SCHIRMER'S HOUSEHOLD
MUSIC BOOKS

NEGRO MINSTREL MELODIES
A COLLECTION OF TWENTY-ONE SONGS
WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT
BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER AND OTHERS

EDITED BY
H. T. BURLEIGH

WITH A PREFACE BY
W. J. HENDERSON

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PREFACE

The decline of negro minstrelsy, once a popular and characteristic form of public entertainment, is for some reasons to be regretted, but perhaps its true era is past. That, however, should be a cogent reason for the preservation in some form of its characteristic productions. The songs which were the delight of an earlier generation have a value both historical and sentimental. All of us take a certain pleasure in contemplating the amusements of our fathers, and among them there was none which was more specifically American than the negro minstrel performance.

The decline of this type of entertainment was undoubtedly due to the rapid spread of the music hall. The features which served to make up that portion of the minstrel show following the "first part" have become scattered and diluted among the varied "acts" of the variety theatre. The so-called "musical coons" with their ludicrous performances on instruments, accompanied by a patter of more or less inane wit, the jig dancer, the clog dancer, the sketch "artist" and even the farcical concluding play have all gone over to the "vaudeville" stage, and only gray hairs shelter cherished memories of Dan Bryant, Nelse Seymour, Billy Rice, Eph Horn and the host of other fun-makers who were end men in the first part and sketch artists in the cilo.

Along with them have gone the singers who were the more pretentious stars of the first part. No one hears any more the style of singing or song made familiar by Carncross, Wambold and their contemporaries. They have gone, and their songs have gone with them. But it is none the less true that these songs had a significant place in the musical development of this country. They were not folk-songs, for we have never had any folk-song. Neither were they art-songs in the sense in which the lieder of Schubert and Franz are. Yet they were distinctively American. They could not have been written in any other country than ours. They could not have been suggested by conditions other than those which existed in the days of slavery or the years immediately succeeding.

All of these songs breathed the spirit of negro life and sentiment. They dealt with the deep-rooted love of locality, which never exhibited itself more powerfully or more pathetically than among the negro slaves, sold, as they were, from one home to another and so often torn from family and friends. They dealt with the simple amusements and homely interests of the naive negro. They voiced his effort to lighten his toil by rhythmic movement. They hymned his hysterical and superstitious religion.

Yet they were written by white men,* not by negroes. They were not bred in the life of the plantation, but in the imaginations of men who were not distinguished as musicians or as students of social and political conditions. Some of the composers, like Jas. A. Bland and Luke Schoolcraft, were minstrel performers, and turned out their songs in what might be called the ordinary course of business. But these men had that priceless faculty, imagination. They penetrated to the core of the period of which they essayed to voice a sentiment. The result was that they created a genre

*Jas. A. Bland was a negro who took part in the negro minstrel shows of his time.
PREFACE

which cannot be described as folk-song, although it has the folk-song feeling, nor as art-song nor yet merely as popular ballad.

The negro minstrel song of twenty, thirty, forty years ago stands entirely alone in the literature of vocal music. This, however, is not all that can be said for it. There is a disposition among critical commentators to treat these songs with scant consideration. But they are quite as characteristic as the old English ballads of unknown origin, while they are in many instances as beautiful as some of the German folk-songs. The simplicity of their melodic lines, the elementary nature of their rhythms and harmonies, must not be urged against their credit, for the most captivating of the old French songs have precisely these same traits.

An examination of the origin and development of the songs of the American negro would be out of place here. It is perhaps enough to note that the minstrel ballads were idealizations of certain types of these songs. The negroes have received a great deal of glory to which they are not entitled. In his state as slave or laborer the negro sang much, but his musical genius was imitative rather than creative. Wallaschek, the author of "Primitive Music," was unable to find convincing evidences of originality in many of the negro tunes which he examined. On the contrary, in the large collection made by William Francis Allen, Charles Pickard Ware and Lucy McKim Garrison, published in 1867 by Simpson & Co., New York, Wallaschek found tunes founded on European popular songs, on military calls, on dances and other sources all traceable to the music learned by the negroes among their masters.

Other writers have found that the music of the American negro shows distinctly the influence of Scotch and Irish jigs and reels, and of the hymn-tunes of the Methodist church. Again, African travellers have recorded their observation of the fact that the negro in his primitive state employs song to accompany many of his actions and that he displays a strong feeling for rhythm. His favorite form of song consisted of a rapid recitation in solo, followed by a choral refrain. This form was found frequently in the negro music of our Southern States; but the chances are that it was in the beginning nothing more than an echo of ancient antiphonal chanting, which is quite old enough to have wandered from Arabia and Egypt into Ethiopia.

The manner in which the negro sometimes produced his song was discovered by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson to his own delight. He asked a negro boatman in the southern islands how songs came to be, and the man replied: "Some good spirituals are start jes out o' curiosity. I benn raise a sing myself once. Once we boys weni for toke some rice, and de nigger-driver he keep a callin' on us; and' I say, 'de ole nigger-driver!' Den amudder said, 'Fust ling my mammy told me was, notin' so bad as nigger-drivers.' Den I made a sing, just puttin' a word and den amudder word."

Then, to illustrate his description, he began to sing and the other men after listening a moment joined in the chorus as if it were an old friend, though they had evidently never heard it before. Thus Colonel Higginson saw how a negro song originated and took root. But the process should have sufficed to satisfy him that the negro was merely reproducing in a crude and disfigured form some phrases, possibly not all from the same melody, which he had picked up while hearing the band at the military post in the evening or his mistress at her piano in the morning.
In its infancy the negro minstrel song was probably an attempt at a systematic or artistic reproduction of the type of song heard among the slaves, with occasional introduction of ballads of the purely sentimental sort so dear to the African fancy. In time the idealization of the real negro song, together with the gradual blending of the ballad flavor, brought into existence the popular negro minstrel song of the sentimental kind. But even in these conditions it remained for a few composers, such as those from whose creations examples are given in this volume, to fashion the distinctive kinds of song which became recognized from Maine to California as the only characteristic American thing in music.

The minstrel performances, indeed, preserved for many years one form of singing and dancing which the present weak imitations of negro minstrels do not exhibit. This was the walk-around, of which, in its negro form, a good account is given in Dr. C. L. Edwards’s “Bahama Songs and Stories.” This feature has disappeared entirely, for even the voracious “vaudeville” stage has provided no place for it. In the walk-around the whole minstrel company, attired in varied costumes, such as one might have seen on a southern levee, assembled on the stage. They stood in a semi-circle and one at a time would advance to the center and to the tune of lively music and sometimes of singing walk around the inside of the gathering three or four times and then, stopping in the center, begin to dance, while the others would beat the time with feet and clapping of hands. Each dancer was expected to show his best steps and to outdo every other, if possible. The kind of music used for the walk-around was such as one sometimes hears in the slave songs of livelier movement sung now by the colored student glee clubs. “Dixie” was originally written for a minstrel walk-around.

Music echoing the manner of the walk-around is found in such songs as “Oh, Dem Golden Slippers” or “Kingdom Coming.” The walk-around, as has been noted, was a genuine form of slave song and as such was transferred to the public stage early in the history of the minstrel show. It is thought, however, that the first public performances of negro songs with their accompanying dances were those of Dan Rice about 1834. He began with “Jump, Jim Crow” and this was speedily followed by “Dandy Jim from Caroline” and others of that sort.

Close on the heels of Rice’s popularity came the formation of minstrel companies, whose entertainment began with a refined imitation of the plantation manner of singing with accompaniment of bones, tambourine, banjo and fiddle. It was not long before the idealization of the entertainment began, and with the compositions of Stephen Foster the music of the negro minstrel rose from its original level to one of artistic merit. Foster was born near Pittsburg, July 4, 1826. His first song, “Open Thy Lattice, Love,” was published in 1842. Three years later his negro melodies began to appear, the first of them being “Louisiana Belle,” “Old Uncle Ned,” and “O, Susanna.”

This is perhaps not the place for a critical discussion of Foster’s songs, yet something may, and indeed ought to be said. The plaintive feeling of Foster’s songs, communicated almost invariably in the major mode, is a perfect embodiment of the lachrymose tendency of negro sentiment, but the southern negro song itself makes liberal use of the minor mode and often wanders about through various tonalities without regard for formal harmonic proprieties. Some of the negro melodies end in the dominant or even the subdominant; or, starting in major, conclude in minor. Foster, while preserving the spirit and the atmosphere of the negro melody, created a type of tune entirely
his own and imparted to it the clear and fluent simplicity of what the Germans call the "vollstümlich Lied," the art-song built in folk-song style.

An examination of the songs of Foster, and of the other early writers of minstrel music, will suffice to convince the most casual observer that they bear no resemblance to the so-called negro music of to-day. The popular "ragtime" music is founded on an exaggerated and meaningless use of two features of the old plantation melodies. First the negro had picked up and adopted the Scotch snap, which is a transfer of the normal accent at the opening of the measure. Again, he was in the habit of utilizing text of most irregular kind, with or without meter, with lines of widely varying lengths, and of forcing it to go to his chosen tune by the simple process of doubling notes and reciting syllables as fast as possible.

The modern "ragtime" music forces the Scotch snap into almost every measure, and attains what may be described as a monotonous variety by using rapid repetitions of notes together with snaps throughout the whole tune. The general effect is not unlike that heard in the old negro minstrel jig, danced on a sanded floor, and is by no means as new as its inventors supposed it to be.

But the raggedness of the time in this contemporaneous music does not reproduce faithfully the pungent syncopations of the genuine negro melodies. These the more artistic writers of negro songs were content to let alone or to employ sparingly. It may sound frivolous, but it is none the less true, that their songs have much the appearance of negro melodies which have been through a fashionable school and thus polished to be easy to enter into the society of the ballads sung by the daughters of "dis massa and missis." But there is a deep undertone of feeling and a strong vein of racial character in these minstrel songs not to be found in the parlor ballads of their time. As intimated in the beginning of this Preface, their fellows must be sought in the literature of the French and German folk-song.

W. J. HENDERSON.
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Moderato assai

Piano

Voice

Old Folks at Home

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way,
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young,
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love,

Dere's wha' my heart ana turn-ing eh-ber. Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
Den man-y hap-py days I squan-der'd, Man-y de songs I sung.
Still sad-ly to my mem-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.
All up and down de whole creation, Sadly I roam,
When I was playing wid my brudder, Happy was I,
When will I see de bees a-hum-ming, All round de comb?

Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

Chorus

1-3. All de world am sad and dreary, Eb'-ry-where I roam.

Oh! dar-keys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.
Nellie Was a Lady

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

Adagio

1. Down on de Missis-sip-pi float-ing,
2. Now I'm unhap-py, and I'm weep-ing,
3. When I saw my Nel-lie in de morn-ing

Long time I trable on de way,
Can't tote de cot-ton-wood no more;
Smile till she o- pen'd up her eyes,

All night de cot-ton-wood a-tot-ing,
Last night, while Nel-lie was a-sleep-ing,
Seem'd like de light ob day a-dawn-ing,
Sing for my true love all day.
Death came a-knockin' at the door.
Just 'fore the sun begin to rise.

Chorus

1-4. Nellie was a lady, Last night she died,

Toll the bell for lovely Nell, My dark Virginny bride.

4. Down in the meadow, 'mong the clover,
   Walk wid my Nellie by my side;
   Now all dem happy days am ober,
   Farewell, my dark Virginny bride.
Jim Along Josey

Moderato

1. Oh Ise 'fum Lu-si-ar-na, as you all know,
2. My sis-ter Rose de od-er night did dream, Dat
3. Now 'way down South, not ver-y far off, A

Dar whar Jim a-long Josey's all de go;
Dem she was float-in' up an' down de stream.
An' bul- frog died wid de 'hoop-in' cough;
On de

gn-gahs all rise wen de bell does ring, An'
when she 'woke she be-gan to cry, An' de
od-er side of Mis-sis-sip-pi as you mus' know.
ad lib.

dis is de song dat dey do sing:
white cat pick'd out de black cat's eye.
Dar's whar I was christ-en'd Jim a-long Joe.

colla voce

Chorus

Allegro

1-4. Hey git a-long, git a-long, Jo-sey, Hey git a-long, Jim a-long Joe!

Hey git a-long, git a-long, Jo-sey, Hey git a-long, Jim a-long Joe!

4. I'm de nigger that don't mind my troubles
Because dey are noting more dan bubbles;
De ambition that dis nigger feels,
Is showing de science of his heels.

Note. This was one of the earliest songs sung by Billy Rice, the first "Negro minstrel"
Massa's in de Col', Col' Ground

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

Poco lento

1. Round' de meadow's am a-ring ing De dar-key's mournful song,
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas-sa make de dar-keys love him, Cayse he was so kind,

While de mock-ing-bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long,

hard to hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.

Now, dey sad-ly weep a bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be-hind.
Where de ivy am a-creep-ing O'er de grass-y mound,
Now, de o-rangetree am bloom-ing On de sand-y shore,
can-not work be-fore to-mor-row, Cayse de tear-drop flow,

Dar old mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de col'; col' ground.
Now de sum-mer days am com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-in' on de old ban-jo.

Chorus

1-3. Down in the corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful sound:

All de dar-keys am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de col'; col' ground.
My Old Kentucky Home

Poco adagio

1. The sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis
2. They hunt no more for the 'pos-sum and the coon, On the
3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wher-

sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis
hunt no more for the 'pos-sum and the coon, On the
head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wher-

summer, the dar-kies are gay; The
meadow, the hill, and the shore; They
ever the dar-key may go; A

22006
corn - top's ripe, and the mead - ow's all in bloom, While the
sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
few more days, and the trou - ble all will end, In the
bears make mu - sic all the day.
bench by the old - cab - in door.
field where the su - gar canes grow.

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

by hard times comes a - knock - ing at the door, Then my
time has come when the dar - kies have to part; Then my
few more days till we tot - ter on the road; Then my

old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!
old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!
old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night!
1-3. Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more today!

We will sing one song for the old Kentuck-y Home,
For the old Kentuck-y Home, far away.
De Camptown Races
or
"Gwine to run all night!"

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

Tempo comodo

1. De
2. De
3. Old

Camp-town la- dies sing dis song, Doo-dah! doo-dah! De
long-tail fil-ly, and de big black hoss, Doo-dah! doo-dah! Dey
mul-cy cow come on to de track, Doo-dah! doo-dah! De

Camp-town race-track five miles long, Oh! doo-dah-day! I
fly de track, and dey both cut a-cross, Oh! doo-dah-day! De
bob-tail fling her o-ber his back, Oh! doo-dah-day! Den
come down dar wid my hat cav'd in, Doo-dah! doo-dah! I
blind hoss stick-en in a big mud hole, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
fly a-long like a rail-road car, Doo-dah! doo-dah!

go back home wid a pock-et full of tin, Oh! doo-dah-day!
Can't touch bot-tom wid a ten-foot pole, Oh! doo-dah-day!
Run-nin' a race wid a shoot-in' star, Oh! doo-dah-day!

Chorus
1-3. Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day! I'll_

bet my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag, Some-bod-y bet on de bay.
Oh! Susanna

Allegretto

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

1. I come from Al-a-ba-ma wid my ban-jo on my knee;
   I'm gwine to Lou-si-an-na, My true love for to see. It

2. I jumped a-board de tel-e-graph, And tra-beled down de rib-er,
   De Elec-tric flu-id mag-ni-fied, And killed five hun-dred Nig-ger. De

3. I had a dream de ood-er night, When eb'-ry-thing was still;
   I thought I saw Sus-an-na, A com-ing down de hill. De

rain'd all night de day I left, The weath-er it was dry, The bull-gine bust, de horse run off, I real-ly thought I'd die; I

buck-wheat cake was in her mouth, De tear was in her eye; Says

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sun so hot I froze to death; Susanna, don't you cry.

Chorus

I'm coming from the South, Susanna, don't you cry.

1-4. Oh! Susanna! Oh, don't you cry for me, I've come from Alabama, wid my banjo on my knee.

4. I soon will be in New Orleans, And den I'll look all round,
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground.
But if I do not find her, Dis darkie'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry.
Old Black Joe

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

Poco adagio

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?

Gone are my friends from the cotton-fields away,
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone from this earth to a better land, I know,
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,

poco rit.

hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!
hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus

1-3. I'm coming, I'm coming, For my head is bending

low, I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
Nelly Bly

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

Moderato

1. Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom a-long, We'll
   sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, And听见 it in de meadow, and I
   Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle-dove, I
   hears it in de grove;
   When she wakens up again, Her eyes balls'gin to peep; De
   Nelly Bly hab a heart Warm as a cup ob tea, And
   Nelly Bly hab a heart Warm as a cup ob tea, And
   way she walks, she lifts her foot, And den she brings it down, And
   while I take de banjo down, Just gib de mush a turn.
   bigger dan de sweet potato down in Tennessee.
   when it lights, der's music dah in dat part ob de town.

2. Nelly Bly (repeat)

3. Nelly Bly (repeat)

4. Nelly Bly (repeat)
Chorus

1-4. Heigh, Nelly! Ho, Nelly! listen, lub, to me, I'll

sing for you, play for you, a dul-cem mel-o-dy.

Heigh! Nelly, Ho! Nelly, listen, lub, to me, I'll

sing for you, play for you, a dul-cem mel-o-dy.

4. Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! neber, neber sigh,
Nebber bring de teardrop to de corner ob your eye;
For de pie is made ob punkins, and de mush is made of corn,
And der's corn and punkins plenty, a-lying in de barn.
Oh! dem Golden Slippers!

Words and Music by
James A. Bland

Allegro

1. Oh, my golden slippers am a-laid away, Kase I
don't spect to wear 'em till my wed-din' day, An' my
ain't been tuned since 'way last fall, But de
darks all say we will
rain don't fall or de wind don't blow, An' yer
ul-ster coats, why, yer

2. Oh, my ole ban-jo hangs on de wall, Kase it
low'd so well, I will wear up in de chariot in de
hab a good time, When we ride up in de chariot in de
will not need, When yer ride up in de chariot in de

3. So it's good-bye, chil-dren, I will have to go Whar de

Whar de
morn. An’ my long white robe dat I bot’ las’ June, I’m _
morn. Dar’s ole Brud-der Ben _ and _ Sis-ter Luce, Dey will
morn. But yer gold-en slip-pers must be nice and clean, And yer

gwine to git changd, Kase it fits too soon, An’ de old gray hoss dat I
tel-o-graph de news to Un-cle Bac-co Juice, What a great camp-meet-in’ der will
age must be _ Just _ sweet six-teen, An’ yer white kid gloves yer will

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

1–3. Oh, dem golden slip-pers! Oh, dem golden slip-pers!

Golden slip-pers Ise gwine to wear, be-kase dey look so neat,

Oh, dem golden slip-pers! Oh, dem golden slip-pers!

Golden slip-pers Ise gwine to wear, To walk de golden street.
Wake Nicodemus

Words and Music by
Henry C. Work

Andante

1. Nic-o-de-mus, the slave, was of Af-ri-can birth, And was
2. He was known as a pro-phet, at least was as wise, For he
3. 'Twas a long, wear-y night, we were al-most in fear That the

bought for a bag-ful of gold; He was reck-oned as part of the
told of the bat-tles to come; And we trem-bled with dread when he
fu-ture was more than he knew; 'Twas a long, wear-y night, but the
salt of the earth, But he died years ago, very old. 'Twas his roild up his eyes, And we heeded the shake of his thumb. Tho' he morning is near, And the words of our prophet are true. There are

last sad request, so we laid him away. In the clothed us with fear, yet the garments he wore. Were in signs in the sky that the darkness is gone. There are

trunk of an old hollow tree. "Wake me up!" was his charge, "at the patches at elbow and knee. And he still wears the suit that he tokens in endless array. While the storm which had seemingly
first break of day, Wake me up for the great jubilee!
used to of yore, As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.
banished the dawn, Only has tens the advent of day.

Chorus

1-3. The "Good Time Com-ing" is almost here! 'Twas long, long, long on the way!
Now run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp, And

meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp, To wake Nicodemus today.
Dearest Mae

Words by
Francis Lynch

Allegretto

1. Now Nig-gahs, lis-ten to me, a sto-ry I'll re-
late; It hap-pen'd in de val-ley in de ole Car'-li-na State; 'Way
more, I tank'd him be-ry kind-ly, an' shoved my boat from shore; So
low, De'coon a-mong-thar branch-es play, while de mink he keep be-
low; Oh!

down in de mead-ow, 'twas dar I mow'd de hay; I
down de riv-er I glides a-long, wid my heart so light and free, To de
dar is de spot, an' Mae, she looks so neat, Her
always wuk de harder wen I think ob lub-ly Mae.
cottage ob my lub-ly Mae, I'd long'd so much to see.
eyes dey spar-kle like de stars, her lips are red as beet.

**Chorus**

1-3. Oh! dearest Mae, you're lub-ly as de day; Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gone a-way!

23006
The Old Cabin Home

Andante cantabile

1. I am going far away, far away to leave you now, To the
   Mississippi river I am going,
   I will hang up the banjo all alone,
   I will take my old banjo and I'll sing this little song.

2. When old age comes on us, and my hair is turning gray, I will
   set down by the fire and I'll pass the time away.

Author unknown
way down in my Old Cabin Home.
way down in my Old Cabin Home.

Chorus
1-2. Here is my Old Cabin Home, Here is my sister and my brother,

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.
Darling Nellie Gray

With feeling

Words and Music by
B. R. Hanby

1. There's a low green valley oad
to the Kentucky shore. There I've whiled many happy hours a-

2. When the moon had clim'd the moun-tain, and de
to the neighbors say, The white man bound her with his

3. One night I went to see her, but "She's
to the river in my

gone!" The neighbors say, The white man bound her with his

way

A sit-ting an' a-sing-in' by de

Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my

way

They have tak-en her to Geor-gia for to

little cottage door, Where liv'd my darling Nellie Gray.
little red canoe, While my ban-jo sweetly I would play.
wear her life a-way, As she toils in the cot-ton and the cane.
Chorus

1-3. Oh, my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away, And I'll
never see my darling any more, I'm sitting by the river and I'm
weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

4. My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way;
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nellie Gray:
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus, to the last verse
Oh! my darling Nellie Gray, up in heaven there, they say
That they'll never take you from me any more,
I'm coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way:
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.
Balm of Gilead

H. T. Bryant

Allegro

Oh, we ain't going home any more, Oh, we

poco rit.

ain't going home any more, Oh, we ain't going home any more,

poco rit.

a tempo

Down the peach-blow farm. Balm of Gilead, Balm of

a tempo

Gilead, Balm of Gilead, 'Way down the peach-blow farm.

Fine
1. Massa lov'd his good old Jamaica, his
2. Ain't I glad to get out the wilderness,
3. My old horse he came from Jerusalem, he

good old Jamaica, his
good old Jamaica,
Mas' sa lov'd his
good old Jamaica, Mas' sa lov'd his
get out the wilderness,
get out the wilderness,
Ain't I glad to get out the wilderness,
Ain't I glad to get out the wilderness,
came from Jerusalem,
came from Jerusalem,
He kick so high they
came from Jerusalem, He
came from Jerusalem, He

Dal segno al Fine

Dal segno al Fine

22006
Shine On

Words and Music by Luke Schoolcraft

Con moto

1. Bull-frog dressed in soldier clothes, All cross
2. Make dat coffee good and brown, All cross
3. My old mas-ter liv'd in clov'er, All cross

o-ver Jor-dan, Went out in de mead-ow to shoot some crows.
o-ver Jor-dan, Turn dat hoe - cake round and round.
o-ver Jor-dan, When he died he rolled right o-ver.

Oh! Je - ru-sa - lem. De crows smelt pow - der an' dey
Oh! Je - ru-sa - lem. A fer Ad - am,
Oh! Je - ru-sa - lem. He rolled his eyes, gave

22006
all flew away, All cross over Jordan, Ole
Paul, All cross over Jordan, He
one long breath, All cross over Jordan, He

Bullfrog he was mad all day. Oh! Jerusalem.
G fer gentle, great and small. Oh! Jerusalem.
scared these niggers half to death. Oh! Jerusalem.

Chorus
1-3. Shine on, shine on, All cross over Jordan! Shine on,

1. shine on, Oh! Jerusalem. Oh! Jerusalem.
2. shine on, Oh! Jerusalem. Oh! Jerusalem.

22006
"Angels, meet me at de Cross-roads"

Moderato

Words and Music by Will S. Hays

1. Come down, Gabriel, blow your horn,
2. Ise lib'd for months an' Ise lib'd for years,
3. Plant my foot on de gold-en rocks,

Call me home in de ear-ly morn; Send de char-i-ot
Can't get used to my weep-in' tears; Lost my way on de
Put my mon-ey in de mis-sion box; When I git dar, an' you

Chorus

down dis way, Come and haul me home to stay;
road in sin, Wake up, an-gels, pass me in. 1-4. O!
hear me call, Come on, den, for dar's room for all.

22006
4. Stand back, sinners, let me pass,
I see de lane to de house at las';
Come an' jine wid de angel band,
We'll all git home to de happy land.
Tom-Big-Bee River
or
Gum-Tree Canoe

Words and Music by S. S. Steele

Andante

1. On Tom-big-bee river so bright I was born,
   In a hut made ob husks ob de tall yaller corn, And
   hoe, I think of my Julia sang as I go, Oh, I

2. All de day in de field de soft cotton I oar, I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar; While de

3. Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de dar I fust met wid my Julia so true, An' I
   catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true blue, An' at stars dey look down at my Julia so true, An'

2206
Chorus

row'd her a-bout in my gum-tree canoe.

night sail her round in my gum-tree canoe. 1-4. Sing-ling,
dance in her eye in my gum-tree canoe.

row a-way, row, O'er de waters so blue, Like a

feather well float In my gum-tree canoe.

4. One night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we jis stay;
Oh we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An' it took us in tow wid my gum-tree canoe.
Kingdom Coming

Words and Music by Henry C. Work

Allegro

1. Say, dar-kies, hab you seen de mas-sa, Wid de muff-stash on his face, Go 'long de road some-time dis morn-in'. Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke-way up de rib-ber, Whar de Lin-kum gum-boats lay, He

2. He six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred pound, His coat so big he could-n't pay de tail-or, An' it won't go half-way round. He drill so much dey call him Cap'-en, An', he get so dref-ful tamn'd, I
gone. Dar's wine an' ci-der in de kit-chen, An' de dar-kies dey'll hab some; I

3. De dar-kies feel so lone-some lib-bing In de log-house on de lawn, Dey move der tings to mas-sa's par-lor For to keep it while he's
took his hat, an' lef ber-ry sud-den, An' I 'spec' he's run a-way!
'spect he try an' fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's con- tra-band.
'sposedey'll all be con-fis-cat-ed When de Lin-kum so-jers come.

Chorus

1-4. De mas-sa run? Ha, ha! De dar-kie stay? Ho, ho! It

mus' be now de king-dom com-in' An' de year ob Ju-bi-lo!

4. De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smokehouse celler,
Wid de key trown in de-well.
De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,
But de massall hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better
Dan to went an' run away.
"Come where my love lies dreaming"

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster

Moderato

Come where my love lies dreaming, Dreaming the happy hours away,

way, Visions bright redeeming The fleeting joys of
day;
Dreaming the happy hours,
Dreaming the happy hours a-
way,
Come where my love lies dream ing,
Is sweet-ly

dream-ing the happy hours a-way,
Come where my love lies

dream-ing, is sweet-ly dream-ing,
Her beau-ty beam-ing;
Come where my love lies dreaming, is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

Come with a lute, come with a lay, My own love is sweetly dreaming, Her beauty beam ing;

Come where my love lies dreaming, is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.
Soft is her slumber, thoughts bright and free
Dance thro' her dreams like gushing melody;
Light is her young heart; light may it be!

Come where my love lies dreaming,
Dreaming the happy hours,
Dreaming the happy hours away.
Come where my love lies dreaming, Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

Come where my love lies dreaming, Is sweetly dreaming, Her beauty beaming; Come where my love lies dreaming, Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

22006
Come with a lute, come with a lay, My own love is sweetly dreaming, Her beauty

Come where my love lies dreaming, Is sweetly

Dreaming the happy hours away,

Happy hours away.
Angel Gabriel

Words by
Frank Dumont

Music by
James E. Stewart

Moderato

1. Oh! my soul, my soul am a-gwine for to rest in de
arms of de an-gel Ga-bri-el, And I climb on a hill and I
look to de west, And I cross o-ver Jor-dan to de Lam'; And I'll
rest just as sure as I am born, And I'll look like a black-bird a
sitt'n on a nest, When old Ga-br'il am blow-ing on de horn; And I'll

2. Oh! my soul, my soul am a-gwine for to rest, Gwine to
sit me down in de old arm-chair; Oh!
leave my clothes safe up-on de shore, For I'll

brud-ders, I will nev-er tire, And old Sa-tan may sneeze, but
have new gar-ments for to wear; And I'll have bran-new shoes, and

I will take my ease, And I'll warm my-self at de ho-ly fire.
nev-er get de blues, And de an-gels dey will come and curl my hair. 1-2, I will
shout, and I'll dance, And I'll wake up early in the morn;
And I will arise, and rub my sleepy eyes, When old Gabriel am blowing his horn.