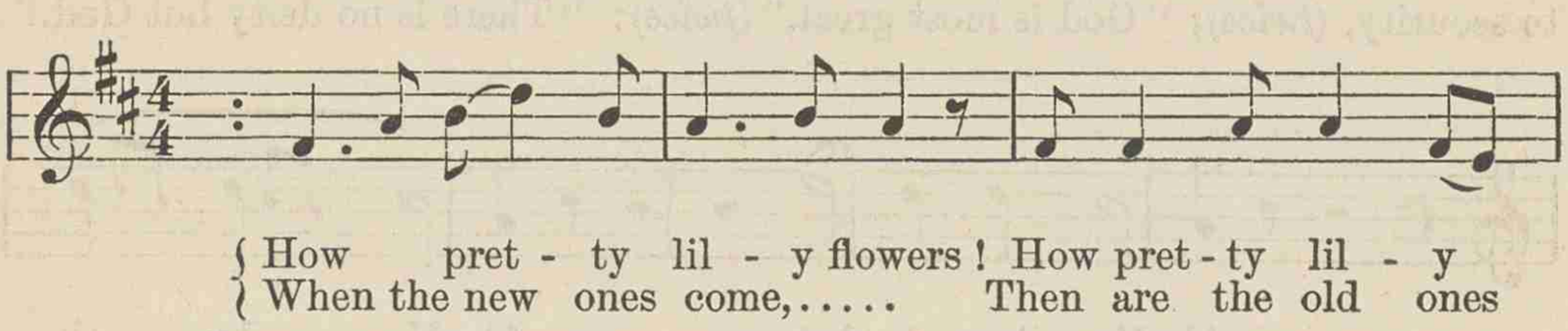
2 Thus sweet memories come back to me
Bring fresh remembrance of the past ;
Dearest, dearest, thou art mine,
From thee true love shall ne'er depart.
Chorus. Farewell to thee, etc.

3 I have seen and watched thy loveliness,
Thou sweet Rose Maunaivili,
And 'tis there the birds of love do dwell,
To kiss the honey from their lips.
Chorus. Farewell to thee, etc.

Chinese Song.

"THE LILY SONG."

Furnished and translated by* Loo Kee Chung, *a Student at Hampton.



How pret - ty lil - y flowers ! How pret - ty lil - y
When the new ones come,..... Then are the old ones

flowers ! Beau - ty and sweet coun - te-nance, Have the lil - y
gone,... Down fall the pet - als soft - ly In the middle of the

flowers !
pond..... } The hap-py peo - ple sing,.....

To hon - or the good king.....

Hadán (or Hadan).

NOTE.— *Hadán* or *hadan* (the call to prayer), sung by the Mueddins from the towers or minarets of the mosques, which means "God is most great," (*repeated four times*); "I testify that there is not a deity but God," (*twice*); "I testify that Mohammed is God's Apostle," (*twice*); "Come to prayer," (*twice*); "Come to security, (*twice*); "God is most great," (*twice*); "There is no deity but God."

Hadán (or Hadan).—*Concluded.*

an - na Mo-ham-ma dar ra sool- i - la.....h

Hei-ya 'a la - s - sa lah. Hei-ya 'a la - s - sa la.....

.....h Heiya a - la - l - fe - lah,

Heiya 'a la - l - fe - lá.....h

Al - la hu - ak - bar, Al - la.... hu - ak.

bar, la - i - la - ha i - l - lal - lah.

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THE HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*
H. B. FRISSELL, *Vice-Principal and Chaplain.*
MARY F. MACKIE, *Lady Principal.*
F. N. GILMAN, *Treasurer.*

Opened April, 1868.

THIS institution is not owned or controlled by state or government, but by a Board of Trustees, representing six religious denominations, no one of which has a majority.

Flying the flag of no sect, it is earnestly and actively Christian. In 1870 it was chartered by special Act of the General Assembly of Virginia, and is exempt from taxation.

Its situation on Hampton Roads, on historic ground, is advantageous in many ways.

Attendance in 1889-90 :

Negro young men, 317 ;	young women...	200—	517
Indian " " 85 ;	" " ...	48—	133
			650

Attendance in October, 1890 :

Negro young men, 317 ;	young women...	201—	518
Indian " " 89 ;	" " ...	47—	136
			654

Number of boarders through last fall and winter, 650, representing 24 States and Territories. The total enrollment for the year has been 692, six nationalities besides the Negro and the Indian being represented. Average age of pupils, 18 years. There

were also 300 children in the Whittier School, or primary department.

The course of study, including the Normal Department and the Night School, is four years. English branches only are taught.

Night students work all day, studying from 7 to 9 o'clock P.M. The school is open the entire year, but from June 15th to October 1st is reduced in number by about one half, when Normal work ceases, and over one third of the Indians have "outing" among Massachusetts farmers.

The cost of plant has been $502,255.00; number of buildings insured, 58.

Home Farm, dairy and vegetables, 150 acres. Hemenway Farm, four miles distant, grass and grain, 600 acres; both cultivated by students; products used or sold.

GIRLS' INDUSTRIES: House work, Laundrying, Sewing, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Gardening, Cooking, Printing, Training in the use of Carpenters' Tools.

BOYS' INDUSTRIES: Farming, Carpentering, Wheelwrighting, Blacksmithing, Shoemaking, Harnessmaking, Printing, Engineering, Machine Knitting, Floriculture, and the Machinist trade. A Saw Mill, cutting annually about two million feet of pine logs, with wood-working machinery, is also operated by 36 of the boys. Mechanical Drawing is taught to those learning trades. In addition, Technical instruction is given in separate shops in the use of Carpenter's, Wheelwright's and Blacksmith's tools, and in Bricklaying. All shops and industries are under the direction of skilled foremen and assistants.

In these industries are our 518 Negro and 136 Indian youth: they work together somewhat, but are generally separate, from the more tuitional character of the training needed by the latter.

The Negroes come with little on their backs, or in their brains or pockets, to "sink or swim" in an effort for self-support and education. A few, the weakest, flinch; the struggle of all to make the most of their chances is admirable; without parallel, I think, in the present education of the whites. Hundreds more than we can accommodate apply every year.

Their earnings, at a fair rate per hour or month, offset, in most cases, the monthly charge of $10 for board, etc., and from $25 to $50 a year, the annual cost of clothing, books, and incidentals.

The charge of $10 a month for board, etc., is more than balanced by the actual cost of the supplies and services rendered. Food supply costs 50 per cent. of this amount, service 25 per cent., and heating, lighting and care of rooms, housekeeping supplies and repairs, laundry and medical expenses the remainder.

Each student receives a monthly statement of debits and credits. Last year's total charges to Negro students were $62,313.82; and their earnings $55,345.20; cash payments, $3,667.95; beneficiary aid, $2,364.39. Those who, through neglect or inefficiency, fail to pay up, leave, but mere poverty never keeps deserving ones permanently out of an education. Aid is given to the worthy at the right time.

TUITION, or the cost of supporting eighty officers, teachers and assistants (about one half being in the industrial departments), averages $70 a year to each student.

ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIPS ($70 each), paying this tuition, are provided by individual charity, by societies, by the income of special funds, and by bequests. Permanent Scholarships are founded by gifts of $1,500, yielding $70 a year.

FUNDS FOR GENERAL PURPOSES are equally important, and come from the same sources, in sums of from $1 to $5,000. *To provide for current expenses is the first and great necessity.*

To receive a scholarship, a colored boy or girl must be able to earn over a $100 a year in or out of school.

Government pays for the support of 120 Indians. In addition to this number, twelve to fifteen have been maintained yearly by charity, or, as in a few instances, have supported themselves. Board, etc., costs the same as for Negroes, $10 per month, or for twelve months as follows:

Board, lodging, care, heating and lighting of rooms, and medical attendance.....	$120.00
Clothing per year.....	47.00

making $167 each, or for 120 Indians, $20,040 a year from the National Treasury.

It thus appears that the education of an Indian costs per year 120+47+70=$237; to make up this amount, $167 is paid by government, and $70, for tuition, by friends.

A Negro's expenses are nearly the same, averaging less for clothing, the majority paying by labor, $10 a month, and being helped by a $70 scholarship.

The total yearly cost of the school, including the amount credited and paid to Negroes, averages about $155,000.

The net cost, that provided by charity and by public aid, is about $100,000.

This net cost, divided by 650, the number of boarding students, is $153.84, the average net cost of each boarding student.

About seventy-five Indians work half of each day and study one half. Fifty-seven Indians, with Negroes in the Normal Department, work the whole of two days each week, studying four.

All Negro earnings go to their credit to offset charges for board and clothing. Indians' wages, a moderate sum, based on the actual value of their work, are wholly their own: one half is kept as savings, and the rest given to them to spend as they choose, to learn the use of money—an important lesson.

A Negro can draw each month one per cent. of his savings to spend as he pleases; also in addition, on orders approved by a school officer, enough for clothing and incidentals.

It should be understood that the Indian comes to a fully equipped Negro boarding school whose pupils need, imperatively, all the wage-paying work to be had. We have not in the least discounted the chances of the Negroes in favor of the Indians, but for them we have created thorough and varied work shops, the latter chiefly for instruction. Total cost of buildings, shops and outfit, furniture and fixtures, given especially for Indians, has been $75,000. They share the benefit, besides, of about $250,000 worth of buildings, industrial and other plant, provided originally for Negroes.

From long dependence on government for food and other supplies, Indians, as a rule, are incapable of the steady hard work of the Negro. Self-support is the best condition for the progress of both races. With proper training the Indian can take care of himself.

The wonder is that the Indians do so well. Their spirit of both study and work is generally excellent. Negro labor and English speaking stimulate them; there has been much mutual good feeling, and no serious trouble between them in twelve years; the contact is good for and broadens both.

The Negro is educated by self-help, to which he has been accustomed. The Indian is educated by being taught up to self-help, to which he is not accustomed.

Were this a school for Indians only, it could be run, like the Government schools, at $167 a year for each pupil; with, however, serious reduction in the number of teachers and in the variety and completeness of outfit and training.

The Negro, at the start, for the sake of encouragement, is generally paid over his market value, but is well worth his wages at graduation, his value being often increased two or three fold by his labor drill. At the point of skill he leaves us and a new hand takes his place.

From his stand-point all is hard earnings; his ten hours daily work means punctuality, attention and discipline, which create skill, character, good habits, and fit him to earn a living in the world. That instruction is as important as production, is our fundamental idea. The point is what the shop can do for the boy, not what the boy can do for the shop; at the same time the shop must be worked for all that it is worth. While one dollar earned is better than two dollars given to us, the point in view is to create skill rather than to make profit.

The $55,000 a year credited to students is not all based on the actual market value of their labor. For instance, a student who is credited on our books with $20 per month would elsewhere probably earn $15 or less. We are steadily pushing in the direction of crediting students their labor at its strict market value. As we approach this end, the cash cost of the school is correspondingly diminished. Buildings and machinery have been given liberally, but working capital, necessary to this end, has not been supplied.

Does it pay?

Since 1879, Hampton has sent West 345 Indians, of whom but 25 have been disappointing or gone to the bad: the rest have done

from fairly well to excellently well, as teachers, catechists, farmers, mechanics, teamsters, herders, laborers, clerks, etc. A careful record of each is kept, open to inspection, and annual visits are made to most of them. Indians are fickle; their conduct is full of surprises. For people not compelled to work for their food, their conduct is most encouraging.

Their health, while needing much care, is no longer a source of alarm. Since 1886, with an average yearly attendance of one hundred and thirty-five, but five have died.

Over a thousand souls are on our grounds teaching and being taught. The demand for our graduate teachers is beyond our power to supply. Salaries and school-houses, such as they are, are waiting for them.

Nine-tenths of our 720 Negro graduates, besides many undergraduates, have done good work as teachers, and about three-fourths have made it their life work, working also in the Sunday School and Temperance causes. Not less than 30,000 children were under their instruction last year. The 16,000 free Negro schools of the South need nothing so much as competent teachers. Not one-half of Virginia's two thousand free colored schools have them. No harvest field in the land, or in the world, is more hopeful or more urgent than this; it is vital to the country. The North and South are working together for the Negro, for whose education the latter has given, in taxation, since 1870, forty millions of dollars, and the former, in donations, about seventeen millions. About a million a year now comes from the North, and over three millions yearly from the Southern States, for Negro schools. The South supports the free schools, the North maintains institutions for providing them with teachers. There are over twenty-five of these, mostly under the churches, having in training about 5,000 select young men and women.

The Negroes' opportunity is thus illustrated: A graduate of the last class, on leaving, said, "I came here with but seventy-five cents in my pocket; have been here five years, have got an education, have learned how to work and something of how to behave, and have not paid a dollar of cash into the school, but have paid my own way entirely by my own labor, and have just drawn from the Treasury eighty-five cents, the balance remaining to my credit."

HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

The Hampton School needs SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR *from the friends of the Negro and the Indian, to pay its current expenses.*

This is in addition to public appropriations; from the State of Virginia (interest on Agricultural College Land Fund), $10,000 a year for instruction in farming and the mechanical arts; from the U. S. Government, $20,000 a year for Indians (not a charity, but due them under treaties for lands and rights ceded); and an annual income from investments and rentals, about $10,000. Full reports of receipts and expenditures are sent to all contributors.

The School asks for gifts of Scholarships, ($70), or any amount from a dollar upward; and for a Permanent Fund.

It has attained its growth. Its annual expenses have reached their maximum, and for the past four years have shown no material variation. Its development must hereafter be intensive rather than extensive. Improvement in all departments was never so marked as now.

The Hampton Institute has now no paid agent for collecting money and no society at its back. It has $194,000 bearing interest, and we hope finally for an endowment of at least a million of dollars. In accumulating this fund, legacies have been a vital aid.

It commits its work to the country and to the Providence that has, for twenty-two years, so wonderfully blessed it.

Gifts may be sent by check on any bank, by registered letter or postal order, to F. N. GILMAN, *Treasurer*, Hampton, Virginia, or to the undersigned.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, *November, 1890.*

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Virginia, the sum of ..... payable, etc., etc.

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