

83679

SCHIRMER'S HOUSEHOLD
MUSIC BOOKS

NEGRO MINSTREL MELODIES

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

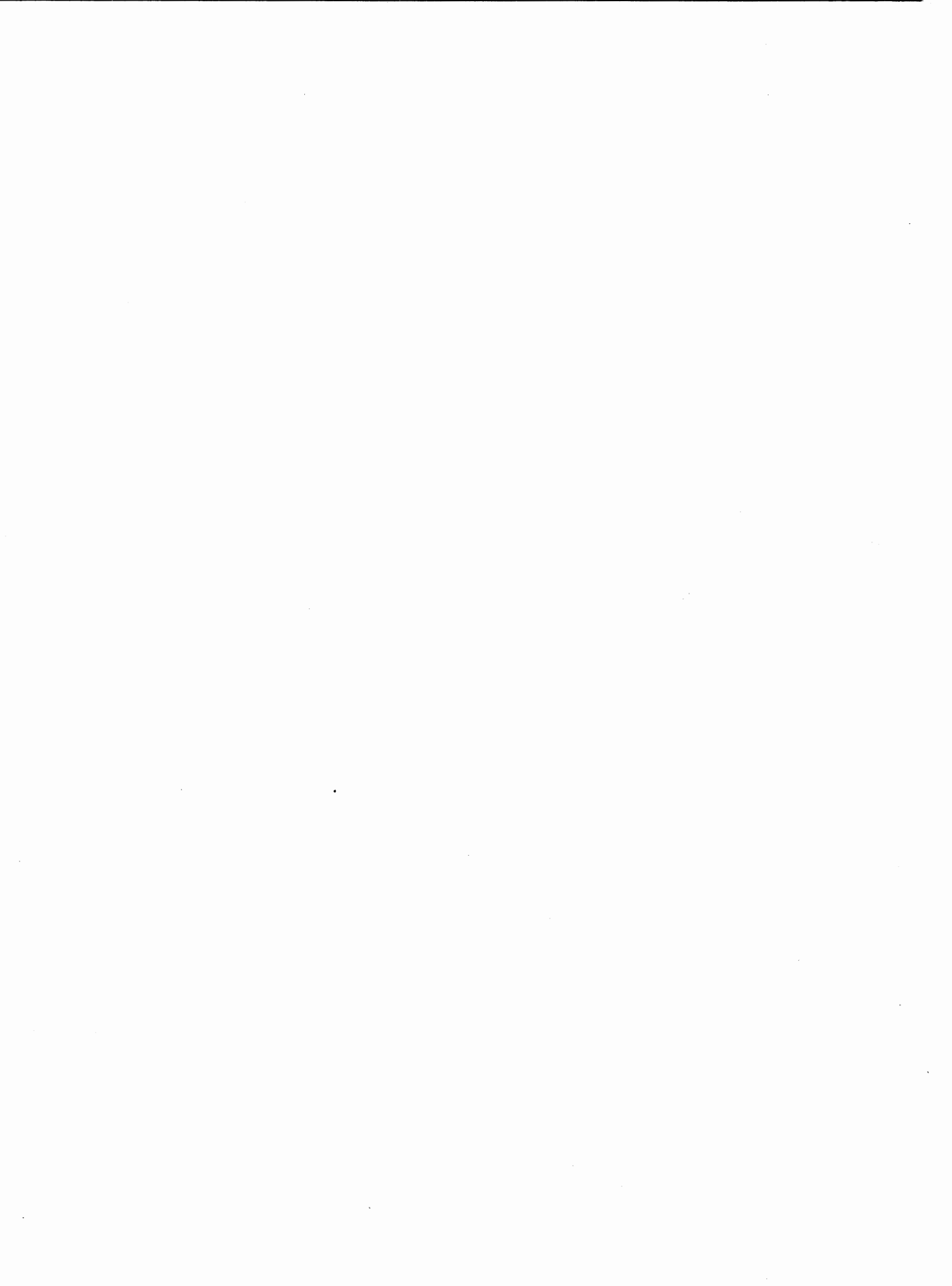
EDITED BY
H. T. BURLEIGH
WITH A PREFACE BY
W. J. HENDERSON



PRICE, 50 CENTS NET

NEW YORK : G. SCHIRMER
BOSTON : THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY G. SCHIRMER



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 olio.

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 naïve 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.

1919. 92

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

Then, 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.

PREFACE

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

PREFACE

his own and imparted to it the clear and fluent simplicity of what the Germans call the "volkstümliches 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 ready to enter into the society of the ballads sung by the daughters of "ole 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.

CONTENTS

	AUTHOR	PAGE
ANGEL GABRIEL	James E. Stewart	50
ANGELS, MEET ME AT THE CROSS-ROADS	Will S. Hays	38
BALM OF GILEAD	H. T. Bryant	34
COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING	Stephen C. Foster	44
DARLING NELLIE GRAY	B. R. Hanby	32
DEAREST MAE	L. V. H. Crosby	28
DE CAMPTOWN RACES (OR "GWINE TO RUN ALL NIGHT!")	Stephen C. Foster	14
JIM ALONG JOSEY	Author unknown	6
KINGDOM COMING	Henry C. Work	42
MASSA'S IN DE COL', COL' GROUND	Stephen C. Foster	8
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME	Stephen C. Foster	10
NELLIE WAS A LADY	Stephen C. Foster	4
NELLY BLY	Stephen C. Foster	20
OH! DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS!	James A. Bland	22
OH! SUSANNA	Stephen C. Foster	16
OLD BLACK JOE	Stephen C. Foster	18
OLD CABIN HOME, THE	Author unknown	30
OLD FOLKS AT HOME	Stephen C. Foster	2
SHINE ON	Luke Schoolcraft	36
TOM-BIG-BEE RIVER (OR GUM-TREE CANOE)	S. S. Steele	40
WAKE NICODEMUS	Henry C. Work	25

Old Folks at Home

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

Moderato assai

Voice

Piano

espressivo

p

p espressivo

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 am turn - ing eb - 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 cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap - py was I,
 When will I see de bees a - hum-ming, All rounde comb?

Still long-ing for de old plan-ta - tion, 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

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

p Oh! dar-keys, how my heart grows wear-y, *calando* Far from de old folks at home.

Nellie Was a Lady

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

Adagio

p

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

p

Long time I trab - ble 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,

mf

Sing for my true lub all de day.
 Death came a - knock - in' at de door.
 Jist 'fore de sun be - gin to rise.

Chorus

p

1-4. Nel - lie was a la - dy, Last night she died,

p

rit. e dim.

Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

mf

rit. e dim.

4. Down in de meadow, 'mong de clober,
 Walk wid my Nellie by my side;
 Now all dem happy days am ober,
 Farewell, my dark Virginy bride.

Jim Along Josey

Moderato

Author unknown

1. Oh Ise fum Lu - si - an - 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

ad lib. *a tempo*

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

colla voce *a tempo*

nig - gahs all rise wèn 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

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked *Poco lento*. It features a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a *mf* dynamic. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

cantabile

- p*
1. Round' de mead-ows am a - ring - ing De dar - key's mourn-ful 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,

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The bass line is a simple, steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

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. I

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues with the same treble clef and key signature. The bass line remains a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Where de i - vy 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, I

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

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

p
 All de dar-keys am a - weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de col' col' ground.

p *calando*

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

birds make mu - sic all the day. _____ The
bench by the old cab - in door. _____ The
field where the su - gar canes grow. _____ A

young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With
few more days for to tote the wear - y load, 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

rit.
 old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night! _____
 old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night! _____
 old Ken - tuck - y Home, good - night! _____

rit.

Chorus

mf
1-3. Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to -

The first system of the chorus features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

mf
day! We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y Home, For the

The second system continues the vocal line with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, G5, and A5. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

rit.
old Ken - tuck - y Home, far a - way.

The third system concludes the chorus. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes F#4, E4, and D4. The piano accompaniment features a descending melodic line in the right hand. The dynamic marking *rit.* is present.

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 - ey 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

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

Allegretto

1. I_ come from Al - a - ba - ma wid my ban - jo on my
2. I_ jumped a - board de tel - e - graph, And tra-beled down de
3. I_ had a dream de od - der night, When eb' - ry - ting was

knee; I'm gwine to Lou - si - an - na, My true love for to see. It_
rib-er, De Lec - tric flu - id mag - ni - fied, And killed five hun - dred Nig - ger. De
still; I_ thought I saw Su - san - 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

sun so hot I froze to death; Su - san - na, don't you cry.
 shut my eyes to hold my breath; Su - san - na, don't you cry.
 I, I'm com - ing from de South, Su - san - na, don't you cry.

Chorus

1-4. Oh! Su - san - na! Oh, don't you cry for me, I've

come from Al - a - ba - ma, wid my ban - jo 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'l 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

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are:

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 hap - py and so free? The

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way,
Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain?
chil - dren so dear, that I held up - on my knee?

Gone from this earth to a bet - ter land, I know, I
 Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I
 Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

poco rit.
 hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
 hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
 hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

poco rit.

Chorus
mf 1-3. I'm com - ing, — *p* I'm com - ing, — For my head is bend - ing

mf *p* *pp*

rit.
 low, I hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe"

rit.

Nelly Bly

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

Moderato

1. Nel - ly Bly! Nel - ly Bly! bring de broom a - long, We'll
 2. Nel - ly Bly hab a voice like de tur - tle - dove, I
 3. Nel - ly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,

sweep de kit - chen clean, my dear, And hab a lit - tle song.
 hears it in de mead - ow, and I hears it in de grove;
 When she wak - ens up a - gain, Her eye - balls 'gin to peep; De

Poke de wood, my la - dy lub, And make de fiah — burn, And
 Nel - ly 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 ban - jo down, Just gib de mush a turn.
 big - ger dan de sweet po - ta - toe down in Ten - nes - see.
 when it lights, der's mu - sic dah In dat part ob de town.

Chorus

1-4. Heigh, Nel - ly! Ho, Nel - ly! lis - ten, lub, to me, I'll

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

Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly, lis - ten, lub, to me, I'll

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

4. Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! nebbber, nebbber 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 gold - en slip - pers am a - laid a - way, Kase I
 2. Oh, my ole ban - jo — hangs on de wall, Kase it
 3. So it's good - bye, chil - dren, I will have to go Whar de

don't 'spect to wear 'em till my wed - din' day, An' my long - tail'd coat, dat I
 aint 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

lov'd so well, I will wear up in de char - iot in de
 hab a good time, When we ride up in de char - iot in de
 will not need, When yer ride up in de char - iot in de

morn. An' my long white robe_ dat I bo't 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 chang'd, Kase it fits too soon, An' de old gray hoss dat I
 tel - e - 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 dat 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

f

1-3. Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers!

Gold-en slip-pers I'se gwine to wear, be - kase dey look so neat,

f

Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold - en slip-pers!

Gold-en slip-pers I'se gwine to wear, To walk de gold-en street. street.

1. 2.

Wake Nicodemus

Words and Music by
Henry C. Work

Andante

The piano introduction consists of three measures. The right hand plays a melodic line starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords in the bass clef.

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

The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

bought for a bag - ful of gold; — He was reck-on'd 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

The vocal line continues with the melody. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords.

salt of the earth, But he died years a - go, ver - y old. — 'Twas his
roll'd up his eyes, And we heed - ed the shake of his thumb. — Tho' he
morn - ing is near, And the words of our pro - phet are true. — There are

last sad re - quest, so we laid him a - way In the
clothed us with fear, yet the gar - ments he wore Were in
signs in the sky that the dark - ness is gone, There are

trunk of an old hof - low tree. — "Wake me up!" was his charge, "at the
patch - es at el - bow and knee. — And he still wears the suit that he
to - kens in end - less ar - ray, — While the storm which had seem - ing - ly

first break of day, Wake me up for the great Ju - bi - lee!" _____
 used to of yore, As he sleeps in the old hol - low tree. _____
 ban - ish'd the dawn, On - ly has - tens the ad - vent of day. _____

Chorus

1 - 3. The "Good Time Com-ing" is al - most here! 'Twas long, long, long on the

way! _____ Now run and tell E - li - jah to hur - ry up Pomp, And

colla voce

meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp, To wake Nic - o - de - mus to - day. _____

Dearest Mae

Words by
Francis Lynch

Music by
L. V. H. Crosby

Allegretto

1. Now Nig-gahs, lis - ten to me, a sto - ry I'll re -
 2. Ole Mas - sa gib me hol - i - day, an' say he'd gib me
 3. On de banks of de riv - er, whar de trees dey hang so

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

al - ways wuk de hard - er w'en I think ob lub - ly Mae.
 cot - tage 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! dear - est Mae, you're lub - ly as de day; Your

eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gone a - way!

rit. e dim.

The Old Cabin Home

Andante cantabile

Author unknown

1. I am go-ing far a-way, far a-way to leave you now, To the
 2. When old age comes on us, and my hair is turn-ing gray, I will

Mis - sis - sip - pi riv - er I am go - ing, I will
 hang up de ban - jo all a - lone, I will

take my old ban - jo and I'll sing this lit - tle song A -
 set down by the fire and I'll pass the time a - way, A -

way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are "way down in my Old Cab - in Home." repeated on two lines. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a grand staff brace on the left. The piano part includes chords and melodic lines in both hands.

Chorus

1-2. Here is my Old Cab - in Home, — Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er,

The chorus system begins with the word "Chorus" in bold. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "1-2. Here is my Old Cab - in Home, — Here is my sis - ter and my broth - er,". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines in both hands, supporting the vocal melody.

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the gravewithits moth - er.

The second system of the chorus continues the vocal line with the lyrics "Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the gravewithits moth - er." The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines in both hands, concluding the piece with a final chord.

Darling Nellie Gray

Words and Music by
B. R. Hanby

With feeling

p

1. There's a low green — val - ley on de
2. When the moon had climb'd the moun - tain, and de
3. One — night I went to see her, but "She's

p

ole Ken - tuck - y shore, There I've whiled man - y hap - py hours a -
stars were shin - ing too, Then I'd take my dar - ling Nel - lie
gone!" the neigh - bors say, The — white man bound her with his

way A - sit - tin' an' a - sing - in' by de
Gray, And — we'd float down the riv - er in my
chain; They have tak - en her to Geor - gia for to

lit - tle cot - tage door, Where liv'd my — dar - ling Nel - lie Gray.
lit - tle red ca - noe, While my ban - jo — sweet - ly I would play.
wear her life a - way, As she toils in the cot - ton and the cane.

Chorus

mf

1-3. Oh, my poor Nel - lie Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll

nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more, — I'm sit - tin' by the riv - er and I'm

rit. e dim.

weep - in' all the day, For you've gone from de old Ken - tuck - y shore. —

rit. e dim.

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 a - coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way:
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Balm of Gilead

H. T. Bryant

Allegro *f* $\text{\textcircled{S}}$

Oh, we ain't go - ing home an - y more, Oh, we

ain't go - ing home an - y more, *poco rit.* Oh, we ain't go - ing home an - y more, —

a tempo Down t'the peach-blow farm. *f* Balm of Gil - ead, Balm of

a tempo Gil - ead, Balm of Gil - ead, 'Way down t'the peach-blow farm. *Fine*

mf

1. Mas - sa lov'd his good old ja - mai - ca, his
 2. Ain't I glad to get out the wil - der - ness,
 3. My old horse he came from Je - ru - sa - lem, he

mf

good old ja - mai - ca, his good old ja - mai - ca, Mas - sa lov'd his
 get out the wil - der - ness, get out the wil - der - ness, Ain't I glad to
 came from Je - ru - sa - lem, he came from Je - ru - sa - lem, He kick so high they

Dal segno al Fine §

good old ja - mai - ca, 'Way down in Al - a - bam'.
 get out the wil - der - ness, Oh my — lamb. 1-3. Oh we
 put him in the mu - se - um, Down in Al - a - bam'.

Dal segno al Fine §

Shine On

Words and Music by
Luke Schoolcraft

Con moto

1. Bull - frog dress'd in sol - dier clothes, All cross
2. Make dat cof - fee 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

all flew a - way, All cross o - ver Jor - dan, Ole
 P fer Paul, All cross o - ver Jor - dan,
 one long breath, All cross o - ver Jor - dan, He

Bull - frog he was mad all day. Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem.
 G fer gen - tle, great and small. Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem.
 scared these nig - gers half to death. Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem.

Chorus
 1-3. Shine on, shine on, All cross o - ver Jor - dan! Shine on,

shine on, Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem. Oh! Je - ru - sa - lem.

"Angels, meet me at de Cross-roads"

Words and Music by
Will S. Hays

Moderato

1. Come down, Ga - bri - el, blow your_ horn,
2. I'se lib'd for months an' I'se 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.

An - gels, meet me at de Cross - roads, meet me,

An - gels, meet me at de Cross - roads, meet me, An - gels, meet one at de

rit.
Cross - roads, meet me, Don't charge a sin - ner an - y toll.

rit.

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

mf

1. On — Tom - big - bee riv - er so bright I was
2. All de day in de field de soft cot - ton I
3. Wid my hands on de ban - jo and toe on de

mf

born, In a hut made ob husks ob de tall yal - ler corn, And
hoe, I — tink of my Ju - la an sing as I go, Oh, I
oar, I — sing to de sound ob de riv - er's soft roar; While de

dar I fust met wid my Ju - la so true, An' I
catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true blue, An' at
stars dey look down at my Ju - la so true, An' —

Chorus

row'd her a - bout in my gum - tree ca - noe.
 night sail her round in my gum - tree ca - noe. 1-4. Sing - ing,
 dance in her eye in my gum - tree ca - noe.

f row a - way, row, *p* O'er de wa - ters so blue, Like a

feath - er well float — *rit.* In my gum - tree ca - noe.

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
2. He six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred
3. De dar-kies feel so lone-some lib-bing In de log-house on de

face, Go 'long de road some-time dis morn-in', Like he gwine to leab de
pound, His coat so big he could-n't pay de tail-or, An' it won't go half-way
lawn, Dey move der tings to mas-sa's par-lor For to keep it while he's

place? He seen a smoke'way up de rib-ber, Whar de Lin-kum gum-boats lay, He
round. He drill so much dey call him Cap-'en, An' he get so dref-ful tann'd, I
gone. Dar's wine an'ci-der in de kit-chen, An' de dar-kies dey'll hab some; I

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.
 'spose dey'll all be con - fis - cat - ed When de Lin - kum so - jers come.

Chorus

f
 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 massa'll 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

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked Moderato. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts in the bass clef with a series of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piece is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

p

Come where my love lies dream - ing, Dream - ing the hap-py hours a -

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Come where my love lies dream - ing, Dream - ing the hap-py hours a -". The piano part continues with chords and moving lines in both hands, maintaining the *p* dynamic.

way, In vi-sions bright re - deem - ing The fleet-ing joys of

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "way, In vi-sions bright re - deem - ing The fleet-ing joys of". The piano part features more complex chordal textures and moving lines in both hands.

day; *p* Dream - ing the hap-py hours, Dreaming the hap-py hours a -

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a whole note 'day;' followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes for 'Dream - ing the hap-py hours, Dreaming the hap-py hours a -'. The piano accompaniment consists of a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the vocal line.

way, *mf* Come where my love lies *poco rit.* dream - ing, Is sweet-ly

The second system continues the vocal line with 'way,' followed by a long note, then 'Come where my love lies' and 'dream - ing, Is sweet-ly'. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *poco rit.* (poco ritardando).

a tempo dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way, *p* Come where my love lies

The third system starts with 'dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way,' and 'Come where my love lies'. The piano accompaniment has a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *a tempo* and *p* (piano).

mf dream - ing, Is sweet-ly dream-ing, Her beau-ty beam - ing;

The fourth system concludes with 'dream - ing, Is sweet-ly dream-ing, Her beau-ty beam - ing;'. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present.

mf *poco rit.* *a tempo*

Come where my love lies dream - ing, Is sweet-ly dreaming the hap-py hours a -

mf *poco rit.* *a tempo*

mf

way. Come with a lute, come with a lay, My own love is sweet-ly

mf

dream-ing, Her beau-ty beam - ing; Come where my love lies

poco rit. *a tempo*

dream - ing, Is sweet-ly dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way.

poco rit. *a tempo*

p

Soft is her slum - ber, thoughts bright and free Dance thro' her dreams like

p

gush-ing mel - o - dy; Light is her young heart; light may it be!

rit. *p a tempo*

Come where my love lies dream - ing, Dream - ing the

rit. *a tempo*

hap-py hours, Dream - ing the hap-py hours a - way,

poco rit. *a tempo*

Come where my love lies dream - ing, Is sweet-ly dreaming the hap-py hours a -

mf

way. Come where my love lies dream - ing, Is sweet - ly

dream-ing, Her beau-ty beam - ing; Come where my love lies

dream - ing, Is sweet-ly dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way.

mf

Come with a lute, comewith a lay, My own love is sweet-ly dream-ing, Her beau-ty

mf

beam-ing; Come where my love lies dream - ing, Is sweet - ly

rit.

rit.

a tempo

dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way, dream - ing the

mf

a tempo

mf

hap-py hours a - way.

p

dim. e rit. pp

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
2. Oh! my soul, my soul am a - gwine for to rest, Gwine to

p

arms of de an - gel Ga - bri - el, And I climb on a hill and I
rest just as sure as I am born, And I'll look like a black - bird a

look to de west, And I cross o - ver Jor - dan to de Lam'; — And I'll
sitt'n on a nest, When old Ga - br'il am blow - ing on de horn; — And I'll

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

Chorus

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 ear - ly in de

morn; _____ And _____ I will a - rise, and

rub my sleep - y eyes, When old Ga - bri - el am blow - ing his horn. _____