



Marian Anderson

A DECADE OF GREAT SONG IN AMERICA



Impression FROM A PAINTING OF MARIAN ANDERSON BY PAUL MELTSNER



Marian Anderson

BY HERSELF

My own start was an early one. Indeed, I have expressed myself through my voice as long as I have known myself. I clearly recall that when I was something under three years old, I was given a little stool as a present. In those days, my mother did her own work, and she would leave me alone in the dining room while she was busy in the kitchen. I would sit on my stool, before a tiny table, and make believe that I was playing piano accompaniments, as I sang. The room was papered with a flower pattern, and the border of the wall-paper was all of flowers. As I played and sang, I saw kindly, friendly faces in flowers, that laughed and sang with me. My mother used to say that I was a "good child," to play so nicely by myself. Actually, I was not a bit good. I was having a glorious time, singing and enjoying myself with my make believe friends.

At six, I joined the Junior Choir of our church in Philadelphia. This church was well known for its music, and the Junior Choir, of forty voices, was often invited to sing in other churches and even in other cities. But when train fare for forty became an item, a selected quartet would be sent instead of the entire group. I was always chosen.

At thirteen, I joined the Senior Choir as well, singing with both groups until I was eighteen. My aunt, who had a fine soprano voice, was also a member of the choir, and we often sang duets. I had much experience, too, as substitute soloist. Our regular soloists had no salary; consequently they were responsible to no one for their Sunday ap-

pearances, and business or pleasure often interfered with their volunteer service. On such occasions I was called upon for the solo, singing a soprano solo an octave lower, or a bass solo an octave higher. Thus I tested out my natural range and became thoroughly acquainted with public singing.

Dr. Parks, our minister, fostered musical interest by inviting distinguished soloists to perform for us. Roland Hayes, who is one of our greatest singers, Florence Cole Talbot, and many others came, and I was allowed to appear on the program with them. Our guests were accomplished musicians, of course, and they sang classical arias and *Lieder*. but I was called on to supply the program's English songs, the words of which were understandable to our congregation. These performances gave me new incentives. Understanding nothing, at that time, of German, French, or Italian, I would hang upon each note of the music, trying to draw the full richness and meaning of the songs from the music alone. And I tried to learn how to give that meaning to others, also without the aid of words. I knew, of course, that the words and music of a song are equally important; but nonetheless, it was excellent practice to try to project the mood and meaning of a song so completely through music alone that a person not understanding the words could still carry a definite impression away with him.

During my second year at high school I earned the attention of John Thomas Butler, the distinguished Negro actor, who offered to pay for singing

A D E C A D E O F G R E A T S O N G I N A M E R I C A

Marian Anderson BY HERSELF (Continued)

lessons for me, if my family consented. Up to that time, I had never had a singing lesson. Mr. Butler sent me to Mary Patterson, who heard me and offered to teach me without pay. Some months later, the Philadelphia Choral Society gave a benefit concert for me, and sent me to work with a leading contralto and teacher of Philadelphia, Agnes Reifsnnyder.

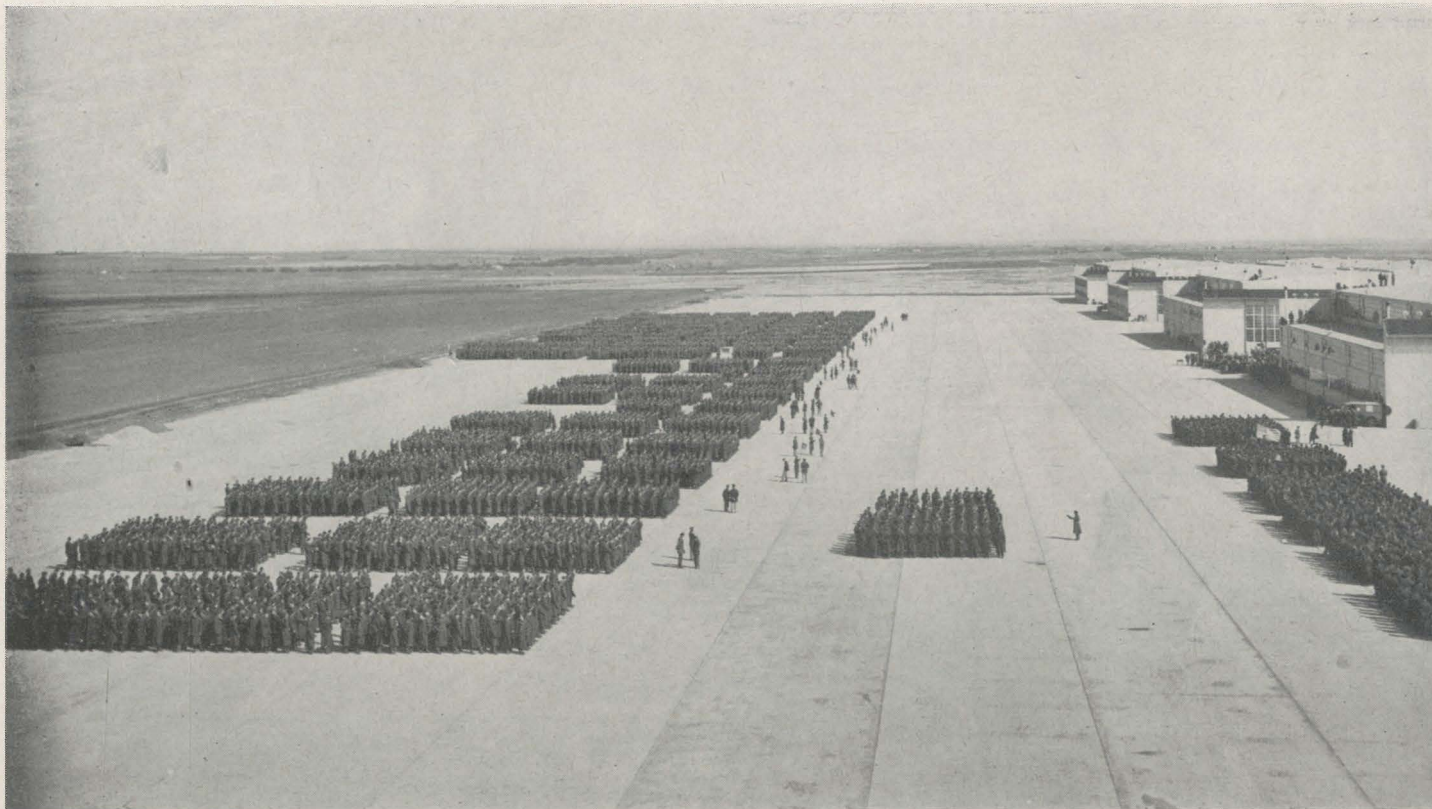
But it was through our high school principal that I came to port. Dr. Lucy Wilson had the pioneer idea of encouraging the girls not merely to go to work, but even to work at the thing they loved best. She knew that, above all things, I wanted to sing; and, through the good offices of Lisa Roma, she secured me an introduction to David Bispham. Dr. Wilson paid herself, for my audition with Dr. Bispham; but he was taken by death before I could begin work with him. Miss Roma then took me to Maestro Boghetti, with whom I have worked ever since. I have had no special vocal problems to overcome, and have developed my voice along the natural lines of *bel canto* (beautiful singing) that I have already outlined.

I have no special practice rules. I work on the material at hand, rather than on formal vocalises. I never sing when tired. Since a long season of concert touring brings with it an inevitable amount of fatigue, there are days when I do not practice at all. Under such circumstances, the strain on the entire physical organism, of which the voice is but a part, would undo the good of practicing. When I am especially interested in a song, I may keep at it for hours at a time. But I never sing in full voice longer than one hour a day, and not that much at any one time. The well used voice does not tire; still it is wiser not to overdo. In the matter of practice, each vocalist must plan her own routine; it is important, though, that the routine be established and kept.

BUILDING A REPERTOIRE

In choosing program material, I make two requirements. Whatever the period or "school" of the song, it must first of all be beautiful. In second place, too, it must make some special appeal to me. Only then can I draw the best from it. There are many songs the beauty of which I can perceive only in an impersonal way; that is to say, they are not a part of me. And from such material I keep resolutely away. I believe that worthy interpretations result only when the singer can fuse his own inner vein with the message of the composer. It is a mistake to gauge song values in terms of success, or popularity, of the vogue of the moment, or of anything at all except the sincere belief that the singer herself can bring to them. No one song may equally delight everyone in the audience; but a sincere giving of self must always command respect. And a song must belong to one before it can be given to others.

No program is complete, to me, without a group of spirituals. They are my own music; but it is not for that reason that I love to sing them. Music has no racial boundaries. A person can love Schubert, even if he knows nothing of Vienna. In fact, many spirituals have been arranged for me by Swedes, Frenchmen, and Swiss, who have never seen our South. I love the spirituals because they are truly spiritual in quality; they give forth an aura of faith, simplicity, humility, and hope. Others must find this to be the case, too; for the spiritual is immensely well liked by Europeans who know nothing of the land or the people who produced the songs. They find in the spirituals the same qualities of soul that I do; and, to express faith through humility, and hope through simplicity, is, perhaps, the finest thing that any work of art can achieve. I like to think of the artist as one who approaches his work in this spirit. *From ETUDE Nov. 1939*



War Effort

As she traveled across war-time America, Marian Anderson detoured to sing in the camps, the hospitals, the war factories, the shipyards. Above, 40,000 air cadets parade for her at their graduation at Sheppard Field, Texas. Below, a scene from the Christmas film made by the Signal Corps, United States Army, with Leopold Stokowski and the Westminster Choir. 1500 prints were shown on Christmas Day, 1944, in combat areas the world over.





Ambassador of Song

BY MARCIA DAVENPORT

The day she realized that she must go abroad to immerse herself in its language and its supreme classic tradition of song, was the day Marian Anderson came into her own. The pattern had been followed before her by such potent artists as Fremstad and Farrar; it was for opera that they went, but she went for *Lieder*, the backbone of the concert singer's repertoire and the cornerstone of her peculiar art. So Marian Anderson sailed for Europe. When she returned to sing again in New York, in 1935, she came as a world celebrity, and with one song swept her audience off its feet. In the interim, she had invested the full power of her fine intelligence and the wealth of her amazing voice in profound study of the German medium.

Until she began her study of German songs, her voice and what she made of it had been the salient features of Marian Anderson as a singer. But the mere possession of a fine—even a magnificent or phenomenal—voice has never been enough to carry its owner to the heights. She must have at least two other rock-solid inherent powers: the will to work, and the resources of exceptionally fine perceptive and projective emotion. A great career in music comes only through the severest, unrelenting, relentless toil, which polishes the natural equipment of the artist to exacting technical standards. Such an equipment, though, is useless without a heart. Marian Anderson was born with such a heart, and with the brains to make the most of her natural voice. And through the medium of the world's

greatest music she has become one of those rare ministers to the hunger for poetry and lyric beauty shared by all.

Paris, as would be expected, went literally wild. London eagerly capitulated. Central Europe, in whose music she reached towering expression, went mad about her. In the summer of 1935 I first heard her, in a small salon at Salzburg, before an audience hand-picked from the greatest musicians in the world. Some of them were too dumbfounded to say anything at all, others wonderingly shook their heads and declared hers a voice in a century, and her interpretations of classic music phenomenal. Calmly she went on her way. In Berlin a Scandinavian manager who was arranging concerts in Sweden and Denmark came to her with Kosti Vehanen, who was to become her permanent accompanist. Between pianist and singer there has grown up an intellectual and personal artistic sympathy of unusual quality. Mr. Vehanen is a Finn, and the day came when he went with her to Finland and introduced her to its greatest man, Sibelius. He too was captivated, and he has written songs especially for her. With Mr. Vehanen the northern world opened up magically. She adores Sweden, has learned the language, and sings in it, as well as in Finnish, French and Italian music she had explored. Her singing in English is a delight to the ear, beyond the music, for her diction is crystalline.

She is, then, a true concert singer. The world being differently constituted, she might have been an

opera singer, but it is a marvelous thing that she is not. Her repertoire is full of great operatic arias, especially the noblest classic ones of style. But the singer who travels the whole world over, bringing music in its most natural form to people of every class and sort and doing this without the externally glamorous accouterments of the theater, is the singer whose grip on a public, once attained, is steel.

A contralto with a range of three full octaves, she has what might be described as a pair of voices. The upper half is brilliant and flexible and heady, a soprano for all technical and interpretive purposes. The lower half is that hair-raising deep voice the like of which I have never heard, and which I suspect never has been heard before. In such songs as *Der Erlkoenig* or *Der Tod und das Maedchen*, which consist of conversations between two voices, a high one and a low, she is amazing. She moves from one to the other not only with effortless range firm in remarkable technical control. Her pianissimo is a marvel of muscular power, absolutely round and velvety and solid as her biggest tones. She is constantly "feeding" her voice, expanding her medium every year to include new types of

music and language, which enrich not only her repertoire but her vocal resources.

The whole world knows her now. She has sung in every capital of Europe, has had all the proverbial and many novel forms of adulation, has sent audiences wild with enthusiasm throughout Russia and South America, and has won her own native land to universal vociferous acclaim. What is more, she is that certain powerful sort of musical attraction that people mean when they speak of "the good old days." Like the "old-time religion," the old-time concert is waning; today there is nothing in it, as a rule, vital enough to compel the loyalty of millions. Of all concert artists before the American public, exactly six are certain, automatic, box-office sellouts. Marian Anderson is one of these. In the next two years, she has not room for an additional concert engagement. She is young, on the upcurve of her vocal prime, and noble to look upon. When she stands on a platform, exquisitely dressed by Paris in white or a gleaming brocade, her strong, slender figure and poised bearing proclaiming in every detail the ripened mistress of a great art, she is one of the proudest ornaments of this country.

From an article in COLLIER'S Magazine Dec. 3, 1938



Homecoming

Year after year, from 1935 until the war, Marian Anderson carried her song across the seas and back.

Easter Sunday ... 1939



*T*HE hearts of 75,000 Americans, and of uncounted thousands more at their radios, lifted to the song of Marian Anderson as she stood before the brooding figure of the Great Emancipator on Easter Sunday, 1939. On the platform of the Lincoln Memorial, behind her, sat members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives, leaders of American thought, signaling by their presence this climax in a nation's protest against the action of the Daughters of the American Revolution in barring a great American artist from Constitution Hall because of her color.

History Rights Itself...



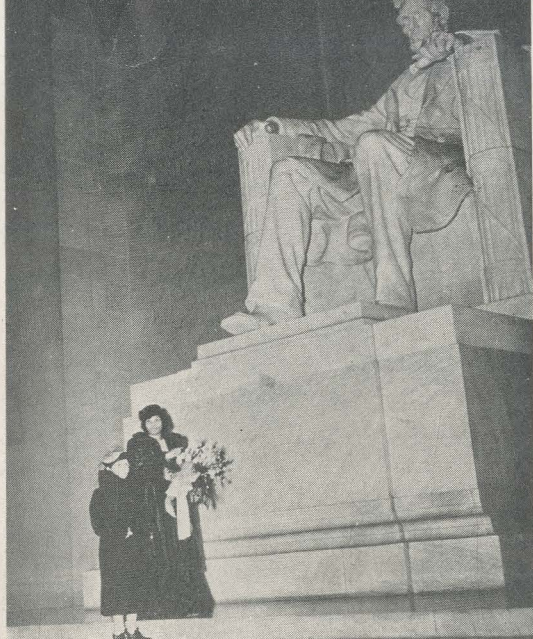
NOT quite four years later, on January 7, 1943, the scales of history balanced once more. Marian Anderson sang in Constitution Hall before an audience in which color was no bar, with Mrs. Roosevelt, who had resigned from the D.A.R. in 1939, seated in a box, with a preponderance of notables dazzling even for the nation's capital. The entire proceeds, including Miss Anderson's fee, went to United China Relief. Said LIFE, "As always, she sang simply and beautifully." Here, descending the steps of the celebrated Hall in a flurry of Washington snow, is Miss Anderson, her arms full of flowers, with impresario S. Hurok, her accompanist Franz Rupp, and her travelling manager Isaac Jofe.



A young girl in an alien land, welcomed by the people of Stockholm, Oslo, Helsinki, Paris, Berlin, not yet by her own people. It was the summer of 1935. Behind her were the years of her mother's sacrifice, her neighbors' encouragement, her own earnest devotion to song. Ahead, the moment in Salzburg when Toscanini said, "A voice like yours is heard once in a hundred years." Ahead the night in Town Hall when Americans heard her greatness for the first time.



Marian Anderson today, acknowledged one of the great singers of all time, beloved in her own land and across the seas as few have been at any time. Laden with honors, besieged by adorers, she is still the simple, true-hearted woman, as she was the simple, true-hearted girl of ten years before. In this superb portrait by Philippe Halsman she wears a priceless three-centuries-old Russian robe, memento of the adoring Russians whose Stanislavsky brought her white lilacs in Moscow's mid-winter.



Honors

A proud America has heaped new honors on Marian Anderson, America's great lady of song, as she sets forth this season on her gala tenth tour of her native land.

As though to make up for the years in which her own country turned a deaf ear to the modest Philadelphia girl, and she was forced to find her first recognition abroad—until 1935, when impresario S. Hurok triumphantly brought her back and her countrymen welcomed her as one of the great artists of all time—Marian Anderson's homeland has not ceased to disprove the adage that one is without honor in one's own country.

Smith College in June made her an honorary Doctor of Music, adding one more to the degrees she already holds from Temple and Howard Universities. Earlier in the season the Republic of Liberia presented her with its highest award, the Order of African Redemption, in recognition of the credit she has brought to the Negro people. And one of the more private aspects of her life, the humanitarian, won her the Merit Award of the

New York Youth Committee for her work among underprivileged children of Harlem in a music school of the Juvenile Welfare Council.

Conferring upon her the honorary degree, President Herbert Davis of Smith read the following citation: "Marian Anderson, an American woman of unselfish devotion who, through the splendor of her voice, the nobility of her art, has awakened and fortified in the hearts of countless thousands that humanity in which we are all one."

With the \$10,000 Bok Award presented to her in 1941, the Spingarn Medal in 1939, and the Grand Prix du Chant for the best recorded voice on the Continent, Miss Anderson is now the most honorladen, as well as by general consent the greatest, singer of her time. A mural in the Department of Interior Building in Washington, commemorating her great Easter Sunday concert at the Lincoln Memorial in 1939, has been dedicated to her. A Liberty Ship, christened by her the Booker T. Washington, sails the seas on its wartime missions.

Deeply moved, Marian Anderson shares with her mother the high moment of receiving the Bok Award.



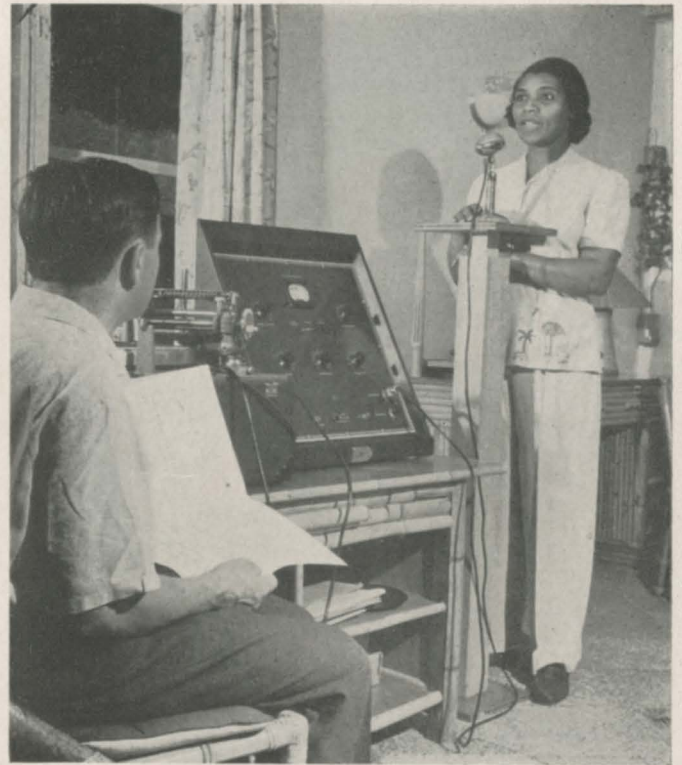


*L*AUNCHING the Booker T. Washington, first Liberty ship to be named for a famous Negro. Captained by Negro shipmaster Hugh Mulzac, with a crew of white and Negro seamen, the sturdy freighter has crossed the seas many times with urgent war supplies for the fighting fronts.

Marian Anderson



The quaint Victorian farmhouse at Marianna, in Connecticut. Fenon, the Kerry Blue terrier, with Miss Anderson.



Work as well as play: recording a new song in the studio at Marianna.



Time out for a swim in the naturalistic pool with accompanist Franz Rupp.



A visit with Pontiac, porcine matron, and her numerous offspring.

at Home . . .



A good grape crop this year,
Farmer Anderson predicts.



Fenon and his mistress survey their
idyllic kingdom from the porch.



Phyllis, Annabella's daughter, born at Marianna, is
growing up to be a prize Jersey cow, pride of the farm.



A real dirt farmer is Marian Anderson, inspecting
the cabbage patch with Fenon's dubious assistance.

Word Portrait

BY HOWARD TAUBMAN

A tall, slim, serious girl in her 'teens named Marian Anderson was the favorite singer of the South Philadelphia Negro neighborhood where she lived a score of years ago. There was a welling fund of music in her and she had to sing. Wherever and whenever they asked her, she sang.

Today she is America's greatest contralto. She appears in more recitals each season than any other major artist, and her fee is among the top five of the land. She has sung throughout Europe and the United States, and she has won the unstinted admiration of the average citizen, of eminent musicians like Jean Sibelius and Arturo Toscanini, of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and of the King and Queen of England, for whom she sang at the White House in 1939.

There is a powerful appeal in Marian Anderson on the stage. Even before she sings a single song she has won her audience. She is tall and stately in figure, and she takes her place before the piano with the simplicity and dignity of one who regards it a privilege to be permitted to sing. There is no ostentation, no sign of tension. She faces the audience calmly and confidently, with never the slightest trace of a prima donna mannerism. Then she nods to the pianist, closes her eyes and sings. Now she is like a high priestess of song—devout, passionate, exalted by turns. She wants the audience to forget Marian Anderson and to become aware only of Bach and Schubert and Brahms and the others who poured their innermost emotions into music. And when the applause and the cheers cascade through the theatre, she does not behave like a triumphant heroine; she is profoundly moved that her listeners are pleased.

Miss Anderson carries the same simplicity and integrity into her everyday life. Off the stage she is modest, even humble. She finds it difficult to speak of herself in the first person. She does not often say "I sang here" or "I gave a concert there;" she uses the pronoun "we" since, after all, there is always an accompanist. When she discusses the

details of her life she does not often say "I did this" or "I went there," but "one did this" and "one went there."

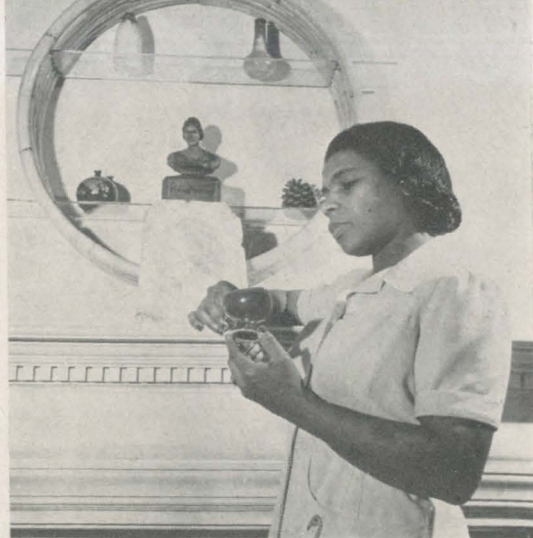
She is not stuffy or holier-than-thou in her attitude. She could not be. Her large brown eyes are constantly alight and her laughter is warm and soft. She does not seem as tall and majestic off stage as on. She moves lithely, and her conversation is animated. She looks almost girlish as she sits in an easy chair and tucks her legs under her.

She has not let the world's adulation spoil her or affect her way of life. When she goes barnstorming over America she travels without a maid. It is not that she can't afford help; she just prefers to do for herself. She tried a maid one season and let her do the packing and unpacking at each stop. It made her uneasy because she couldn't find things when she wanted them. Now she does her own packing and unpacking and she even irons her own evening gown on the afternoon before a recital. She does not fuss when people smoke in her presence and she does not watch her diet as carefully as other singers do. "One eats," she says simply, "when one is hungry."

Marian Anderson does not believe in treating herself as if she were precious and fragile china. She tries to live as normally as is possible for one who spends many hours on trains and in hotels. She learned to take hazards in stride during her childhood and youth and this experience has been her strength in her concert work.

Like other great American Negro singers—Roland Hayes, Paul Robeson—Miss Anderson is aware she is not just a singer, but a representative of her people. There are twenty-seven clubs throughout the United States named after her. In Philadelphia they speak of her as "our Marian." Though she loves the great songs of all literature, she sings the spirituals with special intensity and devotion. Wherever she goes, she is not just another singer but one of the voices of her race.

From the New York TIMES Magazine April 6, 1941





S. HUOK IMPRESARIO OF THE ARTS

In this era of peace, ushering in the atomic age, new horizons will be sighted in every sphere of human endeavor: science, industry, sociology and culture. The name of S. Hurok, so deeply stamped on the music and ballet of the last twenty-five years, will be even more clearly impressed upon the concert and theatrical arts of the next quarter of a century. Great names of yesterday—Pavlowa, Chaliapin, Isadora Duncan—paralleled by today's Marian Anderson, Arthur Rubinstein, Jan Peerce, Ballet Theatre, Martha Graham, the Don Cossacks, Argentinita, the Metropolitan opera and others will find their reflection in tomorrow's constellation of stars whose discovery will be due likewise to the interest and enterprise of the only impresario of our time who serves the grand tradition.

The life story of S. Hurok, entitled "Impresario," will be published this year by Random House. In this book, the excitement, glitter and humor of music's golden age in America are viewed through the canny eyes of the man who has given this nation some of its most treasured hours in the concert hall and theatre.

SONGS OF MARIAN ANDERSON

AVE MARIA Schubert

Ave Maria! Maiden mild. Listen to a maiden's prayer!
For thou canst hear though from the wild,
'Tis Thou can save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath Thy care,
Though banished, outcast and reviled.
O Maiden see a maiden's sorrow,
O Mother, hear a suppliant child
Ave Maria.

SE FLORINDO E FEDELE . . . Alessandro Scarlatti

Should Florindo be faithful
Surely I'll fall in love.
How artful e'er he draw the bow
Well vers'd in archers' wiles,
My heart I can defend, I know,
From any luring smiles.
Sighing, weeping, and imploring
My breast can never move;
But if he should be faithful
I'll surely fall in love.

DER TOD UND DAS MÄDCHEN Schubert

The Maiden:

Pass onward, O pass onward
Wild man with barren bone!
I'm but a forlorn maiden
Go, leave the young alone!

Death:

Give me thy hand, O fair young child,
As friend I come, and not to chasten.
Be of good cheer, I am not wild,
Come then, and to these fond arms hasten!

WHEN I AM LAID IN EARTH Purcell

Recitative:

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me
On thy bosom let me rest,
More I would, but Death invades me,
Death is now a welcome guest.

Aria:

When I am laid in earth,
May my wrongs create no trouble in thy breast
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

BEGRÜSSUNG Händel

Following is a free translation of Greeting: Son, see
down the cheeks of your aged father, tears are streaming.
Long after I have been in the grave, your name and glory
will fill the world.

ARIA. "O DON FATALE" (DON CARLO) . . . Verdi

O fatal gift! O cruel gift!
That in its fury, a Heaven brings to me!
No matter what may come to pass,
I curse my fatal beauty!
All hope is lost, I can but shed my tears.
My crime is past redemption.
Ah! How I curse my beauty!
O my queen! I sacrificed thee
To the mad folly of my heart.
Let me now hide—in some secluded convent—
From all the world my utter grief and shame
Oh! Heaven! and Carlos?
Great Heaven! He dies tomorrow!
But stay! A day is still remaining!
The axe they now prepare
But stay! A day is still remaining!
Once more hope smiles upon me,
To save his life, I will all dangers dare!

DER NUSSBAUM Schumann

There stands by the house a walnut tree,
Gaily, daily greener, the leaves are all waving free.
And blossoms hang thick on ev'ry bough,
Fragrant, vagrant breezes come forth to woo them now.
And two by two whisp'ring low and sweet.
Playing, swaying gently, at last in a kiss they meet.
They whisper about a maiden
Who pondered and wondered both night and day.
Wherefore, ah, ne'er could she say!
They whisper, they whisper
So soft and low one can hardly hear,
Whisper a bridegroom will come next year,
Will come next year.
The maiden listens, the leaves breathe sighs,
Blissful, wistful dreaming,
Softly asleep she lies.

AMURI! AMURI! Sadero

A Sicilian carter walks at the side of his horse, and full
of grief, thinks of what love has made of him, while he is
saying now and then to his horse "Trot along, old man,
we are driving home."

. . . Continued



Franz Rupp

Marian Anderson's accompanist for the past five years is not only considered one of the finest accompanists on the concert stage today, but has a notable reputation as a concert soloist besides. Born in the Bavarian Alps, Mr. Rupp began his musical training at the age of five as a violinist under the tutelage of his father, a gifted amateur violinist. At seven he turned to the piano, and at ten had already enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing his own compositions performed in his native town. Enrolled at the Munich Academy of Music at fourteen, he won the annual grand prize offered by the Bavarian Government for four consecutive years. He toured Europe extensively as concert soloist and as accompanist to scores of the leading artists of the world until, in 1938, his voicing of anti-Hitler sentiments came to the ears of the Gestapo and he made his escape. Mr. Rupp will intersperse his tour with Miss Anderson this year with a number of solo concerts of his own under Mr. Hurok's management.

SONGS OF MARIAN ANDERSON

. . . Continued

DERE'S NO HIDIN' PLACE DOWN DERE,

Arr. by Brown

Dere's no hidin' place down dere,
Oh! I went to de rock to hide my face,
De rock cried out no hidin' place
Dere's no hidin' place down dere.
Oh! de rock cried I'm burning too
Oh! de rock cried out I'm burning too,
I want to go to Heaven as well as you.
Dere's no hidin' place down dere.
Oh, de sinner man he gambled and fell.
Oh, de sinner man gambled, he gambled and fell
He wanted to go to Heaven but he had to go to hell.
Dere's no hidin' place down dere.

HONOR, HONOR Arr. by Johnson

King Jesus lit de candle by de waterside,
To see de little chillun when dey truly baptize.
Honor! Honor! unto de dying Lamb.

Oh, run along chillun, an be baptize
Mighty pretty meetin' by de waterside.
Honor! Honor! unto de dying Lamb.

I prayed all day, I prayed all night
My head got sprinkled wid de mid-night dew.
Honor! Honor! unto dying Lamb.

DEEP RIVER Arr. by Burleigh

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.
Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast,
That promised land, where all is peace?
O! Deep river, Lord, etc.

HEAV'N! HEAV'N! Arr. by Brown

I got a robe, you got a robe,
All God's children got a robe.
When I get to Heav'n going to put on my robe.
Going to shout all over God's Heav'n! Heav'n! Heav'n!
Everybody talking about Heav'n
Aint going there.
I got shoes, you got shoes,
All God's children got shoes.
When I get to Heav'n going to put on my shoes.
Going to walk all over God's Heav'n! Heav'n! Heav'n!
Everybody talking about Heav'n
Aint going there.

CRUCIFIXION Arr. by Payne

They crucified my Lord—
An' he never said a mumb'lin word.
Not a word.
They pierced him in the side—
An' he never said a mumb'lin word.
Not a word.
He bow'd his head an' died—
An' he never said a mumb'lin word.
Not a word, not a word, not a word.

MY SOUL'S BEEN ANCHORED IN THE

LORD Arr. by Price

In the Lord, in the Lord,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
Before I'd stay in Hell one day,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
I'd sing and pray myself away,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
I'm going to pray and never stop.
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
Until I reach the mountain top.
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
In the Lord, in the Lord.
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
God knows my soul's been anchored in the Lord.

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS

CHILD Arr. by Brown

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long ways from home.
True believer, a long ways from home
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone
A long ways from home
True believer, a long ways from home.

LET US BREAK BREAD TOGETHER,

Arr. by Lawrence

Let us break bread together on our knees,
When I fall on my knees
With my face to the rising sun
O Lord, have mercy on me.

Let us drink wine together on our knees.
Let us praise God together on our knees
O Lord have mercy, if you please.



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