

Favorite Folk-Melodies

As Sung by Tuskegee Students

MRS. JENNIE C. LEE, Directress

Compiled and Arranged
By N. CLARK SMITH

Sunday Schools and Young Men's Christian Associations
may obtain the following orchestra instrumentation
of these songs: 1st Violin, 2nd Violin, Viola
Cello, Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet
Bassoon, Cornets, Horns
Trombone and Bells

Price 50 Cents

Bandmaster
601 North Main Street
Wichita, Kansas

To Dr. Booker T. Washington.

The Tuskegee Institute March.

CLASS SONG.

Pastorial.

By Capt. N. CLARK SMITH. (Bandmaster.)

Comp. of Douglass Funeral March.
Dunbar Memorial Dirge.

Book - er T. Wash - ing - ton, the head

of our school, You thought a right and

taught with might, to work with book and tool;

Book er T. Wash - ing - ton, the no -

ble and true, Will fight for our coun try, with

The musical score is written for piano and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line above the piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a 'TRIO' marking and a 'p f' dynamic. The second system includes a 'f' dynamic. The third system includes a 'f' dynamic. The fourth system includes a 'mf' dynamic. The fifth system includes a 'f' dynamic. The melody is a simple, march-like tune with a strong rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines.

English Copyright secured

Copyright MCMX by N. Clark Smith, Chicago.

All rights reserved.

Send 25c for complete copy of this march



FAVORITE FOLK-MELODIES

(Arranged by N. Clark Smith)

Especially for the
National
Association of Teachers
(In Colored Schools)

To be used in connection with vocal studies, developed
from the five-tone scale pattern

EVERY TIME I FEEL THE SPIRIT.

Arr. by N. Clark Smith.

Andante.

Ev-'ry time I feel the Spit - it moving in my heart I will pray.

D. C.

1. Up-on the mountain my Lord spoke, Out His mouth came fire and smoke.
2. All around me looks so shine, Ask my Lord if all was mine.
3. Jor - dan riv - er is chil-ly and cold, Chills the body but not the soul.

Copyright, 1913, by N. C. Smith.

ELEMENTS OF NEGRO MUSIC, by N. Clark Smith.

The rudiments of singing by note, containing exercises on Folk-Melodies. (*Now in Press.*)

The melodies found in this collection are based on five tones: Do, re, mi,—sol, la,—with the high syllable Do for the octave to complete the form. Since making the discovery I have decided to call it the American Negro Scale. You may prove this test by playing the melody (only) on any set of five black keys of the piano.

THE ENLISTED SOLDIER.

(Sung by the men of the U. S. Colored Volunteers.)

NOTE.—While recruiting and drilling the 9th Regiment, U. S. Colored troops at Benedict, Maryland, in the winter of 1863-64, the men gathered around the camp-fire would sing by the hour the melodies of the plantation slave life that they had just left—not always very melodious; but late one evening I was startled by a magnificent chorus from nearly a thousand black soldiers, that called me from my tent to listen to its most inspiring strains, and I caught the following words which I called the "Negro Battle Hymn." Genl. S. C. ARMSTRONG.

Lively.

Arr. by N. Clark Smith.

1. Hark! lis - ten to the trum - pet - ers, They call for vol - un - teers,
 2. Their hors - es, white their ar - mor bright, With cour - age bold they stand,
 3. It sets my heart quite in a flame, A sol - dier thus to be,

REF.—They look like men, they look like men, They look like men of war;

D. C. Refrain.

On Zi on's bright and flow - 'ry mount, Be - hold the of - fi - cers.
 En - list - ing sol - diers for their King, To march to Canaan's land.
 I will en - list, gird on my arms, And fight for lib - er - ty.

All armed and dressed in un - i - form, They look like men of war.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 We want no cowards in our band,
 That will their colors fly;
 We call for valient hearted men,
 Who're not afraid to die.—<i>Ref.</i></p> | <p>6 They follow their great General,
 The great Eternal Lamb,
 His garment stained in His own blood,
 King Jesus is His name.—<i>Ref.</i></p> |
| <p>5 To see our armies on parade,
 How martial they appear,
 All armed and dressed in uniform.
 They look like men of war.—<i>Ref.</i></p> | <p>7 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
 They drive the host of Hell.
 How dreadful is our God of war,
 The great Immanuel.—<i>Ref.</i></p> |

YOU'LL GIT THERE, BYE AN' BYE.

(Alabama Labor Song.)

Words by W. G. Wilson.

Music by N. Clark Smith.

Slowly.

1. Keep on strug - glin' when da wat-e'r's deep, Keep on work - in' when yo'
 2. Keep on sow - in' by da wat-er's side, Keep on try - in' all da
 3. Keep on laugh - in' when da folks all frown, Keep on ris - in' when dey
 4. Keep on carry-in' yo' troubles to da Lo'd, Keep on trust - in' in da
 5. Keep on march - in', do yo' un - der - stan', Keep on feel - in' for da

want ter sleep; Keep on gwi - in' if you
 things yo've tried; Keep on walk - in', bye an'
 think yo'se down; Keep on mov - in' while de
 prom'se of God; Keep on hope - in' tho' yo'se
 good Lord's han'; Keep on mak - in' for de

have to creep, An' yo'll
 bye yo'll ride; An' yo'll Git there bye an' bye,
 world goes 'roun', An' yo'll
 under a rod, An' yo'll
 prom - us lan', An' yo'll

Sure - ly yo'll

Git there bye an' bye, Oh, surely you'll
 Git there bye an' bye.

TALKING ABOUT THAT LAND.

(Camp-meeting Song.)

By N. Clark Smith.

mf Moderato.

Oh, broth-er Mo - ses, O, the Lamb of God, Oh, broth-er
Oh,

Mo - ses, Talk - ing a - bout that land. In the morn - ing,
Sing it chil - dren,

Talk - ing a - bout that land. Ev - 'ry bod - y! Talk - ing a - bout that land.
Ev - 'ry bod - y!

a tempo. *rit.*

1. We all are in a wil - der - ness, Talk - ing a - bout that land;
2. Your foes shall not be - fore you stand, Talk - ing a - bout that land;
3. Oh, let us all from bond - age flee, Talk - ing a - bout that land;
4. This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, Talk - ing a - bout that land;

a tempo. *rit.* *D. C.*

With light - ed can - dle in your breast, Talk - ing a - bout that land.
And you'll pos - sess fair Ca - naan's land, Talk - ing a - bout that land.
And let us all in Christ be free, Talk - ing a - bout that land.
Oh, let us all to Ca - naan go, Talk - ing a - bout that land.

DON'T LET NOBODY TURN YOU 'ROUND.

(Alabama Plantation Melody.)

Arr. by N. Clark Smith.

Regular time.

Don't you let no - bod - y turn you 'round, turn you 'round, turn you 'round,

Don't you let no - bod - y turn you 'round, Keep on to Cal - va - ry.

1. Some folks will borrow your mon - ey An' promise they will pay;
2. You meet de - ceit - ful peo - ple, Who bring fresh news to you;
3. And when you're bound in trou - ble, Your good friends they have been;
4. Down by the riv - er Jor - don, Bap - tism first be - gun;
5. The Baptist run by wa - ter. An' Meth - o - dist run by land;
6. You may be a good Bap - tist, Or Meth - o - dist as well;

Hum... *p* *Hum...* *p*

An' when they meet you in - a the street, They look some oth - er way.
 An' when they reach your neigh - bor's house, They're telling news on you.
 In - stead of trying to help you out, They'll push you further in.
 Saint John bap - tised the mul - ti - tude And sprinkled nar - y one.
 But if we get to heav - en, We must go hand an' hand.
 But if you aint the pure in heart, Your soul is doom'd for hell.

Hum... *p* *D. C.*

CHOOSE YO' SEAT AN' SIT DOWN.

(Camp-meeting Melody.)

By N. Clark Smith.

p Steady motion.

Plen - ty good room, plen - ty good room, Plen - ty good room in my

Fa - ther's king - dom. Plen - ty good room. plen - ty good room,

- Choose yo' seat an' sit down, Oh, down.
1. When I was a sin - ner, I
 2. I start - ed to pray an' the
 3. I turn'd a - round an' a
 4. I went to the val - ley, but
 5. My hands were tied an' my

heard the peo - ple say, If you want re - lig - ion, yo' had
Ho - ly Spir - it said, Be - hold the lov - ing Sav - iour who has
what did I see, It was Mas - ter Je - sus a talk -
didn't go to stay, My soul got hap - py an' I
feet were boun', The el - e - ments o - pen'd an' the

bet - ter pray, I trust - ed in them, for they had
raised the dead, Oh, come un - to Me, for I
ing to me, Sayin' I am He who you all
stay'd all day, Ole Sa - tan just thought that he could
love came down, A voice I heard, an it just

CHOOSE YO' SEAT AN' SIT DOWN.—Concluded.

D. C.

found the Lord, An' a He had promised them a sure re-ward. Oh,
 am the Way I look'd an' be-hold I heard him say. Oh,
 seek a way to find, an' I am He who change the wa-ter to wine. Oh,
 hold me fast, But my Lord broke the chain so I am free at las'. Oh,
 sound-ed so sweet, It ran from my head to the souls of my feet. Oh,

GET ON BOARD THIS VESSEL.

(Tuskegee Melody.)

Arr. by N. Clark Smith.

Andante.

1. Get on board this no-ble ves-sel, get on board this
 2. It has land-ed many a thous-and, it has land-ed
 3. It will take you home to heav-en, it will take you

BARITONE SOLO.

f

no-ble ves-sel; Get on board this no-ble
 many a thous-and; It has land-ed many a
 home to heav-en; It will take you home to

ves-sel, Get on board, get on board.
 thous-and, Get on board, get on board.
 heav-en, Get on board, get on board.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

(Easter-time Plantation Melody.)

By N. Clark Smith.

Not fast. p

1. Oh, wa-n't that a pi - ty an' a shame! An' He
 2. They cru - ci - fied the Son of man! An' He
 3. They car - ried Him to Pi - lot's bar! An' He
 4. They led Him up to Calv - 'ry's hill, An' He
 5. His knee - bones gave a - way, An' He
 6. They nail'd Him to the cross, An' He
 7. He bow'd His head and died, An' He

nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word, Oh, wasn't that a pi - ty an' a
 nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word, They cru - ci fied the Son of
 nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word, They carried Him to Pi - lot's
 nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word, They led Him up to Calv - 'ry's
 nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word, His knee - bones gave a -
 nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word, They nail'd Him to the
 nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word, He bow'd His head and

f *rit.*
 shame! An' He nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word,
 man! An' He nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word,
 bar! An' He nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word,
 hill, An' He nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word,
 way, An' He nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word,
 cross, An' He nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word,
 died, An' He nev - er said a mum - ble - in' word,
f *rit.*

p *pp*
 Not a word, not a word, not a word.....
p *pp*

GOT A HOME AT LAST.

(In B \flat Minor.)

By N. Clark Smith.

Slowly.

mf Good Lord! in that heav'n, Good Lord in that heav'n, Good Lord, in that heav'n,

1. Go, an - gels an'
2. Go, mourn - ers an'
3. Go, preach - er an'

I know I got a home at last. Go,.....

tell the news, Go, an - gels an' tell the news,
 tell the news, Go, mourn - ers an' tell the news,
 tell the news, Go, preach - er an' tell the news,

Go,.....

Go, an - gels an' tell the news, I know I got a home at last.
 Go, mourn - ers an' tell the news, I know I got a home at last.
 Go, preach - er an' tell the news, I know I got a home at last.

Go, I know I got a home at last.

AFTER WHILE.

Introduction.

(Plantation Melody.)

Arr. by N. Clark Smith.

Slow.

Af-ter while, Af-ter while, The Lord's going to rule this Nation af-ter while.

1. This world is fond of form and fash-ion, It's just now so con-fused, So
2. There are some men and wom-en, Who help the Devil a-long, By
3. Old Sa-tan tries to down me; In ev-'ry-thing that's good, He'd

Hum.

you will have a lit-tle dan-ger, In ev-'ry-thing you do; But thanks to God, Al-
 con-stant-ly plain-ing, 'Bout ev-'ry-thing you do; But thanks to God, Al-
 fix a way to combine With the righteous if he could, But thanks to God, Al-

Hum. Hum.

might-y, An' ev-'ry blood-wash'd ch il, The Lord's going to rule this Nation after while.
 might-y, An' ev-'ry blood-wash'd ch il, The Lord's going to change your station after while.
 might-y, We will not so beguil'd, For we will be done fighting af-ter while.

The Lord's going to rule the nation after while.

REFRAIN.

f

The Lord's going to rule this Nation af-ter while.
 Af-ter while, Af-ter while, The Lord's going to change your station af-ter while.
 For we will be done fighting af-ter while.

IN BRIGHT MANSIONS ABOVE.

Moderato.

CHORUS

Arr. by N. Clark Smith,

In bright man - sions a - bove, In bright man - sions a - bove,

FINE.

Lord, I wan' t' live up yon - der, In bright man - sions a - bove.

SOLO.

1. My moth - er's gone to glo - ry, I wan' t' go there too,
 2. My fa - ther's gone to glo - ry, I wan' t' go there too,
 3. My sis - ter's gone to glo - ry, I wan' t' go there too,
 4. My broth - er's gone to glo - ry, I wan' t' go there too,
 5. My Saviour's gone to glo - ry, I wan' t' go there too,

D. C.

Lord, I wan' t' live up yon - der, In bright man - sions a - bove.
 Lord, I wan' t' live up yon - der, In bright man - sions a - bove.
 Lord, I wan' t' live up yon - der, In bright man - sions a - bove.
 Lord, I wan' t' live up yon - der, In bright man - sions a - bove.
 Lord, I wan' t' live up yon - der, In bright man - sions a - bove.

OH, FREEDOM!

Not Fast

Arr. by N. Clark Smith.

1. Oh,.... freedom! oh,.... freedom! oh,.... freedom o - ver
 2. No mo' moan-in', no mo' moanin', no mo' moanin' o - ver

me! An' be - fo' I'd be a slave, I'll be
 me! An' be - fo' I'd be a slave, I'll be
 o - ver me!

bur-ted in my grave, An' go home to my Lord an' be free.
 bur-ted in my grave, An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

3 No mo' weepin' over me,
 An' befo' I'd be a slave,
 I'll be buried in my grave,
 An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

5 There'll be shoutin' over me,
 An' befo' I'd be a slave,
 I'll be buried in my grave,
 An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

4 There'll be singin' over me,
 An' befo' I'd be a slave,
 I'll be buried in my grave,
 An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

6 There'll be prayin' over me
 An' befo' I'd be a slave,
 I'll be buried in my grave,
 An' go home to my Lord an' be free.

SEE WHAT THE END WILL BE.

(Negro Melody in F. Minor.)

Arr. by N. Clark Smith.

Andante.

I pay'd my vow to the Lord, An' I nev-er will turn back,....

I will go, I shall go, To see what the end will be.

I tell yo' once, I told yo' be-fore,
When I was blind an' could not see,
When ev-'ry star re-fuses to shine,
Hum...... I will go, I shall go, To

To the promised land I'm bound to go,
King Je-sus brought the light to me,
I know King Je-sus will be mine,
see what the end will be.....
Hum......

D. C.
I will go, I shall go, To see what the end will be.

THE TUSKEGEE SONG.

Words by Paul Laurence Dunbar.

(Mixed voices.)

Music by N. Clark Smith,

(Bandmaster)

Moderate fa 1.

1. Tus - ke - gee, thou pride of the swift grow-ing South, We pay thee our
2. Thy hand we have held up the dif - fi - cult steep, When pain-ful and
3. Oh, moth - er Tus - ke - gee, thou shin-est to - day, As a gem in the

hom-age to - day... For the worth of thy teaching, the joy of thy care,
slow was the pace... And on - ward and upward we've la - bored with thee
fair-est of lands... Thou gav - est the heav'n-blessed pow - er to see

And the good we have known 'neath thy sway... Oh, long-striving mother.. of
For the glo - ry of God and our race..... The fields smile to greet us, the
The worth of our minds and our hands. We thank thee, we bless thee, we

dil - i - gent sons, And of daughters, whose strength is their pride, We will love thee for-
for-ests are glad, The ring of the an - vil and hoe... Have a mu - sic as
pray for thee years, Im-plor-ing with grateful ac - cord... Full fruit for thy

ev - er, and ev - er shall walk Thro' the oncom-ing years at thy side.
thrill-ing and sweet as a harp Which thou taught us to hear and to know.
striv-ing, time lon - ger to strive, Sweet love and true la-bor's re - ward.