

## – Invitation –

1 **Holy Manna** *folk hymn* \***Text:** George Atkin (1819)**Tune:** William Moore, in his *Columbian Harmony* (1825)**Performing source:** William Walker's *The Southern Harmony* (1835)

Brethren, we have met to worship,  
 And adore the Lord our God;  
 Will you pray with all your power,  
 While we try to preach the Word.  
 All is vain, unless the Spirit  
 Of the Holy One comes down;  
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna  
 Will be shower'd all around.

Sisters, will you join and help us?  
 Moses' sisters aided him;  
 Will you help the trembling mourners,  
 Who are struggling hard with sin?  
 Tell them all about the Saviour,  
 Tell them that he will be found;  
 Sisters, pray, and holy manna  
 Will be shower'd all around.

*\* The four-shape singing tradition focuses on participation, rather than on performance. All who attend shape note singings are encouraged to sing. Participants sit facing each other in a hollow square. Singers take turns leading (standing inside the hollow square, choosing a song, and beating time during the singing of it). After a song is chosen, the opening pitch is sounded with the appropriate solmization syllable (in the four-shape tradition, "fa" is the syllable representing the root, or first note, of the major scale; "la" represents the root of the minor scale), and the singers sing through the song with its "fa-sol-la" syllables, before moving on to sing the words.*

2 **Abbeville** *folk hymn* [MG]**Text:** Benjamin Beddome, in Rippon's *Selection of Hymns* (10th ed., 1800)**Tune:** arr. E.J. King, in B.F. White and E.J. King's *The Sacred Harp* (1844)

Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
 With energy divine,  
 And on this poor benighted soul,  
 With beams of mercy shine.

From the celestial hills,  
 Light, life, and joy dispense;  
 And may I daily, hourly feel  
 Thy quickening influence.

Melt, melt this frozen heart;  
 This stubborn will subdue;  
 Each evil passion overcome,  
 And form me all anew.

American Angels  
Mine will the profit be,  
But thine shall be the praise;  
And unto thee I will devote  
The remnant of my days.

### 3 **Wondrous Love** *folk hymn*

**Text:** Stith Mead's *General Selection* (1811)

**Performing text source:** Stark Dupuy's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1818)

**Tune:** arr. James Christopher (1840), in  
William Walker. *The Southern Harmony* (1840 ed.)

**Performing source:** B.F. White and E.J. King's  
*The Sacred Harp* (1844)

What wondrous love is this!  
oh, my soul! oh, my soul!  
What wondrous love is this! oh my soul!  
What wondrous love is this  
That caused the Lord of bliss  
To bear the dreadful curse  
for my soul, for my soul,  
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

When I was sinking down,  
sinking down, sinking down,  
When I was sinking down, sinking down,  
When I was sinking down  
beneath God's righteous frown  
Christ laid aside his crown,  
for my soul, for my soul,  
Christ laid aside His crown, for my soul.

Ye winged seraphs fly,  
bear the news, bear the news,  
Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news,  
Ye winged seraphs fly,  
like comets thro' the sky,  
Fill vast eternity,  
with the news, with the news,  
Fill vast eternity, with the news.

And when from death we're free,  
we'll sing on, we'll sing on,  
And when from death we're free, we'll sing on,  
And when from death we're free,  
we'll sing and joyful be  
And in eternity  
we'll sing on, we'll sing on,  
And in eternity we'll sing on.

### 4 **Sweet Hour of Prayer** *gospel song*

**Text:** W.W. Walford

**Tune:** William Batchelder Bradbury, in *Bradbury's Golden Chain* (1861)

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
 That calls me from a world of care,  
 And bids me at my Father's throne,  
 Make all my wants and wishes known;  
 In seasons of distress and grief,  
 My soul has often found relief,  
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,  
 To him whose truth and faithfulness,  
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
 And since He bids me seek his face,  
 Believe his word and trust his grace,  
 I'll cast on Him my every care,  
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
 May I thy consolation share;  
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
 I view my home, and take my flight;  
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
 To seize the everlasting prize;  
 And shout, while passing through the air,  
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

– **Grace** –

**5 Jewett** *camp revival song*

**Text:** John Newton, in his *Olney Hymns* (1779)

**Tune:** R.F.M. Mann, in B.F. White and E.J. King's  
*The Sacred Harp* (1869 ed.)

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound,  
 That saved a wretch like me!  
 I once was lost, but now I'm found,  
 Was blind, but now I see.

*Shout, shout for glory,  
 Shout, shout aloud for glory:  
 Brother, sister, mourner,  
 All shout glory hallelujah! \**

[for further text, please see **New Britain**, page 11]

\* *Italics indicate text sung as a refrain after each verse.*

**6 Dunlap's Creek** *folk hymn* [SH, JH]

## American Angels

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**Text:** Isaac Watts, in his *Hymns & Spiritual Songs* (1707)

**Tune:** Freeman Lewis [?] in his *The Beauties of Harmony* (1814)

**Arrangement:** Jacqueline Horner

My God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all!  
I've none but thee in heav'n above,  
Or on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod!  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning sun  
Scatters his feeble light;  
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;  
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars my own,  
Without thy graces and thyself  
I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms like seas  
And grasp in all the shore,  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

### 7 **New Britain** *folk hymn*

**Text:** John Newton, in his *Olney Hymns* (1779)

**Tune:** Benjamin Shaw & Charles H. Spilman's *Columbian Harmony* (1829)

**Performing source:** William Walker's *The Southern Harmony* (1835)

Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound)  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;

He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

– **Journey** –

**8 The Morning Trumpet** *camp revival song*

**Text:** John Leland (1793)

**Tune:** B.F. White, in B.F. White & E.J. King's *The Sacred Harp* (1844)

Oh when shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above?  
And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.  
And from the flowing fountain,  
Drink everlasting love?  
And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

*Shout, O glory! for I shall mount above the skies,  
When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.*

When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin?  
And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.  
And with my blessed Jesus  
Drink endless pleasures in?  
And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

Through grace I feel determined  
To conquer, though I die,  
And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.  
And then away to Jesus,  
On wings of love I'll fly;  
And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid them both adieu!  
And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.  
And, O my friends prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.  
And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning?

**9 Resignation** *folk hymn* [JMR, MG]

**Text:** Isaac Watts, Psalm 21, in his *Psalms of David Imitated* (1719)

**Tune:** Freeman Lewis' *The Beauties of Harmony* (1828 ed.)

**Arrangement:** Johanna Maria Rose

My Shepherd will supply my need;  
Jehovah is his name;  
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.  
He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways;  
And leads me for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay;  
One word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.  
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days;  
O may thy house be mine abode,  
And all my work be praise!  
There would I find a settled rest,  
(While others go and come,)  
No more a stranger nor a guest;  
But like a child at home.

#### 10 **Poland** *psalm tune*

**Text:** Isaac Watts, Psalm 39, in his *Psalms of David Imitated* (1719)

**Tune:** Timothy Swan, in his *New England Harmony* (1801)

God of my life, look gently down.  
Behold the pain I feel;  
But I am dumb before thy throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy will.

Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,  
We moulder to the dust;  
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,  
And all our beauty's lost.

I'm but a sojourner below,  
As all my fathers were;  
May I be well prepared to go,  
When I the summons hear.

But if my life be spared a while  
Before my last remove,  
Thy praise shall be my business still,  
And I'll declare thy love.

**11 Wayfaring Stranger** *folk hymn***Text:** Bever's *Christian Songster* (1858)**Tune:** arr. John M. Dye (1935), in *The Original Sacred Harp* (Denson Rev., 1936 ed.)

I am a poor, wayfaring stranger,  
 While journ'ying thru this world of woe,  
 Yet, there's no sickness, toil nor danger,  
 In that bright land to which I go.  
 I'm going there to see my Father,  
 I'm going there no more to roam;  
 I'm only going over Jordan,  
 I'm only going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me,  
 I know my way is rough and steep;  
 Yet beaut'ous fields lie just before me,  
 Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.  
 I'm going there to see my Mother,  
 She said she'd meet me when I come;  
 I'm only going over Jordan,  
 I'm only going over home.

I want to wear a crown of glory,  
 When I get home to that good land;  
 I want to shout salvation's story,  
 In concert with the bloodwashed band.  
 I'm going there to meet my Savior,  
 To sing His praise forevermore;  
 I'm only going over Jordan,  
 I'm only going over home.

**12 Sweet By and By** *gospel song***Text:** S. Fillmore Bennett**Tune:** Joseph P. Webster, in his *The Signet Ring* (1868)**Arrangement:** Johanna Maria Rose

There's a land that is fairer than day,  
 And by faith we may see it afar,  
 For the Father waits over the way,  
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.

*In the sweet by and by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore!  
 In the sweet by and by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.*

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,  
 The melodious songs of the blest,  
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more—  
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above  
 We will offer the tribute of praise,  
 For the glorious gift of his love,  
 And the blessings that hallow our days.

– **The Crossing** –

13 **Blooming Vale** *fuging tune*

**Text:** Isaac Watts, Psalm 55, in his *Psalms of David Imitated* (1719)

**Tune:** [J.P.?] Storm, in Lewis Edson, Jr.'s *The Social Harmonist* (2nd ed, 1801)

O, were I like a feathered dove,  
 And innocence had wings,  
 I'd fly and make a long remove,  
 From all these restless things.

Let me to some wild desert go,  
 And find a peaceful home;  
 Where storms of malice never blow,  
 Temptations never come.

By morning light I'll seek his face,  
 At noon repeat my cry;  
 The night shall hear me ask his grace,  
 Nor will he long deny.

14 **Idumea** (i) *folk hymn* [JH]

**Text:** Charles Wesley, in his *Hymns for Children* (1763)

**Performing text source:** Benjamin Lloyd's *Primitive Hymns* (1872 ed.)

**Tune:** Ananias Davisson, in his *Kentucky Harmony* (1816)

And am I born to die,  
 To lay this body down?  
 And must my trembling spirit fly  
 Into a world unknown.

Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,  
 I from my grave shall rise,  
 To see the Judge with glory crowned,  
 And view the flaming skies.

How shall I leave the tomb?  
 With triumph or regret?  
 A fearful or a joyful doom?  
 A curse or blessing meet?

O Thou who wouldst not have  
 One mourning sinner die;  
 Who died Thyself that soul to save

Show me some way to shun  
Thy dreadful wrath severe,  
That when Thou comest on the throne,  
I may with joy appear.

• **Idumea (ii)** *folk hymn* [All]

**Text:** Isaac Watts, in his *Hymns and spiritual songs* (1707)

**Tune:** Ananias Davisson, in his *Kentucky Harmony* (1816)

My God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.

15 **Sweet Prospect** *folk hymn*

**Text:** Samuel Stennett, in Rippon's *Selection of Hymns* (1787)

**Tune:** William Walker, in his *The Southern Harmony* (1835)

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye,  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

*O the transporting rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight,  
Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight.*

There generous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.

All o'er those wide, extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Sun forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

16 **Shall We Gather at the River** *gospel song* [JH, All]

**Text & Tune:** Robert Lowry, in *Happy Voices* (1865)

Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

## American Angels

*Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.*

On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We shall walk and worship ever,  
All the happy, golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.

At the smiling of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

### – Parting –

#### 17 **Amanda** *psalm tune*

**Text:** Isaac Watts, Psalm 90, in his *Psalms of David Imitated* (1719)

**Tune:** Justin Morgan, in Asahel Benham's *Federal Harmony* (1790)

Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,  
An empty tale, a morning flow'r,  
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;  
And kindly lengthen out our span;  
Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

#### 18 **Invitation** *camp revival song*

**Text:** attributed to F.R. Warren

**Tune:** William Walker's *The Southern Harmony* (1854 ed.)

**Arrangement:** Marsha Genensky, Johanna Maria Rose

Hark! I hear the harps eternal  
Ringing on the farther shore,  
As I near those swollen waters,  
With their deep and solemn roar.

*Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*  
*Hallelujah! Praise the Lamb!*  
*Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*  
*Glory to the GREAT I AM!*

And my soul, tho' stain'd with sorrow,  
Fading as the light of day,  
Passes swiftly o'er those waters,  
To the city far away.

Souls have cross'd before me, saintly,  
To that land of perfect rest;  
And I hear them singing faintly,  
In the mansions of the blest.

**19 Parting Hand** *folk hymn*

**Text:** John Blain (1818)

**Tune:** arr. William Walker, in his *The Southern Harmony* (1835)

My Christian friends, in bonds of love,  
Whose hearts in sweetest union join,  
Your friendship's like a drawing band,  
Yet we must take the parting hand.

Your company's sweet, your union dear;  
Your words delightful to my ear,  
Yet when I see that we must part,  
You draw like cords around my heart.

How sweet the hours have passed away,  
Since we have met to sing and pray;  
How loath we are to leave the place  
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

O could I stay with friends so kind,  
How would it cheer my drooping mind!  
But duty makes me understand,  
That we must take the parting hand.

**20 Angel Band** *gospel song* [MG, All]

**Text:** Jefferson Haskell

**Tune:** William Batchelder Bradbury, in *Bradbury's Golden Shower* (1862)

**Arrangement:** Marsha Genensky, Johanna Maria Rose

My latest sun is sinking fast,  
My race is nearly run,  
My strongest trials now are past,  
My triumph is begun.

*O come, angel band,*

*Come and around me stand;  
O bear me away on your snowy wings,  
To my immortal home,  
O bear me away on your snowy wings,  
To my immortal home.*

I know I'm near the holy ranks  
Of friends and kindred dear;  
I brush the dew on Jordan's bank,  
The crossing must be near.

I've almost gained my heav'nly home;  
My spirit loudly sings;  
The holy ones, behold they come!  
I hear the noise of wings.

**Some of the tunebooks and hymnals we consulted while preparing this recording have been in active use since they were first published 90-170 years ago. Here are some recent editions and printings of long-lived tunebooks, hymnals, and song collections.**

*The Sacred Harp*, 1991 edition (Denson Revision. B.F. White and E.J. King, compilers, four-shape tunebook, first publ. 1844)

*The Southern Harmony* (reprint of 1854 edition. William Walker compiler, four-shape tunebook, first publ. 1835)

*Christian Harmony* (reprint of 1873 ed. William Walker compiler, seven-shape tunebook, first publ. 1866)

Elder C. H. Cayce. *The Good Old Songs* (seven-shape Primitive Baptist hymnal, first publ. 1914)

Benjamin Lloyd. *Primitive Hymns* (text-only Primitive Baptist hymnal, first publ. 1841)

Jackson, George Pullen. *Spiritual Folksongs of Early America*, *Down East Spirituals*, and *Another Sheaf of White Spirituals* are also wonderful sources for Anglo-American religious ballads, folk hymns, and camp revival songs.

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