WILLIAMS' JUBILEE SINGERS

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

ROSENON CO. CHICAGO

WILLIAMS & JOHNSON, Proprietors

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

AS SUNG BY

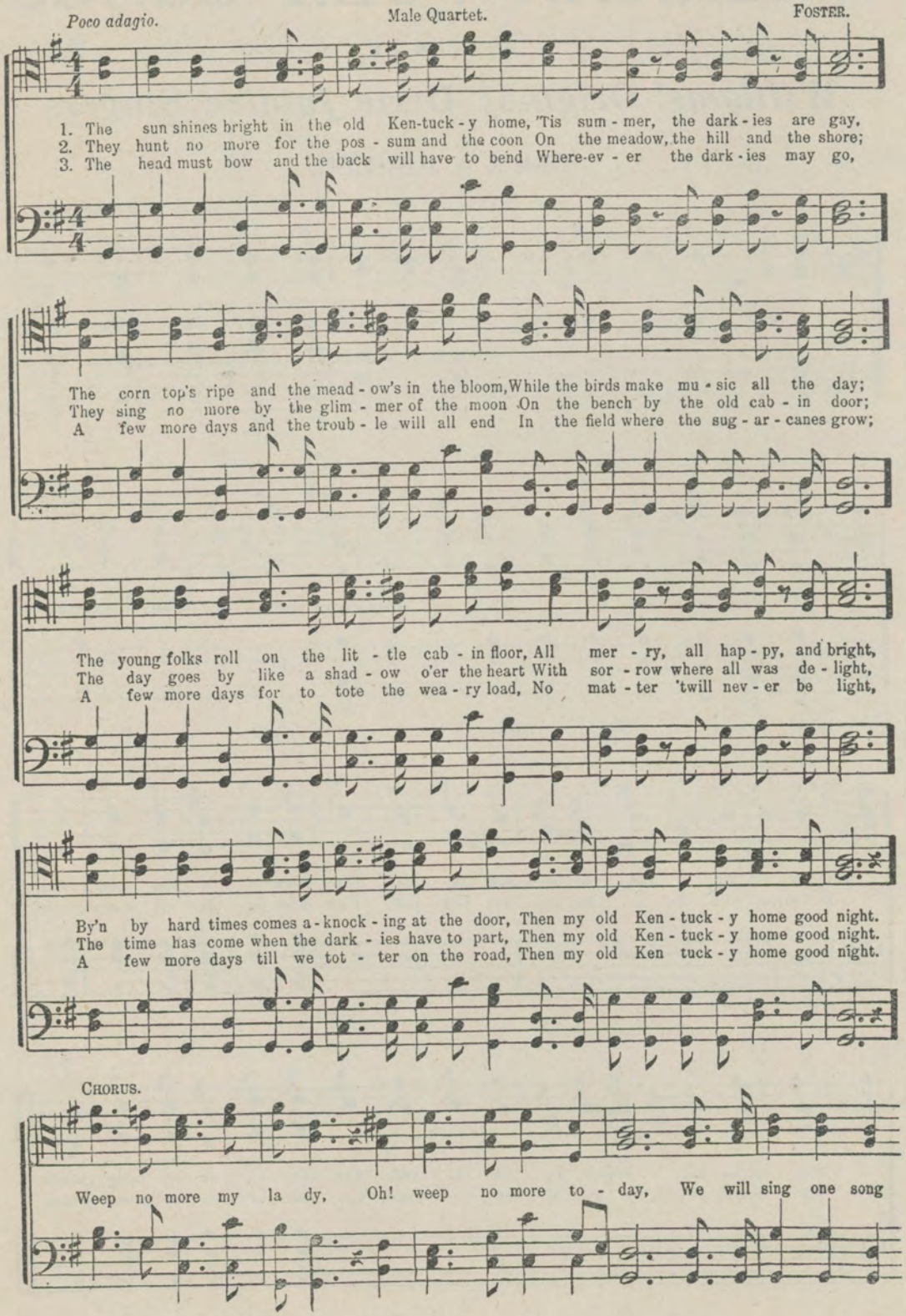
Williams' Original Dixie Jubilee Singers

DAR'S A JUBILEE.

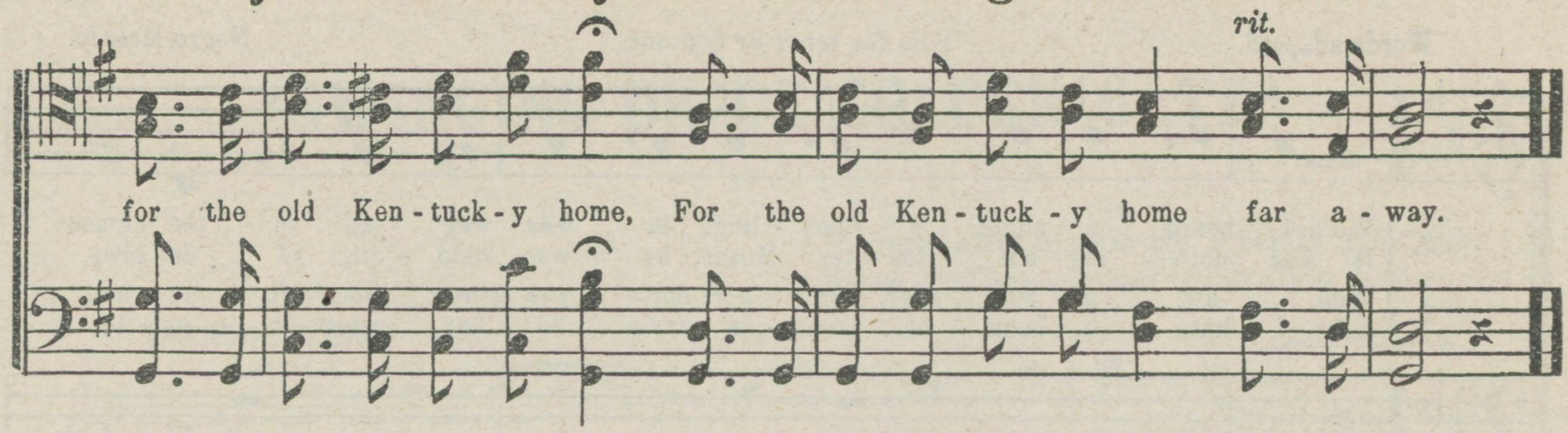
Arr. by O. S. GRINNELL.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME GOOD NIGHT.

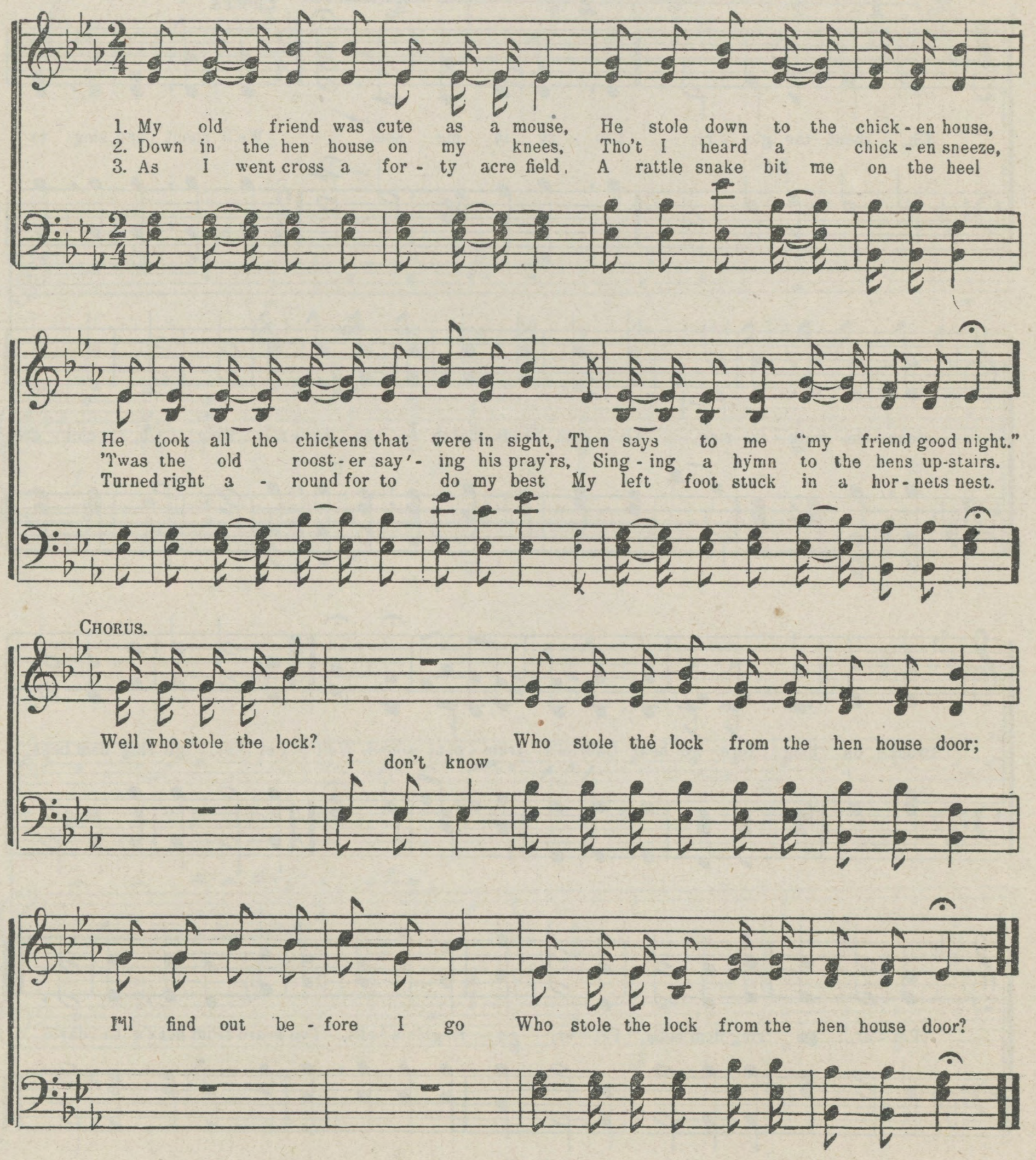
Poco adagio. Male Quartet. FOSTER.



My Old Kentucky Home Good Night. Concluded.

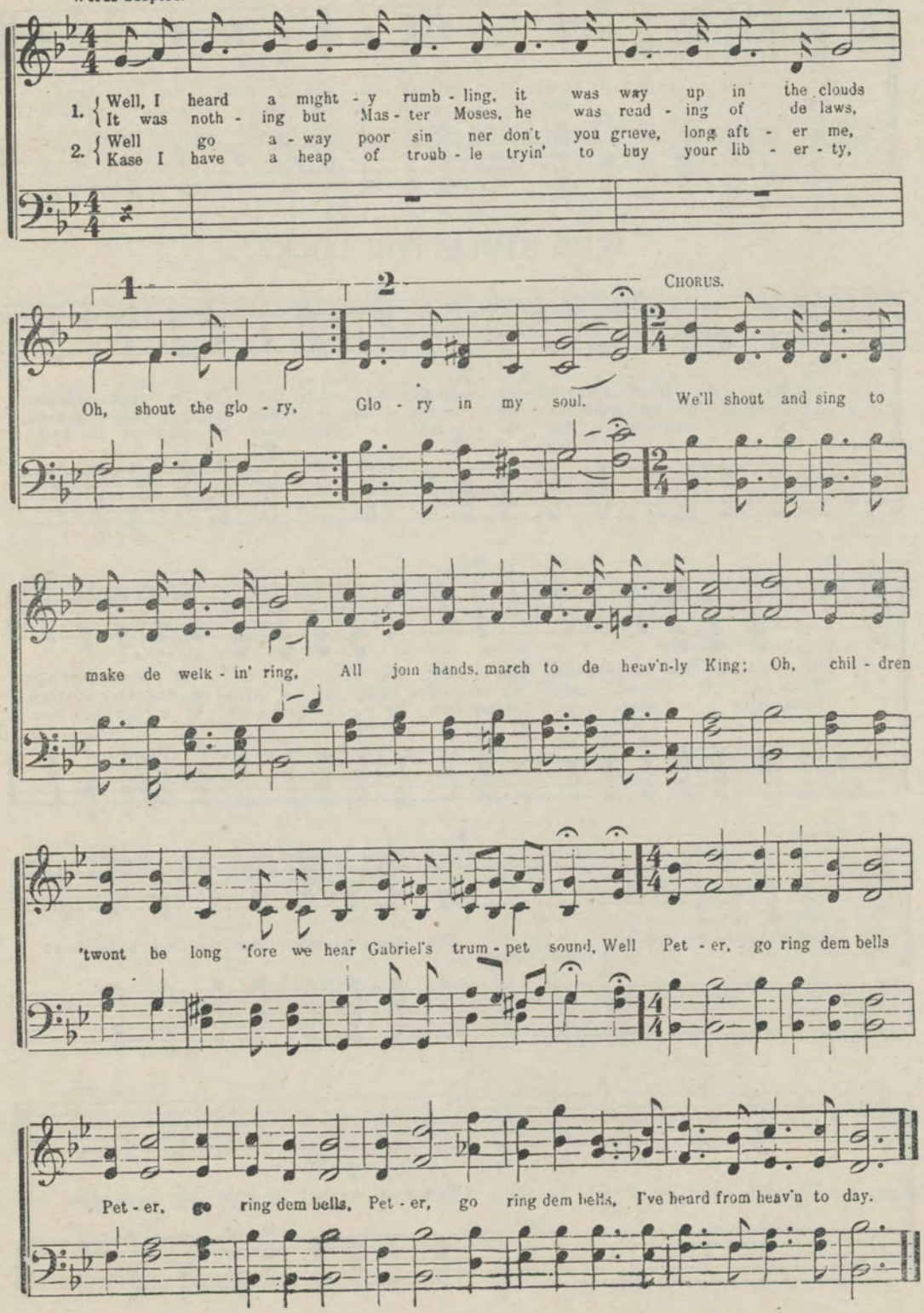


WHO STOLE THE LOCK?



PETER, GO RING DEM BELLS.

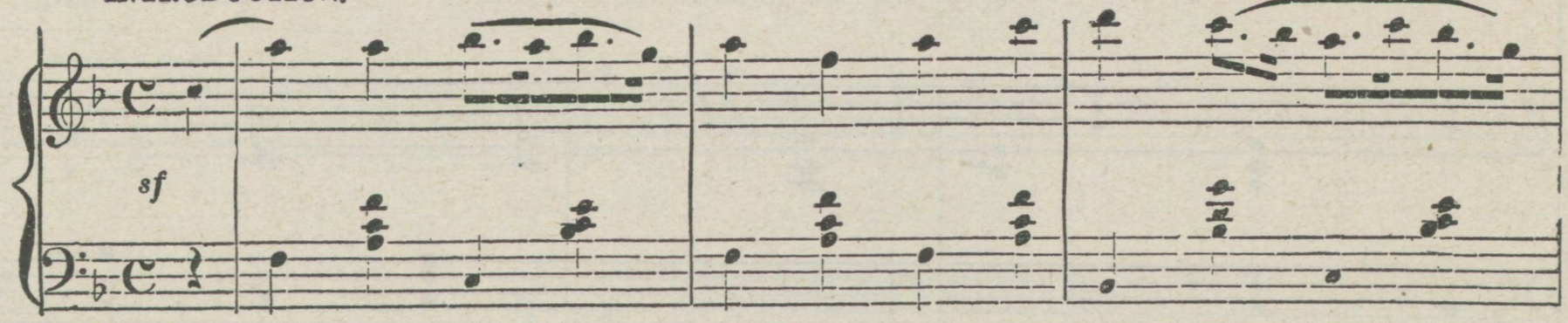
Words adapted. Solo for tenor or Soprano. Negro Melody.

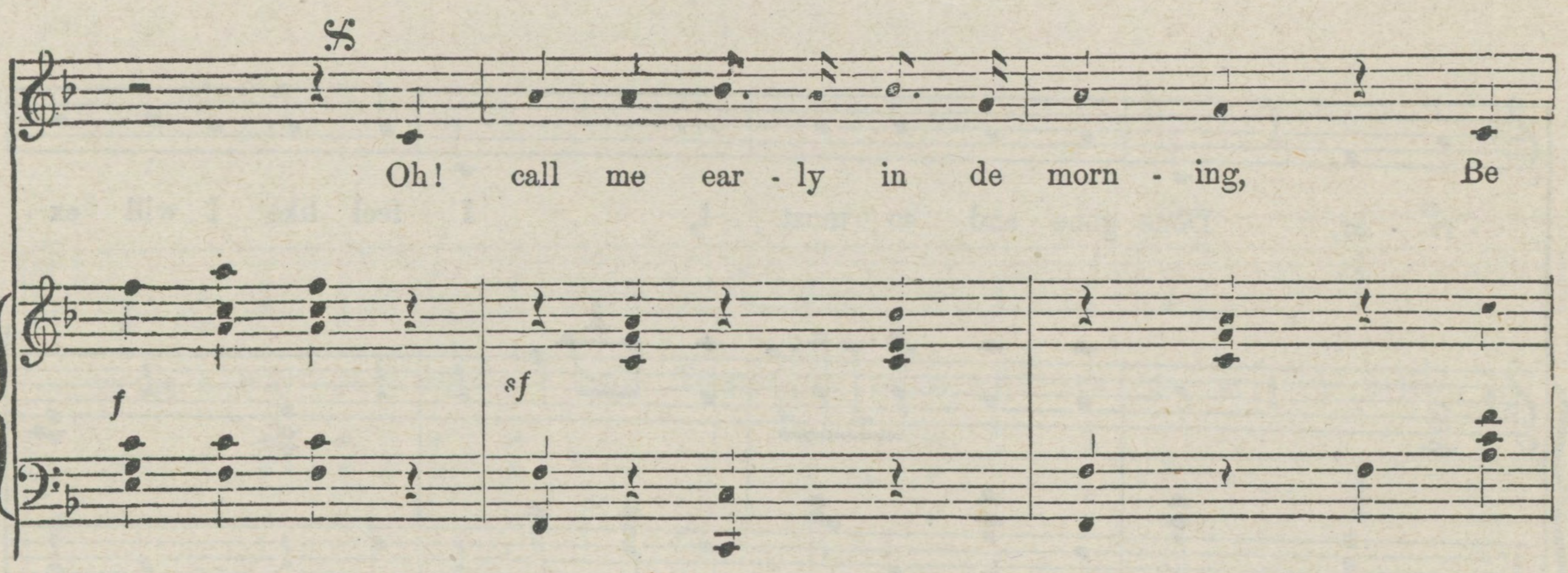


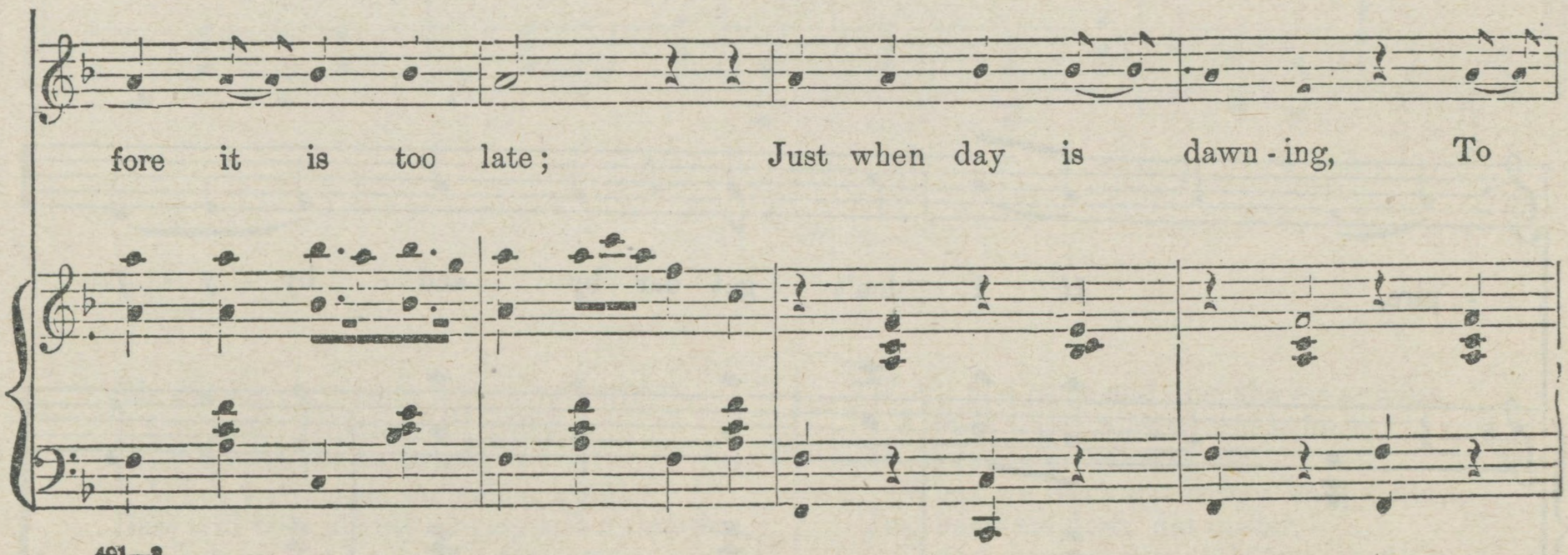
SWINGING ON DE GOLDEN GATE.

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

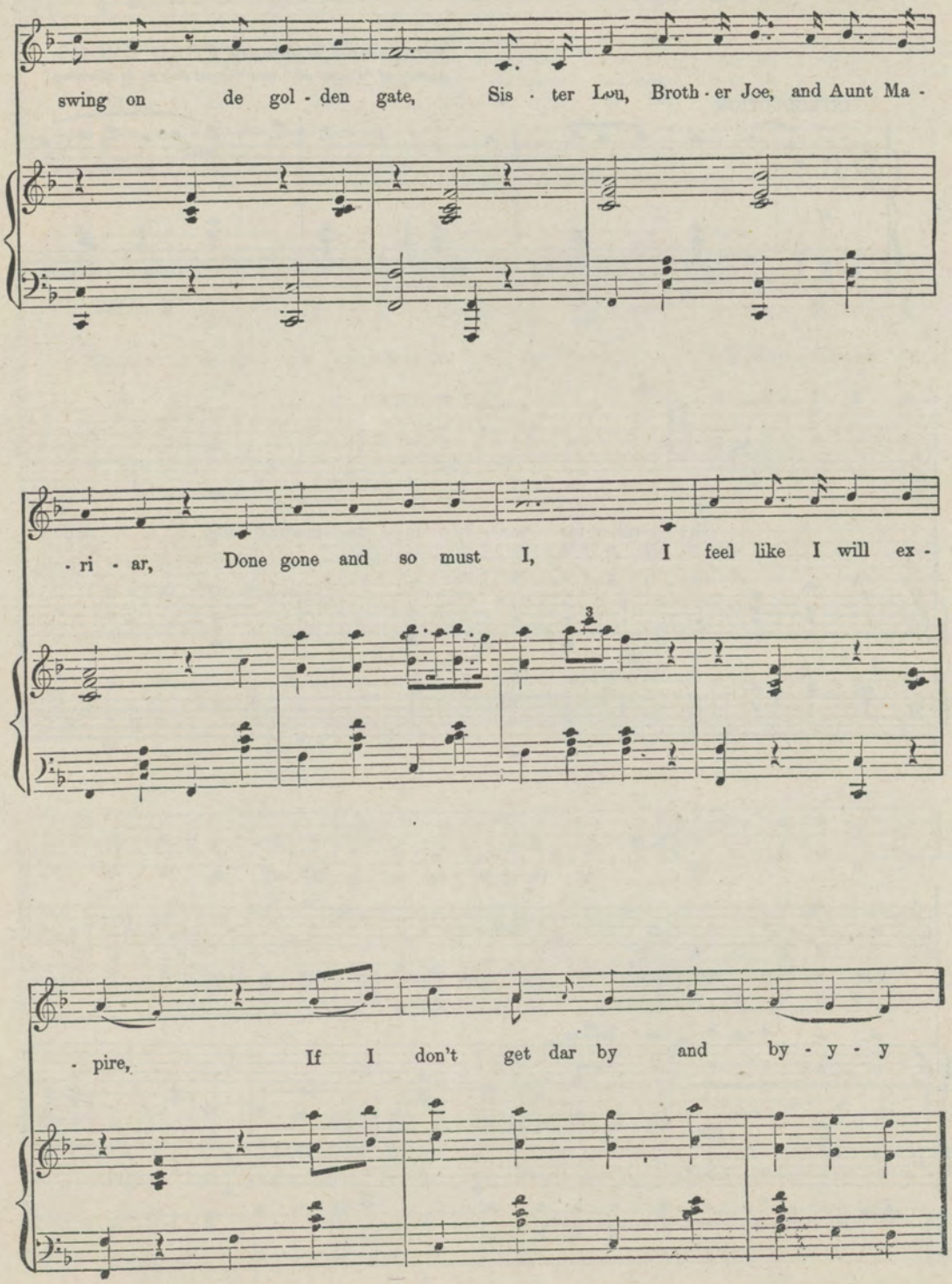
INTRODUCTION.



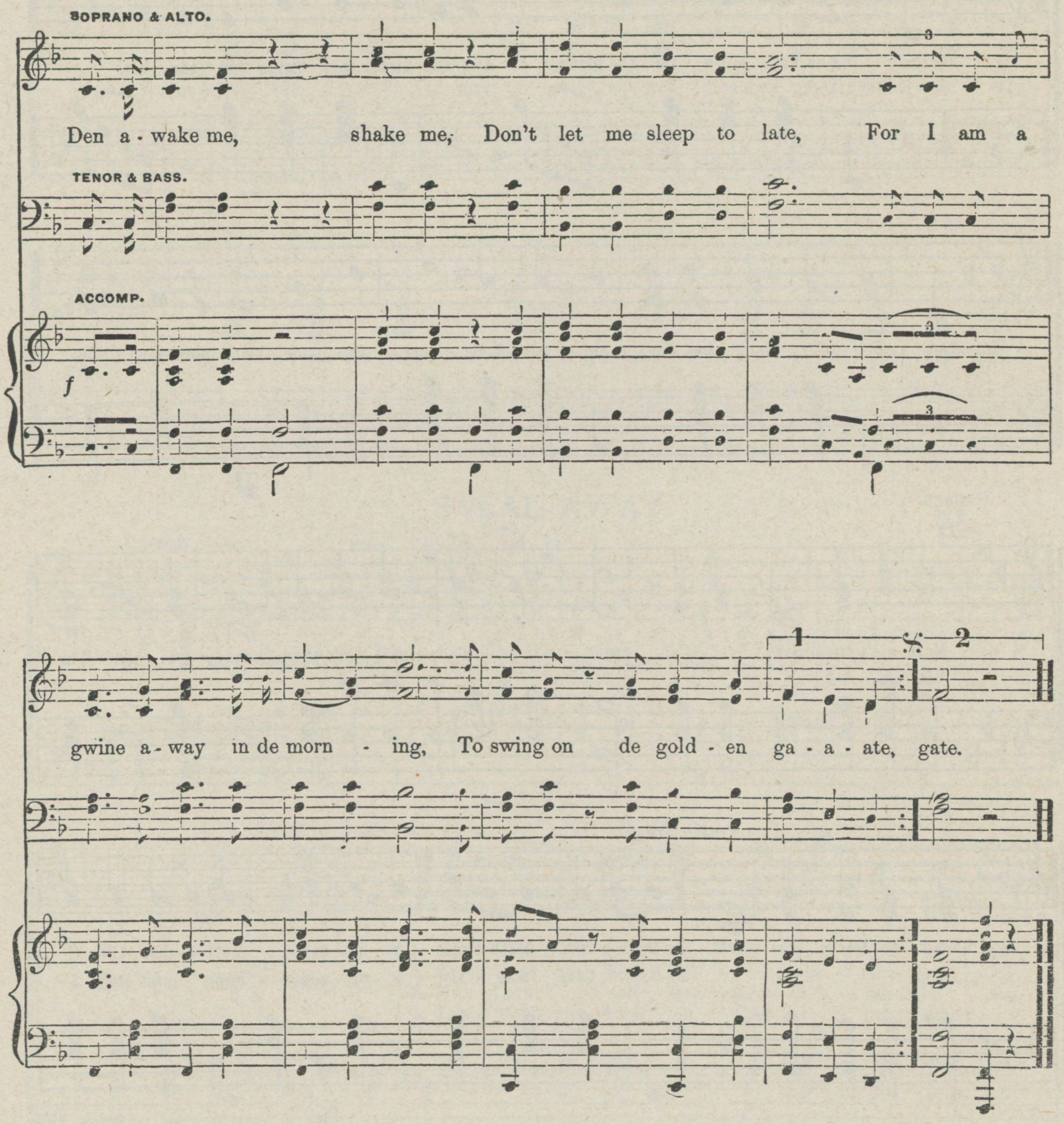




SWINGING ON THE GOLDEN GATE. Continued.



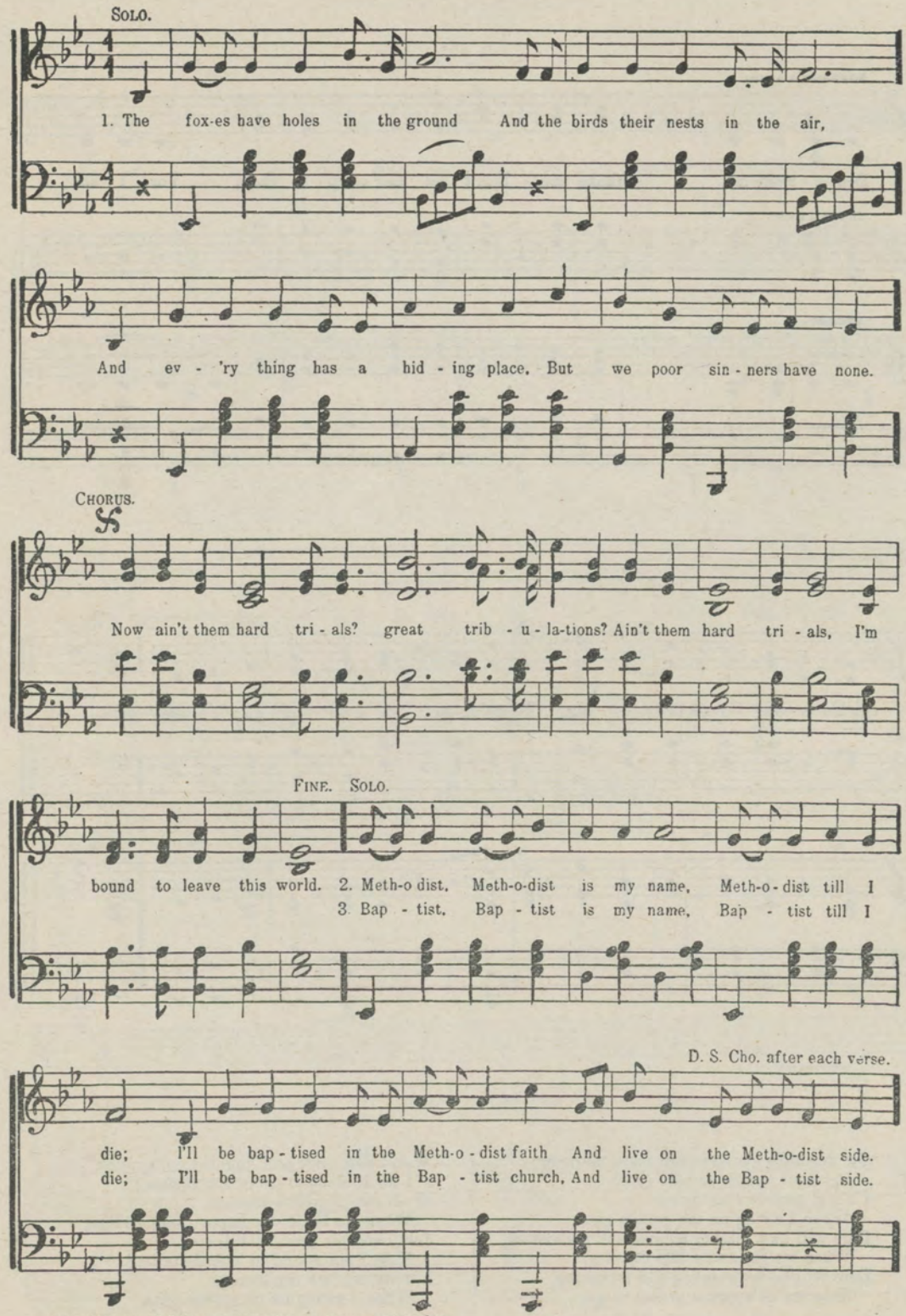
SWINGING ON THE GOLDEN GATE. Concluded.



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.



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 haint got long to stay here.

FINE.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the
2. Green trees are ben l - 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

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

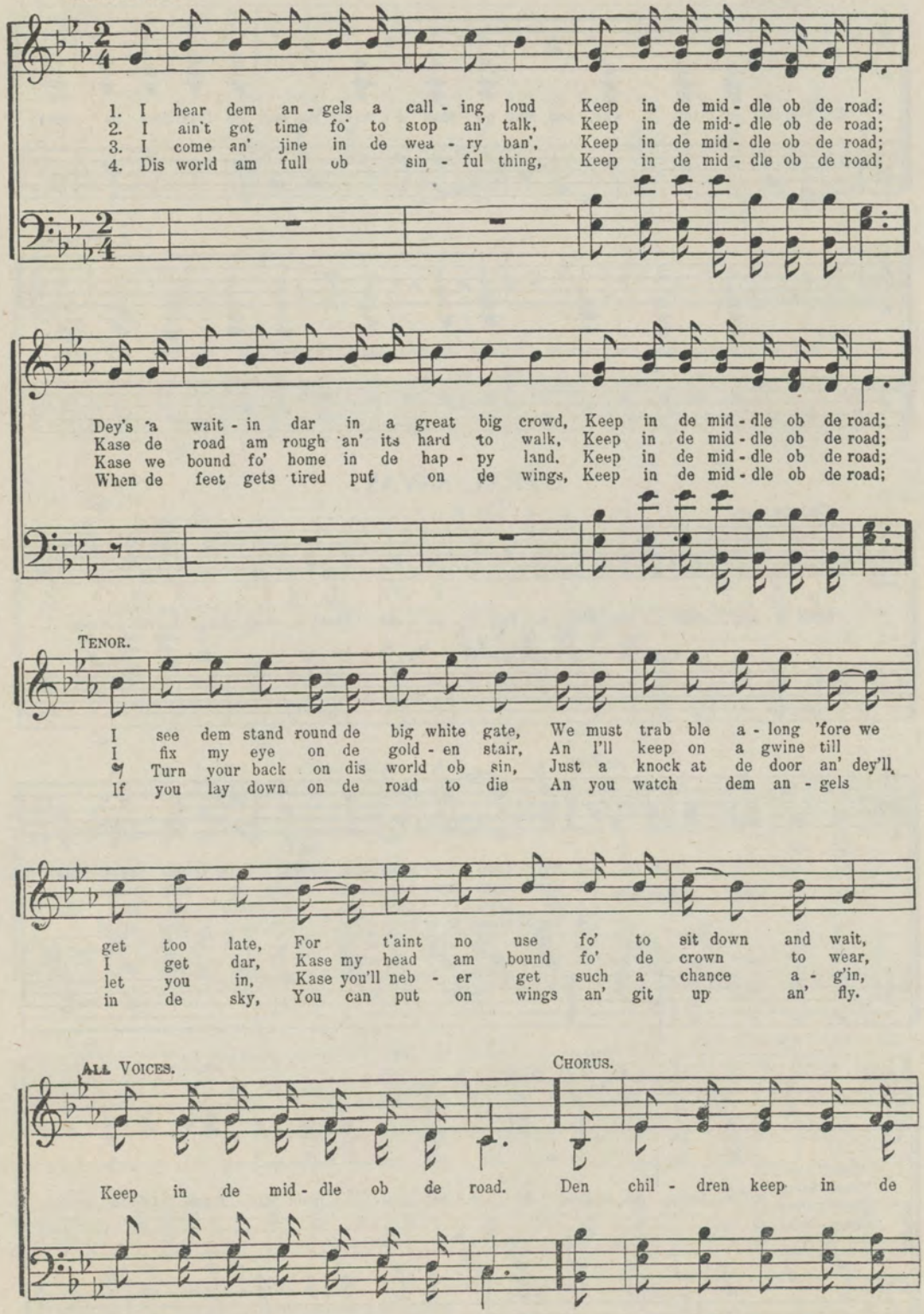
The trum - pet sounds it in my soul, I haint got long to stay here.

D. C.

KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OF DE ROAD.

SOPRANO SOLO.

WILL S. HAYS.



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.

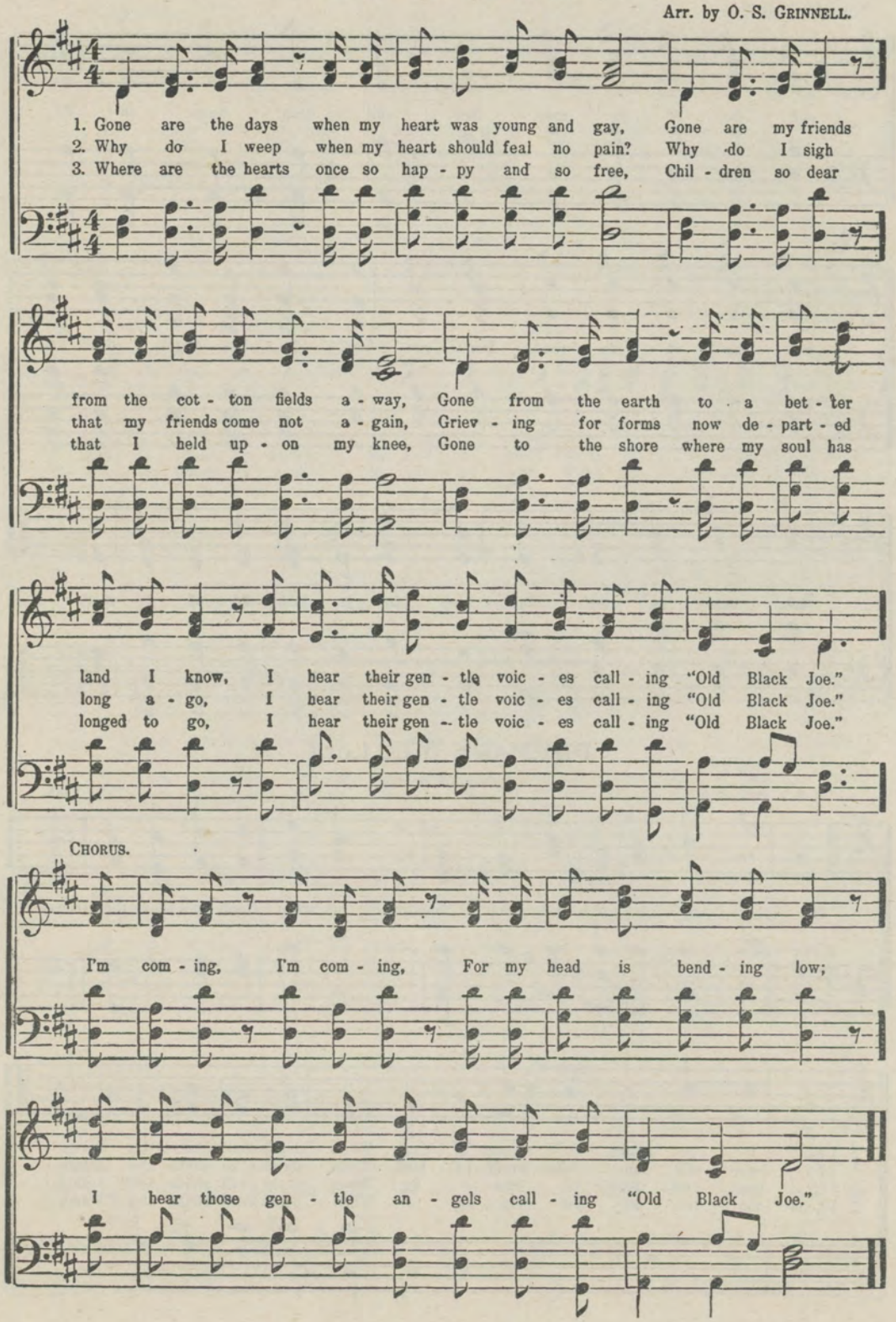
FINE.

Pre - pare me, pre - pare me, Lord, Pre-pare 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.



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?

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.

rit.

CHORUS.

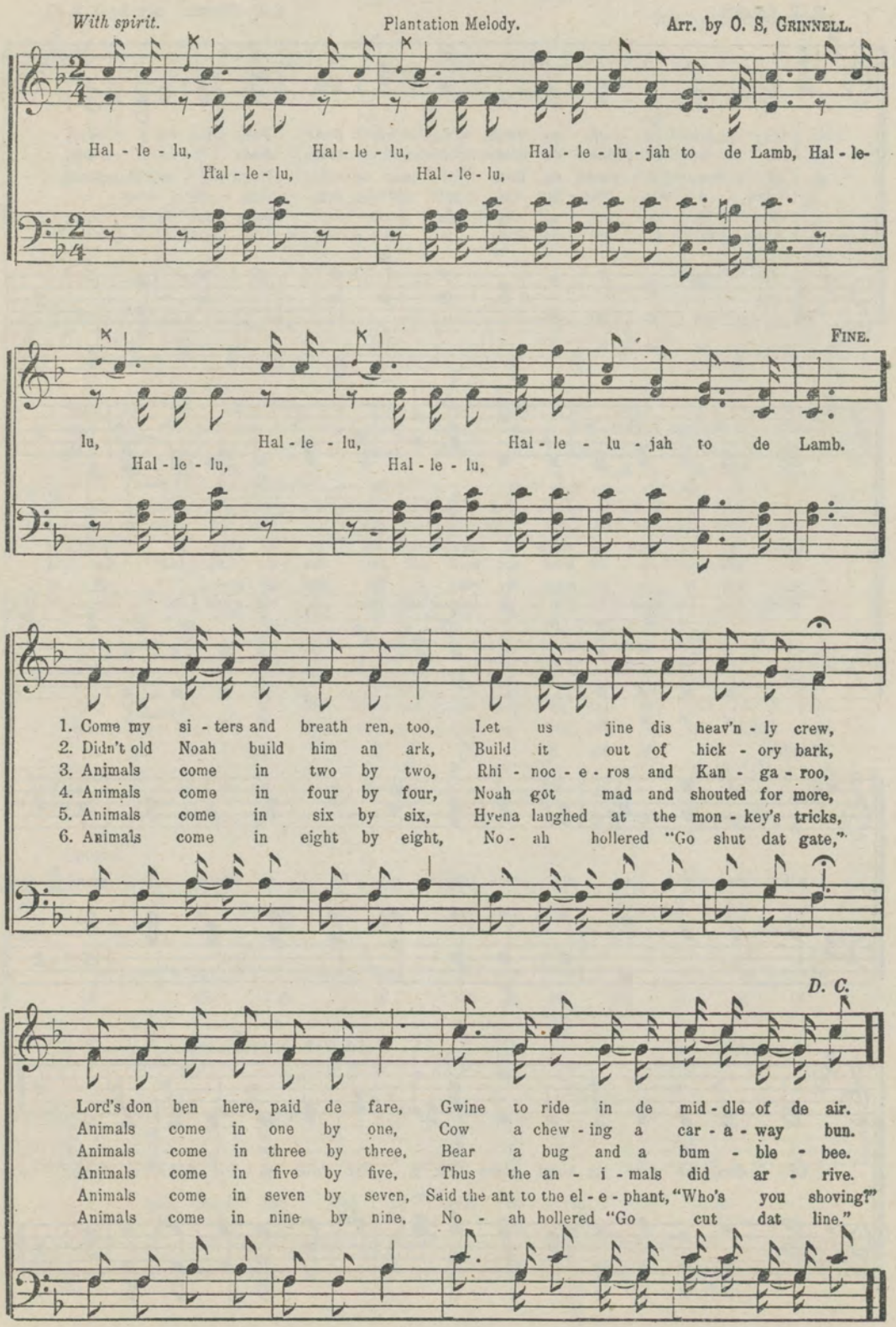
All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam,

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.



ROLL, JORDAN ROLL.

With spirit.

Negro Melody.

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

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

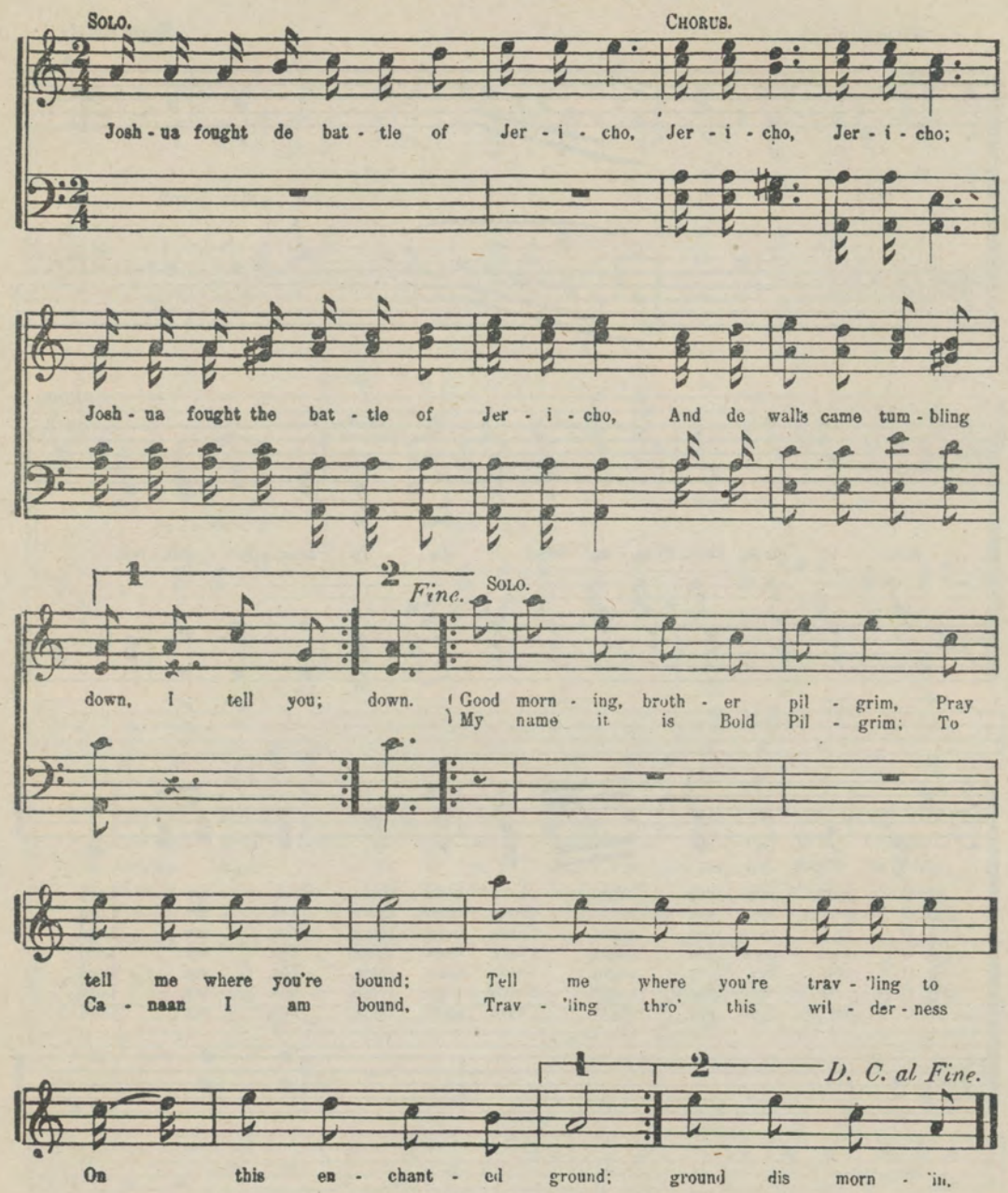
FINE.

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.



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

PRESS OF ROSENOW CO., CHICAGO