

1 **I'M ON MY JOURNEY HOME** *revival song* (A4)

Text: Stith Mead's *General Selection*, 1807

Tune: Sarah Lancaster, in *The Sacred Harp*, 1859 ed.

O who will come and go with me?
I am on my journey home.
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,
I am on my journey home.

*O come and go with me,
O come and go with me;
O come and go with me,
For I'm on my journey home.*

Eternal Spirit, we confess,
I am on my journey home.
And sing the wonders of thy grace,
I am on my journey home.

Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down,
I am on my journey home.
From God the Father and the Son,
I am on my journey home.

2 **AN ADDRESS FOR ALL** *instrumental* (DA, MM)

Tune: William Walker, in his *Southern Harmony*, 1835

LIKE NOAH'S WEARY DOVE *folk hymn* (MG, SH, DA, MM)

Text: William A. Muhlenberg, 1827

Tune: Unknown. First arr.: Amzi or Lucius Chapin, 1813

Vocal arrangement: Marsha Genensky

Like Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found.

O cease my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There safe thou shalt abide,
 There sweet shall be thy rest,
 And every longing satisfied,
 With full salvation bless'd.

And when the waves of ire
 Again the earth shall fill,
 The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
 Then rest on Zion's hill.

3 **WAYFARING STRANGER** *religious ballad* (MG, DA)

Text: Bever's *Christian Songster*, 1858

Tune: Unknown; a variant of this tune first appears as FULFILMENT, arr. by E.J. King, in *The Sacred Harp*, 1844

I am a poor, wayfaring stranger,
 While journey'ing 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.

4 **WAYFARING STRANGER** *instrumental* (DA, MM)

Tune: Unknown. A variant of this tune first appears as FULFILMENT, arr. by E.J. King, in *The Sacred Harp*, 1844

5 **WHERE WE'LL NEVER GROW OLD** *gospel song* (A4)

Text & tune: James C. Moore
Composed c. 1914

I have heard of a land on the far away strand,
'Tis a beautiful home of the soul;
Built by Jesus on high, there we never shall die,
'Tis a land where we'll never grow old.

*Never grow old, never grow old,
In a land where we'll never grow old;
Never grow old, never grow old,
In a land where we'll never grow old.*

In that beautiful home where we'll nevermore roam,
We shall be in the sweet by and by;
Happy praise to the King thru eternity sing;
'Tis a land where we never shall die.

When our work here is done, and the life-crown is won,
And our troubles and trials are o'er,
All our sorrow will end, and our voices will blend
With the loved ones who've gone on before.

6 **ECSTASY** *revival song* (A4, DA, MM)

Text: John Leland, 1793
Tune: T.W. Carter, in *The Sacred Harp*, 1844

Oh, when shall I see Jesus, and reign with him above?
And from the flowing fountain drink everlasting love?

*Oh! had I wings, I would fly away and be at rest,
And I'd praise God in His bright abode.*

When shall I be deliver'd from this vain world of sin?
And with my blessed Jesus drink endless pleasures in?

Through grace I feel determined to conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus, on wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow, I bid them both adieu!
 And oh, my friends, prove faithful, and on your way pursue.

7 **THE WAGONER'S LAD** *folk song* (SH)

Text & tune: Traditional. This version, sung by G.W. Bostwick, of Council, Virginia, appears in Dorothy Scarborough's *Song Catcher in the Southern Mountains*, 1937.

I am a poor girl, my fortune's been bad.
 I've been often courted by the wagoner's lad.
 He courted me daily, by night and by day,
 And now he is loaded and going away.

Go put up your horses and feed them some hay,
 And come sit down beside me as long as you stay.
 My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
 So fare you well, darling, I'm going away.

Your horses is hungry, go feed them some hay,
 Come set you down beside me as long as you stay.
 My horses is harnessed, my whip's in my hand,
 So fare you well, darling, my horses won't stand.

So drive on, boys, don't drive so slow,
 For I'm getting tired of this old road.
 When I top the mountain I'll look back and say,
 "Don't git sad and lonesome for I'm going away."

When I get there I'll set down and cry,
 And think of the loved ones I'm leaving behind.
 Your father don't like me because I am poor.
 He says I'm not worthy to enter his door.

I can prove him untrue dear, by the heavens above,
 But I'm guilty of nothing but innocent love.

8 **MERCY-SEAT** *folk hymn* (MG, SH, DA, MM)

Text: Hugh Stowell, 1828

Tune: in Hillman's *Revivalist*, 1868, as HALL, with attribution: "as sung by M.F. Odell"

Vocal arrangement: adapted by Marsha Genensky from the singing of Donald Smith and Doug Myers

From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
 From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat,
 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat,
 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place of all on earth most sweet,
 It is the blood-bought mercy seat,
 It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy seat,
 Around one common mercy seat.

Ah! Whither could we flee for aid
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suff'ring saints no mercy seat?
 Had suff'ring saints no mercy seat?

There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
 And sin and guilt seem there no more,
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy seat,
 And glory crowns the mercy seat.

9 **RETURN AGAIN** *revival song* (A4)

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

Tune: a variant of this tune appears as Invitation, by William Walker, in his *Southern Harmony*, 1835 ed.

The tune itself first appears in an arrangement by William L. Williams in *The Sacred Harp*, 1850 ed.

Arrangement: Anonymous 4

Saviour, visit Thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord a gracious rain!
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless Thou return again;

*Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from Thee,
 Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from Thee.*

Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high;
 Lest for want of Thine assistance,
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

Surely once Thy garden flourished,
 Ev'ry plant looked gay and green;
 Then Thy world our spirits nourished,
 Happy seasons we have seen.

[NB: *Return Again* has the same text as *Merrick*]

10 **THE LOST GIRL** *folk song* (SH, MG, DA)

Text & tune: Traditional. This version, sung by Mr. Charles Ingenthron, of Walnut Shade, Missouri, appears in Vance Randolph's *Ozark Folksongs*, 1946-50.

One morning, one morning, one morning in Spring,
 The birds in the desert so loudly did sing,
 I met a fair damsel in the desert alone,
 Oh she says I'm a poor lost girl, and a long ways from home.

I stepped up to her, her features to see,
 And making so freely her pardon I asked,
 And making so freely in the desert alone,
 Oh she says I'm a poor lost girl, and a long ways from home.

I left my old father and all his commands,
 I left my old mother a-wringing her hands,
 I left my friends and relations a-mourning too,
 Oh she says I'm a poor lost girl, and a long ways from home.

I'll build me a castle on yon mound high
 Where the wild geese may see me as they're roving by,
 Where the turtle-dove may hear me and help me to mourn,
 Oh she says I'm a poor lost girl, and a long ways from home.

Come all ye fair maidens, take warning from me,
 Don't place your affections on a green willow tree,
 For the leaves they will wither and the limbs they will die,
 Oh then you're forsaken and you'll know not for why.

11 **PALMETTO** *folk hymn* (JH, MG, SH)

Text: Robert Lowry, in *Happy Voices*, 1865

Tune: William Houser, c. 1859

Arrangement: Marsha Genensky, Susan Hellauer

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

And when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
 Till by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

13 **MERRICK** *revival song* (A4, DA, MM)

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

Tune: A duple-meter variant appears as INVITATION by William Walker, in his *Southern Harmony*, 1835.

Vocal arrangement: Marsha Genensky, Susan Hellauer

Saviour, visit Thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord a gracious rain!
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless Thou return again;

*Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from Thee,
 Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from Thee.*

Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high;
 Lest for want of Thine assistance,
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

Surely once Thy garden flourished,
 Ev'ry plant looked gay and green;
 Then Thy world our spirits nourished,
 Happy seasons we have seen.

14 **SHINING SHORE** *gospel song* (A4, DA, MM)

Text: David Nelson, 1835

Tune: George F. Root, in his *Sabbath Bell*, 1856

My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger.

*For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before the shining shore,
 We may almost discover.*

Our absent King the watch-word gave,

“Let every lamp be burning,”
 We look afar, across the wave,
 Our distant home discerning.

Should coming days be dark and cold,
 We will not yield to sorrow,
 For hope will sing with courage bold,
 “There’s glory on the morrow.”

Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
 Each cord on earth to sever,
 There, bright and joyous in the skies,
 There is our home forever.

15 **SAINT’S DELIGHT** *revival song* (A4, DA, MM)

Text: Isaac Watts, in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707

Tune: F. Price, in *The Southern Harmony*, 1835

When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I’ll bid farewell to ev’ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

*I feel like, I feel like I’m on my journey home,
 I feel like, I feel like I’m on my journey home.*

Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan’s rage
 And face a frowning world.

There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav’nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll,
 Across my peaceful breast.

16 **JUST OVER IN THE GLORYLAND** *gospel song* (A4, DA, MM)

Text: James W. Acuff, in *Glad Hosannas*, 1906

Tune: Emmett S. Dean, in *Glad Hosannas*, 1906

Vocal arrangement: Johanna Maria Rose, Marsha Genensky

I’ve a home prepared where the saints abide,
 Just over in the gloryland.
 And I long to be by my Savior’s side,
 Just over in the gloryland.

*Just over in the gloryland,
I'll join the happy angel band.
Just over in the gloryland.
Just over in the gloryland,
There with the might host I'll stand,
Just over in the gloryland.*

I am on my way to those mansions fair,
Just over in the gloryland,
There to sing God's praise and His glory share,
Just over in the gloryland.

What a joyful thought that my Lord I'll see,
Just over in the gloryland,
And with kindred saved there forever be,
Just over in the gloryland.

17 **YOU FAIR AND PRETTY LADIES** *folk song* (MG)

Text & tune: Traditional. This version, sung by Mrs. Linnie Bullard, of Pineville, Missouri, appears in Vance Randolph's *Ozark Folksongs*, 1946-50.

Come all you fair an' pretty ladies,
Take warnin' how you court young men,
For they are like a bright star of a Summer evenin',
They first appear an' then they're gone.

They'll tell to you some lovely story,
Declare to you that they are most true,
Then straightway they go an' love another,
That shows the love they have for you.

I myself once had a lover,
One that I thought was almost true,
Straightway he went an' loved another,
That showed the love that he had for me.

I wish to God I had never saw him,
Or in my cradle I had died,
To think such a nice gal as I am
Has fell in love an' then been denied.

I wish I was a little swallow,
Or some of those that fly so high,
Straightway I'd foller my true lover,
An' as he talked I would deny.

I'd ask him who he was a-flatterin',
 Or who he aimed for to deceive,
 An' in his bosom I would flutter
 with my little bendin' wings.

But as I am no little swallow,
 Or none of those that fly so high,
 Here I must stay in grief an' sorrow
 An' pass my hard perfections by.

18a **PARTING FRIENDS** *folk hymn* (MG, SH, DA)

Text: Unknown

Tune: Unknown. A variant of this tune first appears as FULFILMENT, arr. by E.J. King, in the *Sacred Harp*, 1844. It first appears with this text in John G. McCurry's *Social Harp*, 1855, with the note: "the author, when eight years old, learned the air of this tune from Mrs. Catharine Penn"

Arrangement: Marsha Genensky

Farewell my friends, I'm bound for Canaan,
 I'm trav'ling through the wilderness;
 Your company has been delightful,
 You who doth leave my mind distressed.

I go away, behind to leave you;
 Perhaps never to meet again,
 But if we never have the pleasure,
 I hope we'll meet on Canaan's land.

18b **WAYFARING STRANGER** *instrumental* (DA, MM)

19 **GREEN PASTURES** *gospel song* (A4, DA, MM)

Text: H.W. Vanhooose

Tune: H.W. Vanhooose, c. 1963

Vocal arrangement: Johanna Maria Rose, Marsha Genensky

Troubles and trials often betray us,
 Causing the weary body to stray.
 But we shall walk beside the still water,
 With the Good Shepherd leading the way.

Those who have strayed were sought by the Master,
 He who once gave his life for the sheep.
 Out on the mountain, still He is searching,
 Bringing them in forever to keep.

*Going up home to live in green pastures,
Where we shall live and die nevermore.
Even the Lord will be in that number,
When we shall reach that Heavenly shore.*

We would not heed the voice of a stranger,
For he would lead us into despair.
Following on with Jesus, our Savior,
We shall all reach that country so fair.

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PUBLISHERS

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The text of **The Waggoner's Lad** appears in Dorothy Scarborough's *A Song Catcher in the Southern Mountains* (Columbia University Press, 1937; tune on p. 428, text on pp. 274-76).

Mercy-Seat was arranged and adapted by ANONYMOUS 4 from the singing of Donald Smith and Doug Wyers, as it appears on the field recording CD accompanying *In the Spirit: Alabama's Sacred Music Traditions*, Alabama Center for Traditional Culture / Alabama Folklife Association, c. 1995.

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