

Every Time I Feel the Spirit

Folk Songs of the Negro as
Sung on the Plantations, 1909

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Ev-'ry time I feel the spir - it moving in my heart, I will

4
pray, Ev-'ry time I feel the spir - it moving in my heart, I will

8 *Fine*
pray. 1. Up on the moun-tain — my God spoke, Out of
2. Jor - dan riv - er is chilly and cold, Chills the

11
God's mouth came fire and smoke. Looked all a-round me, It
bod - y, but not the soul. There ain't but one train up -

14 *D.C. al Fine*
looked so fine, — I asked my God, could it be mine.
on this track, It runs to free-dom, and don't come back.