CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS

AS SUNG BY THE HAMPTON STUDENTS

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS P. FENNER

IN CHARGE OF MUSICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE OF VIRGINIA

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK: 27 & 29 WEST 23D STREET
LONDON: 25 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN
TO THE FRIENDS OF THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE:

There are one hundred graduates engaged in teaching in the public schools of Virginia, North Carolina, and other States. They are acceptable to all classes. During the past three years not one serious complaint has come from them or about them from any quarter, while many hearty commendations have been received from the educated men of the South.

The plan of colored teachers for the colored race is as sound in practice as it is in theory. It stimulates the negro child by the power of example; it avoids hostility, secures good will, and is the best means of a true reconstruction. It is economical, practicable, and successful.

For the means of decent living, our students depend upon the institution; they are destitute, and most of them cannot pay in cash a half of their small board bill, which is ten dollars per month, and the only regular charge made. They work out what they cannot pay. Much of the work is given out at a pecuniary loss, for instruction rather than profitable production is made primary. The payment of labor in the laundry, kitchen, dining-room and on the school-premises, is a direct tax upon our cash income.

The industries of farming, clothing manufacture, printing, carpentering, &c., pay their own running cost, including students’ wages, and part of the salaries of managers. Industrial education must depend in part upon outside aid. Were production the end in view the case would be different; for only the skillful and the smallest possible number would be employed, and the ignorant majority would remain unemployed and destitute.

Permanent scholarships of one thousand dollars, or annual scholarships of seventy dollars a year for three years,—two hundred and ten dollars in all—are a desirable and essential aid, enabling us to give tuition and all school advantages of every kind, except board, free of charge.

We never ask for a pupil what he can earn for himself. We ask support for a system that affords the poorest negro youth a chance to work his way, and that requires the richest to do his share of manual labor; that aims to form good habits as well as to impart knowledge, and to send men and women rather than scholars into the world.

Can you make a better use of seventy dollars a year than by giving education to a colored student who shall become a teacher? Can you in any better way fulfill your duty to the ignorant and unfortunate?

This institution depends in large part upon the public,—upon no sect, for it is denominational. Yet it is distinctly Christian in its teaching, and expects its graduates will become useful as evangelists as well as educators. The value of their labor in Sunday schools cannot be overstated.

There never was a time when the colored race needed friends more than now. General sympathy is exhausted. The tide of enthusiasm which sustained their schools the first ten years is fast ebbing. A race cannot be Christianized in a decade, or by anything. It by systematic permanent educational forces, one of which this Institution aims to become. One duty is to see the negro through—not to leave him as he is to-day, without a single endowed institution; south of Washington, or four millions of ex-slaves.

The eight hundred thousand illiterate negro voters are a serious political fact. Safety demands their enlightenment, to this end a common school system is indispensable, and to secure this good teachers are the first requisite. Help us to furnish the teachers and we will make the people. The entire resources and energies of Hampton are directed to this point, and to its behalf we most earnestly ask that its great and pressing need be met—permanent and reliable means of support.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, Principal.

T. K. FESSENDEN. Financial Secretary.
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1874
PREFACE TO MUSIC.

The slave music of the South presents a field for research and study very extensive and rich, and one which has been scarcely more than entered upon.

There are evidently, I think, two legitimate methods of treating this music: either to render it in its absolute, rude simplicity, or to develop it without destroying its original characteristics; the only proper field for such development being in the harmony.

Practical experience shows the necessity, in some cases, of making compensation for its loss in being transplanted. Half its effectiveness, in its home, depends upon accompaniments which can be carried away only in memory. The inspiration of numbers; the overpowering chorus, covering defects; the swaying of the body; the rhythmical stamping of the feet; and all the wild enthusiasm of the negro camp-meeting—these evidently can not be transported to the boards of a public performance. To secure variety and do justice to the music, I have, therefore, treated it by both methods. The most characteristic of the songs are left entirely or nearly untouched. On the other hand, the improvement which a careful bringing out of the various parts has effected in such pieces as "Some o' dese Mornin's," "Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard," "Dust an' Ashes," and "The Church ob God," which seemed especially susceptible to such development, suggests possibilities of making more than has ever yet been made out of this slave music.

Another obstacle to its rendering is the fact that tones are frequently employed which we have no musical characters to represent. Such, for example, is that which I have indicated as nearly as possible by the flat seventh, in "Great Camp-meetin'," "Hard Trials," and others. These tones are variable in pitch, ranging through an entire interval on different occasions, according to the inspiration of the singer. They are rarely discordant, and often add a charm to the performance. It is of course impossible to explain them in words, and to those who wish to sing them, the best advice is that most useful in learning to pronounce a foreign language: Study all the rules you please; then—go listen to a native.

One reason for publishing this slave music is, that it is rapidly passing away. It may be that this people which has developed such a wonderful musical sense in its degradation will, in its maturity, produce a composer who could bring a music of the future out of this music of the past. At present, however, the freedmen have an unfortunate inclination to despise it, as a vestige of slavery; those who learned it in the old time, when it was the natural outpouring of their sorrows and longings, are dying off, and if efforts are not made for its preservation, the country will soon have lost this wonderful music of bondage.

THOMAS P. FENNER.

HAMPTON, VA., January 1, 1874.

NOTE.—The melodies in this book, with three exceptions—on pages 206, 245, 247—are published here for the first time, and these exceptions are themselves original in arrangement and effect. The words of the slave hymns are often common property through the South, sung to different tunes in different sections of the country.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Oh, den my little Soul's gwine to Shine.

"This was sung by a boy who was sold down South by his master; and when he parted from his mother, these were the words he sang."—J. H. Bailey.

1. I'm gwine to jine de great 'so-ci-a-tion, I'm gwine to jine de
great 'so-ci-a-tion, I'm gwine to jine de great 'so-ci-a-tion;

Den my lit-tle soul's gwine to shine, shine, Den my
lit-tle soul's gwine to shine a-long. Oh,

2 I'm gwine to climb up Jacob's ladder, Den my little soul, &c.
3 I'm gwine to climb up higher and higher, Den my little soul, &c.
4 I'm gwine to sit down at the welcome table, Den my little soul, &c.
5 I'm gwine to feast off milk and honey, Den my little soul, &c.
6 I'm gwine to tell God how-a you sarved me, Den my little soul, &c.
7 I'm gwine to jine de big baptizin', Den my little soul, &c.
Peter, go Ring dem Bells.

"A secret prayer-meeting song, sung by Thomas Vess, a blacksmith and a slave. He especially sang it when any one confessed religion. Thomas Vess was a man whose heart was given to these songs, for in the neighborhood where he lived, it seemed like a prayer-meeting did not go on well without him. I have long since learned wherever he was known what happiness he got from them."

J. M. Waddy.

1. Oh Peter, go ring dem bells, Peter, go ring dem bells, Peter, go ring dem bells, I heard from heaven to-day. I wonder where my mother is gone, I wonder where my mother is gone, I heard from heaven to-day.

2. Al Cho. after D. C.

D.C.
Peter, go Ring dem Bells.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I heard from heaven to-day, I heard from heaven to-day, I

thank God, and I thank you too, I heard from heaven to-day.

2 I wonder where sister Mary's gone—
   I heard from heaven to-day;
I wonder where sister Martha's gone—
   I heard from heaven to-day;
   It's good news, and I thank God—
   I heard from heaven to-day.
   Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells—
   I heard from heaven to-day.
Cho.—I heard from heaven, &c.

3 I wonder where brudder Moses gone—
   I heard from heaven to-day;
I wonder where brudder Daniel's gone—
   I heard from heaven to-day;
   He's gone where Elijah has gone—
   I heard from heaven to-day;
   Oh, Peter, go ring dem bells—
   I heard from heaven to-day.
Cho.—I heard from heaven, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

My Lord, what a Morning.

1. My Lord, what a morning, My Lord, what a morning, My

Lord, what a morning, When de stars begin to fall.

You'll hear de trumpet sound, To wake de nations under-
You'll hear de sin-ner moan, To wake, &c.

ground, Look in my God's right hand, When de stars begin to fall.

2 You'll hear de Christians shout, To wake, &c.

Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
You'll hear de angels sing, To wake, &c.

Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
Cho.—My Lord, what a morning, &c.

3 You'll see my Jesus come, To wake, &c.

Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
His chariot wheels roll round, To wake, &c.

Look in my God's right hand, When de stars, &c.
Cho.—My Lord, what a morning, &c.
Hail! Hail! Hail!

Children, hail! hail! hail! I'm gwine jine saints above;

Fine.

Hail! hail! hail! I'm on my journey home. Oh, Bright

D.C. at Seg.

look up yonder, what I see, I'm on my journey home. an-gels com-in' ar-ter me, I'm on my journey home.

2 If you git dere before I do,
I'm on my journey home—
Look out for me—I'm comin' too;
I'm on my journey home.
Cho.—Children, hail, &c.

3 Oh, hallelujah to de Lamb!
I'm on my journey home;
King Jesus died for ebry man,
I'm on my journey home.
Cho.—Children, hail, &c.
Love an' serve de Lord.

If ye love God, serve Him, Halle-lu-jah, Praise ye de Lord!
Come go to glory with me,
Swing low, sweet Chariot.

Oh swing low, sweet chariot, Swing low, sweet chariot,

Swing low, sweet chariot, I don't want to leave me behind.

Oh de good ole chariot swing so low, Good ole chariot swing so low,

Oh de good ole chariot swing so low, I don't want to leave me behind.

2 Oh de good ole chariot will take us all home,
I don't want to leave me behind.

Cho.—Oh swing low, sweet chariot, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

My Bretheren, don't get Weary.

My brether-en, don't get wea-ry, An-gels brought de
ti-ding down; Don't get wea-ry, I'm hunt-ing for a home, home.

You'd bet-ter be a pray-ing, I do love de Lord; For

judg-ment day is a com-ing, I do love de Lord, Lord.

2 Oh what you runnin', sinner? I do love de Lord—
   De judgment day is a comin'! I do love de Lord.
Cho.—My bretheren, &c.

3 You'll see de world on fire! I do love de Lord—
   Y' all see de element a meltin',

4 You'll see de moon a bleedin'; I do love de Lord—
   You'll see the stars a fallin'; I do love de Lord.
Cho.—My bretheren, &c.
This song was a favorite in the Sea Islands. Once when there had been a good deal of ill feeling excited, and trouble was apprehended, owing to the uncertain action of the Government in regard to the confiscated lands on the Sea Islands, Gen. Howard was called upon to address the colored people earnestly. To prepare them to listen, he asked them to sing. Immediately an old woman on the outskirts of the meeting began "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen," and the whole audience joined in. The General was so affected by the plaintive melody, that he found it difficult to maintain his official dignity.

Oh, nobody knows de trouble I've seen, No-body knows but Jesus, Nobod-y knows de trouble I've seen. Glory Hal-le-lu-jah!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord; Al-though you see me goin' long so, Oh, yes, Lord;

Some-times I'm al-most to de groun', Oh, yes, Lord. I have my tri-als here be-low, Oh, yes, Lord.

2 One day when I was walkin' along, Oh yes, Lord— De element opened, an' de Love came down, Oh yes, &c. I never shall forget dat day, Oh yes, &c. When Jesus washed my sins away, Oh yes, &c.

Cho.—Oh, nobody knows de trouble I've seen, &c.
HAMITON AND ITS STUDENTS.

View de Land.

CHORUS.

Oh way over Jer-dan, View de land, View de land-

Way o-ver Jer-dan, Go view de heavenly land.

I'm born of God, I know I am; View de land, View de land:
I want to go to heaven when I die; View de land, View de land;

And you de-ny it, if-a you can, Go view de heav'nly land.
To shout sal-va-tion as-a I fly, Go view de heav'nly land.

2 What kind o' shoes is dem-a you wear? View de land, &c.
Dat you can walk upon de air? Go view, &c.
Dem shoes I wear am de gospel shoes: View de land, &c.
An' you can wear dem ef-a you choose; Go view, &c.—Cho.

3 Der' is a tree in Paradise; View de land, &c.
De Christian he call it de tree ob life; Go view, &c.
I specks to eat de fruit right off o' dat tree; View de land, &c.
Ef' busy old Satan will let-a me be; Go view, &c.—Cho.

4 You say yer Jesus set-a you free; View de land, &c.
Why don't you let-a your neighbor be? Go view, &c.
You say you're aiming for de skies; View de land, &c.
Why don't you stop-a your telling lies; Go view, &c.—Cho.
The Danville Chariot.

Oh swing low, sweet chariot, Pray let me enter in, I don't want to stay here no longer. I done been to heaven, an' I done been tried, I Oh down to de water I was led, my soul got fed with de heavenly bread, I don't want to stay here no longer.

2 I had a little book, an' I read it through, I got my Jesus as well as you; I don't want to stay here no longer; Oh I got a mother in de promised land, I hope my mother will feed dem lambs; I don't want to stay here no longer.

Cho.—Oh swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

3 Oh, some go to church for to holler an' shout, Before six months dey're all turned out; I don't want to stay here no longer. Oh, some go to church for to laugh an' talk, But dey knows nothin' bout dat Christian walk; I don't want to stay here no longer.

Cho.—Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, &c.

4 Oh shout, shout, de deb'l is about; Oh shut your do' an' keep him out; I don't want to stay here no longer. For he is so much-a like-a snaky in de grass, Ef you don' mind he will get you at las', I don' want to stay here no longer.

Cho.—Oh, swing low, sweet chariot, &c.
"My father sang this hymn, and said he knew a time when a great many slaves were allowed to have a revival for two days, while their masters and their families had one; and a great many professed religion. And one poor, ignorant man, professed religion, and praised God, and sang this hymn."

If ye want to see Jesus.

Go in the wilderness, if ye want to see Jesus.

Go in de wilderness Lean-in' on de Lord. O' brother how d'ye feel when ye come out de wilderness, come out de wilderness, come out de wilderness, come out de wilderness. O' brother, how d'ye feel when ye come out de wilderness, I felt so happy when I come out de wilderness.
If ye want to see Jesus.—Concluded.

2 I shouted Hallelujah, when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord;
I heard de angels singin', when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord;
I heard de harps a harpin', when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord.
Cho.—Oh, leanin' on de Lord.

3 I heard de angels moanin', when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord;
I heard de deb'l howlin', when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord;
I gib de deb'l a batt'e, when I come out de wilderness—
Lean' on de Lord.
Cho.—Oh, leanin' on de Lord.
Oh, Yes.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I tell ye, breth-er-en, a mor-tal fac',

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Eh ye want to get to heab'n, don't neebber look back,

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I want to know-a before I go, Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Eh ber-since I hab-a been newly born.

Y'a, whether you love-a de Lord or no, Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I love for to see-a God's work go on,

Oh, wait till I put on my robe, wait till I put on my robe,
Oh, Yes.—Concluded.

Wait till I put on my robe, Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

2.
Ef eber I land on de oder sho', Oh, yes, I'll neber come here for to sing no mo', Oh, yes;
A golden band all round my waist,
An' de palms ob vic-a-try in-a my hand,
An' de golden slippers on to my feet,
Gwine to walk up an' down o' dem golden street.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

3.
An' my lovely bretherin, dat aint all, Oh, yes, I'm not done a talkin' about my Lord:
An' a golden crown a-placed on a-my head,
An' my long white robe a-come-a-dazzlin' down,
Now wait till I get on my gospel shoes,
Gwine to walk about de heaben an' a-carry de news.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

4.
I'm anchored in Christ. Christ anchored in me, Oh, yes, &c.,
All de deb'l's in hell can't-a-pluck a-me out:
An' I wonder what Satan 's grumbulin' about.
He's bound into hell, an' he can't git out.
But he shall be loose an' hab his sway,
Yea at de great resurrection day.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

Verses, some of which are often added as encores.

5.
I went down de hill side to make a-one prayer, Oh, yes,
An' when I got dere, old Satan was dere, Oh, yes,
An' what do ye t'ink he said to me?
Oh, yes,
Said, "Off from here you'd better be."
Oh, yes;
An' what for to do, I did not know, Oh, yes,
But I fell on my knees, an' I cried, Oh, Lord, Oh, yes,
Now my Jesus hebin' so good an' kind,
Yea, to de with-ev-ed, halt an' blind:
My Jesus lowered his mercy down,
An' snatch-a-me from a-dem doors ob hell,
He snatch-a-me from dem doors ob hell,
An' took-a me in a-wid him to dwell.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.

6.
I was in de church an' prayin' loud,
An' on my knees to my Jesus bowed,
Ole Satan tole me to my face,
"I'll git you when-a-you leave dis place:"
Oh, brother, dat scare me to my heart,
I was 'fraid to walk a-when it was dark.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I get on my robe.

7.
I started home, but I did pray,
An' I met ole Satan on de way:
Ole Satan made a-one grab at me,
But he missed my soul, an' I went free.
My sins went a-lumberin' down to hell,
An' my soul went a-leapin' up Zion's hill;
I tell ye what, bretherin, you'd better not laugh,
Ole Satan 'll run you down his path;
If he runs you, as he run me,
You'll be glad to fall upon your knee.
Cho.—Oh, wait till I put on my robe.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Run, Mary, Run.

I know de od-er worl' m not like dis. Fire in de east, an' Jordan's rib-er is a fire in de west, I know de od-er worl' m not like dis, rib-er to cross, I know de od-er worl' m not like dis,

D.C. at Fine.

Bound to burn de wil-der-aess, I know de od-er worl' m not like dis. Stretch your rod an' come a-cross, I know, &c.

2 Swing low, chariot, into de east, I know, &c. Let God's children hab some peace; I know, &c. Swing low, chariot, into de west; I know, &c. Let God's children hab some rest; I know, &c.—Cho.

3 Swing low, chariot, into de north: I know, &c. Gib me de gold widout de dross; I know, &c. Swing low, chariot, into de south: I know, &c. Let God's children sing and shout; I know, &c.—Cho.

4 Ef dis day war judgment day, I know, &c. Ebery sinner would want to pray; I know, &c. Dat trouble it come like a gloomy cloud; I know, &c. Gader tick, an' tunder loud; I know, &c.—Cho.
Religion is a Fortune.

Oh, religion is a fortune, I raly do believe, Oh, religion is a fortune, I raly do believe, Whar sabbaths have no end.

Whar ye been, poor mourner, whar ye been so long; Been low down in de valley for to pray, An' I aint done praying yet.

2 Gwine to sit down in de kingdom, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c., Gwine to walk about in Zion, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c. 
   Duo.—Whar ye ben young convert, &c.

3 Gwine to see my sister Mary, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c., Gwine to see my brudder Jonah, I raly do believe. 
   Duo.—Whar ye ben good Christian, &c.

4 Gwine to talk-a wid de angels, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c., Gwine to see my massa Jesus, I raly do believe, Whar Sabbaths, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Some o' dese Mornin's.

Gwine to see my moth-er some o' dese mornin's, see my moth-er
Oh, sittin' in de kingdom some o' dese mornin's, sittin' in de kingdom

some o' dese mornin's, See my moth-er, some o' dese morn-in's,
some o' dese mornin's, Sittin' in de kingdom, some o' dese morn-in's,

Look a-way in de heav-en,.... Look a-

Look a-way in de heaven,

Look a-way in de heav-en,.... Look a-

Hope I'll jine de band.
Hope I'll jine de band.

Look a-way in de heaven.
Some o' dese Mornin's.—Continued

Look a-way in de heaven,...

Look a-way in de heaven,

Look a-way in de heaven,

Look a-way in de heaven,

Look a-way in de heaven,

Look a-way in de heaven,

Look a-way in de heaven,

Look a-way in de heaven,

Look a-way in de heaven,

Look a-way in de heaven,
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

My Lord delivered Daniel.

My Lord delivered Daniel, My Lord delivered Daniel, My

My Lord delivered Daniel; Why can't he delivered me?

I met a pilgrim on de way, An' I ask him whar he's a gwine. I'm

bound for Canaan's happy lan', An' dis is de shout-ing band. Go on!

2.

Some say dat John de Baptist
Was nothing but a Jew,
But de Bible doth inform us
Dat he was a preacher, too;
Yes, he was!
Cho.—My Lord delivered Daniel.

3.

Oh, Daniel cast in de lions' den,
He pray both night an' day,
De angel came from Galilee,
An' lock de lions' jaw.
Dat's so.
Cho.—My Lord delivered Daniel.

4.

He delivered Daniel from de lions' den,
Jonah from de belly ob de whale,
And de Hebrew children from de fiery furnace,
And why not ebery man?
Oh, yes!
Cho.—My Lord delivered Daniel.

5.

De richest man dat eber I saw
Was de one dat beg de most,
His soul was filled wid Jesus,
And wid de Holy Ghost.
Yes it was!
Cho.—My Lord delivered Daniel.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Oh, wasn't dat a wide Riber.

2.
Oh, de good ole chariot passing by,
One more riber to cross,
She jarred de earth an’ shook de sky,
One more, &c.,
I pray, good Lord, shall I be one?
One more, &c.,
To get up in de chariot, trabbel on,
One more, &c.,
Cho. — Oh, wasn’t dat a wide riber? &c.

3.
We’re told dat de fore-wheel run by love,
One more, &c.,
We’re told dat de hind wheel run by faith,
One more, &c.,

I hope I shall get dere bimeby,
One more, &c.,
To jine de number in de sky,
One more, &c.,
Cho. — Oh, wasn’t dat a wide riber? &c.

4.
Oh, one more riber we hab to cross,
One more, &c.,
’Tis Jordan’s riber we hab to cross,
One more, &c.,
Oh, Jordan’s riber am chilly an’ cold,
One more, &c.,
But I got de glory in-a my soul,
One more, &c.,
Cho. — Oh, wasn’t dat a wide riber? &c.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

chorus. Oh, give way, Jordan.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Oh, give way, Jordan, give way, Jordan, Oh. give way, Jordan, I</th>
<th>Oh, give way, Jordan, give way, Jordan, I</th>
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duet.

want to go across to see my Lord. Oh, I heard a sweet music

quartette.

up above, I want to go across to see my Lord; An' I

quartette. wish dat music would come here, I want to go across to see my Lord.

2. Oh, stow back, stow back de powers of hell,
   I want to go across to see my Lord,
   And let God's children take de field,
   I want to go across to see my Lord.
   Now stan' back Satan, let me go by,
   I want to go across, &c.,
   Gwine to serve my Jesus till I die,
   I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

3. Soon in de mornin' by de break ob day,
   I want to go across, &c.
   See de ole ship ob Zion sailin' away,
   I want to go across, &c.,
   Now I must go across, an' I shall go across,
   I want to go across, &c.,
   Dis sinful world I count but dross,
   I want to go across, &c.—Cho.

4. Oh, I heard such a lumbering in de sky.
   I want to go across, &c.
   It make a-me t'ink my time was nigh,
   I want to go across, &c.,
   Yes, it must be my Jesus in de cloud,
   I want to go across, &c.,
   I nebber heard him speak so loud—
   I want to go across, &c.—Cho.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

John Saw.

CHORUS.

John saw, Oh, John saw, John saw de ho-ly num-ber,

Set-tin' on de gold-en al-tar. 1. Wor-thy, wor-thy

is the Lamb, is the Lamb, is the Lamb, Wor-thy, wor-thy

D.C.

is the Lamb, Set-tin' on de gold-en al-tar.

2 Mary wept, an' Martha cried—Settin' on, &c.
To see de'r Saviour crucified—Settin' on, &c.
Weepin' Mary, weep no more—Settin' on, &c.
Jesus say He gone before—Settin' on, &c.
   Cho.—John saw, &c.

3 Want to go to hebben when I die—Settin' on, &c.
Shout salvation as I fly—Settin' on, &c.
It's a little while longer here below—Settin' on, &c.
Den-a home to glory we shall go—Settin' on, &c.
   Cho.—John saw, &c.
King Emanuel.

1. Oh, who do you call de King E-man-u-el; I call my Je-sus King E-man-u-el. Oh de King E-man-u-el is a mighty 'man-u-el; I call my Je-sus King E-man-u-el.

2. Oh, some call Him Jesus; but I call Him Lord, I call my Jesus King Emanuel; Let's talk about de hebben, an' de hebben's fine t'ings, I call my Jesus King Emanuel. Cho.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

3. Oh steady, steady, a little while; I call my Jesus King Emanuel; I will tell you what my Lord done for me; I call my Jesus King Emanuel. Cho.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.

4. He pluck-a my feet out de miry clay; I call my Jesus King Emanuel; He sot dem a-on de firm Rock o' Age; I call my Jesus King Emanuel. Cho.—Oh de King Emanuel, &c.
De ole Sheep done know de Road.

CHORUS.

Oh de ole sheep done know de road, De ole sheep done know de road, De

Fine.

ole sheep done know de road, De young lambs mus' find de way.

Oh, soon-er in de mornin' when I rise, De young lambs mus' find de way. 
My brudder aint ye got yer counts all sealed, Do young lambs, &c.

D. C. dat Cho.

Wid crosses an' tri-als on cb-ry side, De young lambs mus' find de way. 
You'd bet-ter go get em 'fore ye leave dis field, De young lambs, &c.

2 Oh, shout my sister, for you are free, De young lambs, &c.,
For Christ hab bought your liberty, De young lambs, &c.,
I raly do believe widout one doubt, De young lambs, &c.,
Dat de Christian hab a mighty right to shout, De young lambs, &c.
Cho.—Oh, de ole sheep, &c.

3 My brudder, better mind how you walk on de cross, De young lambs, &c.,
For your foot might slip, an' yer soul git lost, De young lambs, &c.,
Better mind dat sun, and see how she run, De young lambs, &c.,
An' mind don't let her catch ye wid yer works undone, De young lambs, &c.
Cho.—Oh, de ole sheep, &c.
**De Church of God.**

De church of God dat sound so sweet, De

De church of God, de church of God, dat sound so sweet, God, dat sound so sweet.

**QUARTETTE.**

Oh, look up yonder what I see.... Bright

Look up yonder, what I see, Bright

1st. 2d. 3d.

angels com'in' ar- ter me.... me. ar- ter me.

angels com in ar- ter me. ar- ter me.

2.

3.

Oh, Jesus tole you once before,
To go in peace an' sin no more;
Oh, Paul an' Silas bound in jail,
Den one did sing, an' de oder pray.

Cho.—De church ob God, &c.

Oh, did you hear my Jesus say
"Come unto me, I am de way;"
Oh, come along, Moses, don't get lost,
Oh, stretch your rod, an' come across.

Cho.—De church ob God, &c.
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.

This peculiar but beautiful medley was a great favorite among the hands in the tobacco factories in Danville, Va.

May de Lord—He will be glad of me... May de Lord—He will be glad of me;

In de heav-en He'll re-joice. In de heav-en, once, In de

heav-en, twice, In de heav-en He'll re-joice, In de

heav-en, once, In de heaven, twice, In de heav-en He'll re-joice.
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

DUO—Soprano and Tenor.

Bright sparkles in de church-yard, Give light unto de tomb,

TRIO—1st & 2d Soprano & Alto.

Bright summer, spring's over, Sweet flowers in de'r bloom.

QUARTETTE.

Bright sparkles in de church-yard Give light unto de tomb,

Tutti.

sum-mer, springs over, sweet flowers in der bloom. My mother, once, my

mother, twice, my mother she'll re-joice. In de heaven, once, in de
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

heaven, twice, In de heaven she'll re-joice, In de heaven she'll rejoice.

Mother, rock me in de cradle all de day . . . . Mother, rock me in de cradle all de day . . . . Mother,

rock me in de cradle all de day . . . . Mother, rock me in de cradle all de day . . . . Mother,
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

QUARTETTE.

All de day, all de day, all de day, all de day, Oh,

rock me in de cradle all de day all de day all de day

day all de day Oh rock me in de cradle all de day Oh mother don't ye love yer darlin'

child Oh rock me in de cradle all de day Oh
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Continued.

Mother, don’t ye love yer dar-lin child? Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day...

Mother, rock me in de cradle, mother,

Mother, rock me in the cradle, mother,

Mother, rock me in de cradle, rock me in de cradle all de day... mother, day. All de day........ all de day....

..... Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day.....
Bright Sparkles in de Churchyard.—Concluded.

all de day . . . . . . . . . . . . . all de day . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Oh,

rock me in de cradle all de day. You may

lay me down to sleep, my mother dear. Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day.

You may lay me down to sleep, my mother dear, Oh, rock me in de cradle all de day...
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Judgment Day is a-rollin' around.

**CHO.**

Judgment, Judgment, Judgment day is a-roll-in' around,

**SOLO.**

I've a good ole mud-der in de heav-en, my Lord,
I've a good ole fa-der in de heav-en, my Lord,

**TUTTI.**

Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole mud-der in de heav-en, my Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too; I've a good ole fa-der in de heav-en, my Lord,

**TUTTI.**

Oh, how I long to go. Judgment, heav-en, my Lord, Oh, how I long to go.
Judgment Day is a-rollin' around.—Concluded.

2.
Dar's a long white robe in de heaven for me,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
Dar's a starry crown in de heaven for me,
Oh, how I long to go.
My name is written in de book ob life,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Ef you look in de book you'll fin' em dar,
Oh, how I long to go.

3.
Brudder Moses gone to de kingdom,
Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
Sister Mary gone to de kingdom,
Lord,
Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's no more slave in de kingdom,
Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
All is glory in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go.

4.
My brudder build a house in Paradise,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
He built it by dat ribber of life,
Oh, how I long to go.
Dar's a big camp meetin' in de kingdom, Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
Come, let us jine dat a heavenly crew,
Oh, how I long to go.

5.
King Jesus sittin' in de kingdom,
Lord,
Oh, how I long to go dere too;
De angels singin' all round de trone,
Oh, how I long to go.
De trumpet sound de Jubilo,
Oh, how I long to go dere too,
I hope dat trump will blow me home,
Oh, how I long to go.
Oh, Sinner, you'd better get ready.

Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, Ready, my Lord,

ready, Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, For the

FINE.

time is a-comin' dat sinner must die. Oh, sinner man, you had

better pray, Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die;

For it look-a-like judgment eb-ry day. Time is a-comin' dat
Oh, Sinner, you'd better get ready.—Concluded.

I heard of my Jesus a many one say—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Could 'move poor sinner's sins away—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Yes, I'd rather a pray myself away—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die,
Dan to lie in hell an' burn a-one day—
Time is a-comin' dat sinner must die.
Cho.—Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, &c.

3.

I think I heard a my mother say—
'Twas a pretty thing a to serve de Lord—
Oh, when I get to Heaven I'll be able for to tell—
Oh, how I shun dat dismal hell—
Cho.—Oh, sinner, you'd better get ready, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Hear de Lambs a Cryin'.

You hear de lambs a cry-in', Hear de lambs a cry-in',

Hear de lambs a cry-in', Oh, shepherd, feed-a my sheep.

Our Saviour spoke dese words so sweet: "Oh shepherd,

feed-a my sheep, Said, "Peter, if ye love me,

feed my sheep." Oh, shepherd, feed-a my sheep. Oh,
Lord, I love Thee, Thou dost know; Oh, shep-herd,
feed a my sheep; Oh, give me grace to
love Thee mo'; Oh, shep-herd, feed a my sheep.

2 I don' know what you want to stay here for, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
For dis vain world's no friend to grace, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
If I only had wings like Noah’s dove, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
I'd fly away to de heavens above, Oh, shepherd, &c.
Cho.—You hear de lambs crying, &c.

3 When I am in an agony, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
When you see me, pity me, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
For I am a pilgrim travellin' on, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
De lonesome road where Jesus gone, Oh, shepherd, &c.
Cho.—You hear de lambs a-crying, &c.

4 Oh, see my Jesus hanging high, Oh, shepherd. &c.,
He looked so pale an' bled so free, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
Oh, don't you think it was a shame, Oh, shepherd, &c.,
He hung three hours in dreadful pain, Oh, shepherd, &c.
Cho.—You hear de lambs a-crying, &c.
Rise and Shine.

CHORUS.

Oh, rise an' shine, an' give God de glory, glory, Rise an' shine, an' give God de glory, glory, Rise an' shine, an' give God de glory, glory, R

give God de glory, glory for de year of Jubilee.

Jesus carry de young lambs in his bosom, bosom,
Jesus lead de ole sheep by still waters, waters,

Carry de young lambs in his bosom, bosom, Carry de
Lead de ole sheep by still waters, waters, Lead de
Rise and Shine.—Concluded.

young lambs in his bosom, bosom, For the year of jubilee.
ole sheep by still waters, waters, For the year of jubilee.

2 Oh, come on, mourners, get you ready, ready,
   Come on, mourners, get you ready, ready, (bis),
   For the year of jubilee;
   You may keep your lamps trimmed and burning, burning,
   Keep your lamps trimmed and burning, burning, (bis),
   For the year of jubilee.
   Cho.—Oh, rise and shine, &c.

3 Oh, come on, children, don't be weary, weary,
   Come on, children, don't be weary, weary, (bis),
   For the year of jubilee;
   Oh, don't you hear them bells a-ringing, ringing,
   Don't you hear them bells a-ringing, ringing, (bis),
   For the year of jubilee.
   Cho.—Oh, rise and shine, &c.

Hard Trials.

De fox hab hole in de groun', An' de bird hab nest in de air,

An' ev'ry thing hab a hid-ing-place, But we, poor sin-ner, hab none.

CHORUS.

Now aint dat hard trials, great tribulation, Aint dat hard
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Hard Trials.—Concluded.

tri- als I'm boun' to leabe dis world.

1. Bap-tist, Bap-tist is my name,
2. Methodist, Methodist is my name,
3. Presbyterian, Presbyterian, &c.

Bap-tist till I die, I'll be baptize in de Bap-tist name, An' I'll
Methodist till I die, I'll be baptize in de Methodist name, An' I'll
Presbyterian till, &c.

D.S. Cho. al Fine.

lib on de Bap-tist side.
lib on de Methodist side.
lib on de Presbyterian side.

go dat-a way, You may go from do' to do', But ef you

hab-n't got de grace ob God in you heart, De deb-il will get you sho'.

5. Now while we are march-in a-long dis dread-ful road,

D.C. dat Cho.

You had bet-ter stop your dif-fer-ent names, An'...
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS. 215

Most Done Travelling.

Oh, my mudder's in de road, Most done trabelling; My mudder's in de road,

Most done trabelling, My mudder's in de road, Most done trabelling, I'm

bound to carry my soul to de Lord. I'm bound to carry my

soul to my Jesus, I'm bound to carry my soul to de Lord: Lord.

2.  
Oh, my sister's in de road,  
Most done trabelling,  
My sister's in de road,  
Most done trabelling.  
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

3.  
Oh, my brudder's in de road,  
Most done trabelling,  
My brudder's in de road,  
Most done trabelling.  
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

4.  
Oh, de preacher's in de road,  
Most done trabelling,  
De preacher's in de road,  
Most done trabelling.  
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.

5.  
All de member's in de road,  
Most done trabelling,  
De members' in de road,  
Most done trabelling.  
Cho.—I'm bound to carry, &c.
Gwine up.

CHO.

Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, gwine up, gwine all de way. Lord, Gwine up,

gwine up to see de hebbenly land, Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, gwine up.

gwine all de way. Lord, Gwine up, gwine up to see de hebbenly land.

Oh, saints an' sinners will-a you go, see de hebbenly land,

I'm a gwine up to heaven for to see my robe, See de hebbenly land,
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

**Gwine up.—Concluded.**

Gwine to see my robe an' try it on, See de hebbenly land,

It's brighter dan-a dat glitter-in' sun, See de hebbenly land.

2.

I'm a gwine to keep a climbin' high—
See de hebbenly land;
Till I meet dem-er angels in-a de sky—
See de hebbenly lan'.
Dem pootty angels I shall see—
See de hebbenly lan';
Why don't de debbil let-a me be—
See de hebbenly lan'.
**Cho.**—Oh yes, I'm gwine up, &c.

3.

I tell you what I like-a de best—
See de hebbenly lan';
It is dem-a shoutin' Methodess—
See de hebbenly lan';
We shout so loud de debbil look—
See de hebbenly lan';
An' he gets away wid his cluvven foot—
See de hebbenly lan'.
**Cho.**—Oh, yes, I'm gwine up, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

I hope my Mother will be there.

This was sung by the hands in Mayo's Tobacco Factory, Richmond, and is really called "The Mayo Boys' Song."

1st.

I hope my mother will be there, In that beautiful world on high. That used to join with me in pray'r. In that beautiful world on high.

2d. CHO.

Oh, I will be there. Oh I will be there.

With the palms of victory, crowns of glory you shall wear In that beautiful world on high.

3 I hope my sister will be there, In that beautiful world on high, That used to join with me in prayer, In that beautiful world on high. Cho.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

3 I hope my brother will be there, In that beautiful world on high, That used to listen to my prayer, In that beautiful world on high. Cho.—Oh, I will be there, &c.

4 I know my Saviour will be there, In that beautiful world on high, That used to listen to my prayer, In that beautiful world on high. Cho.—Oh, I will be there, &c.
CHORUS.

Oh, de Hebben is Shinin'.

Oh de hebben is shinin', shinin', O Lord, de hebben is shinin'

full ob love. Oh, Fare-you-well, friends, I'm gwine to tell you all; De
Oh, when I build a my tent a-gin', De

hebben is shinin' full ob love; Gwine to leave you all a-mine
hebben is shinin' full ob love; Build it so ole Satan he

eyes to close; De hebben is shinin' full ob love.
can't get in; De hebben, &c.

2 Death say, "I come on a-dat hebbenly 'cree; De hebben is, &c.
My warrant's for to summage thee; De hebben is, &c.
An' wheadder thou prepared or no; De hebben is, &c.
Dis very day He say you must go;" De hebben is, &c.—Cho.

3 Oh, ghastly Death, wouldst thou prevail: De hebben is, &c.
Oh, spare me yet anoder day; De hebben is, &c.
I'm but a flower in my bloom; De hebben is, &c.
Why wilt thou cut-a me down so soon? De hebben is, &c.—Cho.

4 Oh, if I had-a my time agin; De hebben is, &c.
I would hate dat road-a dat leads to sin; De hebben is, &c.
An' to my God a-wid earnest pray: De hebben is, &c.
An' wrastle until de break o' day; De hebben is. &c.—Cho.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Who'll jine de Union.

WHO'LL JINE DE UNION.—Concluded.

I love for to see a God's work go on, Who'll jine de Union?

2.

Ef ye want to ketch-a dat hebbenly breeze,
   Who'll jine de Union?
Go down in de valley upon yer knees,
   Who'll jine de Union?
Go bend yer knees right smoove wid de groun',
   Who'll jine de Union?
An' pray to de Lord to turn you roun',
   Who'll jine de Union?
Cho.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

4.

Say, ef you belong to de Union ban',
   Who'll jine de Union?
Den here's my heart, an' here's my han'
   Who'll jine de Union?
I love yer all, both bond an' free,
   Who'll jine de Union?
I love you ef-a you don't love me,
   Who'll jine de Union?
Cho.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.

3.

Now ef you want to know ob me,
   Who'll jine de Union?
Jess who I am, an' a-who I be,
   Who'll jine de Union?
I'm a chile ob God, wid my soul sot free,
   Who'll jine de Union?
For Christ hab bought my liberty,
   Who'll jine de Union?
Cho.—Oh, Hallelujah, &c.
A great Camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

This hymn was made by a company of Slaves, who were not allowed to sing or pray anywhere the old master could hear them; and when he died their old mistress looked on them with pity, and granted them the privilege of singing and praying in the cabins at night. Then they sang this hymn, and shouted for joy, and gave God the honor and praise."

J. B. Towe.

Oh walk to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,
Oh talk to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,
Oh sing to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,

Walk to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,
Talk to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,
Sing to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry,

Walk to-ged-der, chil-dron, Don't yer get wea-ry, Dere's a
Talk to-ged-der, chil-dron,
Sing to-ged-der, chil-dron,

great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land. Gwine to mourn an' neb-ber.
A great Camp-meetin'.—Concluded.

Oh get you ready, children, Don't you get weary.
Get you ready, children, Don't you, &c. \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

For Jesus is a comin', Don't you get, &c, Jesus is a comin', Don't you get, &c., \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Gwine to hab a happy meetin', Don't you get weary.
Hab a happy meetin', Don't you get, &c. \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Cho.—Gwine to pray an' nebber tire,
Pray an' nebber tire, \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

3.

Gwine to hab it in hebben, Don't you, &c.
Gwine to hab it in hebben, Don't, &c. \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Gwine to shout in hebben, Don't you get weary,
Shout in hebben, Don't you get, &c., \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Oh will you go wid me, Don't you get, &c.,
Will you go wid me, Don't you get, &c., \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.,
Cho.—Gwine to shout an' nebber tire,
Shout an' nebber tire, \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land,

4.

Dere's a better day comin', Don't you get weary,
Better day a comin', Don't you get, &c., \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Oh slap your hands children, Don't, &c.
Slap your hands children, Don't, &c., \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Oh pat your foot children, Don't you get weary,
Pat your foot children, Don't, &c., \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

Cho.—Gwine to live wid God forever.
Live wid God forever, \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.

5.

Oh, feel de Spirit a movin', Don't you, &c.
Feel de Spirit a movin', Don't, &c., \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
Oh now I'm get'in happy, Don't you get weary,
Now I'm gettin' happy, Don't, &c., \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
I feel so happy, Don't you get weary.
Feel so happy, Don't you get weary, \(\text{bis.}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de, &c.
Cho.—Oh, fly an' nebber tire,
Fly an' nebber tire, \(\text{bis}\)
Dere's a great camp-meetin' in de Promised Land.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Good news, de Chariot's comin'.

CHORUS.

Good news, de char-iot's com-in', good news, de

Good news

Good news, de char-iot's com-in', good news, de char-iot's com-in',

Good news

Good news, de char-iot's com-in',

Good news, I

Good news,

Good news,

Good news,

Good news,

good news,

don' want her leave a me be-hind.

Gwine to

get up in de char-i-ot, Car-ry me home.

Carry me home,
Good news, de Chariot's comin'.—Concluded.

Get up in de chariot, Carry me home;

Get up in de chariot, carry me home,

An' I don' want her leave a me behind.

2 Dar's a long white robe in de hebben I know,
A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
A long white robe in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's a golden crown in de hebben, I know,
A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
A golden crown in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Cho.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.

3 Dar's a golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
A golden harp in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Dar's silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
Silver slippers in de hebben, I know,
An' I don' want her leave-a me behind.
Cho.—Good news, de chariot's comin', &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Don't ye view dat ship a come a sailin'.

For 1st verse only.

Don't ye view dat ship a come a sail-in'? Hal- le - lu - jah.

view dat ship a come a sail - in'? Dont ye

view dat ship a come a sail - in? Hal - lo - lu - jah.

Dat ship is heav - y load - ed, Hal - le - lu - jah.
Dat ship is heavy loaded, Dat

Dat ship is heavy loaded, Dat

Dat ship is heavy loaded, Hallelujah.

2 Dat ship is heavy loaded, Hallelujah, &c.
3 She neither reels nor totters, Hallelujah.
4 She is loaded wid-a bright angels, Hallelujah.
5 Oh, how do you know dey are angels? Hallelujah.
6 I know dem by a de’r mournin’, Hallelujah.
7 Oh, yonder comes my Jesus, Hallelujah.
8 Oh, how do you know it is Jesus? Hallelujah.
9 I know him by-a his shinin’, Hallelujah.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

I don't feel no-ways tired.

I am seek-in' for a city, Halle-lu-jah,
Oh, ... bredren, trab-bel wid me, Halle-lu-jah,

Seek-in' for a city, Halle-lu-jah,
Bredren, trab-bel wid me? Halle-lu-jah,

City into de heav-en, Halle-lu-jah,
Will you go a-long wid me? Halle-lu-jah,

Lord, I don't feel no-ways ti-red, Children,
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

I don't feel no-ways tired.—Concluded.

We will trabbel on together, Hallelujah, (bis)
Gwine to war agin de debbel, Hallelujah,
Gwine to pull down Satan's kingdom, Hallelujah, "
Gwine to build up de walls o' Zion, Hallelujah. "

Cho.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

Dere is a better day a comin', Hallelujah, (bis)
When I leave dis world o' sorrer, Hallelujah,
For to jine de holy number, Hall-lujah,
Den we'll talk de trouble ober. Hallelujah.

Cho.—Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.

Gwine to walk about in Zion, Hallelujah, (bis)
Gwine to talk a wid de angels, Hallelujah,
Gwine to tell God 'bout my crosses, Hallelujah,
Gwine to reign wid Him foreber, Hallelujah.

Cho. — Lord, I don't feel no-ways tired, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Did you hear my Jesus.

Chorus.

Hear my Jesus when He call you. Did you hear my Jesus when He call you.
Did you hear my Jesus.—Concluded.

2 Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along,
   Oh, de hebben gates are open, come along, come along, (bis.,
   Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along,
Oh, my mother's in de kingdom, come along, come along, (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you,
I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along,
I am gwine to meet her yander, come along, come along, (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you.

Cho.—Did you hear my Jesus when he call you,
   Did you hear my Jesus when he call you, (bis.,
   For to try on your long white robe.

3 Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along,
Ef you want to wear de slippers, come along, come along, (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along,
Ef you want to lib forever, come along, come along, (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you;
Did you hear my Jesus calling, "come along, come along,"
Did you hear my Jesus calling, "come along, come along." (bis.,
Hear my Jesus when He call you.

Cho.—Did you hear my Jesus when He call you,
   Did you hear my Jesus when He call you, (bis.,
   For to try on your long white robe.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Zion, weep a-low.

CHO.

Zi-on, weep a-low, Zi-on, weep a-low, Zi-on,

weep a-low, Den-a Hal-le-lu-jah to-a de Lamb.

My Je-sus Christ, a-walk-in' down de heb-ben-ly road, Den a

Hal-le-lu-jah to-a de Lamb, An' out o' his mouth come a

two-edged sword, Den a Hal-le-lu-jah to-a de Lamb,
Zion, weep a-low.—Concluded.

Say, what sort o' sword dat you talk-in' 'bout Den a
two-edged sword, Den a Hal-le-lu-jah to-a de Lamb. Oh.

2 Oh, look up yonder, Lord, a-what I see,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Dere's a long tall angel a comin' a'ter me,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Wid a palms o' vicary in-a my hand,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Wid a golden crown a-placed on-a my head,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.  Cho.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

3 Zion been a-weepin' all o' de day,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Say, come, poor sinners, come-a an' pray,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Oh, Satan, like a dat huntin' dog,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
He hunt dem a Christian's home to God,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.  Cho.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.

4 Oh, Hebben so high, an' I so low,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
I don' know shall I ebber get to Hebben or no,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
Gwine to tell my brudder befo' I go,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.,
What a dolesome road-a I had to go,
Den a Hallelujah, &c.  Cho.—Oh, Zion, weep a-low.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Sweet Canaan.

My mother used to tell me how the colored People all expected to be free some day, and how one night, a great many of them met together in a Cabin, and tied little budgets on their backs, as though they expected to go off somewhere, and cried, and shook hands, and sang this hymn.

CHO.

Oh, de land I am bound for, Sweet Canaan's happy land. I am bound for, Sweet Canaan's happy land.

Pray, give me your right hand. Oh, my brother, did you come for to help me, Oh, my sister, did you come for to help me.

Oh, my brother, did you come for to help me, Oh, my brother, did you come for to help me, Oh, my sister, did you come for to help me.

Pray, give me your right hand, your right hand.

1st 2nd. D. C.

Note. - There is so little variety to the verses of "Sweet Canaan" that we have not thought it worth while to give them at greater length. They readily suggest themselves, and seem to be limited only by the number of the singer's relations and friends.
This song is a remarkable paraphrase of a portion of the Book of Revelations, and one of the finest specimens of negro "Spirituals." The student who brought it to us, and who sings the Solos, has furnished all that he can remember of the almost interminable succession of verses, which he has heard sung for half an hour at a time, by the slaves in their midnight meetings in the woods. He gives the following interesting account of its origin:

"I have heard my uncle sing this hymn, and he told me how it was made. It was made by an old slave who knew nothing about letters or figures. He could not count the number of rails that he would split when he was tasked by his master to split 150 a day. But he tried to lead a Christian life, and he dreamed of the General Judgment, and told his fellow-servants about it, and then made a tune to it, and sang it in his cabin meetings."

J. B. Towe.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

In dat great gittin-up Mornin'.—Continued.

Fare-you-well. Tired o' bear-in for poor sinners; Fare-you-well.

Fare-you-well. Oh, preachers, fold your Bibles; Fare-you-well;

Fare-you-well; Prayer-makers pray no more; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well.

For de last soul's convert-ed; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well;

For de last soul's convert-ed; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well.
In dat great gittin-up Mornin'.—Concluded.

**CHORUS.**

In dat great gittin'-up Mornin'; Fare-you-well, Fare-you-well,

2. Dere's a better day a comin';
3. When my Lord speaks to his Fader,
4. Says, Fader, I'm tired o' bearin';
5. Tired o' bearin' for poor sinners,
6. Oh preachers, fold your Bibles,
7. Prayer-makers, pray no more,
8. For de last soul's converted.(bis) Cho.

10. Say, go look behind de altar,
11. Take down de silver trumpet,
12. Go down to de sea-side,
13. Place one foot on de dry land,
14. Place de oder on de sea,
15. Raise your hand to heaven,
16. Declare by your Maker,
17. Dat time shall be no longer.(bis) Cho.

18. Blow your trumpet, Gabriel.
19. Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
20. Blow it right calm and easy,
21. Do not alarm my people,

23. Den you see de coffins bustin';
24. Den you see de Christian risin';
25. Den you see de righteous marchin',
26. Day are marchin' home to heaven.
27. Den look upon Mount Zion,
28. You see my Jesus comin'
29. Wad all his holy angels.
30. Where you rannin', sinner?

31. Judgment day is comin'. (bis) Cho.
32. Gabriel, blow your trumpet.
33. Lord, how loud shall I blow it?
34. Loud as seven peals of thunder,
35. Wake de sleepin' nations.
36. Den you see poor sinners risin'.
37. See de dry bones a creepin', Cho.
38. Den you see de world on fire,
39. You see de moon a bleedin';
40. See de stars a fallin';
41. See de elements meltin';
42. See de forked lightnin';
43. Hear de rumblin' thunder.
44. Earth shall reel and totter,
45. Hell shall be uncapped,
46. De dragon shall be loosened.
47. Fare-you-well, poor sinner. Cho.
48. Den you look up in de heaven,
49. See your mother in heaven.
50. While you're doomed to destruction.
51. When de partin' word is given,
52. De Christian shouts to your ruin.
53. No mercy'll ever reach you, Cho.
54. Den you'll cry out for cold water,
55. While de Christian's shoutin' in glory.
56. Sayin' amen to your damnation,
57. Den you hear de sinner sayin',
58. Down I'm rollin', down I'm rollin',
59. Den de righteous housed in heaven.
60. Live wid God forever.(bis.) Cho.
Walk you in de Light.

Walk you in de light, Walk you in de light,

Walk you in de light, Walk-in' in de light o' God,

Oh, chil-dren. God. Oh, chil-dren, do you think it's true, Yes, He died for me an' He died for you,

Walkin' in de light o' God, Dat Je-sus Christ did die for you, For de Ho-ly Bi-ble does say so,
Walk you in de Light.—Concluded.

2 I think I heard some children say,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
Dat dey neber heard de'r parents pray,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Oh, parents, dat is not de way,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
But teach your children to watch an' pray,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, parents, walk you in de light,
Walk you in de light, walk you in de light,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

3 I love to shout, I love to sing,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
I love to praise my Heavenly King,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
Oh, sisters, can't you help me sing,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
For Moses' sister did help him,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, sisters, walk you in de light, &c.

4 Oh, de heavenly lan' so bright an' fair,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
A very few dat enter dere,
Walkin' in de light o' God.
For good Elijah did declare,
Walkin' in de light o' God,
Dat nothin' but de righteous shall go dere,
Walkin' in de light o' God.

Cho.—Oh, Christians, walk you in de light, &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Sweet Turtle Dove, or Jerusalem Mornin'.

pp 1st, 4th and 8th verses only.

1 Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet, Mud-dy de wa-ter,

so deep, An' we had a lit-tle meet-in' in de morn-in', A-for to hear Ga-bel's trum-pet sound.

CHORUS.

Je-ru-sa-lem morn-in', Je-ru-sa-lem morn-in' by de light, Don't you hear Ga-bel's trum-pet in dat morn-in'?
Sweet Turtle Dove.—Concluded.

2 Old sister Win-ny, she took her seat, An' she want all
de mem-bers to fol-ler her, An' we had a lit-tle meet-in'
in de morn-in', A-for to hear Ga-bel's trum-pet sound.

(Solo.)

5 Ole brudder Philip, he took his seat,
An' he want all de member to foller him,
Cho.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(Solo.)

6 Ole sister Hagar, she took her seat,
An' she want all de member to foller her,
Cho.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

(Solo.)

7 Ole brudder Moses took his seat,
An' he want all de member to foller him,
Cho.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.

8 Sweet turtle dove, she sing-a so sweet,
Muddy de water, so deep,
Cho.—Jerusalem mornin', &c.
Gideon's Band; or, De milk-white Horses.

The explanation which has been given us of the origin of this curious hymn is, we think, invaluable as an example of the manner in which external facts grew to have a strange symbolical meaning in the imaginative mind of the negro race.

In a little town in one of the Southern States, a Scriptural panorama was exhibited, in which Gideon's Band held a prominent place, the leader being conspicuously mounted upon a white horse. The black people of the neighborhood crowded to see it, and suddenly, and to themselves inexplicably, this swinging "Milk-White Horses" sprang up among them, establishing itself soon as a standard church and chimney-corner hymn.

\[\text{\texttt{\textit{Oh, de band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on,}}}
\]
\[\text{\texttt{Oh, de milk-white horses, milk-white horses, milk-white horses,}}
\]

\[\text{\texttt{o-ber in Jor-dan, Band ob Gid-e-on, band ob Gid-e-on,}}
\]
\[\text{\texttt{o-ber in Jor-dan, Milk white horses, milk-white horses,}}
\]

\[\text{\texttt{DUET.}}\]
\[\text{\texttt{How I long to see dat day. I hail to my sis-ter, my}}
\]
\[\text{\texttt{sis-ter she bow low, Say, don't you want to go to heb-ben,}}
\]

\[\text{\texttt{CHO.}}\]
\[\text{\texttt{How I long to see dat day. Oh, de twelve white horses,}}
\]
\[\text{\texttt{Oh, ... hitch' em to the cha-ri-ot.}}\]
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Gideon's Band.—Concluded.

twelve white horses, twelve white horses ober in Jordan,
hitch 'em to the chariot, hitch 'em to the chariot ober in Jordan,

Twelve white horses, twelve white horses, How I long to see dat day.
Hitch 'em to the chariot, hitch 'em to the chariot, How I long, &c.

2 Duo.—I hail to my brudder, my brudder he bow low,
   Say, don't you want to go to hebben?—
   How I long to see dat day!
Cho.—Oh, ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot,
   Ride up in de chariot ober in Jordan;
   Ride up in de chariot, ride up in de chariot—
   How I long to see dat day!
It's a golden chariot, a golden chariot,
Golden chariot ober in Jordan;
Golden chariot, a golden chariot—
   How I long to see dat day!

3 Duo.—I hail to de mourner, de mourner he bow low,
   Say, don't you want to go to hebben?—
   How I long to see dat day!
Cho.—Oh, de milk an' honey, milk an' honey,
   Milk an' honey ober in Jordan;
   Milk an' honey, milk an' honey—
   How I long to see dat day!
Oh, de healin' water, de healin' water,
   Healin' water ober in Jordan;
   Healin' water, de healin' water—
   How I long to see dat day!
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

De Winter'll soon be Over.

1 Oh, de winter, de winter, de winter'll soon be over.
2 Winter, winter, winter, winter,
   Winter'll soon be over, children, de winter, de winter,
   Winter, winter, the winter'll soon be over, children, Yes, my Lord:

On look up yonder what I see. Bright angels comin' arter me.

2 I turn my eyes towards de sky,
   Oh Jordan's ribber is deep an' wide,
   An' ask de Lord for wings to fly;
   But Jesus stand on de hebbenly side;
   If you get dere before I do,
   An' when we get on Canaan's shore,
   Look out for me I'm comin' too. Cho. We'll shout, an' sing forebber more. Cho.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

Keep Me from sinkin' Down.

Oh Lord, Oh my Lord! Oh my good Lord! Keep me from sink-in'

down, Oh my Lord. Oh my good Lord, Keep me from sink-in'

Oh Lord,

1st. 2nd. Fine.

down. down. Keep me from sink-in' down. I

I

tell you what I mean to do. Keep me from sink-in' down, bless de Lord I'm gwine to die. Keep me from sink-in' down,

I mean to go to heb-ben too. Keep me from sink-in' down. I'm gwine to judgment by an' by. Keep me from sink-in' down.
Hear de Angels singin'.

2 Now all things well, an' I don't dread hell;—
   Hear de angels singin',
   I am goin' up to Hebben, where my Jesus dwell;—
   Hear de angels singin',
   For de angels are callin' me away,—
   Hear de angels singin',
   An' I must go, I cannot stay,—
   Hear de angels singin'.

CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.

3 Now take your Bible, an' read it through,—
   Hear de angels singin',
   An' ebery word you'll find is true;—
   Hear de angels singin'.
   For in dat Bible you will see,—
   Hear de angels singin',
   Dat Jesus di'd for you an' me,—
   Hear de angels singin'.

CHO.—Oh, sing; &c.

4 Say, if my memory sarves me right,—
   Hear de angels singin',
   We're sure to hab a little shout to-night,—
   Hear de angels singin'.
   For I love to shout, I love to sing,—
   Hear de angels singin'.
   I love to praise my Hebbenly King,—
   Hear de angels singin'.

CHO.—Oh, sing, &c.
CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS.

I've been a-list'ning all de Night long.

I've been a-list'ning all de night long. Been a list'ning all de
day, I've been a-list'ning all de night long. To hear some sinner pray.

Some said that John, de Baptist, Was noth-in' but a Jew,

But the Bible doth inform us Dat he was a preacher too.

2.

Go, read the fifth of Matthew,
An' a read de chapter thro',
It is de guide to Christians,
An' a tells dem what to do.
Cho. — I've been a list'ning, &c.

3.

Dere was a search in heaven,
An' a all de earth around,
John stood in sorrow hoping
Dat a Saviour might be found.
Cho. — I've been a list'ning, &c.
Babylon's Fallin'.

This is often used in Hampton as a Marching song, and is quite effective when the two hundred students are filing out of the assembly room to its spirited movement. We recommend it for similar use to Schools and Kindergartens.

 Pure cit-y, Bab-y-lon's fall-in', to rise no more,

 CHORUS.

 Oh, Bab-y-lon's fall-in', fall-in', fall-in', Bab-y-lon's fall-in' to

 rise no more, Oh, Bab-y-lon's fall-in', fall-in', fall-in',

 Bab-y-lon's fall-in' to rise no more. Oh, Je-sus tell you

 If you get dere be -
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Babylon's Fallin'.—Concluded.

once be-fore, Bab-y-lon's fall-in' to rise no more; To fore I do, Bab-y-lon's fall-in' to rise no more; Tell

De ole Ark a-moverin' Along.

Jos' wait a lit-tle while, I'm gwine to tell ye bout de ole ark,
De Lord told No-ah for to build him an [Omit.]

2nd.

ole ark, De ole ark a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in' a-long,

Oh de ole ark a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in', a-mov-er-in', De
De ole Ark a-moverin' Along.—Concluded.

Omit in the last verse.

2 Den Noah an' his sons went to work upon de dry lan',
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
   Dey built dat ark jes' accordin' to de comman',
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
   Noah an' his sons went to work upon de timber,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
   De proud began to laugh, an' de silly point de'r finger,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
Cho.—De ole ark a-moverin', &c.

3 When de ark was finished jes' accordin' to de plan,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
   Massa Noah took in his family, both animal an' man,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
   When de rain began to fall an' de ark began to rise,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
   De wicked hung around' wid der groans an' de'r cries,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
Cho.—Oh de ole ark a-moverin', &c.

4 Forty days an' forty nights, de rain it kep' a fallin',
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.
   De wicked clumb de trees, an' for help dey kep' a callin',
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
   Dat awful rain, she stopped at last, de waters dey subsided,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
   An' dat ole ark wid all on board on Ararat she rided,
   De ole ark a-moverin', &c.,
Cho.—Oh, de ole ark a-moverin', &c.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Dust an' Ashes.

1. Dust, dust an' ash-es fly over on my grave, Dust, dust an' ash-es fly

2. Dey cru-ci-fied my Saviour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey

3. Oh, Jo-seph begged his bo-dy, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh,

4. De an-gel came from heav-en, An' roll de stone a-way, De

5. De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold i-ron band, De

cru-ci-fied my Saviour, An' nailed Him to de cross, Dey cru-ci-fied my Jo-seph begged His body, An' laid it in de tomb, Oh Joseph begged His an-gel came from heaven, An' roll de stone a-way, De an-gel came from cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold iron band, De cold grave could not hold Him, Nor death's cold iron band, De
Saviour, An' nailed Him to de cross, An' de Lord shall bear my body, An' laid it in de tomb, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.
heb-ben, An' roll de stone away, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.
hold Him, Nor death's cold iron band, An' de Lord shall bear, &c.

SPIRIT HOME, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home.

CHORUS.

He rose, He rose, He rose from de dead, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead. He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from de dead, an' de Lord shall bear my spirit home;
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Dust an' Ashes.—Continued.

An’ de Lord shall bear my spir- it home. 6. Oh Mary came a-run-nin',

her Saviour for to see, Oh Mary came a- run-nin’, Her

Saviour for to see, Oh Mary came a- run-nin, Her Saviour for to see,

An’ de Lord shall bear my spir-it home, An’ de Lord shall bear my spirit home.

7. De an-gel say He is not here, He’s gone to Gal-i-lee, De

angel say He is not here, He’s gone to Gal-i-lee, De an-gel say He
Dust an' Ashes.—Continued.

De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee,
De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee,
De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee,
De an-gel say He is not here, He's gone to Gal-i-lee,
An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home, An' de Lord shall bear my spir-it home.
HAMPTON AND ITS STUDENTS.

Dust an' Ashes.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose.

He rose from de dead, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose.

He rose from de dead, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home, An' de Lord shall bear my spirit home.
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<td>Sweet Turtle Dove, or Jerusalem Mornin'</td>
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<td>Swing low, sweet Chariot</td>
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HAMPTON Normal & Agricultural Institute

OPENED, APRIL, 1868. INCORPORATED, JUNE, 1870.

STATEMENT OF FACTS AND SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

Number of Graduates, 190.

Number of teachers, 17—of whom 12 are ladies. Number of students in Academic Dept., 211; in Boarding Dept., 171; in Labor Dept., 171. Students in Senior Class, 44; Middle, 63; Junior, 81; Preparatory, 23. Boys, 132; Girls, 79. Total, 211. Average age, 18.

The course of study is three years and includes, among other branches, the study of the English Language, Arithmetic and Algebra, United States and Universal History, Geography, Physiology, Natural Philosophy, Music, Science of Government and Moral Science, Book-keeping, Bible Lessons and Methods of Teaching. No classics are taught. Instruction is given in Practical Farming, Sewing, Cooking, Household work and Printing. Conditions of admission are: Good character and health, and a knowledge of Reading, Writing, and of Arithmetic through Long Division. None under fourteen (14) or over twenty-five (25) years of age admitted.

Tuition or the cost of instruction ($70 per annum), which students cannot pay, is provided by the friends of the Institution.

The regular annual charge to students at $10 per month, for the school year of eight and one-half months is $85, to be paid half in cash and half in labor. This covers board, fuel, washing, lights, furnished rooms, mending garments and medical attend-
ance. The entire annual cash cost (exclusive of books or clothing), to good workers male or female, of 19 years of age or over, is $42.50; for those under 19 it is $51.00 (such work out $4.00 and pay $6.00 monthly). Books cost about $4.00 per annum. Clothing made by the girls is sold cheaply to those who need it: the majority come partially supplied. These expenses of board, &c., are met by the students and their immediate friends—it is their part. While aid is given to the destitute and deserving, it is, as a rule, better for the character and self-respect of students to pay their personal expenses; experience has, in a marked way, justified this course.

The theory of this Institution is education through self-help. Its practical working is shown by the following figures:

Students paid in cash the school year, up to
July 1st, 1875, . . . . . . . . . . $6,006.97
In labor (working at the rate of 5 to 8 cents
per hour . . . . . . . . . . 7,437.95
Received as personal aid . . . . . 3,309.82
Unpaid debts . . . . . . . . . . 446.10

Total year's charges to students . $17,200.84

Four-fifths of all school expenses, excepting tuition, are paid by students. Their cash payments are principally from earnings during vacation as teachers, farmers, and hotel waiters, or are provided by parents or friends. It should be borne in mind, however, that the institution assumes the entire responsibility of these expenses. It gets from students what it can; the labor it provides at some sacrifice.

The instruction and discipline of labor and the civilizing influences of living in a well-ordered way are quite as valuable to the students as the book knowledge they acquire. The former they secure mainly by their own efforts; the latter must be given to them.

The total real estate of the institute, including 195 acres of land, is valued at $183,500. Its debt is four thousand dollars. Its endowment fund yields $2,000 annually.
The Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute have undertaken to raise an Endowment Fund of

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

To maintain the Hampton work in full strength, with its multiplying outposts and far-spreading influence, while efforts are making for an endowment fund, we ask donations for current expenses. Any amount will be thankfully received, but we would especially urge contributions of yearly scholarships of seventy (70) dollars. A scholarship is tuition, or the expense of educating a student (not his board bill, which he pays partly in cash, and partly—in some cases entirely, by labor.) The course of study is three years. It requires two hundred and ten dollars to train a teacher, who, by his own efforts, will have earned more than is given him. To meet earnest, capable, self-reliant youth half way in their struggles for education, is a wise and helpful charity, stimulating but not weakening them. It is sowing seed for a ready harvest.

This school is based on the idea of self-help: value for value is fundamental. Character is developed, and good men and women, rather than polished scholars, are sent into the world. As a class, they labor for temperance, in the Sunday-schools, and for the spread of Christian truth, in the interest of no denomination, and are often opposed by the rigid sectarianism of local churches and ignorant preachers. Ninety per cent. of our 190 graduates are teaching. Four-fifths of them are, we have reason to believe, true Christians.

There never was a time when the colored people needed wise help more than now: never was there such a complete machinery for making contributions effective for their welfare. The foundations of a great educational work are laid at Hampton: it remains to build thereon. Contributions may be sent to

J. F. B. MARSHALL, Treasurer,
Box 10, HAMPTON, VA.

Or to S. C. ARMSTRONG, Principal.
TESTIMONIALS.

The official report of a board of visitors, consisting of President Hopkins, of Williams College, Secretary Northrup, of the Connecticut Board of Education, Gen. J. A. Garfield, of Ohio, and Alexander Hyde, Esq., thus speaks of the Institute:

"Of it we do not fear to speak with satisfaction and hope. . . . We are doing for the Freedmen through this Institute, with such modifications as their condition demands, just what we are doing for ourselves in those States which are farthest advanced in education. The Institute is adapted to do a great work for the African race, both in this, and in their fatherland. It is just the agency needed, through which benevolent individuals and the fund of Mr. Peabody may work. In the plan, nothing is wanting. To carry it out, executive ability and business talent of a high order will be needed. These we think it has in those at the head of each of the departments, and we heartily commend the enterprise to the confidence, to the prayers, and to the benefactions of the good people of the whole country."

Dr. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Virginia, writes: "My impression of the importance of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute is very strong. No friend of the colored race should regard it with indifference. It is doing a peculiar work for the colored race, well suited to develop their character, and all the faculties of its pupils. I believe it to be exceedingly well conducted, and I know that it commands the confidence of persons of all varieties of sentiment among our people. If the friends of education knew the good you were doing and might do, they would give your institution a large endowment."

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN.

The undersigned have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that the institute for training colored persons as teachers, at Hampton, Virginia, is one of the most promising of the many schools that have been established at the South. From their personal knowledge of the managers and teachers; of the methods and training; of its actual success in gaining the confidence of some of the most devoted friends of education in Virginia, and of its well founded promise of permanency, they feel justified in warmly recommending the institution to the friends of education and religion, as worthy of their confidence, and to their liberal aid.

Noah Porter,
Theodore D. Woolsey.

The undersigned cordially concur in the above.

Wm. Ives Buddington, R. S. Storrs, Jr., Brooklyn.
E. P. Rogers, John Cotton Smith,
We take pleasure in expressing our hearty approval of the design of the Hampton Institute, and our admiration of the patient energy, skill, and foresight with which this design has thus far been carried out. General Armstrong and his fellow laborers are entitled to the thanks of the whole country for what they have done toward solving one of the hardest problems of reconstruction. Their work has received warm commendation from some of our most distinguished educators and philanthropists, several of whom examined it upon the ground.

Our churches, as is well known, are carrying on, through the Committee of Missions for Freedmen, an important educational and religious work among the colored people of the South, and the claims of this cause are particularly urgent at the present moment. But we cannot hesitate, on their account, to bid the Hampton Institute God speed and to declare our conviction that it is worthy of the considerate attention, sympathy, and generous support of Christian patriots and friends of humanity in New York and elsewhere.

G. L. PRENTISS, J. O. MURRAY, R. D. HITCHCOCK,
WM. ADAMS, H. B. SMITH.

We cordially commend the Hampton, Va., Normal Institute to the confidence and benefactions of the friends of education, religion and our country.

STEPHEN H. TYNG,
JOS. P. THOMPSON,
New York.

A. H. VINTON, A. P. PEABODY,
PHILLIPS BROOKS, EDWARD E. HALE,
BOSTON.

BAMAS SEARS.
JOSEPH CUMMINGS.

U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., April, 1872.

I recently visited the Hampton Institute, and was highly gratified at what I saw and heard. I believe it to be well managed, and worthy of the confidence and generous support of the Christian men and women of our country.

HENRY WILSON.

Many additional commendations have been given.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I bequeath to my executors the sum of dollars, in trust, to pay over the same in after my decease, to the person who, when the same is payable, shall act as Treasurer of the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, located at Hampton, Virginia, and incorporated in the year eighteen hundred and seventy.
"Southern Workman,"
(NOW IN ITS FIFTH YEAR).

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY,
Printed by the Students of the Hampton Institute;
—DEVOTED TO—

THE INDUSTRIAL CLASS OF THE SOUTH.

J. F. B. MARSHALL, Business Manager.

Terms, — — — One Dollar per Year.
Sunday School Edition, — — One Cent per Copy.

Besides affording to colored youth one of the few opportunities in the South for learning the printer's trade, it aims to give an impartial and reliable account of industrial and educational matters at the South, especially among the freedmen, and observes and encourages the signs of the good feeling between the races that is so essential to the welfare of all.

On receipt of one dollar, one year's subscription to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, we will send to any one who shall forward five cents for postage, a neat pamphlet entitled "Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students," containing 82 pages of original negro music, with words in dialect.

These songs, arranged by Prof. T. P. Fenner, were sung in the three hundred concerts, throughout the United States, given by that Company in 1873-4-5.

The books are sold at 40 cents apiece.
Virginia Hall, containing 70 Girls' and Teachers' Rooms, a Dining Room (to seat 350), a Chapel (to seat 500), a Kitchen, Laundry and Bath Rooms, Sewing Room, Printing Office, Repair shop, and Store Rooms.