Folk Songs

Number One, Revised.

By F. J. Work

A Collection of Jubilee Gems Scientifically Set to Music

The songs that Negro Mothers and Fathers Sang Before the War.
The Music Given to the World through Divine Inspiration.
A Heritage Unpurchasable.
The Folk Songs or Jubilee Melodies are Acknowledged by the Masters of the World to be the Only Distinctively Original Music Produced by the American Nation.
These Melodies Still Live in the Hearts of the People, and We Intend to Put Them Into Every Community.

Commenting upon the singing of the songs in our Folk Songs No. 1 by a male quartette, Dr. Henry E. Krehbiel, "Dean of American Critics," says:

"A concert-goer might live a lifetime and never hear such beautiful homogeneity of tone as that which they produce, nor such euphony, perfection of unison and precision. Save for its vital human quality, which lifts itself above all musical products, the harmony sounds like that of a well-tuned organ."

This recognition puts our folk songs side by side with the world's greatest musical achievements.

Our prices are exceedingly low for such a collection of rich gems.

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Folk Songs

The American Negro.

Edited by

Frederick J. Work, B. A.

Introduction by

John W. Work, Jr., M. A.

Number One, Revised.

Published by

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Nashville, Tenn.
INTRODUCTION.

The Plantation Melodies first given to the world by those famous Jubilee Singers sent out by Fisk University in 1871 have steadily, even slowly, gained favor with all classes of people. Even the Negro himself, whose music this is, has little by little overcome his resentment against it, notwithstanding this resentment sprang from the idea that these songs were very closely connected with slavery and all that slavery meant. These two, plantation music and slavery, have always been so intimately interwoven that it has been impossible for the first generation after slavery to separate them, and so, to keep the thoughts of bondage out of their minds, these folk songs have outwardly almost been despised. Still away down in the Negro's heart there has been a smoldering coal of love for his own peculiar songs, which has been gradually fanned into a burning flame by two forces, education and the knowledge that musicians of other peoples are studying it seriously. Indeed, it augurs auspiciously that the educated Negro is learning to appreciate duly these songs, for it is his duty to preserve them, with their best and truest interpretation. Since they tell faithfully the Negro's inner life, both intellectually and spiritually, they are the only true source of our history. If any man would read the Negro's life, let him study his songs. Never was a character more accurately portrayed than that picture herein. And naturally enough it is strengthening its hold upon the Negro's religious nature and has a peculiar influence over him. If our ministers would more largely recognize this and act upon it, their power for saving souls would be correspondingly enlarged.

If there is any expression to describe this music fittingly, this seems to be it: *Syncopated, Rhythmic, Sacred Melody.*

This syncopation gives it a peculiar advantage in representing musically the idea of the words. For instance, in the song "Inching Along" one can really see the inchworm as he crawls: So it is with a large number of the songs. Rhythm. Omits that and you have lost an essential attribute. The very soul of the Negro is linked with Rhythm. So important a factor is this that in every imitation of the Negro's folk songs great stress is placed upon it. Every "rag" (which is a counterfeit of this music) is conspicuous for its rhythm.

So natural is it, and such a powerful hold has it upon the nature of the Negro that when he really sings in earnest, he sings not only with his voice, but with his head, hands, feet and even his whole body. There is the clapping of hands, the patting of feet, the swaying of body. To all of which this music is eminently adapted.

This bodily singing or timekeeping contributes much amazement to strangers who visit the Negro churches where these songs are sung. The Negro is in dead earnest when he does it, but the strangers think it is fun. It is this idea that leads many people to imitate mockingly this music. The minstrel man blacks up his face and throws an audience into convulsions singing plantation melodies. But he and the audience too have missed the point: for if he ever sings these songs in the right spirit, he will turn his show into a revival.

To sing this music effectively the stranger must be in a spiritual frame of mind. Then, too, he must not try to sing; that is, he must not try to impress people with his voice, or with voice culture, but must abandon himself entirely to his spiritual nature.

This done, there is no need of fear of failure.

These songs are still being hunted and found. We think there are in this little book some songs that have not even been generally known save in certain small localities. This pleasure gained from the search is inexpressible—and the first public rendition is always the keenest delight.

They are sources of great joy as well as sources of history.

J. W. WORK.

Fisk University, May 15, 1907.
PREFACE.

Although there are several volumes of "Jubilee Songs" before the American public, we have no apologies to offer for this production. We feel that this little pamphlet contains some of the rarest of Negro folk-songs, as well as the prime favorites, "Steal Away" and "Swing Low." The new ones have been gathered with great care and are destined to become as well-known as any. "Were You There," "Lord, I Want to Be a Christian," "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," and some others appeal to the hearer with great force. If they appeal in any peculiar way to you, sing them and study them and the more beauties you will find in them.

F. J. WORK.

July 2, 1907.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Acknowledgements must be made to my co-laborer, Prof J. W. Work, who has for a number of years been the leader of the Jubilee Singers of Fisk University. It is he who has done such good work in collecting and making popular these songs throughout the land. He has assisted in getting this little work together, and whatever merit it has, must be shared with him and his wife, Mrs. Agnes Work.

EDITOR.

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O Mary, Don't You Weep, Don't You Mourn.

CHORUS. Allegro. f

O Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn, O Mary, don't you

weep don't you mourn; Pharaoh's army got drowned.

Fine.

O Mary, don't you weep. 1. Some of these mornings
2. When I get to Heaven goin' to
3. When I get to Heaven goin' to

bright and fair, Take my wings and cleave the air.
sing and shout, No body there for to turn me out.
put on my shoes, Run about glory and tell all the news.

Pharaoh's army got drowned O Mary, don't you weep.

Daniel Saw the Stone.

Daniel saw the stone, Rolling... rolling.

Fine

Daniel saw the stone Cut out the mountain without hands.

1. Never saw such a man before, Cut out the mountain without hands.
2. Daniel pray'd in the lion's den, Cut out the mountain without hands.
3. Daniel pray'd three times a day, Cut out the mountain without hands.

Preaching gospel to the poor, Cut out the mountain without hands.
Spite of all those wicked men, Cut out the mountain without hands.
Drive the devil far away, Cut out the mountain without hands.
Free at Last.

Joyfully.

Free at last, free at last; I thank God I'm free at last; Free at last,

Free at last, I thank God I'm free at last.

1. Way down yon-der in the grave-yard walk, I thank God I'm free at last.
2. On a my knees when the light pass'd by, I thank God I'm free at last.
3. Some of these morn-ings, bright and fair, I thank God I'm free at last.

Me and my Je-sus goin' to meet and talk, I thank God I'm free at last.
Rise and fly, I thank God I'm free at last. In the air, I thank God I'm free at last.

Fine.

I've Done What You Told Me To Do.

1. O Lord, I've done what you told me to do, O Lord, I've done what you told me to do.
2. O Ga-briel, come on down the line, O Ga-briel, come on down the line.
3. Done what you told me to do, In a that morn-ing, O my Lord, In a that morn-ing.
4. Gam-bl er, you can't get on a this train, etc.
5. Sister, have you got your ticket signed? etc.
Death's Going to Lay His Hand on Me.

1. O... sin-ner, sin-ner, you bet-ter pray, Death's goin' to lay his
2. And if you get there be-fore I... do, Death's goin' to lay his
3. Some peo-ple think I have no... grace, Death's goin' to lay his

cold i-cy hands on me, Or your soul'll get lost at the
cold i-cy hands on me, Tell... all my friends I'm a-
cold i-cy hands on me, But... I'll see Je-sus...

judgment-day, Death's goin' to lay his cold i-cy hands on me.
com-ing too; Death's goin' to lay his cold i-cy hands on me.
face to face. Death's goin' to lay his cold i-cy hands on me.

Refrain, cres
po- co a poco.

Cry-ing, "O.... Lord!" cry-ing, "O my Lord!" Cry-ing, "O....

slow-er and slow-er.

Lord!" Death's goin' to lay his cold i-cy hands on me.

Give Me Your Hand.

O give me your hand, Give me your hand, All I want is the
love of God; Give me your hand, Give me your hand, You

must be lov-ing at God's com-mand. 1. You say you're aim-ing.
2. You say the Lord has
3. Some seek God's face but

for the skies, You must be lov-ing at God's com-mand, Why
set you free, You must be lov-ing at God's com-mand, Why
don't seek right, You must be lov-ing at God's com-mand, Pray

D.C.

don't you quit your tell-ing lies? You must be

loving at God's command.
don't you let your neighbor be? You must be

loving at God's command.
in the day but none at night, You must be

loving at God's command.
Most Done Toiling Here.

1. I love to shout, I love to sing.
2. Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down.
3. O, I haven't been to Heaven but I've been told,

Most done toiling here, O brother, most done toiling here.

1-2-3. O, steal away and pray, I'm looking for my Jesus;
4. I prayed so hard, When looking for my Jesus;

Steal away and pray, I'm looking for my Jesus, Steal away and Prayed so hard, When looking for my Jesus, Prayed so...

Heav'nly King, Most done toiling here.

D.C.

Sinners, why don't you pray?
Seekers, why don't you pray?
Mourners, why don't you pray?
Brothers, why don't you pray? I can't stay away.
Got a Home in That Rock.

1. I've got a home in a that Rock, Don't you see? Don't you see?
2. Poor old... Laz'rus, poor as I Don't you see? Don't you see?

I've got a home in a that Rock, Don't you see? Don't you see?
Poor old... Laz'rus, poor as I Don't you see? Don't you see?

Between the earth and sky, Thought I heard my Saviour cry,
Poor old Laz'rus, poor as I When he died had a home on high.

I've got a home in a that Rock, Don't you see?
He had a home in a that Rock, Don't you see?

3 Rich man, Dives, lived so well, Don't you see?
Rich man, Dives, lived so well, Don't you see?
Rich man, Dives, lived so well, When he died he found a home in hell,
Had no home in that Rock, Don't you see?

4 God gave Noah the Rainbow sign, Don't you see?
God gave Noah the Rainbow sign, Don't you see?
God gave Noah the Rainbow sign, No more water but fire next time,
Better get a home in that Rock, Don't you see?

Come Here, Lord!

Moderato.

Come here, Lord! come here, Lord! come here, Lord!

Sin-ners, cry-ing, "Come here Lord!" Lord! O, lit-tle did I think He
was so nigh, Sin-ners cry-ing, "Come here, Lord!" He
spoke, and He made me laugh and cry, Sin-ners cry-ing, "Come here, Lord!"

2. O mourners, if you will believe,
The grace of God you will receive.
3. Some seek God's face, but don't seek right,
Pray a little by day and none at night.
4. O sinner, now you had better pray,
For Satan's 'round you ev'ry day.

(12)
Poor Me.

1. I'm some-times up, I'm sometimes down, Trouble will bur-y me
down; But still my soul feels heav'nly bound, Trouble will bur-y me
down; The Lord is on the giv-ing hand, Trouble will bur-y me
down: O brethren. Poor me, Poor me, Trouble will bur-y me
down. Poor me, Poor me, Trouble will bur-y me down.

3. Sometimes I think I'm ready to drop,
Trouble will bury me down;
But thank my Lord, I do not stop,
Trouble will bury me down.
O brethren!—Ref.

(14)
Going to Shout all over God's Heav'n.

Joyfully, but not too fast.

1. I've got a robe, you've got a robe, All of God's children got a robe;
2. I've got a crown, you've got a crown, All of God's children got a crown;
3. I've got a shoe, you've got a shoe, All of God's children got a shoe;
4. I've got a harp, you've got a harp, All of God's children got a harp;
5. I've got a song, you've got a song, All of God's children got a song;

When I get to Heav'n, goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to
When I get to Heav'n, goin' to put on my crown, Goin' to
When I get to Heav'n, goin' to put on my shoes, Goin' to
When I get to Heav'n, goin' to play on my harp, Goin' to
When I get to Heav'n, goin' to sing a new song, Goin' to

Refrain.

shout all o-ver God's Heav'n,
walk all o-ver God's Heav'n,

[I'll be in Heav'n, Everybody talking 'bout Heav'n,]

sing all o-ver God's Heav'n.

heav'n ain't going there, Heav'n, Heav'n, Goin' to shout all o-ver God's

* Let the last syllable of heav'n be a hum

(16)
Going Home in the Chariot.

Going home in the chariot in the morning, Going

home in the chariot in the morning, Going home in the chariot in the

morning, Going home in the chariot in the morning.

1. O... never you mind what Satan say, Going home in the
2. O... sinner man you better pray, Going home in the
3. O... mourner, O mourner, you must believe, Going home in the

chariot in the morning. He... never did teach one...
chariot in the morning. For... judgment is coming...
chariot in the morning. And the grace of God you...

(18)

Going Home in the Chariot.—Concluded.

sinner to pray. Going home in the chariot in the morning.
ev'ry day, Going home in the chariot in the morning.
will... receive, Going home in the chariot in the morning.

Come Down.

Come down... Come down, my Lord! Come down. Way down in Egypt land.

1. Jesus Christ, He died for me... Way down in Egypt land;
2. Born of God I know I am,
   Way down in Egypt land;
   I'm purchased by the dying Lamb,
   Way down in Egypt land.
   Come down, etc.
3. Peter walked upon the sea,
   Way down in Egypt land;
   And Jesus told him, "Come to Me,"
   Way down in Egypt land.
   Come down, etc.

(19)
**My Soul's Been Anchored.**

In the Lord, in the Lord, My soul's been anchored in the Lord; In the 

FINE.

Lord, in the Lord; My soul's been anchored in the Lord. I, Before I'd stay in 

hell one day, My soul's been anchored in the Lord; I'd sing and pray my-

self a-way, My soul's been anchored in the Lord. O Lord! My 

soul's been anchored in the Lord. O Lord! My soul's been anchored in the Lord.

2. I'm born of God, I know I am, 
My soul's been anchored in the Lord, 
I'm purchased by the dying Lamb, 
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.

3. Going to shout and pray and never stop, 
My soul's been anchored in the Lord; 
Until I reach the mountain top, 
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.

(20)

---

**Listen to the Lambs.**

Weirdly, PP

Listen to the lambs; Listen to the lambs; Listen to the

Sotto voce.

all a crying........... all a crying............

lambs crying, I want to go to Heaven when I die. O die.

all a crying, I want to go to Heaven when I die. O die.

1. Come on sis-ter with your ups and downs, Want to go to Heaven when I die.
2. Come on sis-ter, and a-don't be shame, Want to go to Heaven when I die.
3. Mind out broth-er how you walk the cross, Want to go to Heaven when I die.

Angels waiting for to give you a crown, Want to go to Heaven when I die. O
Angels waiting for to write your name, Want to go to Heaven when I die. O
Foot might slip and your soul get lost, Want to go to Heaven when I die. O

(21)
Moderato.

I'm so Glad.

Moderato.

Don't Call the Roll.

Moderato.

Leader.

So glad, I'm so glad, That I've got to go to judgment in the morning, I'm

So glad, I'm so glad, That the angels all know my name.

1. Don't call the roll, John, Till I get there, Don't call the roll, John,
2. Don't ring them chiming bells, Till I get there, Don't ring them chiming bells,
3. Don't stretch that dividing line, Till I get there, Don't stretch that dividing line,

O, yes! I don't know how soon, O, yes! O, the angels in Heav'n all

O, yes! with all that I've done, O, yes! O, the angels in Heav'n all

O, the angels in Heav'n all

know my name, Got to go to judgment in the morning.

know my name, Got to go to judgment in the morning.

3 Jesus Christ, O, yes!

He died for me, O, yes!

O, the angels in Heav'n all know my name,

Got to go to judgment in the morning.

(23)

Till I get there, Ain't that a pity, Lord! Sin and a shame, Sinner man so hard believe.

Till I get there, Ain't that a pity, Lord! Sin and a shame, Sinner man so hard believe.

Rock, Mt. Sinai.

Moderato, and in strict time.

Rock, Mt. Sinaí, Rock, Mt. Sinaí, Rock, Mt. Sinaí, in that morning:

Rock, Mt. Sinaí, Rock, Mt. Sinaí, Rock, Mt. Sinaí, in that morning:

1. When you see my coffin come, Then you will know my race is run, O
2. Sin-ner, sin-ner you will feel, This old earth rock and reel.

3. Man of sorrows, sinner, see,
   Died for you, died for me.
4. Sinner, sinner, in the mire,
   On you Heaven will rain fire.

(23)
Lead Me to the Rock.

Lead me, Lead me, my Lord; Lead me, Lead me to the Rock that is
higher than I. O,

1. The man who loves to serve the Lord,
2. As I go down the stream of time,
3. Ole Sa-tan’s mad and I am glad.

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I—Will sure-ly get his
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I—I leave this sin-nu-lous
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I—He missed that soul he

just re-ward, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. O,
world be-hind, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. O,
thought he had, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. O,

Poor Mourner's Got a Home.

Andante.

Poor mourner's got a home at last. last.
1. O mourner, mourner, Ain't you tired a-mourn-ing,
2. O sin-ner, sin-ner, Ain't you tired a-sin-ning,
3. O seek-er, seek-er, Ain't you tired a-seek-ing,
4. O preacher, preacher Ain't you tired a preach-ing.

Bow down on your knees and join the band with the an-gels,

No harm... no harm, Go tell broth-er El-ijah...

No harm... no harm, Poor mourner's got a home at last...
Calvary.
Very slowly.

Cal-va-ry, Cal-va-ry, Cal-va-ry, Cal-va-ry.

Cal-va-ry, Cal-va-ry, Cal-va-ry, Cal-va-ry.

Surely He died on Calvary.

Fine.

died on... Cal-va-ry... 1. Ev'-ry time I... think a-bout

Je-sus, Ev'-ry time I... think a-bout Je-sus... Ev'-ry time I...

D.C.

...think a-bout Je-sus... Surely He died on... Cal-va-ry.

Calvary.—Concluded.

2. Sinner, do you love my Jesus? I
Surely He died on Calvary.
Calvary, Calvary, etc.

3. We are climbing Jacob's ladder, I
Surely He died on Calvary.
Calvary, Calvary, etc.

4. Every round goes higher and higher, I
Surely He died on Calvary.
Calvary, Calvary, etc.

New-Born Again.

1. I found free grace and dy-ing love, I'm new-born a-gain, Been

2. I know my Lord has set me free, I'm new-born a-gain, Been

3. My Saviour died for you and me, I'm new-born a-gain, Been

long time a-talk-ing 'bout my tri-als here be-low, Free grace, free grace,

free grace. Sinner, Free grace, free grace, I'm new-born a-gain. So glad! so glad! I'm

new-born a-gain, Been long time a-talk-ing 'bout my tri-als here be-low.
Somebody's Knocking at Your Door.

Moderato.

Somebody's knocking at your door, Somebody's knocking at your door.

Fine.

O... sinner, why don't you answer? Somebody's knocking at your door.

1. Knocks like Jesus, Somebody's knocking at your door.
2. Can't you hear Him? Somebody's knocking at your door.
3. Answer Jesus, Somebody's knocking at your door.
4. Jesus calls you, Somebody's knocking at your door.
5. Can't you trust Him? Somebody's knocking at your door.

D.S.

Door. Knocks like Jesus, Somebody's knocking at your door.
Door. Can't you hear Him? Somebody's knocking at your door.
Door. Answer Jesus, Somebody's knocking at your door.
Door. Jesus calls you, Somebody's knocking at your door.
Door. Can't you trust Him? Somebody's knocking at your door.

Inching Along.

Keep a-inching a-long, Keep a-inching a-long, Jesus will come by and by.

Fine.

by. Keep a-inching a-long, like a poor inch worm, Jesus will come by and by.

1. It was inch by inch that I sought the Lord,
2. We'll inch and inch and... inch a long,
3. O trials and troubles... on... the way.

Jesus will come by and by, It was inch by inch that He
Jesus will come by and by; And inch by inch till...
Jesus will come by and by; But we must watch as...

D.S.

saved my soul, Jesus will come by and by. Keep a...
we... get home, Jesus will come by and by. Keep a...
well... as pray, Jesus will come by and by. Keep a...

* The melody of this song is composed of only three tones.
No Hiding Place.

Allegretto, f

There's no hiding place down here, There's no hiding place down here,
1. Went to the rocks for to
2. Boat-man, boat-man,

hide my face, Rocks cried out, "No hiding place." There's no hiding place down here.
row one side, Can't get to hear 'n' gainst wind and tide. There's no hiding place down here.

Third Stanz.

3. Sinner man, sinner man, better repent, God's going to call you to judgment. There's

Little Talk with Jesus.

Andantino.

1. Mourner pray, mourner pray, May the Lord help you pray. And a
2. Sinner pray, sinner pray, May the Lord help you pray. And a
3. Seek-er pray, seek-er pray, May the Lord help you pray. And a
4. Sis-ter pray, sis-ter pray, May the Lord help you pray. And a
5. Preacher pray, preacher pray, May the Lord help you pray. And a

Lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. All right, all right. All

Little Talk with Jesus.—Concluded.

Fine.

right, all right. And a lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.

Balm in Gilead.

There is a Balm in Gil-e-ad, To make the wounded whole, There is a

Balm in Gil-e-ad, To heal the sin-sick soul. There is a soul.

1. Some-times I feel dis-cour-aged, And think my work's in vain. But
2. Don't ev-er feel dis-cour-aged, For Je-sus is your friend, And
3. If you can-not preach like Pe-ter, If you can-not pray like Paul, You can

then the Ho-ly Spir-it Re-vives my soul a gain. There is a
if you lack for knowledge, He'll ne'er re-fuse to lend. There is a
tell the love of Je-sus, And say, "He died for all." There is a

(30)

D.S.

(31)
When the General Roll is Called.

I'll be there in the morning, I'll be there in the morning, I'll be there in the morning, When the general roll is called, yes, I'll be there, When the general roll is called, yes, I'll be there. 1. Goin' to meet my sister; I'll be there, Goin' to meet my sister. I'll be there, shout all over Glory, I'll be there, Goin' to shout all over Glory.

Sing A-ho.

Sing a-ho that I had the wings of a dove, Sing a-ho that I had the wings of a dove; I'd fly away and be at rest.

1. Virgin Mary had one Son, I'd fly away and be at rest. But the
2. Zion's daughters wept and mourned, I'd fly away and be at rest.
3. Sinner-man see what a shame, I'd fly away and be at rest. To

Jews and the Romans had Him hung, I'd fly away and be at rest.
When their dying Saviour groaned, I'd fly away and be at rest.
Tram-ple down your Saviour's name, I'd fly away and be at rest.
Is There Anybody Here?

Is there anybody here who loves my Jesus?

Anybody here who loves my Lord? I want to know if you love my Lord.

1. This world's a wilderness of woe, So let us all to glory go.
2. Religion is a blooming rose, And none but them who feel it know.

I Feel Like My Time Ain't Long.

I feel like, I feel like, I feel like my time ain't long, I feel like, I feel like, I feel like my time ain't long.

1. Went to the graveyard the other day, I feel like my time ain't long, I
2. Sometimes I'm up... sometimes I'm down, I feel like my time ain't long, And
3. Mind out, my brother, how you walk on the cross, I feel like my time ain't long, Your

look'd at the place where my mother lay, I feel like my time ain't long; sometimes I'm almost on the ground, I feel like my time ain't long; foot might slip and your soul get lost, I feel like my time ain't long.

3. When I was blind and could not see, King Jesus brought the light to me.
4. When ev'ry star refuse to shine, I know King Jesus will be mine.

(34)
Steal Away to Jesus.

Steal a-way, steal a-way, steal a-way to Je-sus!

Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here!

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der;
2. Green trees are bend-ing, Poor sin-ner stands a-trem-bling;
3. Tomb stones are burst-ing, Poor sin-ner stands a-trem-bling;
4. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light-ning;

The trump-ets sound with-in-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

Poor Sinner.

Refrain. O poor sinner, O now is your time. O poor sinner, O.

What you goin' to do when your lamp burns down? 1. Fire in the east,

fire in the west, What you goin' to do when your lamp burns down? Fire goin' to burn up the wil-der-ness, What you goin' to do when your lamp burns down?

2. Head got wet with midnight dew,
Which you goin' to do when your lamp burns down?
Morning star was witness, too.
What you goin' to do when your lamp burns down?

3. Wind blows hard, wind blows cold. What you goin' to do, etc.
Lord, have mercy on my soul, What you goin' to do, etc.

4. I done died, don't die no more, What you goin' to do, etc.
I'm goin' to cross on the other shore, What you goin', etc.
I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray.

Leader.

Chorus.

O Lord!*

And I couldn't hear nobody pray: And I

couldn't hear nobody pray, o way down yonder by myself And I

FINISH 2

1. In the valley!
2. Chill y waters!
3. Hal le lu jab!

UNISON.

couldn't hear nobody pray, pray,

* The interjections used here are not the only ones which can be used, but may be changed according to the emotions of the leader.

† Let this stanza be exceedingly slow, about half as fast as the others, and the chorus very soft. But go into the refrain a tempo.

(38)
Jesus is Risen from the Dead.

In a this a band we have sweet un ion, In a this a

band we have sweet un ion, In a this a band we

have sweet un ion, Jesus is risen from the dead.

Tutti.

1. Go, tell Mary and Martha, Go and tell Mary and Martha,
2. Go, tell John and Pe ter, Go and tell John and Pe ter,
3. Go, tell doubting Thomas, Go and tell doubting Thomas,
4. Go, tell Paul and Silas, Go and tell Paul and Silas,
5. Go, tell all th’A pos tles, Go and tell all th’A pos tles,
6. Go, tell ev ’ry bod y, Go and tell ev ’ry bod y.

Go and tell Mary and Martha, “Yes, Jesus is risen from the dead.”
Go and tell John and Peter, “Yes, Jesus is risen from the dead.”
Go and tell Paul and Silas, “Yes, Jesus is risen from the dead.”
Go and tell all th’A pos tles, “Yes, Jesus is risen from the dead.”
Go and tell ev ’ry bod y, “Yes, Jesus is risen from the dead.”

(40)

Lord, I want to be a Christian.

1. Lord, I want to be a Chris tian In a my heart, In a my
2. Lord, I want to be more lov ing In a my heart, In a my
3. Lord, I want to be more ho ly In a my heart, In a my
4. I don’t want to be like Ja das, In a my heart, In a my
5. Lord, I want to be like Je sus In a my heart, In a my

heart, Lord, I want to be a Chris tian In a my heart.
heart, Lord, I want to be more lov ing In a my heart.
heart, Lord, I want to be more ho ly In a my heart.
heart, I don’t want to be like Ja das In a my heart.
heart, Lord, I want to be like Je sus In a my heart.

Refrain.

In a my heart, In a my heart.

Lord, I want to be a Chris tian In a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more lov ing In a my heart.
I don’t want to be like Ja das In a my heart.
Lord, I want to be like Je sus In a my heart.

(41)
Show Me the Way.

**Leader.**

Slow.

O my good Lord, 
0... my good Lord, 
0...

Chorus.

Show me the way, Show me the way,

---

Fine.

---

Show me the way, En-ter the char-i-ot, trav-el a-long.

---

Leader.

Chorus.

1. No-ah sent out a mourn-ing dove, En-ter the char-i-ot,
2. Goin’ to serve my Lord while I have breath, En-ter the char-i-ot,
3. When I get to Heav’n and get on my shoes, En-ter the char-i-ot,

---

Leader.

trav-el a-long; Which brought back a to-ken of a trav-el a-long; So... I... can... see... Him trav-el a-long; Goin’ to fly... a-bout Heav’n and...

---

Show Me the Way.—Concluded.

**Chorus.**

heav-en-ly love, En-ter the char-i-ot, trav-el a-long.
af-ter death, En-ter the char-i-ot, trav-el a-long.
tell... the news, En-ter the char-i-ot, trav-el a-long.

---

Andante.

1. Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? (were you there?) Were you
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? (to the tree?) Were you
3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? (in the side?) Were you
4. Were you there when the sun re-fused to shine? (were you there?) Were you
5. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? (in the tomb?) Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? Oh!... Sometimes it caus-es there when they pierced Him in the side? Oh!... Sometimes it caus-es there when the sun re-fused to shine? Oh!... Sometimes it caus-es there when they laid Him in the tomb? Oh!... Sometimes it caus-es

---

Penchant. FINE

me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? me to tremble, tremble, tremble. Were you there when the sun refused to shine? me to tremble, tremble, tremble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
O Rocks, Don't Fall on Me.

Chorus. After 2d stanza only.

O rocks, don't fall on me! O rocks, please fall on me!

---

O Mother, Don't You Weep.

When I'm gone, when I'm gone, when I'm gone, gone, gone, when I'm gone. 0 mother, don't you weep when I am gone.

---

(44)
By and By.

I know the Lord's Laid His Hands on Me.

1. I know my robe's goin' to fit me well,
2. Hell is a... deep and dark despair,
3. When I get to Heaven, goin' to sing and shout,
4. O, Christians, can't you rise and tell,

I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load; I tried it on at the
I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load; Stop, poor sinner,
I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load; There's no body there to
I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load; That Jesus hath done

D.S.

gates of Hell,... I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load,
don't go there,... I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load,
turn me out,... I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load,
all things well?... I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load.

1. Did ever you see the like before?
2. O with a heart that's not happy
3. Some seek the Lord and don't seek him right,
4. My Lord's done just what He said,

I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, King
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, When
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, They
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me, He's

(46)
Swing Low.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home. Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

1. I looked o - ver Jer - dan, and what did I see, Com - ing for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels com - ing af - ter me.
2. If you get there be - fore I de, Com - ing for to car - ry me home; Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
3. I'm some - times up, I'm some - times down, Com - ing for to car - ry me home; But still my soul feels heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

Holy Bible.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Ho - ly Bi - ble,
2. O what weep - ing, O what weep - ing,
3. Weep - ing Ma - ry, weep - ing Ma - ry,
4. Doubt - ing Thom - as, doubt - ing Thom - as,
5. Great Je - ho - vah, Great Je - ho - vah,

Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, book di - vine.....
O what weep - ing o - ver me, o - ver me.....
Weep - ing Ma - ry, weep no more, weep no more.....
Doubt - ing Thom - as, doubt no more, doubt no more.....
Great Je - ho - vah, o - ver all, o - ver all.....

Be - fore I'd be a slave, I'd be bur - ied in my grave,
And go home to my Fa - ther and be saved.

(48)
Live A-Humble.

Live a-humble, humble, humble yourselves the bell's done rung, Live a bell's done rung, Glory and honor! Praise King Jesus!

After repeat go to verse.

Glo-ry and hon-or! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Live a-

Verse.

(1) Watch that sun, how steady he runs, Don't let him catch you with you work undone, Live a-

Verse.

(2) Ever see such a man as God? He gave up his Son for to come and die, Gave up his Son for to come and die,

Live A-Humble—Concluded.

Just to save my soul from a burning fire, Live a-

(3) See God 'n' you see God 'n' you see God in the morn-ing, He'll come riding down the line of time; The fire'll be fall-ing,

He'll be calling, "Come to judg-e-ment come," Liv-a-

Roll On.

Roll on, roll on, sweet moments roll on, And let these poor pil-grims go home, go home 1. When I was blind and could not see, King Je-sus brought that light to me.

2. The Heav'n-ly land so bright and fair, There are ver-y few seem go-ing there.
I Went Down in the Valley.

Solo.

TUTT.

1. O broth-ers let's go down, let's go down, let's go down,
2. O sis-ters let's go down, let's go down, let's go down,
3. O chil-dren let's go down, let's go down, let's go down,
4. O preach-ers let's go down, let's go down, let's go down,
5. By-an'-by we'll all go down, all go down, all go down,

O broth-ers let's go down, down in the val-ley to pray. As
O sis-ters let's go down, down in the val-ley to pray. As
O chil-dren let's go down, down in the val-ley to pray. As
O preach-ers let's go down, down in the val-ley to pray. As
By-an'-by we'll all go down, down in the val-ley to pray. As

REFRAIN

Get re-li-gion all round the world, O, then I'll shout a "Glo-ry!" O,

I went down in the val-ley to pray, Stud-ying a-bout that

good old way. O who shall wear the star-ry crown, Good

Lord, show me the way, As Lord, show me the way.

Christians, Hold Up Your Heads.

1. Christians, hold up your heads! Christians, hold up your heads! Christians, hold up your heads!
2. Neighbor, you bear your load! Neighbor, you bear your load! Neighbor, you bear your load!
3. Sis-ter, you stand the storm! Sis-ter, you stand the storm! Sis-ter, you stand the storm!

Got re-li-gion all round the world, O, then I'll shout a "Glo-ry!" O,

则 I'll shout a "Glo-ry!" Lord, Then I'll shout a "Glo-ry!" Got re-

li-gion all round the world, O, li-gion all round the world.
I'm Going to Lay Down My Life for My Lord.

**REFRAIN.**

For my Lord, for my Lord...... I'm a-going to lay down my life for my Lord, yes, Lord.

1. If religion was a thing that money could buy, I'm a-going to lay down my life for my Lord; O the rich would live and the poor would die, I'm a-going to lay down my life for my Lord.

2. But I thank God it is not so, I'm a-going to lay down my life for my Lord; But the rich and poor to lay down my life for my Lord.

3. I hav'n't been to Heav'n, but I've a-been told, I'm a-going to lay down my life for my Lord; That the streets in Heav'n are paved with gold, I'm a-going to lay down my life for my Lord.

Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveller.

Let us cheer the wea-ry trav-el-ler...... Cheer the wea-ry trav-el-ler.

1. I'll take my gos-pel trum-pet, And I'll be-gin to blow,

2. And if you meet with cross-es And tri-als on the way, And if my Sav-iour helps me, I'll blow where-ev-er I go,

Just keep your trust in Je-sus, And don't for-get to pray.
I Heard the Preaching of the Elder.

Chorus.

1. How long did it rain? Can anyone tell? Preaching the Word of God, For forty days and nights it fell, Preaching the Word of God.

2. How long was Jonah in the belly of the whale? Preaching the Word of God, Three whole years, just like you, Preaching the Word of God, My knees got ac-

3. When I was a mourner, Preaching the Word of God, My kness got ac-

FINE.

Sinner, Please Don’t Let This Harvest Pass.

(A Very Popular Revival Song)

Chorus.

Sinner, please don’t let this harvest pass; Sinner, please don’t let this harvest pass, harvest pass; Sinner, please don’t let this harvest pass, harvest pass;

let this harvest pass, and die and lose your soul at last, soul at last.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives, I know that my Redeemer lives, He lives;

2. Sinner, O see the cruel tree, Sinner, O see the cruel tree, My God is a man of war, My God is a man of war,

3. My God is a mighty man of war, My God is a mighty man of war, I know that my Redeemer lives, I know that my Redeemer lives, He lives, He lives,

deemer lives, Sinner, please don’t let this harvest pass, harvest pass, Sinner, you and me, Sinner, you and me, Sinner, man of war, Sinner, please don’t let this harvest pass, harvest pass, Sinner, harvest pass.
Hallelujah!

1. O, I've been to the sea, and I've been tried,
   Been down into the sea; O, I've been to the sea and I've been baptized.

2. If you don't believe, I've been deemed,
   Been down into the sea; The glories of Immanuel?

3. I'm born of God, I know I am,
   Been down into the sea; Just watch my face for the gospel gleam.

4. O, I've been tried,
   Been down into the sea; I'm purchased by the dying Lamb.


Plenty Good Room.

1. My Lord's done just what he said, Way in the kingdom;
   Healed the sick and raised the dead, Way in the kingdom.

2. One of these mornings bright and fair, Way in the kingdom;
   Going to hitch on my wings and cleave the air, Way in the kingdom.

3. When I was a mourner just like you, Way in the kingdom;
   I prayed and prayed till I came thro', Way in the kingdom.

4. Come on, mourner make a bound, Way in the kingdom.
   The Lord will meet you on halfway ground, Way in the kingdom.
My Good Lord’s Done Been Here.

Oh, my Good Lord’s done been here! Blessed my soul and gone a-way.

My Good Lord’s done been here, Blessed my soul and gone.

1. When I get up in Heav-en And a my work is done, Going to
2. Hold up the Baptist fin-ger, Hold up the Baptist hand,..........
3. You may be a white man, White as the drift-ing snow, If your
4. Sit down by Sis-ter Ma-ry, And chatter with the dar-ling Son.
When I get in the Heavens, Goin’ a-join the Baptist Band.
soul ain’t been con-ver-t-ed, To Hell you’re sure to go.

Ain’t I Glad I’ve Got Out the Wilderness!

1. O, ain’t I glad I’ve got out the wil-der-ness, Got out the
2. O, come along, mourn-er, run out the wil-der-ness, Run out the
3. O, you’re long time mourn-er, coming out the wil-der-ness, Coming out the
4. O, ain’t I glad I’ve got out the wil-der-ness, Got out the

wil-der-ness, Got out the wil-der-ness, Ain’t I glad I’ve
wil-der-ness, run out the wil-der-ness, Come a-long, moun-ner,
wil-der-ness, com-ing out the wil-der-ness, Long time moun-er,
wil-der-ness, got out the wil-der-ness, Ain’t I glad I

got out the wilderness, Leaning on the Lord. O, ain’t I glad I’ve Lord.
got out the wilderness, Leaning on the Lord. O, come along, moun-er, Lord.
got out the wilderness, Leaning on the Lord. O, long time moun-er, Lord.
got out the wilderness, Leaning on the Lord. O, ain’t I glad I Lord.

REFRAIN.

Come a-lean-ing on the Lord, Come a-lean-ing on the Lord, Come a-

lean-ing on the Lamb of God that takes a-way the sin of the world.
A Little Talk With Jesus.

O a little talk with Jesus makes it right, all right, Little talk with

Jesus makes it right, all right, Troubles of every kind,

Thank God I'll always find That a little talk with Jesus makes it right.

1. My broth-er, I re-mem-ber when I was a sin-ner lost, I
2. Some-times the fork-ed light-nings and mut-ter-ing thun-der, too, Of
3. My broth-er and my sis-ter, you have tri-als here like me, When

cried, "Have mer-cy, Je-sus," But still my soul was tossed,
tri-als and temp-ta-tions Make it hard for me and you,
we are try-ing to serve the Lord, And win the vic-to-ry,

A Little Talk With Jesus—Concluded.

Till I heard King Je-sus say, "Come here, I am the way;"
But Je-sus is our friend, He'll keep us to the end;
Old Sa-tan fights us hard Our jour-ney to re-tard;

And a little talk with Jesus makes it right.
And a little talk with Jesus makes it right.
But a little talk with Jesus makes it right.

Can't You Live Humble?

Can't you live hum-bly? Praise King Je-sus!

Can't you live hum-bly To the dy-ing Lamb?

1. Lightning flashes, thun-der rolls, Make me think of my poor soul.
2. Come here, Je-sus, come here, please, See me, Je-sus, on my knees.
3. Ev'-ry bod-y come and see, A man's been here from Gal- i- lee;
4. Came down here and talked to me, Went a-way and left me free.
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