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76-01  
ORIGINAL COMPANY.

From Nashville. Tenn.

FISK UNIVERSITY

# Jubilee Singers

1871-1880.

The programme is made up principally from the "Slave Songs" or "Spirituals" sung by the Negro Slaves of the Southern States.

The Jubilee Singers have the honor of introducing these songs to the public, and, during the past eight years, they have sung them with universal acceptance and approval in the principal cities of the United States, Great Britain, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland.

"Loud he sang the Psalm of David,  
He, a negro, and enslaved:  
Sang of Israel's victory,  
Sang of Zion bright and free.  
\* \* \* \* \*

'And the voice of his devotion  
Filled my heart with strange emotion,  
For its tones by turns were glad,  
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad."  
—LONGFELLOW.

Town Hall, Bristol,

Tuesday Evening, January 27,

At 8.00 o'clock.

Brown & Company, Prs. 258 Washington Street, Boston,



"There was never singing more intensely dramatic than this, for there was never singing more sincere. It was not an exhibition of art; it was the expression of real emotion."—*New York Tribune*.

## THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

Miss ELLA SHEPPARD, Pianist.

Miss MAGGIE PORTER, Soprano,  
Miss JENNIE JACKSON, Soprano,  
Miss PATTIE MALONE, Soprano,  
Miss MABEL LEWIS, Contralto,

Mr. F. J. LOUDIN, Bass,  
Mr. R. A. HALL, Tenor,  
Mr. GEO. E. BARRETT, Tenor.

GEO. L. WHITE, Director.

### PROGRAMME.

*PART FIRST.*

1. STEAL AWAY TO JESUS—WITH THE LORD'S PRAYER.

My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder;  
The trumpet sounds it in my soul,  
I have not long to stay here.

2. MY WAY IS CLOUDY.

O Brethren my way is cloudy,  
Go send them angels down.

3. WHEN THE TRUMP BEGINS TO SOUND.

4. THE BAND OF GIDEON.

5. BASS SONG.

MR. LOUDIN.

6. WE SHALL WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY IN PEACE.

7. SOME OF THESE MORNINGS.

"The music they sang was an entirely new revelation."—*New York Spirit of the Times*.

"The secret is, the melodies they sing are 'the songs of their captivity.'" —*New York Times*.



~~Jan 2, 1929~~  
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"It may be safely asserted, that nothing like the plantation songs of these Jubilee Singers has been before heard in this country."—*The London Daily Telegraph*.

"These songs grew out of the woe and misery of the tormented soul; they are the passion flowers of the blood of martyrs."—*Volks Zeitung, Berlin*.

## PROGRAMME.

### PART SECOND.

1. PART SONG.—(Selected.)

2. 'TIS JORDAN'S RIVER AND I MUST GO ACROSS.

3. I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

"Just watch that sun and see how it runs,  
Oh don't let it leave you with your work undone."

4. TRIO—"Memory."

MISSSES PORTER AND LEWIS, and MR. HALL.

5. WRESTLING JACOB.

"And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day."—Gen. 32, 24.

6. JUDGMENT DAY IS ROLLING AROUND.

7. WE ARE ALMOST HOME TO RING THOSE CHARMING BELLS.

"Their songs possess a fervor, a wildness of melody, a quaintness of expression, unlike anything we have ever heard before: and far too unartistic, too deeply touching, to be aught but the expression of that deep emotion, that pent-up passion, which is begotten of captivity and hopeless suffering."—*The London Daily News*.



Five of the eight singers were members of the original company, viz:—Ella Sheppard, Maggie Porter, Jennie Jackson, Mabel Lewis, and F. J. Loudin. Patti Malone is a student of the University, and sang with the company the year in Germany. The tenor singers of the old company having resumed their studies, Messrs. Hall and Barrett have been secured to fill their places.

As the net results of their labors during the past eight years, a site for the University containing twenty-five acres, has been purchased, and Jubilee Hall built at a cost of over \$150,000. About \$15,000 was secured towards building Livingstone Missionary Hall, also a large amount of material for the University—money and books for the library, Philosophical apparatus, musical instruments, furniture, specimens for the museum, paintings and other works of art, etc., aggregating many thousands of dollars in value.

### THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

Songs from the sunny South land,  
Songs from over the sea,  
Songs from the house of bondage,  
Songs of the glad and free,  
They sang, those children of sorrow,  
Those children of dusky hue;  
Strange and wild were their accents,  
But their hearts were warm and true.

Echoes from unknown ages,  
From Afric's distant strand,  
Down through the generations  
To wake in a captive land,  
They brought like the summer breezes  
Blown from the land of flowers.  
Like the voice of whispering angels  
From a fairer land than ours.

They caught the sweet inspiration  
When lulled on their mother's breast,  
As at evening they sang of heaven,  
Where the weary are at rest;  
And they saw sweet angels coming  
To carry them away,  
And the chariot swinging lower  
Through the gates of opening day.

Sometimes their songs were wailing  
Of the anguish-smitten soul  
In the land of dark perdition  
Where fiery billows roll,  
And their strains grew wild and wilder,  
As before their eyes entranced  
Things that no tongue may utter  
In fearful visions danced.

And men in rapture listened,  
And strong men wept to see  
These children of the bondsman,  
These children of the free;  
And they opened up their coffers,  
And they poured their treasures forth  
From the ocean to the rivers,  
From the South land to the North.

And far o'er the restless billow,  
Where castles are gray and old.  
And many a bard of sweetness  
Has sung to a harp of gold,  
Entranced by the song they listened  
To these children of the sun.  
And many a teardrop glistened,  
And many a heart was won.

And prayers and benedictions  
Were theirs from many a breast;  
They sang so sweetly, wildly—  
So sad, as when oppressed;  
And they stood among the great men  
In the palaces of earth—  
They from the house of bondage,  
They of servile birth.

Aloud they sang in triumph,  
They sang of the Jubilee,  
When broken is every fetter  
And the sons of men go free,  
In the age of peace so golden  
That the prophets have seen so plain,  
When men shall be friends and brothers,  
And Christ Himself shall reign.

O Africa, land of shadow,  
O Africa, land of song,  
Land of long night's oppression,  
Land of sorrow and wrong,  
Thy echoes return unto thee,  
Bearing on golden wing  
The tidings of earth's salvation.  
The song that the angels sing.

O songsters of liquid sweetness,  
Songsters of beauteous lay,  
Sing on of the glad hereafter,  
Sing of the blessed to-day.  
Sing to the listening nations  
The song so new and old,  
Till the echoes are caught by the angels  
In the city whose streets are gold.

—A. K. SPENCE.

*The concert organ used by the Jubilee Singers is the "Matchless Burdett," manufactured expressly for their use by the Burdett Organ Company, Erie, Pa.*