PLANTATION MELODIES
OLD AND NEW

Words by
R.E. Phillips,
J.E. Campbell,
P.L. Dunbar.

Music
Composed, or Transcribed and Adapted
by
H.T. Burleigh.

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"I doan' want fu' t' stay hyeah no longah."

Tune: Danville Chariot.

Words by
R. E. Phillips.

H. T. BURLEIGH.

Boldly, fervently.

1. Oh! swing low, sweet chariot! Pray let a me enter in,... An' I
2. Oh, sweet hohn ob Gabriel! Blow, trump-et, an' call me home, An' I

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done bin tempted, done bin tried, I bin to de wa-tahs An' I
tired o' strummin' de ol' ban-jo, Whar de an-gels is hum-min' I' se er-

bin bap-tiz'd, An' I doan' want t' stay hye'ah no lon-gah! Yes,
gwane to go, An' I doan' want t' stay hye'ah no lon-gah! Yes, I

down to de wa-tahs - a I wuz led, An' ma soul wuz fill' a wid de
done bin read-y fr' t' chune ma lyre Pa' t' join de mu-sic ob de
heab'n-ly bread, An' I doan' want t' stay hyeah no lon-gah! Oh!

heab'n-ly choir, An' I doan' want t' stay hyeah no lon-gah! Oh,

swing low, sweet chari-ot! Pray let-a me en-ter in, An' I
sweet hohn ob Ga-bri-el, Blow, trum-pet, an' call me home, An' I

doan' want fu' t' stay hyeah no lon-gah!
doan' want fu' t' stay hyeah no lon-gah!

15
"Ma Lawd's a-writin' down time."

Words by
R.E. Phillips.

Tune: He sees all you do, an' heeas all you see.

Not too fast.  H.T. Burleigh.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Oh de goose-quir's a scratch-in' In de 'count-book ob

2. An' de 'count-book I mean Am de jedg-men' ob

Gawd:  Ma Lawd's a-writ-in' down time!  Doan' yu'

Gawd:  Ma Lawd's a-writ-in' down time!  An' yu'

know youah hairs is number'd Lak' de hairs on de pos-sumb's tail? Does yu'
can't spec' ob youah neighbor Fu' t' gib youah soul er boost; Lak' de
'spec' de Lawd dat made 'em Cain't tell san'-pike f'um de whale?
chick-uus in de bahn-yahd, All youah sins comes home t' roost.

Chorus.

1. Then doan' think fu' t' sin Ef yuh doan' want t' pay:

Ma Lawd's a-writ-in' down time! Then doan' think fu' t' sin Ef yuh
doan'want t' pay: Ma Lawd's a-writ-in' down time!
"When de Debble comes 'round."

Words by
R. E. Phillips.

Tune: You shall have er new hidin' place dat day.

Rather slowly.

H. T. Burleigh.

Voice.

Piano.

day when youse wea- ry fight-in' wiv sin, An' de deb-ble comes'round fu' his
day when de Lawd said, "I will pro-vide," An' you 'spec' dat youah neigh-bor's er-
due, Doan' be to-tial er bag wiv three chickUNS in Dat de
way, An' yu' go in de day-time hop-in' t' hide, Den youah
Lawk only made fu' two! Ma broth-ahs,
trust only goes half-way! Ma broth-ahs,

trust de Lawd all de way, An'!
trust de Lawd all de way, An'

you shall have er new hid-in' place dat day!
you shall have er new hid-in' place dat day!
"De Black-bird an' de Crow."

Words by
R.E. Phillips.

Voice

Spiritedly; not fast.

Piano.

H.T. BURLEIGH.

1. Ay, said de black-bird to de crow, 'Way i' de cohn-field we will go,
2. Down in de cohn-field ol' black Joe, Black as de black-bird an' de crow,

We will go er-pick-in' up cohn, Bin ouah wuk ev-ah scene we'se bohn!
Lets de birds go pick-in' up cohn, Bin his way ev-ah scene he'se bohn!

Doan' be er-skeerd't ob ol' black Joe, Down in de cohn-field
'Long comes de mas-sah wiv' er gun, Blackcrow er-pick-in'
what we go, We steal cohn, an' what does he care? Saves him hoe'n ef de
gergets t' run, Blackcrow makes er black crow pie, Black-bird sings from er
cohn ain't dere! But watch out fu' de mas-sah, I say! Dey's
tree neah by: Oh, watch out fu' de mas-sah, I say! Dey's

1.2 times t' eat an' dey's times t' run! Yes, black crows bet-tah.

drap dere cohn, than ah-gue wiv mas-sah's gun!
My Merlindy Brown
Negro Serenade

Words by
James Edwin Campbell

With spirit

H. T. BURLEIGH

1. O, de light bugslimmer
2. O, Miss' Lindy, don' you

down de lane, Mer-lin-dy! Mer-lin-dy! O, de whip-will call-in' notes

hyuh me, chill? Mer-lin-dy! Mer-lin-dy! O, ma 'ub fur you des

dri-be-mwall, Mer-

lin-dy! Mer-lin-dy! O ma hon-ey-tub, O ma tur-kle-dub, O

lin-dy! Mer-lin-dy! I'll sing dis night tel de broad day-light,

don' you hyuh ma ban-jer ringin' While de night-dew falls an' de

bus' ma thoat wid try-in', Less-a you come down, Miss Lin-dy

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slowly

P not too fast

ol' bąc'gat'e Ise a-sing-in'.
stops dis hat' fum a-sigh-ia.
1.2.0, Merlin-dy!
O, Merlin-dy!

slowly

P not too fast

Miss' Lindy Brown! O, Merlin-dy!
Pok'yo' hade out f'um dat win-der,

poco rit.

f a tempo

My Mer- lin-dy Brown! O, Mer- lin-dy!
O, Mer- lin-dy!
Miss' Lindy Brown!

poco rit.

f a tempo

O, Mer- lin-dy!
Pok'yo' hade out f'um dat win-der, Miss Mer- lin-dy Brown!

f very slow

fervently

rit.

very slow

18445
Negro Lullaby.

Words by James Edwin Campbell.

Voice: Slowly

Piano:

1. Mam-my's ba- by, go ter sleep, Hush-er-by, Hush-er-by, dear,
   'Cross de hyarf de cric-ket creep, Hush-er-by, Hush-er-by, dear:
   Hoot-owl call-in' fum de ol' sy-ca-mo' Waydownyumerin' de hol-ler;

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whip-po'-will an' de li'l screechowl Des try dey bes't'er fol-l-i'er. Oh!
li'l ba-by stars all fas't a-sleep. You chillen betta' stop dat knockin'! Oh!

Chorus.

Hush-er-by, Hush-er-by, Hush-er-by, ma dear, Hush-er-by, Hush-er-by, ma hon-ey; Oh!
Hush-er-by, Hush-er-by, Hush-er-by, ma dear, Hush-er-by, Hush-er-by, ma hon-ey; Oh!

Shet yo' eyes—an' drop off ter sleep; O yo' eyes dey bright as mon-e-y!
Nod-din', nod-din', nod ur-sleep at las'! Sh sh sh sh ma hon-e-y!

Humming

1. Um um um um, Um, Um um sm, Um um.
An Ante-Bellum Sermon.

Tune: Joshua fit de batt’ ob Jericho.

Words by
Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Rather quickly.

H. T. BURLEIGH.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Joshua fit de bat-tl’ ob Je-ri-co!
2. Joshua fit de bat-tl’ ob Je-ri-co!
3. Joshua fit de bat-tl’ ob Je-ri-co!
4. Joshua fit de bat-tl’ ob Je-ri-co!

A-men, so glad-a! den Joshua fit de bat-tl’ ob Je-ri-co, An’ de
A-men, so glad-a! den Joshua fit de bat-tl’ ob Je-ri-co, An’ de
A-men, so glad-a! den Joshua fit de bat-tl’ ob Je-ri-co, An’ de
A-men, so glad-a! den Joshua fit de bat-tl’ ob Je-ri-co, An’ de

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walls cam' tum-blin' down, too true! We're gath-a'h'd hyeah, ma broth-a'h's, In dis
cam' tum-blin' down, too true! Now ol' Pha-r'oh down in E-gypt Was de
cam' tum-blin' down, too true! An' ef he re-fuse to do it, I'll
cam' tum-blin' down, too true! But I tell you, fel-lah Christuns, Things'll

how-lin' wil-da-ness, Fu' to speak some words ob com-fö't To each oth-a'h in dis
wuss man ev-a'h bo'n, An' he had de He-brew chil-lun Down dah wuk-in' in de
make him rue the houah, Fu' I'll emp-ty down on E-gypt All de vi-als of my
hap-pen might-y strange; Now, de Lawd done dis fu' Is-rul, An' his ways don't nev-a'h

tress; We chooses fu' ouah sub-ject We'll 'splain it by an' by.
co'n Twell de Lawd got tia'h'd o' his feel-in', An' sez he: 'I'll let him know
powah! Yes, he did, an' Pha-r'oh's ah-my Wasn't wuth a ha'f a dime; Fu' de
change, An' de love he show'lt to Is-rul Wasn't all on Is-rul spent; Now don't
Chorus.

Laud said, 'Mo-ses, Mo-ses, An' de man said, 'Heah am I.'
O Dan-u-el!
Mo-ses, go tell Pha-roh Fu' to let dem chil-lun go!
O Dan-u-el!
Laud will help his chil-lun, You kin trus' him ev-ah time.
O Dan-u-el!
run an' tell yo' mas-tahs Dat I'se preach-in' dis-con-tent.
O Dan-u-el!

Tempo I.

1. Joshua fit de bat-tl' ob Je-ri-co,
A-men, so glad-a! Den-

Joshua fit de bat-tl' ob Je-ri-co,
An' de walls cam' tum-blin' down, too true!

5. 'Cause I isn't, I'se a judgin'
Bible people by deir ac's;
I'se a givin' you de Scriptuah.
I'se a handin' you de fac's.
Case ole Pha-roh b'lieved in slav-ry,
But de Lawd he let him see
Dat de people he put bref in,
Evah mothah's son was free.
Cho: O Danuel! etc.

6. An' dah's othahs thinks lak' Pha-roh,
But dey calls de Scriptuah liar,
Fu' de Bible says "a servant
Is a worthy of his hire,"
An' you can't git rou'n nor tho' dat,
An' you can't git ovah it,
Fu' whatevah place you git in,
Dis hyeah Bible too'll fit.
Cho: O Danuel! etc.