

# Deep River

Negro Spiritual

Deep Ri-ver, my home is o-ver Jor-dan, —

The first system of musical notation for 'Deep River' is in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The lyrics 'Deep Ri-ver, my home is o-ver Jor-dan, —' are written below the treble staff.

Deep Ri-ver, Lord, I want to cross o-ver in-to

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff melody continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F#5, and G5. The bass staff accompaniment continues with quarter notes D4, E4, F#4, and G4. The lyrics 'Deep Ri-ver, Lord, I want to cross o-ver in-to' are written below the treble staff.

*FINE*  
camp-ground. O don't you want to go to that gos-pel-

The third system of musical notation begins with the word 'FINE' above the treble staff. The treble staff melody continues with quarter notes A5, B5, and C6. The bass staff accompaniment continues with quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics 'camp-ground. O don't you want to go to that gos-pel-' are written below the treble staff.

*D. C. al FINE*  
feast, that prom-ised land, where all is peace?  
prom-ised land where all is peace?

The fourth system of musical notation begins with 'D. C. al FINE' above the treble staff. The treble staff melody continues with quarter notes D6, E6, and F#6. The bass staff accompaniment continues with quarter notes D4, E4, and F#4. The lyrics 'feast, that prom-ised land, where all is peace?' are written below the treble staff. The final line of the system, 'prom-ised land where all is peace?', is written below the bass staff.

### **I've known rivers**

I've known rivers ancient as the world and  
older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.  
I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.  
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.  
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.  
I heard the singing of the Mississippi  
when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans,  
and I've seen it's muddy bosom  
turn all golden in the sun-set.  
I've known rivers: ancient, dusky rivers.  
My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

## **Deep River**

*Negro Spiritual*

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

*Geistliches Lied der Schwarzen*

Tiefer Strom,  
meine Heimat ist über dem Jordan,  
tiefer Strom, Herr,  
ich möchte hinübergehen  
in die ewige Heimstatt (*wörtl.* Lagerplatz).  
O, wollt ihr nicht  
zum Evangeliums-Fest gehen,  
in das verheißene Land,  
wo nur Frieden herrscht?

## **I've known rivers**

I've known rivers  
ancient as the world  
and older than the flow  
of human blood  
in human veins.  
My soul has grown deep  
like the rivers.  
I bathed in the Euphrates  
when dawns were young.  
I built my hut  
near the Congo  
and it lulled me to sleep.  
I looked upon the Nile  
and raised the pyramids  
above it.  
I heard the singing  
of the Mississippi  
when Abe Lincoln  
went down to New Orleans,  
and I've seen  
its muddy bosom  
turn all golden  
in the sunset.  
I've known rivers:  
ancient, dusky rivers.  
My soul has grown deep  
like the rivers.

Ich habe Flüsse gekannt,  
so alt wie die Welt  
und älter als das Fließen  
menschlichen Blutes  
in menschlichen Adern.  
Meine Seele ist so tief geworden  
wie die Flüsse.  
Ich badete im Euphrat  
als die Morgendämmerungen jung waren.  
Ich baute meine Hütte  
am Kongo  
und er lullte mich in den Schlaf.  
Ich schaute auf den Nil  
und errichtete die Pyramiden  
über ihm.  
Ich hörte das Singen  
des Mississippi,  
als Abe Lincoln  
hinunter nach New Orleans fuhr,  
und ich habe gesehen  
seinen schlammigen Schoß  
ganz golden werden  
beim Sonnenuntergang.  
Ich habe Flüsse gekannt:  
alte dunkle Flüsse.  
Meine Seele ist so tief geworden  
wie die Flüsse.

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