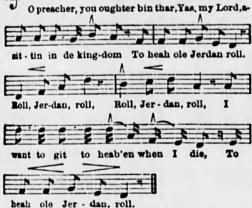
WEGRO CAMP-MERTING HYMNE.

At this time of year, in half a dozen tiny elearings in the great pine forest of New Jersey. the colored folks assemble at what are called amp meetings by the white people, but "grove meetings" by the negroes—the only camp being that formed by a few ragged canvas tents, in which the deacons and trustees of the churches "keep store" and sell refreshing food and bey-

orages. In the pleasant twilight of the woods and under the only considerable bit of blue sky that the forest trees disclose, are seen the wooden preachers' booth, the dusky band of choristers railed in beneath the booth, and in front and beside it the rows of raised planks that accommodate the audience. The trees that skirt the slearing bear coals of whitewash on their trunks to indicate the confines of the camp and warn offintruding teamsters who would hitch their horses too near the seats. Between the forest and worshippers the canvas booths are stretched, and in them are seen white-clothed holes, rusty kitchen vessels smoking and steaming over dilapidated stoves, and counters my with fruit and colored candies. The forest so big that the objects that make up the camps seem foreshortened and small like the pictured canvas of a stage.

The honest purpose of the colored worshippers who maintain these meetings is to gain money for what is familiarly called "de debt," inasmuch as, having no money, they are obliged to build their churches on borrowed apital or labor, and to struggle year after year ander the burden, often to pay the mere interest on the loan. They sell or rent the standkeepers' privileges in the camps, and from the opening to the close of each day's services they dun their visitors for money. Neither piety nor charity governs the white visitors. They simply occupy the relationship of spectators to performers. They pay for quaint preaching. grotesque behavior, and the peculiar music they expect to hear. At Red Bank, during the recent meeting of the members of Zion's Church, who have since joined the camp of their neighbors now holding at Ocean Grove the local paper soberly upbraided the colored people for singing too many "white" songs, and for singing their own hymns without the proper degree of enthusiasm. On the other hand, the dominie, Mr. Hinton, frequently inelted the singers to refute these accusations. "Give us what money you kin spare," he would say, "and we'll sing our best for you. Now, mind (to the singers), sing with all yo' might, and sing the right songs. Be sure you sing the right songs (meaning, of course, the songs that are peculiar to his people)." While these songs are being sung, the white people leave their seats and surround the singers, standing on up-toe, and straining over one another to catch the quaint wording of the verses and the varied mannerisms of the singers. Sometimes, when a well-known hymn is sung, the white people join in the chorus, and send a mighty volume of song rolling through the forest. "Roll, Jordan, Roll," is such a hymn.



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By means of accent marks and the other technical guides, an attempt has been made to make possible an exact reproduction of the peculiar swing and irregular emphasis that give to these hymns their originality and charm. The words that are sung to this air by the colored folks of Monmouth County are as follows:

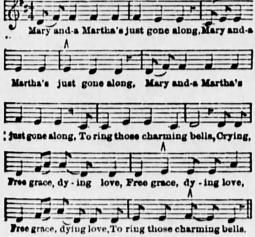
Oh, prencher, you oughter bin dar; Yaas, my Lord! A-settin' in de kingdom, To heah ole Jerdan Roll.

Roll, Jerdan, Roll; Roll, Jerdan, Roll;

I want ter get to beben when I die, To hear ole Jerdan Roll.

There are as many verses to this song as there are suitable words to substitute for "preacher" in the first line, and the number of verses that are thus made up is dependent on the temper and endurance of the singers.

There is at least one other popular hymn with words of this cast iron character. It is called, Ring those charming bells," and when the colored choir that sings it is in the humor, by singing half the verse with spirit and the other half in softly whispered tones, the effect is attractive and tender to a degree.



Mary and a-Martha's less gone 'long, Mary and a-Martha's less gone 'long, Mary and a-Martha's less gone 'long, To ring those charming bells. Crying. Free grace, dying love, Free grace, dying love, Free grace, dying love, To ring those charming bells.

Baptis'—Methidis' jess gone 'long, Baptis'—Methidis' jess gone 'long, Baptis'—Methidis' jess gone 'long, To ring those charming bells. Crying, Free grace, dying love, Free grace, dying love, Free grace, dying love, To ring those charming bells.

Preacher an' the eider jess gone 'long,
'Piscopal 'n' Quakers, jess gone 'long,
&c., &c., &c. A very comical song, the music of which was

less interesting than the words, ran as follows: What kin' of collar do de angels w'ar?
Piccadilly collar,
Piccadilly collar I'm going to w'ar
When I go to glory.

What him of nocktie do de angels w'ar? Long white lie. Long white tie I'm goin' to w'ar When I go to glory.

"Keep yo' seats, my deahs," cried Dominie Hinton to the congregation in Morford's woods; "you kin hear jiss as distinctively whar you are. Give the singers room-it's hard singin' in de woods!" A young mulatto woman, tall and straight as an arrow, with regular features, deep soft eyes, and hair soft and long, had started a song never heard in Monmouth County before. She was the housemaid of a wealthy New Yorker, and was newly brought from Georgia. The dominie dislikes congregational singing, and prefers to have his congregation in their seats upon the planks, but the clear bell-like soprano voice of this new singer was more powerful in attracting a throng around the singers' pen than the pastor's command to keep still. At first no other voice eaught up either the simple body of the air she sang or its electric chorus, but the second verse was sung by two or three Volunteers, including what musicians call "A natural second." in the voice of a slender colered maiden; and before the close of the third Verse nearly all the singers had caught the tune. The negroes' fine ear for melody enables

them to catch a tune quickly and to sing it without mistakes, so that when the Georgia girl had

begun the third verse of her rather bold and

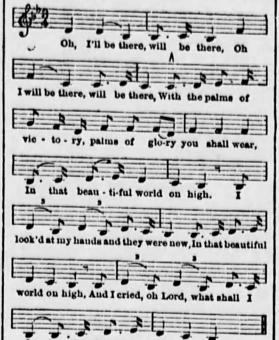
heroic song she found the entire choir follow-

ing her with perfect harmony. The same num-

their hearers out of the woods. The words which are probably as old as the Southern for-

of white people would have made sufficient discord, under such circumstances, to drive

ests in which they were learned) were sung to the following air:



do in that beau-tiful world on high. Oh, I'll be there, will be there—
Oh, I'll be there, will be there,
Wid de palms of victory,
Palms of glory
You shall wear—
In that beautiful worl' on high.

I look'd at my hands an' they were new, In that beautiful world on high, And I cried, "Oh. Lord, what shall I do?" In that beautiful world on high.

Oh, I'll be there, will be thereOh, I'll be there, will be there,
Wid de palms of victory,
Palms of glory
You shall wear—
In that beautiful worl' on high.

De debbil tole me not to pray.
In dat beautiful world on high,
But I made him out a liar an' kept my way,
In dat beautiful worl' on high.

Oh, I'll be dere, will be dere—
Oh, I'll be dere, will be dere,
Wid de palms of victory,
Palms of glory
You shall all-wear—
In dat beautiful worl' on high.

I went 'long so right from de start, In cat beautiful worl' on high, Wid a hang-down head an' an aching heart, In dat beautiful worl' on high.

Oh, I'll be dere, will be dere—
Oh, I'll be dere, will be dere,
Wid de palms of victory,
Palms of glory
You shall wear—
In that beautiful worl' on high.

When I get on ah de mounting-top, In dat beautiful worl' on high, I sing and pray an' ah—never stop, In dat beautiful worl' on high.

An educated woman in Red Bank says that more than one of the colored women who have worked in her kitchen have learned not only the music but the words of selections from Italian operas they have heard her sing at her piano. Every one who has heard them frequently is able to vouch for the statement that these colored folks have only to hear a tune once or twice to learn it; but the writer's experience, while obtaining the music for THE SUN, has shown in a ludicrous manner that they learn the words of a song only as they learn its notes. with a regard for the general sound, but with no knowledge or concern about the import or construction of what they hear. Suddenly, in meeting the other night, an aged negress began a hymn the words of which were utterly unintelligible. The tune was simple, and nearly all the men and women in the singers' seats joined in it. The writer stood close to one after another of them, and was amazed to hear from every throat a chorus that sounded like this:

Hi-ding-ery-ding, Hi-ding-ery-ding, Hi-ding-ery-ding, Hi-ding-ery-ding, Hi-ding-ery-ding, Hi-ding-ery-ding, Washed in de blood ob de lamb.

From an intelligent young colored woman, whose head was carried very high in camp to give expression to her contempt for the poor but clean and honest backwoods people, it was learned that the words were originally written thus:

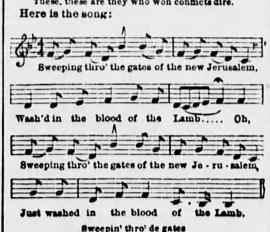
I've been redeemed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

The writer was puzzled over a line of one of the verses as they sung it. Its words ran like

These, these are dey who want a convict sire. "But I don't understand that," said the writer.

'You don't hab to," one of the colored singers replied; "you jess put dat down. Dere's a good many tings which you ain't obligated fer to un-

derstand. You jess sing 'em-da's all." The original and correct line was: These, these are they who won conflicts dire.



Sweepin' thro' de gates
Ob de new Jerusalem,
Washed in de blood ob de lamb,
Sweepin' thro' de gates
Ob de new Jerusalem,
Washed in de blood ob de lamb.

These, these are they who want a convict sire, Jesus Christ says come ah-up ah-higher, Dese, dese are dey who stood the fercest fire, Washed in de blood ob de Lamb.

This was the only verse that any of the people who sung the tune for the musician were acquainted with, and no other was sung at meeting," though this was repeated many times. Perhaps it is as another of the singers said: "No matter; coz de tune 'mits of any kin' ob words." It is, indeed, a fact that nearly every couplet that the negroes sing is brought into requisition to the music of any tune that they find popular when they are excited and when what they mysteriously term " de powah" inspires them to continue singing until their enthusiasm loses its force, or an independent voice breaks in with a different and equally popular air. At such times the "singers' pen" is a study for a painter. The men lean back, and with half-closed eyes and an ecstatic expression of face, shout the music with all the force of their lungs, patting their knees with their hands and the ground with their feet. The women rock forward and backward clap their hands, strike their foreheads, and occasionally scream from sheer excitement. Each verse is begun with a shout and ended with a sustained note. Thus they sang "Old Phareeoh" one day at Red Bank;



Oh, didn't ole Pharcoh git los', Git los', git los', Oh, didn't ole Pharcoh git los', In de Red Sea! Oh, down came a raging Pharcob, That you might plainly see; Ole Pharce-o and his host got lea', In de Red Sea.

Oh, didn't ole Phareoh git los', Git los', git los', Oh, didn't ole Phareo git los', In de Red Sea f

The next of the tunes obtained was the most popular at the meeting this year, and has been

caught up by the white folks, who whistle it in the streets and sing it in the houses of the towns between Middletown and Long Branch.

Camp meeting, Camp meeting, Oh, a migh-ty camp-meeting in the promised land. When I was sick and in my sin, A mighty Camp. meeting in the promised land. My dear Redeemer

took me in, A mighty camp-meeting, In the **4** promised land.

Camp meeting! Camp meeting? Oh, a mighty camp meeting In de promuss lan'.

When I was sick and in my sin, Mighty camp meetin' in de promuse land. My dear Redeemer took me in. Mighty camp meetin' in de promuse land. I know what Jesus promiss'd me,

Mighty camp meeting. &c.
When I die he'ii set me free,
Mighty camp meeting, &c.

Jesus done jiss what he said, Mighty camp meeting. &c. Heal de sick and rise de dead, Mighty camp meeting, &c.

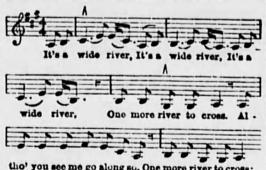
Mever kin forgit de day, Mighty camp meetin', &c. When Jesus wash'd my sins away, Mighty camp meetin', &c. Twas jiss befo' de break ob day.

Mighty camp meetin', &c.
When Jesus wash my sins away,
Mighty camp meetin', &c.

Remember de day—remember it well, Mighty camp meetin', &c. When my po' soul hung ober hell, Mighty camp meetin', &c. When I git dere 'il be able to tell, Mighty camp meetin', &c. How I shunned dat dizzermul hell, Mighty camp meetin', &c.

Debbil's mad 'n' I am glad Mighty camp meetin', &c. He los' de soul he t'ought he had, Mighty camp meetin', &c.

These songs are written as they were sung, the chorus almost invariably being sung before the verse. Thus with that swinging, old plantation hymn, "One Mo' Ribber to Cross:"



tho' you see me go along so, One more river to cross: الودود الردووروارا I have my trials here below, One more river to cross.

> It's a wide ribber, it's a wide ribber, It's a wide ribber—one mo' ribber to cross. Altho' you see me go along so, One mo' ribber to cross. I have my trials here below, One mo' ribber to cross.

Little while longer here below

One mo' ribber to cross.

Then to glory I will go,
One mo' ribber to cross. I was young when I begun

mo' ribber to cros One mo' ribber to cross.

Let the worl' say what it may, One mo' ribber to cross; While it talks I will pray, One mo' ribber to cross.

I hope to meet my mother dere.

We are all a-passing away, One mo' ribber to cross. Jiss like a long summer's day, One mo' ribber to cross.

These songs are always started by one person—usually a veteran in the church—whose shrill voice is unexpectedly heard, perhaps before the last period of the sermon is rounded, or when a song has been sung until the choir has tired of it. As a forest fire begins and grows, so these songs, started in a corner of the "pen," are caught up by one after another of the singers. Sopranos abound among the women; tenors and a peculiar falsetto among the men. It is almost impossible in words, and quite out of the question with notes, to imitate the rolling, swinging, regularly timed cadence of the singing, but the peculiar manner of treating the words is seen in the following example:

Oh, when I come to die.

Oh, when I come to die, I wanttobeready, er when I come to die-e-e, . It's going to Jerusalem, just liker Joh n.



go ing to Je · m · sa · lem just like John.

Oh, when I come to die,
I want to be rendy,
When I come to die,
Going to Jerusalem, just like ah-John.
Hallelujer to de Lamb,
Goin' to Jerusalem, just like ah-John.
Jesus died fer ebbry man,
Goin' to Jerusalem, just like er-John.

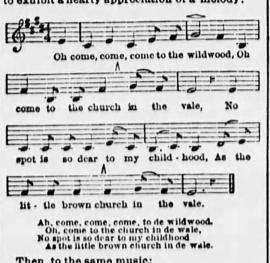
Knock me down, I'll rise agen, Going, &c.
And fight fo' Jesus, jist de same,
Going, &c. Oh, brudder, hab yo' got yo' shield,

To meet Goliah in de field,

Tell you what's a mortal fack, Going. &c. It's a werry bad ting to ebber turn back, Going, &c.

De debbil he's at de foot of de stair, Going, &c. I takes my chance in de middle of de air, Going, &c.

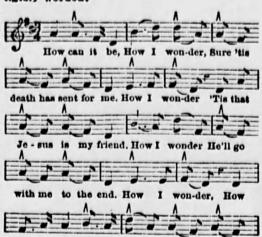
The next hymn is unlike any of the others. It is sung in low, hushed tones—a not unpleasant affectation with these people when they desire to exhibit a hearty appreciation of a melody:



Then, to the same music:

How sweet is de bell dey are tolling To lisp out der care in de wale; How sweet is de bell in de willows, None that those so well.

meant, or what it was meant for, but the writer was assured that it "didn't make no diffrunce."
"How I wonder," as the next hymn is called, is equally tender as to its tune, and more intelligibly worded:



sent for me, How I won der.

can it be, How I wonder, Sure 'tis death has

How can it be—how I wonder!

Bure, 'tis a-death has a-sent for me—
How I wonder!

'Tis that Jesus is my friend—
How I wonder!

He'll go with me to the end—
How I wonder!

Bure, 'tis death has sent for me—
How I wonder!

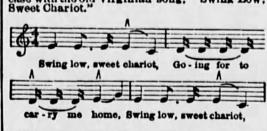
The verse begins with the next to the last note in the fifth bar, and is followed by as many other verses as the vocalist desires to sing, the character of the verses being like this:

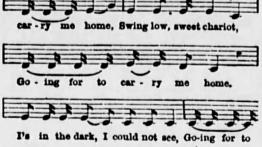
Didn't Jesus tell you once befo' How I wonder! To go in peace and sin no mo' How I wonder!

Dere's bissa one thing I ask ob you, How I wonder! To keep yo' Saviour in yo' view, How I wonder!

Oh. sinner. you may stand an' gaze, How I wonder! I lub my Saviour's name fer to praise, How I wonder! He sits upon his ah-dazzerling throne, How I wonder! An' ah-claims de kingdem fer his own, How I wonder!

Sometimes the most ridiculous verses are sung to the most plaintive tunes, as was the case with the old Virginian song, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."





car - ry me home. Je - sus bro't a light to me, do ing for to car ry me home.

> Bwing low, sweet chariot,
> Goin' for to carry me a-home,
> Swin' low, sweet chariot,
> Goin' fer to car' me home. I's in de dark, I could not see, Goin' fer to car' me home; Jesus brought a light to me, Going fer to carry me home.

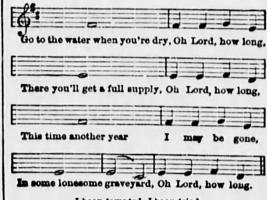
Swing low sweet chariot Going, etc., Swing low sweet chariot, Going, etc.

Sometimes up an' ah-sometimes down,

Debbil tought he would spite me. By cutting down my apple tree, Going, etc.

Going, etc.
For I had apples all de fall,
Going, etc.

To this old English chant are sung the following verses. It will be seen that anything between the words of an entire chapter of the Bible and a monosyllabic ejaculation can be supported bis:



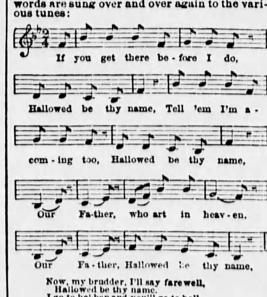
I been tempted, I been tried, Oh, Lord, how long? Been to de water and got baptized, Oh, Lord, how long?

This time another year
I may be gone
In some lonesome graveyard,
Oh, Lord, how long? Bather pray my life away, Oh, Lord, etc. Than lose ob heben half a day, Oh, Lord, etc.

Pray fer me. I'll pray fer you, Oh, Lord, etc. Dat's de way good Christians de, Oh, Lord, etc.

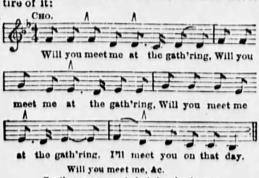
'F you git dar 'fore I do,
Oh, Lord, how long?
Tell 'em I'm a comm', too,
Oh, Lord, how long?
This time another year
I may be gone
In some lonesome graveyard,
Oh, Lord, how long?

Still another example of this indifference to the character of the music is seen in the hymn below. Frequently in one evening the same words are sung over and over again to the vari-



Now, my brudder, I'll say farewell, Hallowed be thy name. I go to helben and you'll go to hell Hallowed be thy name. Our Father who art in hebben, Our Father—hallowed be thy name. They say that John was nothin' but a Jew, Hallowed, &c.

The good book says he was a preacher, too, Hallowed, &c. A peculiar song that has the same tune for verse and chorus is "Meet me at the Gather-ing." The Monmouth County darkies never tire of it: Сно.

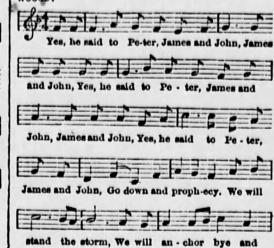


Brother sees a mote in 's brother's eye,
'N' can't see the beam in 's own;
You go home, sweep out your do-o-or,
'N' leave yo' brudder alone.
Repeat chorus. Chorus: Oh, come, come, come, to de wild wood, &c.

It proved a hopeless task to attempt to find out what "to lisp out her care in the wale"

At the close of the meeting in Morford's Woods, when a misguided youth had fished from his coat-tail pocket a grimy copy of the Moody and Sankey hymn book, and was sing-

ing "Happy Day" in a muddled and lonely way, an aged woman, with high-pitched voice, set up the old but seldom sung hymn of "Peter, James, and John" in opposition. She had not repeated the words "James and John" before the throng in the singers' seats wrested the merry melody away from her and sent it rolling as loud as the tones of a great organ over the heads of the congregation, to lose itself in the woods:



storm, We will an - chor bye and bye.

bye, bye and bye, We will stand

Yes, he said to Peter, James, and John,
James and John;
Yes, he said to Peter, James, and John,
James and John;
Yes, he said to Peter, James, and John,
Go down and prophecy.
We will stand the storm; we'll anchor by and by,
By and by;
We will stand the storm; we'll anchor by and by.

We will loose a man and let him go,
Let him go;
We will loose a man and let him go,
Let him go;
We will loose a man and let him go,
Go down and prophecy.
We will stand the storm, &c.

We are passing by a sinful crowd,
Sinful crowd:
We are passing by a sinful crowd
Sinful crowd;
We are passing by a sinful crowd,
Go down and prophecy.
We will stand the storm, &c.

We will stand the storm, sec.

We will turn around about to sea,
About to sea;
We will turn around about to sea,
'Bout to sea;
We will turn around about to sea,
Go down and prophecy.
We will stand the storm; we'll anchor by and by,
By and by;
We will stand the storm; we'll anchor by and by.