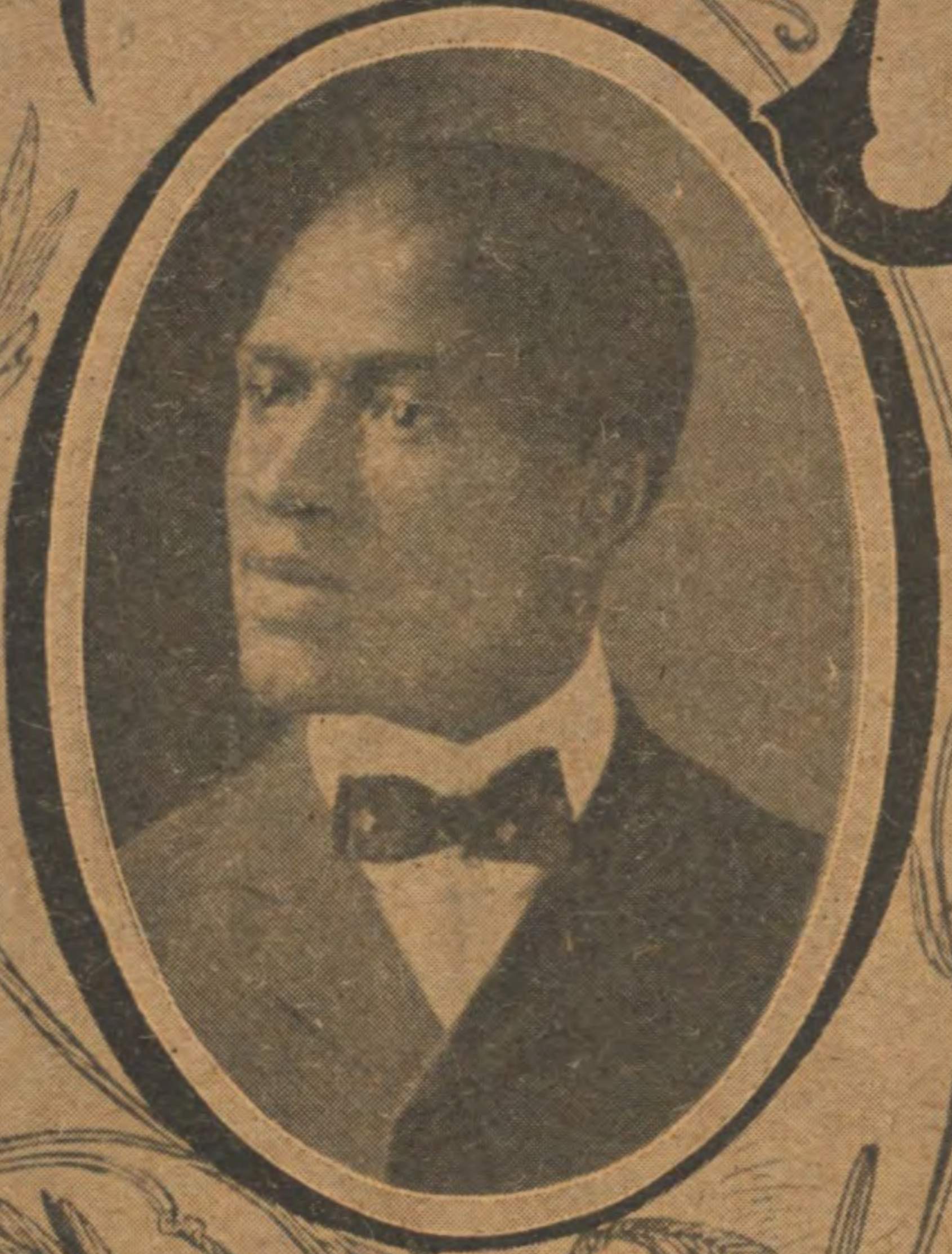


WILLIAM'S JUBILEE SINGERS



CHAS. P. WILLIAMS MGR.
6618 VERNON AVE.
CHICAGO.

Rosen Co
Chicago

WILLIAMS & JOHNSON, Proprietors

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

AS SUNG BY

Williams' Original Dixie Jubilee Singers

DAR'S A JUBILEE.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.

Dar's a ju - bi - lee, Dar's a ju - bi - lee, Dar's a

ju - bi - lee Way down on de old camp ground, Come o - ver, ground.

1. De dev il tho't he had me fast, Way down on de ole camp ground;
2. You can fool us so, but you can't fool God, Way down on de ole camp ground;

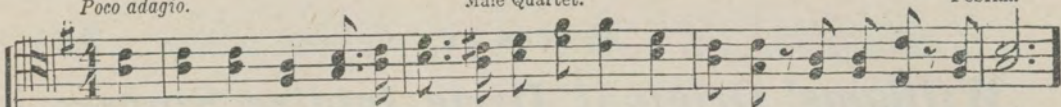
D. C.
I've broke his chains, am free at - last, Way down on de ole camp ground.
For God knows de se - cret of ev - 'ry heart, Way down on de ole camp ground.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME GOOD NIGHT.

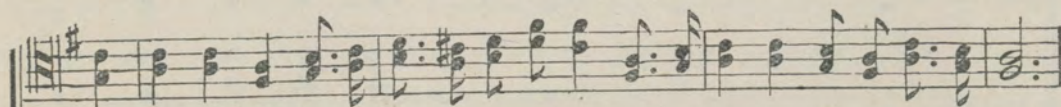
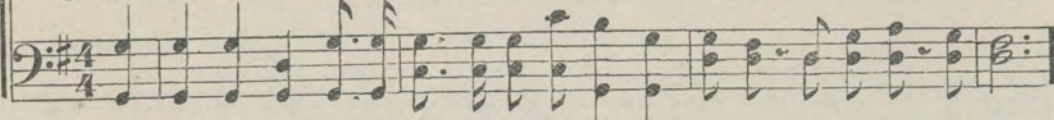
Poco adagio.

Male Quartet.

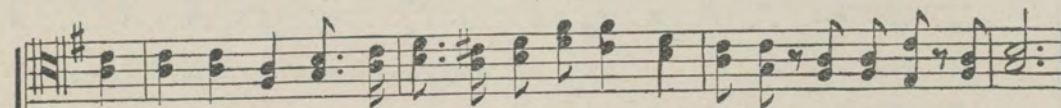
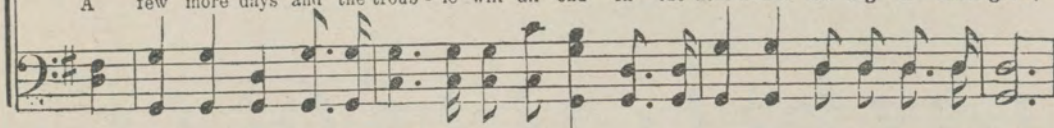
FOSTER.



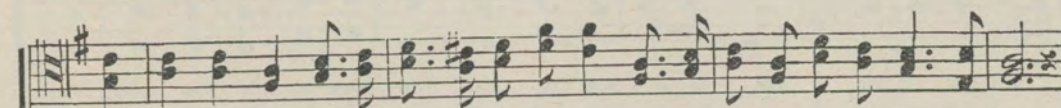
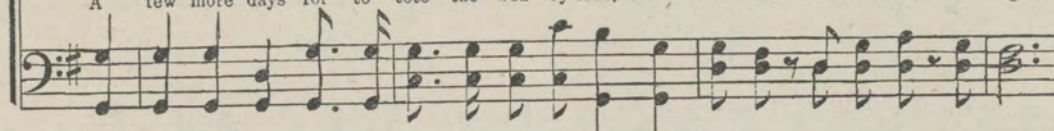
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay,
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend Where-ev-er the dark-ies may go,



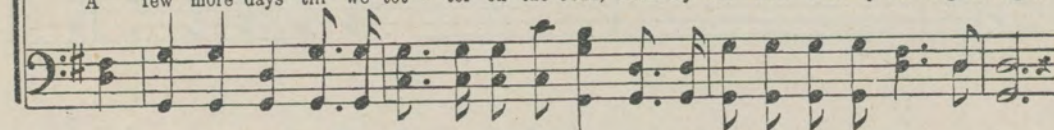
The corn top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day;
 They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon On the bench by the old cab-in door;
 A few more days and the troub-le will all end In the field where the sug-ar-canes grow;



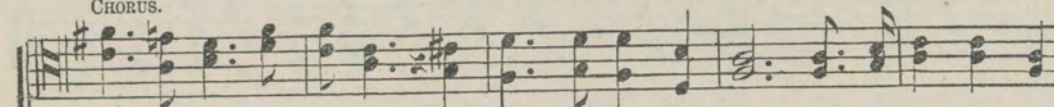
The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py, and bright,
 The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart With sor-row where all was de-light,
 A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter 'twill nev-er be light,



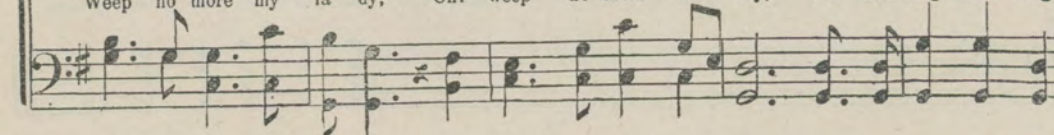
By'n by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home good night.
 The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home good night.
 A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home good night.



CHORUS.



Weep no more my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day, We will sing one song



My Old Kentucky Home Good Night. Concluded.

for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a-way. *rit.*

WHO STOLE THE LOCK?

1. My old friend was cute as a mouse, He stole down to the chick-en house,
 2. Down in the hen house on my knees, Tho't I heard a chick-en sneeze,
 3. As I went cross a for-ty acre field, A rattle snake bit me on the heel

He took all the chickens that were in sight, Then says to me "my friend good night."
 'Twas the old roost-er say'-ing his pray'rs, Sing-ing a hymn to the hens up-stairs.
 Turned right a-round for to do my best My left foot stuck in a hor-nets nest.

CHORUS.

Well who stole the lock? I don't know Who stole the lock from the hen house door;

I'll find out be-fore I go Who stole the lock from the hen house door?

PETER, GO RING DEM BELLS.

Words adapted.

Solo for tenor or Soprano.

Negro Melody.

1. { Well, I heard a might - y rumb - ling, it was way up in the clouds
It was noth - ing but Mas - ter Moses, he was read - ing of de laws,

2. { Well go a - way poor sin - ner don't you grieve, long aft - er me,
Kase I have a heap of troub - le tryin' to buy your lib - er - ty,

1 2 CHORUS.

Oh, shout the glo - ry, Glo - ry in my soul. We'll shout and sing to

make de welk - in' ring, All join hands, march to de heav'n-ly King; Oh, chil - dren

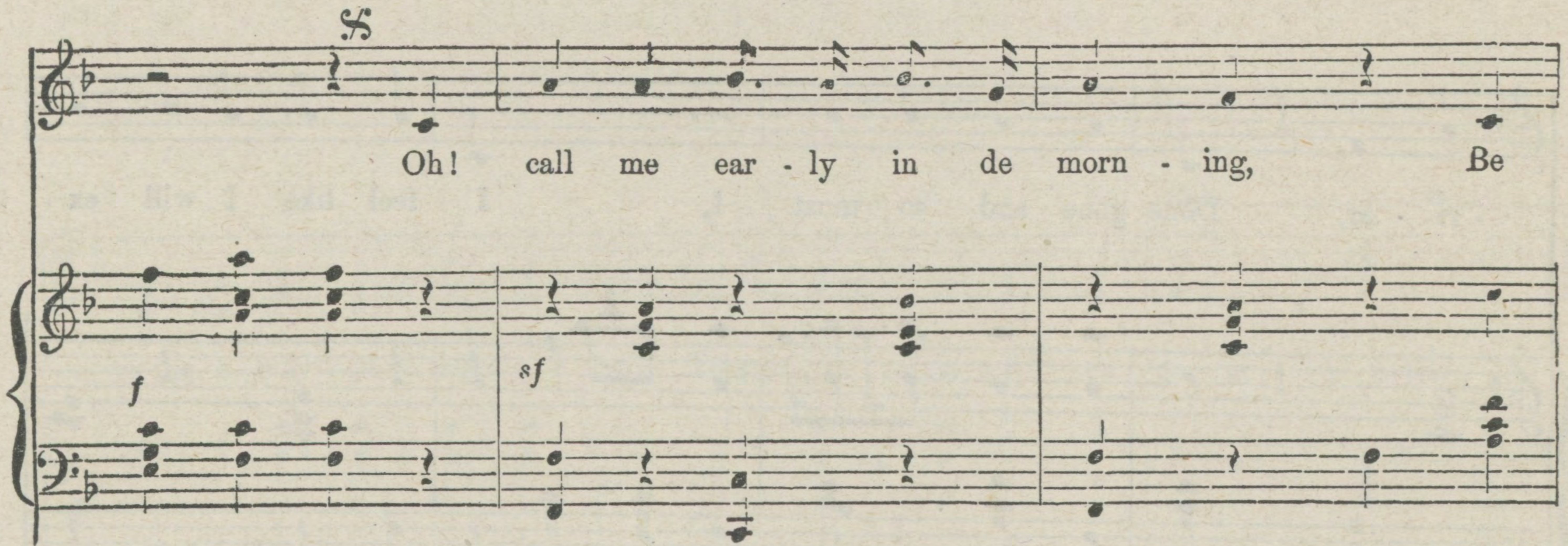
'twont be long 'fore we hear Gabriel's trum - pet sound, Well Pet - er, go ring dem bells

Pet - er, go ring dem bells, Pet - er, go ring dem bells, I've heard from heav'n to day.

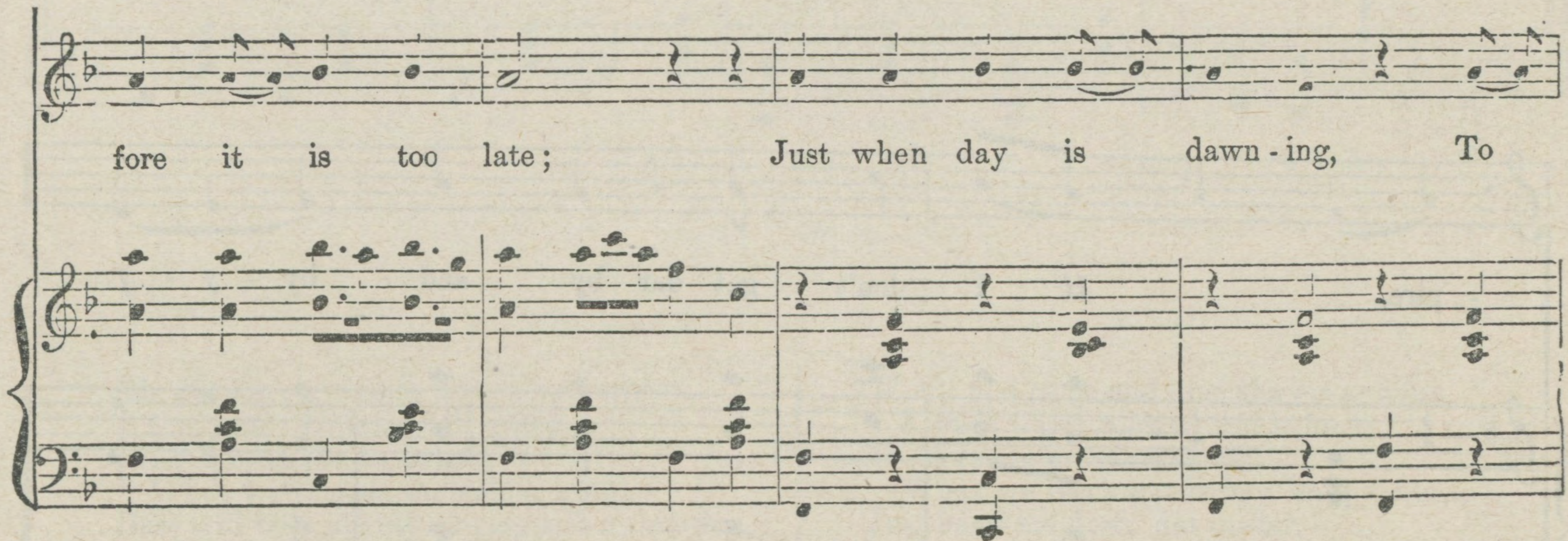
SWINGING ON DE GOLDEN GATE.

Words and Music by FRED LYONS.
Author of "I must go," and "Great day in de Morning."

INTRODUCTION.



Oh! call me ear - ly in de morn - ing, Be



fore it is too late; Just when day is dawn - ing, To

SWINGING ON THE GOLDEN GATE. Continued.

swing on de gol - den gate, Sis - ter Lou, Broth - er Joe, and Aunt Ma -

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "swing on de gol - den gate, Sis - ter Lou, Broth - er Joe, and Aunt Ma -". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and rhythmic patterns in both the right and left hands.

- ri - ar, Done gone and so must I, I feel like I will ex -

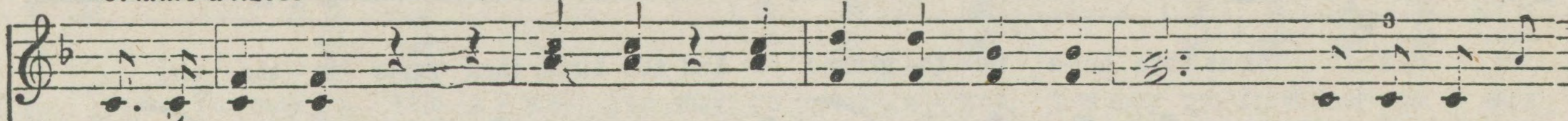
The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics: "- ri - ar, Done gone and so must I, I feel like I will ex -". The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The system concludes with a double bar line.

- pire, If I don't get dar by and by - y - y

The third system concludes the page. The vocal line has the lyrics: "- pire, If I don't get dar by and by - y - y". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and rhythmic patterns. The system ends with a double bar line.


SWINGING ON THE GOLDEN GATE. Concluded.

SOPRANO & ALTO.

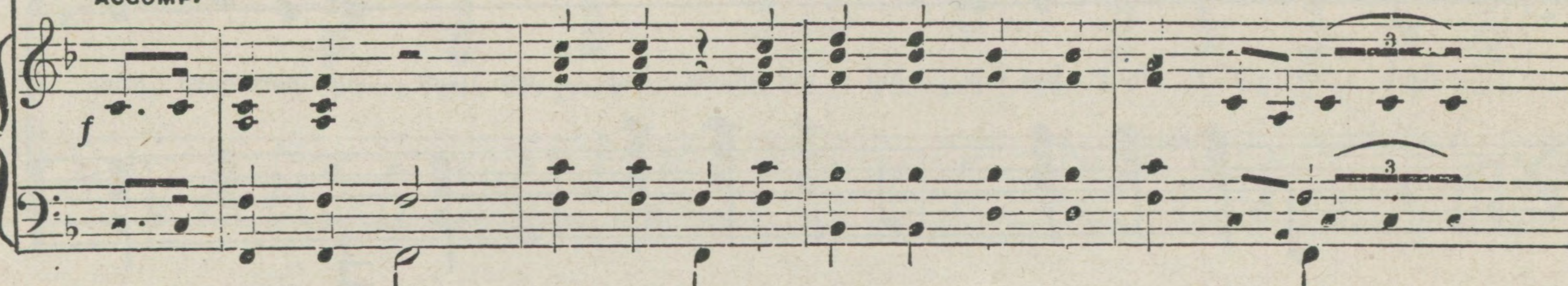
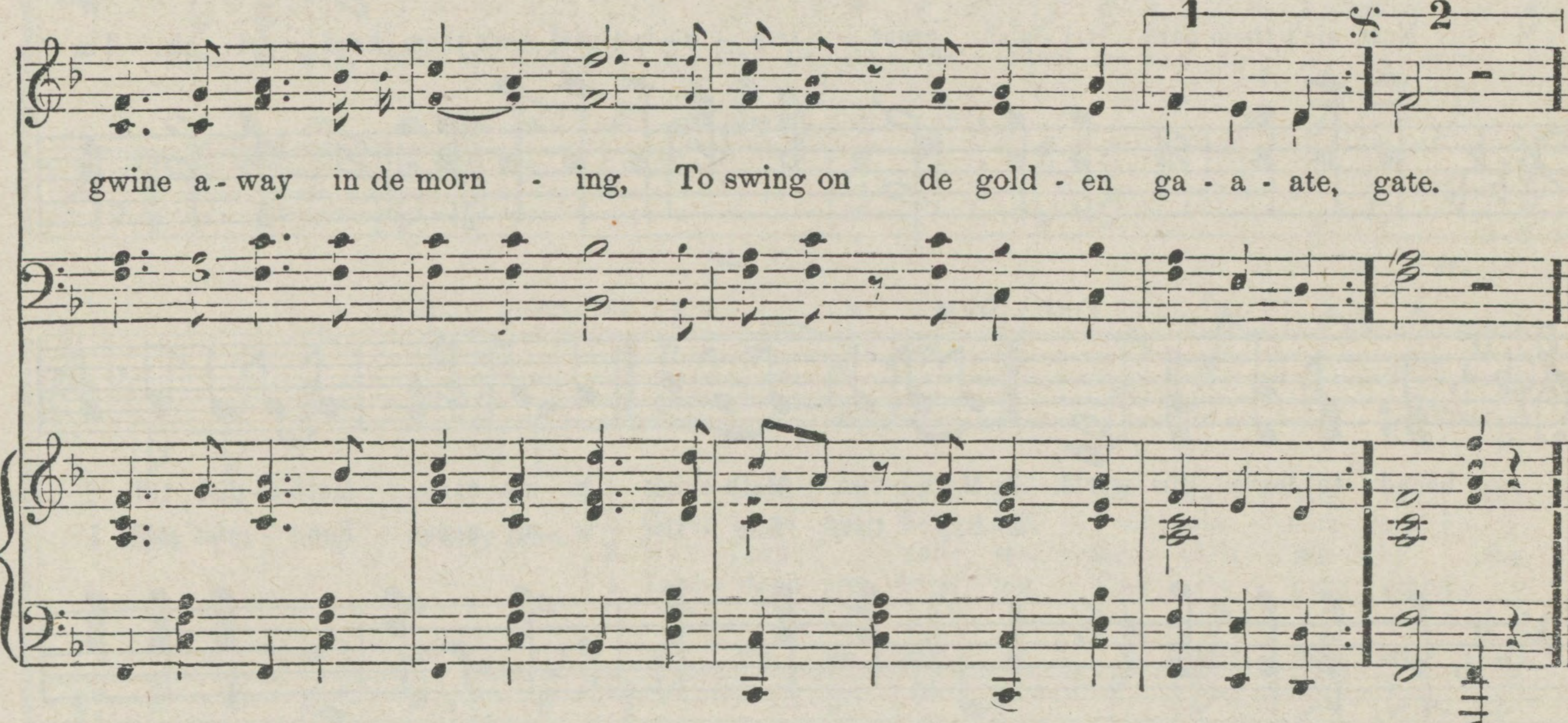


Den a - wake me, shake me; Don't let me sleep to late, For I am a

TENOR & BASS.



ACCOMP.

gwine a - way in de morn - ing, To swing on de gold - en ga - a - ate, gate.

Oh de ship's gwine to sail on to-morrow,
 Get your tickets at half rate;
 I'll bid good-bye to sorrow,
 When I swing on the golden gate;
 Dere will be a mighty singing and a shouting,
 When we get on de Isle dat day,
 Dere will be no weeping and a pouting,
 Kase we all's gwine to feel so gay.

Won't you come and jine the emogration,
 I don't want to leave you behine;
 We'll rase a great sensation,
 When we reach dat happy, happy clime,
 Just hand me down dat duster,
 Kase I am bound to look first-rate;
 I must not lose my luster,
 When I swing on de golden gate.

HARD TRIALS.

SOLO.

1. The fox-es have holes in the ground And the birds their nests in the air,

And ev - 'ry thing has a hid - ing place. But we poor sin - ners have none.

CHORUS.

Now ain't them hard tri - als? great trib - u - la-tions? Ain't them hard tri - als, I'm

FINE. SOLO.

bound to leave this world. 2. Meth-o dist, Meth-o-dist is my name, Meth-o-dist till I
3. Bap - tist, Bap - tist is my name, Bap - tist till I

D. S. Cho. after each verse.

die; I'll be bap - tised in the Meth-o - dist faith And live on the Meth-o-dist side.
die; I'll be bap - tised in the Bap - tist church, And live on the Bap - tist side.

Adapt names of different churches as in verses 2 and 3.

Hard Trials. Concluded.

Bass Solo.

4. You may go this a - way, you may go that a - way, You may go from door to door;

D. S. Chorus.

But if you hven't got the grace of God in your heart, The dev - il will get you sure.

STEAL AWAY.

CHORUS.

Steal a - way, steal a - way, Steal a - way to Je - sus' Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I

FINE.

haint got long to stay here.

1. My Lord	calls me,	He calls me	by the
2. Green trees	are benl - ing,	Poor sin - ners	stand
3. My Lord	calls me,	He calls me	by the
4. Tomb - stone	are burst - ing,	Poor sin - ners	stand

D. C.

thund - er;
trem - bling;
light - ning;
trem - bling;

The trum - pet sounds it in my soul, I haint got long to stay here.

KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OF DE ROAD.

SOPRANO SOLO.

WILL S. HAYS.

1. I hear dem an - gels a call - ing loud Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 2. I ain't got time fo' to stop an' talk, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 3. I come an' jine in de wea - ry ban', Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 4. Dis world am full ob sin - ful thing, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;

Dey's 'a wait - in dar in a great big crowd, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 Kase de road am rough 'an' its hard to walk, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 Kase we bound fo' home in de hap - py land. Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;
 When de feet gets tired put on de wings, Keep in de mid - dle ob de road;

TENOR.

I see dem stand round de big white gate, We must trab ble a - long 'fore we
 I fix my eye on de gold - en stair, An I'll keep on a gwine till
 Turn your back on dis world ob sin, Just a knock at de door an' dey'll
 If you lay down on de road to die An you watch dem an - gels

get too late, For t'aint no use fo' to sit down and wait,
 I get dar, Kase my head am bound fo' de crown to wear,
 let you in, Kase you'll neb - er get such a chance a - g'in,
 in de sky, You can put on wings an' git up an' fly.

ALL VOICES.

CHORUS.

Keep in de mid - dle ob de road. Den chil - dren keep in de

Keep In De Middle of De Road. Concluded.

mid dle of de road, Den chil - dren keep in de

mid dle ob de road. Don't you look to de right, don't you

look to de left, But keep in de mid - dle of de road.

PREPARE ME, Lord.

Plantation Melody.

FINE.

Pre - pare me, pre - pare me, Lord, Pre-para me when death shall shake this frame.

1. { As I go down the stream of time, When death shall shake this frame. }
 { I'll leave this sin ful world be hind, When death shall shake this frame. }
 2. { If you get there be - fore I do, When death shall shake this frame. }
 { Look out for me I'm com - ing to When death shall shake this frame. }

OLD BLACK JOE.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free, Chil - dren so dear

from the cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter
that my friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed
that I held up - on my knee, Gone to the shore where my soul has

land I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe."
long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe."
longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;

I hear those gen - tle an - gels call - ing "Old Black Joe."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

F. P. CHRISTY.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by O. S. G.

1. { Way down up - on de Swan - ee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
 { All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
 2. { All down a - round de farm I wan - dered When I was young,
 { When I was play - ing wid my brud - der Hap - py was I,
 3. { One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love;
 { When will I see de bees a hum - ming All 'round de comb?

rit.

Der's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Deres wha de old folks stay. }
 Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion And for de old folks at home. }
 Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan - dered, Ma - ny de songs I sung, }
 Oh, take me to my kind old mud - der Der let me live and die. }
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I roam, }
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home. }

CHORUS.

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

Ad. lib. expressione.

Oh! dark - ies how my heart grows wear - y. Far from de old folks at home.

HALLELUJAH.

With spirit.

Plantation Melody.

Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.

Hal - le - lu, Hal - le - lu, Hal - le - lu - jah to de Lamb, Hal - le - lu, Hal - le - lu, Hal - le - lu.

lu, Hal - le - lu, Hal - le - lu, Hal - le - lu - jah to de Lamb. FINE.

1. Come my si - ters and breath ren, too, Let us jine dis heav'n - ly crew,
 2. Didn't old Noah build him an ark, Build it out of hick - ory bark,
 3. Animals come in two by two, Rhi - noc - e - ros and Kan - ga - roo,
 4. Animals come in four by four, Noah got mad and shouted for more,
 5. Animals come in six by six, Hyena laughed at the mon - key's tricks,
 6. Animals come in eight by eight, No - ah hollered "Go shut dat gate."

Lord's don ben here, paid de fare, Gwine to ride in de mid - dle of de air.
 Animals come in one by one, Cow a chew - ing a car - a - way bun.
 Animals come in three by three, Bear a bug and a bum - ble - bee.
 Animals come in five by five, Thus the an - i - mals did ar - rive.
 Animals come in seven by seven, Said the ant to the el - e - phant, "Who's you shoving?"
 Animals come in nine by nine, No - ah hollered "Go cut dat line." D. C.

ROLL, JORDAN ROLL.

With spirit.

Negro Melody.

Roll, Jor - dan roll, Roll, Jor - dan roll, I

FINE.

want to go to Heav - en when I die, To hear Jor - dan roll.

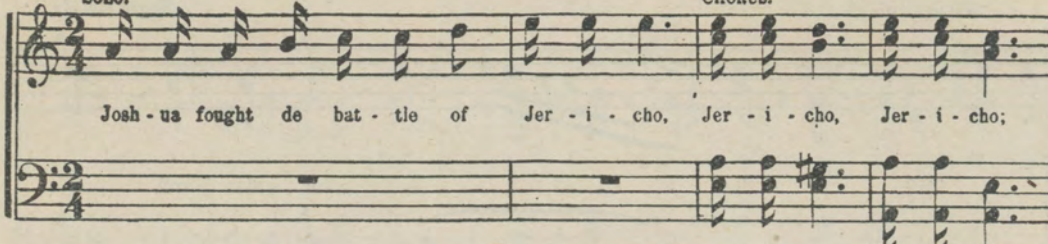
1. O broth - ers, you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord,
 2. O preach - ers you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord,
 3. O sin - ners you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord,
 4. O mour - ners you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord,
 5. O seek - ers you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord,
 6. O moth - ers you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord,
 7. O chil - dren you ought t'have been there, Yes, my Lord.

D. C.

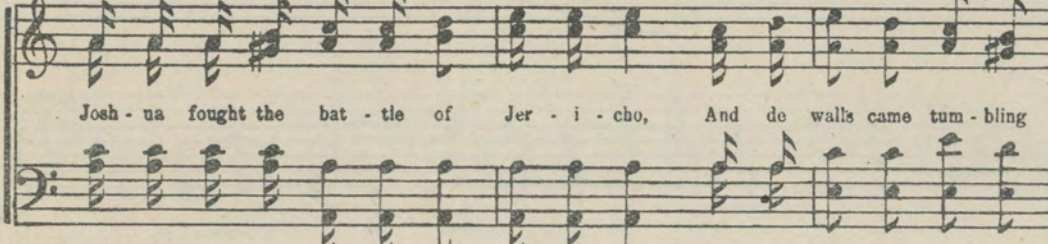
- A sit - tin' in the king - dom, To hear Jor - dan roll.

JOSHUA AT JERICHO.

SOLO. CHORUS.




Josh - ua fought de bat - tle of Jer - i - cho, Jer - i - cho, Jer - i - cho;

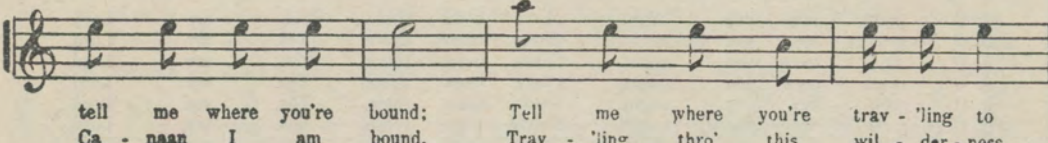


Josh - ua fought the bat - tle of Jer - i - cho, And de walls came tum - bling

1 2 *Fine.* SOLO.

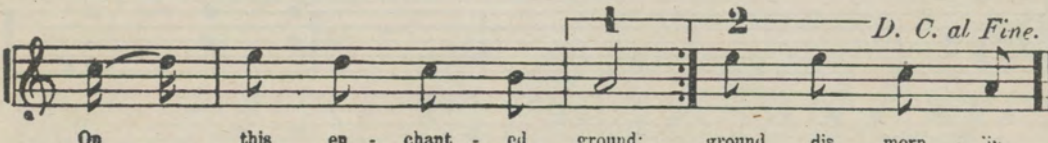


down, I tell you; down. (Good morn - ing, broth - er pil - grim, Pray
My name it is Bold Pil - grim; To



tell me where you're bound; Tell me where you're trav - 'ling to
Ca - naan I am bound, Trav - 'ling thro' this wil - der - ness

D. C. al Fine.



On this en - chant - ed ground; ground dis morn - 'in.

2 You may talk about your King of Gideon,
 You may talk about your man of Saul,
 But there's none like good old Joshua
 At the battle of Jericho.
 Up to the walls of Jericho
 He marched with spear in hand:
 "Go blow them rams' horns," Joshua cried,
 "Kase de battle am in my hand."
 Den de lamb-ram-sheep horns begin to blow,
 Trumpets begin to sound,
 Joshua commanded de children to shout,
 And de walls came tumblin' down dat mornin'.—CHORUS.



WILLIAMS' JUBILEE SINGERS



Our Quartette is a Special Feature and is Always a Favorite



EVERYONE A STAR
Personnel of Williams' Original Dixie Jubilee Singers