

# *Moravian Fellowship Songs*



American Moravian Youth Fellowship

A Publication of  
The Interprovincial Board of Christian Education  
Moravian Church in America

500 S. Church St.  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

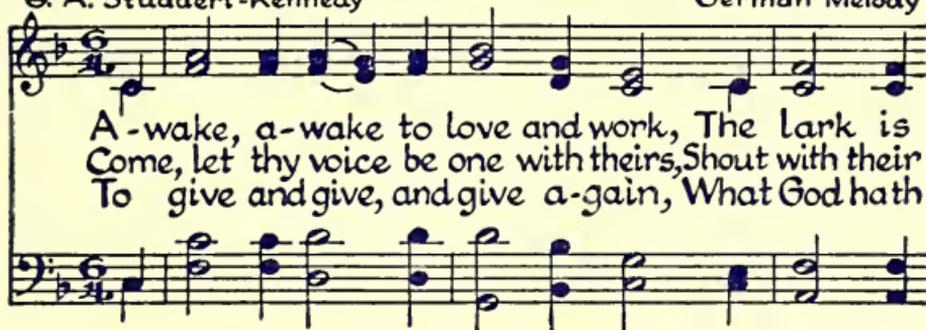
79 W. Church St.  
Bethlehem, Pa.

# Awake, Awake to Love and Work

SHELTERED DALE

G. A. Studdert-Kennedy

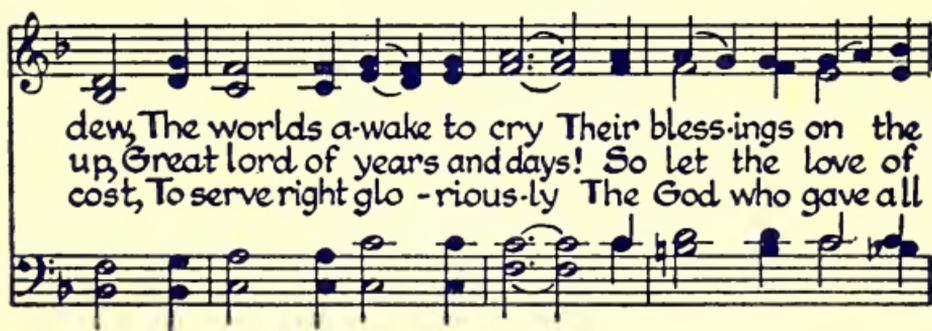
German Melody



A-wake, a-wake to love and work, The lark is  
Come, let thy voice be one with theirs, Shout with their  
To give and give, and give a-gain, What God hath



in the sky, The fields are wet with dia-mond  
shout of praise; See how the gi - ant sun soars  
giv - en thee; To spend thy-self nor count the



dew, The worlds a-wake to cry Their bless-ings on the  
up, Great lord of years and days! So let the love of  
cost, To serve right glo - rious-ly The God who gave all



Lord of life, As He goes meek-ly by.  
Je - sus come And set thy soul a-blaze.  
worlds there are, And all that are to be. A-men.

# For the Beauty of the Earth.

Dix

Arr. from

F. S. Pierpoint, 1864

Conrad Kocher, 1838

For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty  
 For the won-der of each hour, Of the day and  
 For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er, sis-ter,  
 For Thy Church that ev-er-more Lift-eth ho-ly

of the skies; For the love which from our birth  
 of the night, Hill and vale and tree and flower,  
 par-ent, child; Friends on earth, and friends a-bove;  
 hands a-bove, Off-'ring up on ev-'ry shore

O-ver and a-round us lies, Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
 Sun and moon and stars of light;  
 For all gen-tle thoughts and mild,  
 Her pure sac-ri-fice of love;

This our hymn of grate-ful praise. Amen.

# Fairest Lord Jesus

CRUSADERS' HYMN

Münster, 1667

Silesian Folk Tune

Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,  
 Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,  
 Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,

O Thou of God and man the Son,  
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring;  
 And all the twink - ling star - ry host;

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thee,  
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who  
 Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er Than

my soul's Glo - ry, Joy, and Crown.  
 makes the woe - ful heart to sing.  
 all the an - gels heav'n can boast. A - men.

# Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee

Johann Sebastian Bach

*mf*

Now let ev - 'ry tongue a - dore Thee!  
All Thy gates with pearl are glo - rious,

Let men with an - gels sing be - fore  
Where we par - take thro' faith vic - to -

Thee! Let harps and cym - bals now u - nite!  
rious, With an - gels round Thy throne of light.

*p*

No mor - tal eye hath seen, No

*pp*

mor - tal ear hath heard Such won - drous

*mf cresc.*

things There - fore with joy our song shall

soar In praise to God for - ev - er - more.

## Tallis' Canon

Thomas Ken, 1695

\* Succeeding voices enter

Thomas Tallis, 1565

All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of Kings, Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

# Christ, We Do All Adore Thee

From *The Seven Last Words of Christ*  
by Theodore Dubois 1837-1924

*p*

Christ, we do all a-dore Thee, and we do

*mp*

praise Thee for-ev-er; Christ, we do all a-dore Thee,

*cresc.* *mf*

and we do praise Thee for-ev-er, for on the ho-ly

*p*

cross hast Thou the world from sin re-deem-ed. Christ, we do

all a-dore Thee, and we do praise Thee for-ev-er

*pp* *pp* *pp*

(instrument)

Christ, we do all a-dore Thee.

# O Worship the King

LYONS

Robert Grant

Adapted from J. M. Haydn

O wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bovè,  
 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,  
 Thy boun-ti-ful càre what tongue can re-citè?

O grate-ful-ly sing His power and His love;  
 Whose robe is the light, Whose can-o-py space.  
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,

Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of Days,  
 His char-iots of wrath the deep thun-der-clouds form,  
 It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain,

Pa-vil-ioned in spien-dor and gird-ed with praise.  
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
 And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.

# Praise to the Lord

LOBE DEN HERREN

Joachim Neander, 1650-1680  
Trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1829-1878

Melody from  
*Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665*

Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre-a - tion,  
Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and de-fend thee,  
Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a-dore Him!

O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal-va -  
Sure-ly His good-ness and mer-cy here dai-ly at-tend  
All that hath life and breath come now with prais-es be-fore

tion; Join the great throng, Wake harp and psal-ter and  
thee; Pon-der a - new What the Al-might-y can  
Him! Let the A - men Sound from His peo-ple a -

song, Sound forth thy glad ad-o - ra - tion.  
do, Who with His love doth be-friend thee.  
gain: Glad-ly for aye we a-dore Him. A-men.

Some authorities prefer the Key of G for this song.

# This Is My Father's World

Maltbie D. Babcock

TERRA BEATA

Franklin L. Sheppard

This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my list-ening  
This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols  
This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-

ears, All na-ture sings, and round me rings The  
raise, The morn-ing light, the lil - y white, De-  
get That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God

mu-sic of the spheres. This is my Fa-ther's world: I  
clare their Mak-ers praise. This is my Fa-ther's world: He  
is the Ru-ler yet. This is my Fa-ther's world: Why

rest me in the thought Of rocks and trees, of  
shines in all that's fair; In the rust-ling grass I  
should my heart be sad? The Lord is King: let the

skies and seas; His hand the won-ders wrought.  
hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev-erywhere.  
heav-ens ring! God reigns: let the earth be glad! A-men.

# All Creatures of Our God and King

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

St. Francis of Assisi

17th Century German Melody

All crea-tures of our God and King, Lift up your  
 Thou rush-ing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that  
 Thou flow-ing wa-ter, pure and clear, Make mu-sic

voice and with us sing Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!  
 sail in heav'n a-long, O—praise Him, Al-le-lu-ia!  
 for thy Lord to hear, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

Thou burn-ing sun with gol-den beam, Thou sil-ver  
 Thou ris-ing morn, in praise re-joyce, Ye lights of  
 Thou fire so mas-ter-ful and bright That giv-eth

moon with sof-ter gleam, O praise Him, O praise Him!  
 eve-ning, find a voice. O praise Him, O praise Him!  
 man both warmth and light. O praise Him, O praise Him!

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

# Jesus Calls Us

Cecil F. Alexander

GALILEE

William H. Jude

Je-sus calls us o'er the tu-mult Of our

life's wild, rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice

sound-eth, Say-ing: "Chris-tian, fol-low me!"

2

Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store;  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying: "Christian, love me more!"

3

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"Christian love me more than these."

4

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,  
Savior may we hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

# Take Thou Our Minds

William Hiram Foulkes, 1918

Calvin W. Laufer, 1918

Take Thou our minds, dear Lord, we hum-bly pray;  
 Take Thou our hearts, O Christ, they are Thine own;  
 Take Thou our wills, Most High! Hold Thou full sway;  
 Take Thou our-selves, O Lord, heart, mind, and will;

Give us the mind of Christ each passing day;  
 Come Thou with-in our souls and claim Thy throne;  
 Have in our in-most souls Thy per-fect way;  
 Through our sur-rendered souls Thy plans ful-fill.

Teach us to know the truth that sets us free;  
 Help us to shed a-broad Thy death-less love;  
 Guard Thou each sa-cred hour from self-ish ease;  
 We yield our-selves to Thee time, tal-ents, all;

Grant us in all our thoughts to hon-or Thee.  
 Use us to make the earth like heav'n a-bove.  
 Guide Thou our or-dered lives as Thou dost please.  
 We hear, and hence-forth heed Thy sov-reign call. A-men.

## Take My Life

Take my life and let it be  
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.  
 Take my moments and my days;  
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.  
 Take my hands and let them move  
 At the impulse of Thy love.  
 Take my feet and let them be  
 Swift and beautiful for Thee.

## 2

Take my voice and let me sing,  
 Always, only, for my King.  
 Take my lips and let them be  
 Filled with messages from Thee.  
 Take my silver and my gold;  
 Not a mite would I withhold.  
 Take my intellect, and use  
 Ev'ry power as Thou shalt choose.

## 3

Take my will and make it Thine;  
 It shall be no longer mine.  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own;  
 It shall be Thy royal throne.  
 Take my love, my Lord I pour  
 At Thy feet its treasure-store.  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever, only all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal

## Glory, Laud and Honor

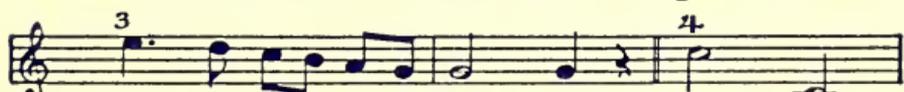
### *Preis, und Lob*

English by Max Exner

Ludwig Gehhardi



Glo - ry, laud and hon - or bring we Him, The  
*Preis und Lob und Eh - re brin - gen wir dem*



Lord of all cre - a - tion! A - men,  
*Schöp - fer al - ler Din - ge! A - men,*



A - men, A - men, A - men.

# O Master, Let Me Walk

MARYTON

Washington Gladden

Henry P. Smith

O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of

ser-vice free; Tell me Thy se-cret, help me

bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

2

Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear, winning word of love;  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.

3

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee,  
In closer, dearer company,  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4

In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way;  
In peace that only Thou canst give,  
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

# O Jesus, I Have Promised

ANGELS STORY

John E. Bode, 1869

Arthur H. Mann, 1881

O Je-sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be

Thou for-ev-er near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend; I

shall not fear the bat-tle If Thou art by my side, Nor

wan-der from the path-way If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2

O let me hear Thee speaking, In accents clear and still.  
 Above the storms of passion, the murmurs of self will;  
 O speak to reassure me, to hasten, or control;  
 O speak, and make me listen, Thou guardian of my soul.

3

O Jesus Thou hast promised To all who follow Thee,  
 That where Thou are in glory There shall Thy servant be;  
 And, Jesus I have promised, To serve Thee to the end;  
 O give me grace to follow, My Master and my Friend.

# Make Me a Captive

LEOMINSTER

George Matheson  
*Moderately*George W. Martin  
Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan

Make me a cap-tive, Lord, And then I shall be  
My heart is weak and poor Un - til it mas - ter  
My power is faint and low Till I have learned to

free; Force me to ren - der up my sword, And  
find; It has no spring of ac - tion sure, It  
serve; It wants the need - ed fire to glow, It

I shall conqueror be. I sink in life's a-larms  
var-ies with the wind. It can-not free-ly move,  
wants the breeze to nerve. It can-not drive the world

When by my-self I stand; Im-pris-on me with-  
Till Thou hast wrought its chain; En-slave it with Thy  
Un-til it-self be driven; Its flag can on-ly

in Thine arms, And strong shall be my hand:  
match-less love, And death-less it shall reign  
be un-furled When Thou shalt breathe from heaven. A-men.

# We May Not Climb

SERENITY

John G. Whittier

William V. Wallace

We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To

bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the

low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.

2

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

3

The healing of the seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

4

O Lord and Master of us all,  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine!

# He Who Would Valiant Be

ST. DUNSTON'S

John Bunyan, 1628-1688

Winfred Douglas, 1910

He who would val - iant be 'Gainst all dis - as - ter,

Let him in con - stan - cy Fol - low the Mas - ter. There's no dis -

cour - age - ment Shall make him once re - lent His

first a - vowed in - tent To be a pil - grim. A - men.

## 2

Whoso beset him round with dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound—His strength the more is.  
No foes shall stay his might; Tho he with giants fight,  
He will make good his right to be a pilgrim.

## 3

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend Us with Thy Spirit,  
We know we at the end Shall life inherit.  
Then fancies, flee away! I'll fear not what men say,  
I'll labor night and day To be a pilgrim.

# Christ of the Upward Way

SURSUM CORDA

Walter J. Mathams

George Lomas

Christ of the Up-ward Way, My Guide di-vine,  
Give me the heart to hear Thy voice and will,  
Give me the good stout arm To shield the right,  
Christ of the Up-ward Way, My Guide di-vine,

Where Thou hast set Thy feet May I place mine;  
That with-out fault or fear I may ful-fill  
And wield Thy sword of truth With all my might,  
Where Thou hast set Thy feet May I place mine;

And move and march wher-ever Thou hast trod,  
Thy pur-pose with a glad and ho - ly zest,  
That, in the war-fare I must wage for Thee,  
And when Thy last call comes se-rene and clear,

Keep-ing face for-ward up the hill of God.  
Like one who would not bring less than his best.  
More than a vic - tor I may ev - er be.  
Calm may my an-swer be, "Lord, I am here." A-men.

# O Young and Fearless Prophet

S. Ralph Harlow

John B. Dykes

O young and fear-less Proph-et of an-cient Gal-i-lee:  
We mar-vel at the pur-pose that held Thee to Thy course,

Thy life is still a sum-mons to serve hu-man-i-ty, To  
While ev-er on the hill-top be-fore Thee loom'd the cross; Thy

make our thoughts and ac-tions less prone to please the crowd, To  
stead-fast face set for-ward where love and du-ty shone, While

stand with hum-ble cour-age for Truth with hearts un-cowed.  
we be-tray so quick-ly and leave Thee there a-lone.

3.

O help us stand unswerving against war's bloody way,  
Where hate and lust and falsehood hold back Christ's holy  
sway;

Forbid false love of country, that blinds us to His call  
Who lifts above the nation the brotherhood of all.

4.

Create in us the splendor that dawns when hearts are kind,  
That knows not race nor station as boundaries of the mind;  
That learns to value beauty, in heart, or brain, or soul,  
And longs to bind God's children into one perfect whole.

—Words used by permission of S. Ralph Harlow

# That Cause Can Neither Be Lost

Kr. Ostergaard  
Trans. by J.C. Aaberg

J. Nellemann

That cause can neith-er be lost nor stayed Which  
Each no - ble serv - ice that men have wrought Was  
There - by it - self like a tree it shows; That  
Be then no more by a storm dis-mayed, For

takes the course of what God hath made; And  
first con - ceived as a fruit - ful thought; Each  
high it reach - es as deep it grows; And  
by it the full - grown seeds are laid; And

is not trust - ing in walls and tow - ers But  
wor - thy cause with a fu - ture glo - rious By  
when the storms are its branch - es shak - ing, It  
though the tree by its might it shat - ters, What

slow - ly grow - ing from seed to flow - ers.  
qui - et - ly grow - ing be - comes vic - to - rious.  
deep - er root in the soil is tak - ing.  
then, if thou - sands of seeds it scat - ters.

# Rise Up, O Men of God

FESTAL SONG

William P. Merrill, 1911

William H. Walter, 1894

Rise up, O Men of God! Have done with  
 Rise up, O Men of God! His king - dom  
 Rise up, O Men of God! The church for  
 Lift high the cross of Christ Tread where His

less - er things, Give heart and soul and mind and  
 tar - ries long; Bring in the day of broth - er  
 you doth wait, Her strength un - e - qual to the  
 feet have trod; As broth - ers of the Son of

strength To serve the King of Kings.  
 hood And end the night of wrong.  
 task; Rise up and make her great.  
 man, Rise up, O Men of God A - men.

# Rise Up, O Flame

8 Part Canon

Christoph Praetorius

Rise up, O flame, — By thy light glow - ing,

Show to us beau - ty, Vi - sion and joy.

# Thine Is the Glory

Tr. by R. Birch Hoyle

George F. Handel

Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en, con-quiring Son,  
Lo! Je-sus meets thee, Ris-en from the tomb;  
No more we doubt Thee, Glo-rious Prince of Life!

End - less is the vic - t'ry Thou o'er death has won.  
Lov - ing - ly He greets thee, Scat-ters fear and gloom;  
Life is naught without Thee. Aid us in our strife;

*End-less is the vic-try Thou o'er death hast won.*

An - gels in bright rai-ment Rolled the stone a-way.  
Let His Church with glad-ness Hymns of triumphsing.  
Make us more than con-quirors Thru Thy deathless love.

Kept the fold-ed grave-clothes Where Thy bod-y lay  
For her Lord now liv - eth; Death hath lost its sting.  
Bring us safe thru Jor-dan To Thy home a-bove.

## REFRAIN

D.S.

Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en, con-quiring Son,

# God of Grace

Harry Emerson Fosdick

CWM RHONDDA

John Hughes, 1907.

God of grace and God of glo - ry, On Thy peo - ple.  
Lo! The hosts of e - vil round us Scorn Thy Christ, as -  
Cure Thy child - ren's war - ring mad - ness Bend our pride to

pour Thy power; Crown Thine an - cient Chur - ch's sto - ry;  
sail His ways! Fears and doubts too long have bound us,  
Thy con - trol; Shame and wan - ton self - ish glad - ness,

Bring her bud to glo - rious flower, Grant us wis - dom,  
Free our hearts to work and praise, Grant us wis - dom,  
Rich in things and poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom,

Grant us cour - age For the fac - ing of this  
Grant us cour - age For the liv - ing of these  
Grant us cour - age Lest we miss Thy King - dom's

hour, For the fac - ing of this hour.  
days, For the liv - ing of these days.  
goal. Lest we miss Thy King - dom's goal.

4. Set our feet on lofty places; Gird our lives that they may be  
Armored with all Christ-like graces In the fight to set men free.  
Grant us wisdom, Grant us courage,  
That we fail not man nor Thee!
5. Save us from weak resignation To the evils we deplore;  
Let the search for Thy salvation Be our glory evermore.  
Grant us wisdom, Grant us courage,  
Serving Thee whom we adore.

Words by permission of Harry Emerson Fosdick.  
Music by permission Mrs. John Hughes

## In Christ There Is No East or West

ST PETER C M

John Oxenham

Alexander Reinagle

In Christ there is no East or West, In Him no South or North; But

one great fel-low-ship of love Thru-out the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere Their high communion find;  
His service is the golden cord Close binding all mankind.

Join hands then, brothers of the faith, Whate'er your race may be,  
'Who serves my Father as a son is surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both East and West, in Him meet South and  
North

All Christly souls are one in Him throughout the whole wide earth

Words by permission of Miss Erica Oxenham.

# I Bind My Heart

Lauchlan MacLean Watt

Grace Wilbur Conant

I bind my heart this tide To the Gal - i - le - an's  
I bind my heart in thrall To the God, the Lord of

side, To the wounds of Cal - va - ry, To the  
All, To the God, the poor man's friend, And the

Christ who died for me. I bind my soul this day To the  
Christ whom he did send. I bind my-self to peace, To make

broth - er far a - way, And the broth - er near at  
strife and en - vy cease, God! Knit thou sure the

hand, In this town, and in this land.  
cord Of my thrall - dom to my Lord. A - men.

# Lord, We Thank Thee for Our Brothers

Roger K. Powell, 1948

NEW REFORMATION

J. T. Morrow, 1950

Lord, we thank Thee for our broth-ers Keep-ing faith with  
God be praised for con-gre-ga-tions Com-ing side by  
Hal-lowed be Thy name for-ev-er! Heal our dif-ferenc-

us and Thee; Join-ing heart to heart with oth-ers Mak-ing  
side to Thee; Man-y tongues of man-y na-tions Sing the  
es of old; Bless Thy Church's new en-deav-or, For Thy

strong our com-pa-ny, With the Cross our on-ly  
great-er u-ni-ty. Sweet the psalm and sweet the  
king-dom make us bold. One our Christ and one our

stan-ard Let us sing with one great voice, Glo-ry, glo-ry,  
car-ol When our song is raised as one: Glo-ry, glo-ry,  
Gos-pel, Make us one we now im-plore, Glo-ry, glo-ry,

Thine the king-dom; Churches in Thy Church re-joice.  
Thine the pow-er, As in Heaven Thy will be done.  
Thine the glo-ry Through the a-ges ev-er-more.

## Come, Peace of God

PAX

May Rowland

Lily Rendle

Come, Peace of God, and dwell a-gain on earth,

Come, with the calm that hailed Thy Prin-ces birth,

Come, with the heal-ing of Thy gen-tle touch,

Come, Peace of God that this world needs so much. A-men.

Break every weapon forged in fires of hate.  
 Turn back the foes that would assail Thy gate;  
 Where fields of strife lie desolate and bare  
 Take Thy sweet flow'rs of peace and plant them there.

Bring selfish lives from shadow-lands of loss  
 Into the radiance of the Savior's cross,  
 Where, in that gift—so precious, yet so lone—  
 Life finds its brotherhood and love its throne.

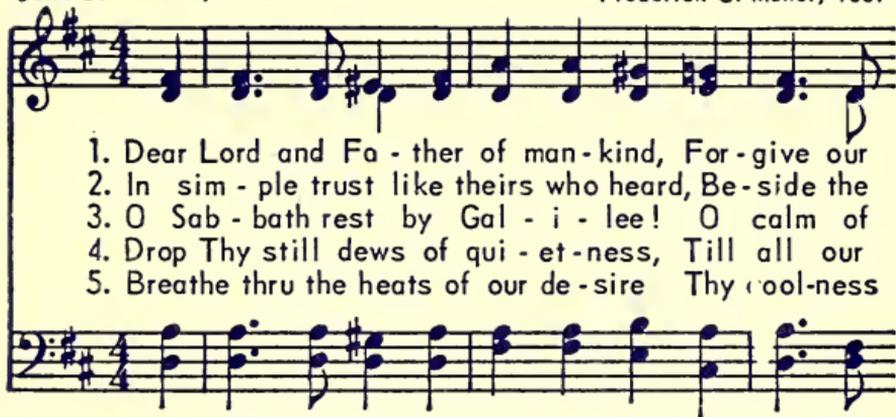
Come! Blessed Peace, as when, in hush of eve,  
 God's benediction falls on souls who grieve;  
 As shines a star when weary day departs,  
 Come! Peace of God, and rule within our hearts.

# Dear Lord and Father

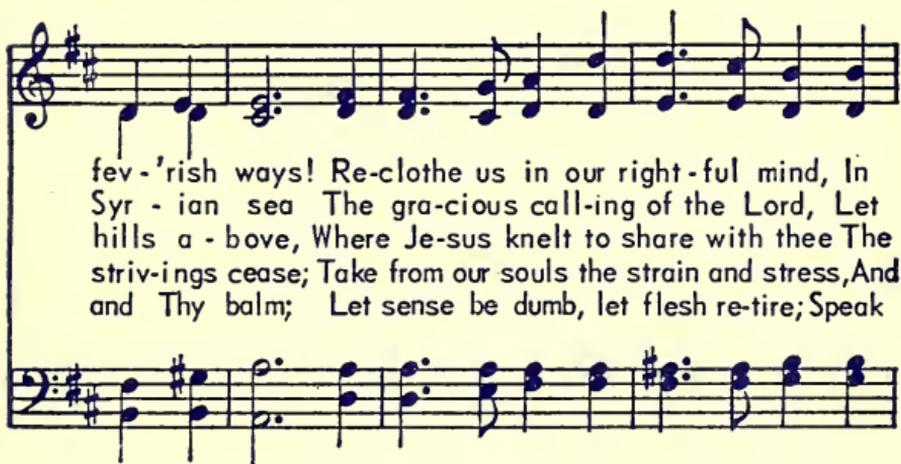
John G. Whittier, 1872

REST

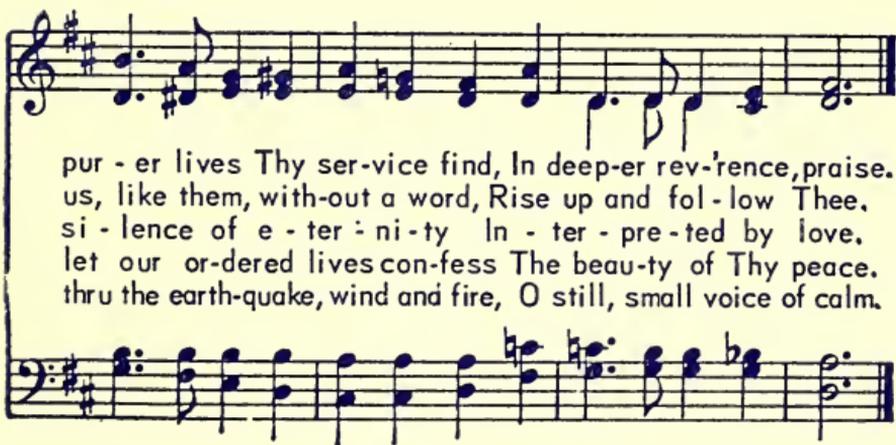
Frederick C. Maker, 1887



1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our  
 2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the  
 3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of  
 4. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till all our  
 5. Breathe thru the heats of our de - sire Thy cool - ness



fev - 'rish ways! Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind, In  
 Syr - ian sea The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let  
 hills a - bove, Where Je - sus knelt to share with thee The  
 striv - ings cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, And  
 and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let flesh re - tire; Speak



pur - er lives Thy ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise.  
 us, like them, with - out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee,  
 si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty In - ter - pre - ted by love,  
 let our or - dered lives con - fess The beau - ty of Thy peace,  
 thru the earth - quake, wind and fire, O still, small voice of calm.

# We Would Be Building

Purd E. Deitz

FINLANDIA

Jean Sibelius

We would be building; temples still un-done — O'er crumbling  
Teach us to build; up-on the sol-id rock — We set the  
O keep us build-ing, Master, may our hands — Ne'er fal-ter

walls their crosses scarcely lift; — Wait-ing till love can  
dream that hardens in- to deed, — Ribbed with the steel that  
when the dream is in our hearts, — When to our ears there

raise the bro-ken stone, — And hearts cre-a-tive bridge the  
time and change doth mock, — Th'un-fail-ing pur-pose of our  
come di-vine com-mands, — And all the pride of sin-ful

hu-man rift; — We would be build-ing, Mas-ter, let Thy  
no-blest creed; Teach us to build, O Mas-ter, lend us  
will de-parts; — We build with Thee, O grant en-dur-ing

plan — Re-veal the life that God would give to man. —  
sight — To see the tow-ers gleam - ing in the light. —  
worth — Un-til the heav'n - ly Kingdom comes on earth. —

# BE STILL, MY SOUL

Finlandia

Katharina van Schlegel  
Tr. by Jane L. Borthwick

Jean Sibelius

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side,  
Bear patiently thy cross of grief or pain.  
Leave to thy God to order and provide;  
In every change He faithful will remain.  
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heav'nly friend  
Thru thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake  
To guide the future as He has the past.  
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake.  
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.  
Be still, my soul, the waves and winds still know  
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below

## Dona Nobis Pacem

CANON FOR EQUAL VOICES

Source Unknown

PART I

Do - na no - bis pa - cem pa - cem

PART II

Do - na no - bis pa - cem

PART III

Do - na no - bis pa - cem

Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

# God, Who Touchest Earth

Mary S. Edgar

E. W. Bullinger

God, who touch-est earth with beau-ty, Make me

love-ly, too; With Thy Spir-it re-cre-

ate me, Make my heart a-new. A-men.

2

Like the springs and running waters  
 Make me crystal pure.  
 Like the rocks of towering grandeur  
 Make me strong and sure.

3

Like Thy dancing waves in sunlight  
 Make me glad and free;  
 Like the straightness of the pine tree  
 Let me upright be.

4

Like the arching of the heavens  
 Lift my thoughts above;  
 Turn my dreams to noble action—  
 Ministries of love.

5

God who touchest earth with beauty  
 Make me lovely, too.  
 Keep me ever by Thy Spirit  
 Pure and strong and true.

# Breathe on Me

TRENTHAM

Edwin Hatch

Robert Jackson

Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with  
 Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my  
 Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am  
 Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I

life a - new, That I may love what Thou dost  
 heart is pure, Un - til with Thee I will one  
 whol - ly Thine, Till all this earth - ly part of  
 nev - er die, But live with Thee the per - fect

love, And do what Thou wouldst do.  
 will, To do and to en - dure.  
 me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.  
 life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

Words permission Miss B. Hatch and Oxford University Press

Music permission Mrs. Ethel Taylor

# Praise for Bread

A. R. Ledoux

Morn - ing  
 Noon - time has come, the board is spread; Thanks be to  
 Eve - ning  
 Him who giv - eth bread; Praise God for bread!

From "List to the Lark"; arranged from Norfolk Chimes by Clarence Dickinson. Copyright 1945 H. W. Gray Co., N.Y. Used by permission.

# Spirit of God

MORECAMBE

George Croly, 1854

F. C. Atkinson, 1870

Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart;  
I ask no dream, no pro - phet ec - sta - cies,  
Teach me to feel that Thou are al - ways nigh;  
Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels Love,

Wean it from earth; thru all its pul - ses move;  
No sud - den rend - ing of the veil of clay,  
Teach me the strug - gles of the soul to bear,  
One ho - ly pas - sion fill - ing all my frame,

Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y as Thou art,  
No an - gel visi - tant, no o - pen - ing skies;  
To check the ris - ing doubt, the reb - el sigh;  
The bap - tism of the heav'n de - scend - ed Dove,

And make me love Thee as I ought to love.  
But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.  
Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered pray'r  
My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame. A - men.

# Be Thou My Vision

SLANE

Ancient Irish, trans. by Mary Byrne  
Versified by Eleanor Hull

Irish Traditional Melody  
Harm. by David Evans



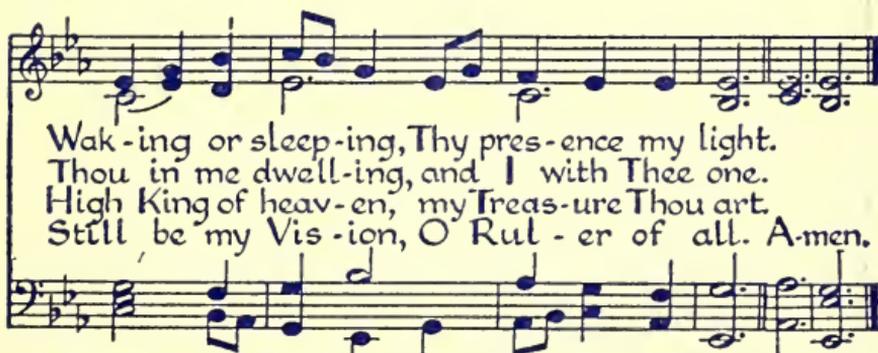
Be Thou my Vis-ion, O Lord of my heart;  
Be Thou my Wis-dom, and Thou my true Word,  
Rich-es I heed not, nor man's emp-ty praise,  
High King of heav-en, my vic-to-ry won.



Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art —  
I ev-er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;  
Thou mine in-her-it-ance, now and al-ways:  
May I reach heav-en's joys, O bright heav'n's Son!



Thou my best thought, by day or by night, —  
Thou my great Fa-ther, I Thy true son; —  
Thou and Thou on-ly, first in my heart, —  
Heart of my own heart, what-ev-er be-fall, —



Wak-ing or sleep-ing, Thy pres-ence my light.  
Thou in me dwell-ing, and I with Thee one.  
High King of heav-en, my Treas-ure Thou art.  
Still be my Vis-ion, O Rul-er of all. A-men.

## Vesper Hymn

Thomas Moore

D. S. Bortniansky

Hark! The ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters  
Now like moon-light waves re-treat-ing, To the shore it  
Once a-gain sweet voic-es ring-ing, Loud-er still the

soft and clear; Near-er yet and near-er peal - ing,  
dies a - long; Now like an-gry surg-es meet - ing,  
mu - sic swells; While on sum-mer breez-es wing-ing,

*f-p*  
Soft it breaks up-on the ear.  
Breaks the mingled tide of song. Ju - bi - la - te!  
Comes the chime of ves-per bells.

Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-late! A - men. Hark! A-gain like  
Far - ther now and  
On the sum-mer

far - ther steal-ing, Soft it fades up-on the ear.  
waves re-treat-ing, To the shore it dies a - long.  
breez-es wing-ing Fades the chime of ves-per bells.

# Prayer for Vespers

Dorothy E. Adams

Kathryn N. Shriver

God, grant to me the spir-it I've found up-on this hill!

When I go down to earth a-gain, Lord, be thou with me still.

## 2

When restless people scatter  
 The peace I thought was mine  
 Then let me see in memory  
 Thy straight and silent pine.

## 3

If crowds shut out thy image  
 Or dim thy shining face.  
 May I remember mountains  
 Thy symbol of thy grace.

## 4

And if the noise be deafening  
 So that I cannot hear,  
 God, grant me strength to find anew  
 The silence I found dear.

## 5

Yes—grant to me the spirit  
 I've found upon this Hill!  
 When I go down to earth again  
 Lord, be thou with me still.

# Day Is Dying

CHAUTAQUA

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877

William F. Sherwin, 1877

Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touch - ing  
Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni -

earth with rest, Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning  
verse, Thy home, Gath - er us who seek Thy face To the fold of

REFRAIN

Lamps a - light Thro' all the sky. — Ho - ly, ho - ly,  
Thy em - brace, For Thou art nigh. —

ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee!

Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

# The Day Thou Gavest

John Ellerton, 1870

ST. CLEMENT

Clement C. Scholefield, 1874

The day\_ Thou gav - est, Lord, \_ is end - ed,  
 We thank Thee that Thy church un-sleep-ing,  
 As o'er\_ each con - ti - nent\_ and is-land  
 The sun\_ that bids\_ us rest\_ is wak-ing  
 So be\_ it, Lord; Thy throne shall nev - er

The dark - ness falls at Thy be-hest; To  
 While earth rolls on - ward in - to night Through  
 The dawn leads on an - oth - er day, The  
 Our breath - ren 'neath the west - ern sky, And  
 Like earth's proud em - pires, pass a - way; Thy

Thee our morn - ing hymns as - cend - ed, Thy  
 all\_ the world\_ her watch is keep - ing. And  
 voice of prayer\_ is nev - er si - lent, Nor  
 hour\_ by hour\_ fresh lips are mak - ing Thy  
 king - dom stands, and grows for - ev - er Till

praise shall sanc - ti - fy\_ our rest.  
 rests\_ not now\_ by day\_ or night.  
 dies\_ the strain\_ of praise a - way.  
 won - drous do - ings heard on high.  
 all\_ Thy crea - tures own Thy sway. A - men.

## Abide with Me

Henry F. Lyte

William H. Monk

A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide;  
 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;  
 I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;  
 Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

The dark - ness deep - ens - Lord, with me a - bide!  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?  
 Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?  
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!  
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!  
 Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!  
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men.

# Now the Day Is Over

MERRIAL

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

Joseph Barnby, 1866

Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh;  
de - sus give the wear-y Calm and sweet re-pose;  
Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vis - ions of Thee;  
When the morning wa-kens, Then may I a - rise

Shad-ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.  
With Thy ten-drest bless-ing May our eye-lid's close.  
Guard the sail-ors toss-ing On the deep blue sea.  
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

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# Praise and Thanksgiving

*Lobet und Preiset**Paraphrase of the German*

Alsatian Round

Praise and thanks-giv-ing let ev-ery-one bring

Un - to our Fa - ther for ev - ery good thing.

All to - geth - er joy - ful - ly sing!

Edith Lovell Thomas, THE WHOLE WORLD SINGING  
Copyright, Friendship Press, 1950. Used by permission

## Saviour, Breathe

EVENING PRAYER

James Edmeston

George C. Stebbins

Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re-  
Tho de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho the  
Tho the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness  
Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our

pose our spir-its seal, Sin and want we come con-  
ar-rows past us fly, An-gel guards from Thee sur-  
can-not hide from Thee; Thou art He who, nev-er  
couch be-come our tomb, May the morn in heav'n a-

fess-ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.  
round us: We are safe, if Thou art nigh.  
wea-ry, Watch-est where Thy peo-ple be.  
wake us, Clad in light and death-less bloom. Amen.

## Each Campfire Lights Anew

Each camp-fire lights a-new — The flame of  
friend-ship true. — The joy we've had in  
know-ing you — Will last our whole life through. —

# Move in Our Midst

Kenneth I Morse

Perry L. Huffaker

Move in our midst, Thou Spir-it of God;  
 Touch Thou our hands to lead us a-right;  
 Strike from our feet the fet-ters that bind;  
 Kin-dle our hearts to burn with Thy flame;

Go with us down from Thy ho-ly hill;  
 Guide us for-ev-er; show us Thy way.  
 Lift from our lives the weight of our wrong.  
 Raise up Thy ban-ners high in this hour:

Walk with us through the storm and the calm;  
 Trans-form our dark-ness in-to Thy light;  
 Teach us to love with heart, soul and mind;  
 Stir us to build new worlds in Thy name;

Spir-it of God, go Thou with us still.  
 Spir-it of God, lead Thou us to-day.  
 Spir-it of God, Thy love makes us strong.  
 Spir-it of God, O send us Thy power. A-men.

# Evening Star

Chr. Richardt

Trans. by S. D. Rodholm

Carl Mortensen

Eve - ning star up yon - der, Teach me like you to  
Teach me, gen - tle flow - ers, To wait for spring - time  
Might - y o - cean, teach me To do the task that

wan - der Will - ing and o - be - dient - ly The path that  
show - ers; In this win - ter world to grow Green and  
needs me And re - flect, as days de - part, Heav - en's

*pp*  
God or - dained for me! Eve - ning star up yon - der!  
strong be - neath the snow, Teach me, gen - tle flow - ers.  
peace with - in my heart. Might - y o - cean, teach me.

Shady lanes, refreshing,  
Teach me to be a blessing,  
To some weary soul each day,  
Friends or foes who pass my way,  
Shady lanes, refreshing.

Evening sun, descending,  
Teach me, when life is ending.  
Night shall pass, and I like you,  
Shall rise again, where life is new.  
Teach me, sun descending.

From World of Song, permission Danish American Young People's League, Grandview College, Des Moines, Ia.

# Now All the Woods Are Sleeping

Paul Gerhardt, 1648  
 Trans. by Catherine Winkworth  
*pp Moderato*

H. Isaak, c.1490  
 Harm. by J. S. Bach

Now all the woods are sleep - ing, And night and  
 My lov'd ones rest se - cure - ly, From ev - 'ry

still - ness creep - ing O'er cit - y, man and  
 per - il sure ly Our God will guard your

beast, But thou, my heart, a - wake thee, To  
 heads, And hap - py slum - bers send you, And

prayer a - while be - take thee, And  
 bid His hosts at - tend you, And

praise thy Ma - ker e'er thou rest.  
 gold - en - arm'd watch o'er your beds.

## Dakota Hymn

LACQUIPARLE

Paraphrased by Phillip Frazier of the Dakotas

Man-y and great, O God, are Thy things, Mak-er of  
Grant un-to us com-mun-ion with Thee, Thou star a-

earth and sky, Thy hands have set the heav-ens with stars,  
bid-ing One; Come un-to us and dwell with us,

Thy fin-gers spread the moun-tains and plains. Lo, at Thy  
With Thee are found the gifts of life. Bless us with

word the wa-ters were formed; Deep seas o-bey Thy voice.  
life that has no end, E - ter-nal life with Thee.

From the DAKOTA INDIAN HYMNAL

Copyright by Olive W. Riggs. Used by permission

## Round of Thanks

For health and strength and dai-ly food we praise Thy name, O Lord!

From "Graded Rounds and Canons", by permission J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., London

# Spirit of the Living God

D. I.

Daniel Iverson  
Arr. by Herbert G. Tovey

Spir - it of the liv - ing God, Fall a - fresh on me.

fresh on me. Melt me, mold me, fill me, use me.

*rit.*  
Spir - it of the liv - ing God, Fall a - fresh on me.

Copyright 1934. Used by permission of Daniel Iverson, owner.

## Two Wings

LEADER CHORUS

{ Oh, Lord, I want two wings to veil my face,  
Oh, Lord, I want two wings to fly a - way,  
Oh, Lord, I want two wings to veil my face,

ALL *Fine* LEADER

So the dev - il can't do me no harm. My

1, 2, CHORUS

Lord, did he come at the break of day? No!  
Lord, did he come in the heat of noon? No!  
Lord, did he come in the cool of the

3 ALL D.C.

eve - ning? Yes! And he washed my sins a - way.

# We Shall Walk thru the Valley

*Moderato*  $\text{♩}$  *solemnly*

We shall walk thru the val - ley in peace.

*mf accel.* *rit.*

We shall walk thru the val - ley in peace.

*mf*

If - Je - sus Him - self shall be our Lead - er,

*fervently* *pp*

We shall walk thru the val - ley in - - peace.

SOPRANO SOLO *pp* *lento - dolce* *cresc.*

There will be no sor-row there, There will be no sor-row

HUM..

HUM..

there, if Je-sus Him-self shall be our Lead - er;

We shall walk thru the val-ley in - peace.

On D. S. sing melody only to  $\oplus$ , when harmony re-enters.  
Arrangement by permission of WINGS OVER JORDAN

## Holy, Holy, Holy

1  
Holy, holy, holy!  
Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning  
Our song shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, holy, holy!  
Merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons,  
Blessed Trinity.

2  
Holy, holy, holy!  
All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden  
crowns  
Around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and  
Evermore shalt be.

3  
Holy, holy, holy!  
Though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man  
Thy glory may not see,  
Only thou art holy.  
There is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love,  
And purity.

4  
Holy, holy, holy!  
Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy  
name,  
In earth, and sky, and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy!  
Merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons,  
Blessed Trinity! Amen.

# Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit

Negro Spiritual

Arr. by Marion Downs



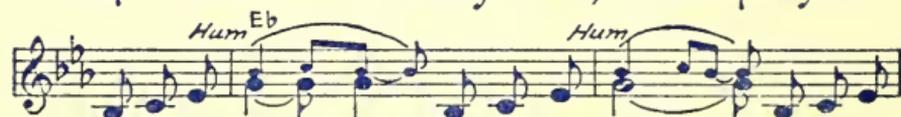
Ev-'ry time I— feel the Spir-it— Mov-in'



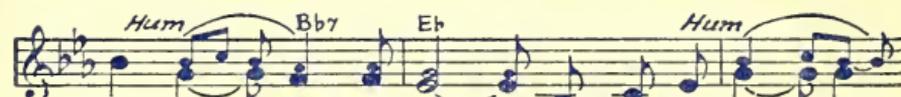
in my heart,—I will pray,—Ev-'ry time I— feel the



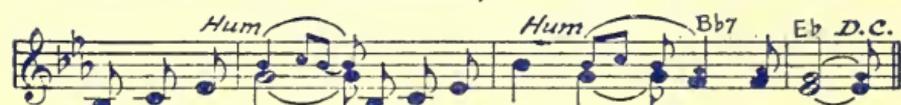
Spir-it— Mov-in' in my heart,— I will pray.—



1. Up-on the moun-tain, when my Lord spoke,— Out of His  
2. Oh, I have sor-rows and I have woe,— And I have



mouth came— fire and smoke; Look'd all a-round— me,  
heart-ache— here be-low;— But while God leads me,

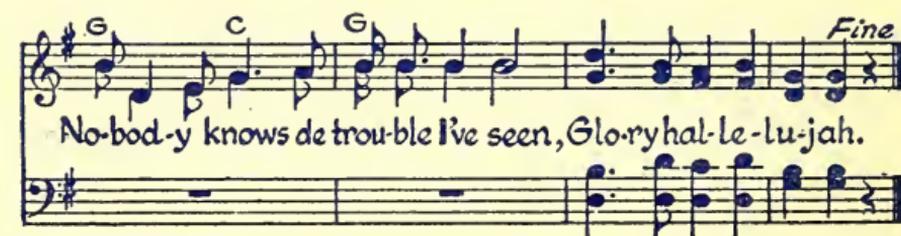
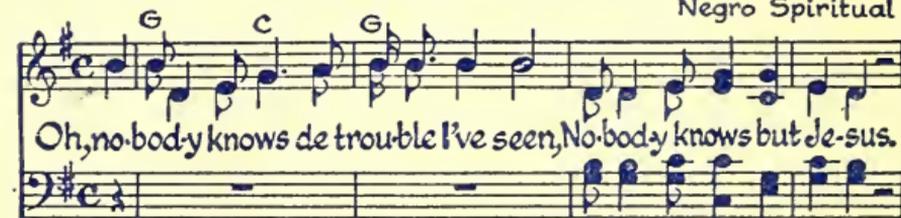


it look'd so fine— Till I ask'd my Lord if all were minz.  
I'll nev-er fear— For I am shel-tered— by His care.

NOTE: Low voices sing melody; high voices hum obligato.

# Nobody Knows

Negro Spiritual



DUET *G* CHORUS

Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down,  
 Al-though you see me goin' 'long so, Oh, yes, Lord.  
 One day when I was walk - in' 'long,  
 I nev - er shall for-get that day,

DUET *G* *Em* CHORUS *D.C.*

Some-times I'm al-most to de groun',  
 I have my tri-als, here be-low, Oh, yes, Lord.  
 De el-ment open'd an' Love came down,  
 When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way,

## He's Got the Whole World

Negro Spiritual

1. He's got the whole \_\_\_\_\_ world \_\_\_\_\_ in His hands,  
 wind and the rain \_\_\_\_\_ in His hands,

He's got the big round \_\_\_\_\_ world \_\_\_\_\_ in His hands,  
 He's got the sun and the moon \_\_\_\_\_ in His hands,

He's got the whole \_\_\_\_\_ world \_\_\_\_\_ in His hands,  
 He's got the wind and the rain \_\_\_\_\_ in His hands,

He's got the whole world in His hands. He's got the

From the Marion Kerby collection of Negro Exaltations

3. He's got the tiny little baby in His hands.
4. He's got you and me, brother in His hands,
5. He's got everybody in His hands.
6. He's got the whole world in His hands.

## Ezek'el Saw the Wheel

Negro Spiritual

E-ze-k'el saw the wheel 'Way up in the mid-dle o' the air, E-

ze-k'el saw the wheel 'Way in the mid-dle o' the air, The

big wheel moved by Faith, The lit-tle wheel moved by the Grace o'

God, A wheel in a wheel 'Way in the mid-dle o' the air. *Fine*

1. Jes' let me tell you what a hy-po-crite 'll do,—
2. Watch out my sis-ter how you walk— on the cross,
3. You say the Lord— has— set— you— free,—

'Way in the mid-dle o' the air, He'll talk a-bout me an' he'll  
Yo' foot— might slip an' yo'  
Why don't— you let yo'—

*D. S.*

talk a-bout you!—  
soul—get lost!—'Way in the mid-dle o' the air. E-  
neigh-bor be!—

From AMERICAN NEGRO SONGS by John W. Work. Theo. Presser, Philadelphia.

## King of Kings

*Joyfully* Refrain *Broadly* Arr. by Olive J. Williams

He is King of Kings. He is Lord of Lords.

*Fine*

Je-sus Christ the first and last,— No man works like Him.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives,  
2. He builds a plot-form in the air,  
3. O sin-ner if you will be-lieve,

No mon works like Him.

*D. C.*

And by His love sweet blessing gives,  
And calls the saints from ev'ry-where,  
Groce of the Lord you will re-ceive,

No mon works like Him.

## Go Tell It on the Mountain

*Jubilantly*

Negro Spiritual

Go tell it on the moun - tain,  
Tell it on the moun - tain

O - ver the hills and ev - 'ry - where, — Go tell it on the

moun - tain that Je - sus Christ is - a - born.  
Tell it on the moun - tain

*Fine*

1. When I was a sin - ner, I prayed both night and day: I
2. When I was a seek - er, I sought both night and day; I
3. He made me a watch - man up - on the cit - y wall; And

asked the Lord to help me, and He showed me the way. —  
asked my Lord to help me, and He taught me to pray. —  
if I am a Chris - tian, I am the least of all. —

*D.C.*

# I Know the Lord

Negro Spiritual

O I know the Lord, — I know the Lord, —

I know the Lord's laid his hands on me. O hands on me.

1. { Did ev - er you — see the like be - fore  
King Je - sus — preach - ing to the — poor
2. { O was - n't — that a hap - py — day  
When Je - sus — wash'd my sins a - way
3. { Some — seek the Lord and don't seek him right,  
They fool — all — day and pray at — night,
4. { My — Lord's — done just what he — said,  
He's heal'd — the — sick and rais'd the — dead,

I know the Lord's laid his hands on me, hands on me. O

From AMERICAN NEGRO SONGS by John W Work. Theo. Presser, Philadelphia.

# Make New Friends

*Moderately slow*

Make new friends but keep the old; One is sil - ver and the oth - er gold.

# Let Us Break Bread Together

Negro Spiritual



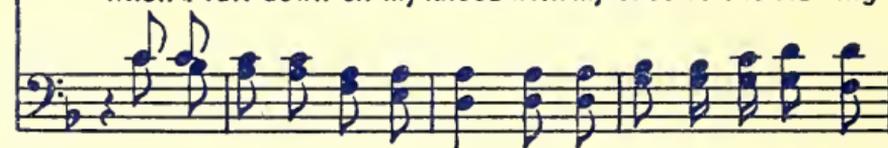
1. Let us break bread to - geth - er on our knees.
2. Let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees.
3. Let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees.



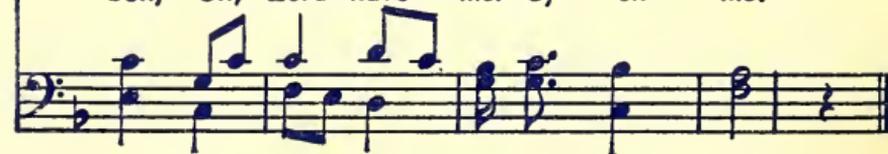
Let us break bread to - geth - er on our knees.  
 Let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees.  
 Let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees.



When I fall down on my knees with my face to the ris - ing



sun, Oh, Lord have mer - cy on me.



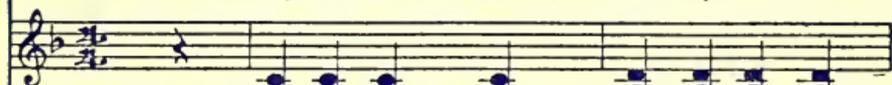
# Lonesome Valley

Collected by Gladys Jameson

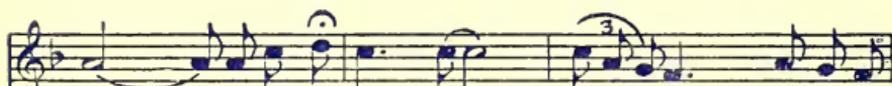
White Spiritual



SOLO: 1. Je-sus walk'd — this lone-some val-ley, — He had to  
UNISON: 2. We must walk — this lone-some val-ley, — We have to  
SOLO: 3. You must go — and stand your tri-al, — You have to



CHORUS: 1. Je - sus walk'd this lone-some val-ley,  
CHORUS: 3. You must go and stand your tri-al,



walk — it by Him-self, Oh, — no-bod-y else could walk it  
walk — it by our-selves, Oh, — no-bod-y else can walk it  
stand — it by your-self, Oh, — no-bod-y else can stand it



Had to walk it by Him-self, Oh, no one else could  
Have to stand it by your-self, Oh, no one else can



for Him, He had to walk it by — Him-self.  
for us, We have to walk it by — our-selves.  
for you, You have to stand it by — your-self.



walk it for Him, Had to walk it by Him-self.  
stand it for you, Have to stand it by your-self.



# Somebody's Knocking

Solo Chorus

Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door, Some-bod - y's

knock-ing at your door. O — sin - ner, why don't you

Fine

an - swer? Some-bod - y's knock-ing at your door.

Solo Chorus

1. Knocks like Je-sus, Some-bod-y's knock-ing at your door.
2. Can't you hear Him? Some-bod-y's knock-ing at your door.
3. An - swer Je-sus, Some-bod-y's knock-ing at your door.

Solo Chorus D.S.

Knocks like Je-sus, Some-bod-y's knock-ing at your door.  
 Can't you hear Him? Some-bod-y's knock-ing at your door.  
 An - swer Je-sus, Some-bod-y's knock-ing at your door.

# The Ash Grove

Welsh Folk Song



The ash-grove, how grace-ful, how plain-ly 'tis—  
My laugh-ter is o-ver, my step los-es—



speak-ing, The harp thro' it play-ing has  
light-ness, Old coun-try-side meas-ures steal



lan-guage for me; When-ever the light thro' its  
soft on my ear; I on-ly re-mem-ber the



branch-es is break-ing, A host of kind-  
past and its bright-ness, The dear ones I



fac-es is gaz-ing on me; The friends of my  
mourn for a-gain gath-er here. From out of the



child-hood a-gain are be-fore me, Each step wakes a  
shad-ows their lov-ing looks greet me, And wist-ful-ly



mem-'ry as free-ly I roam; With soft whis-pers  
search-ing the leaf-y green dome, I find oth-er



la-den, its leaves rus-tle o'er me, The  
fac-es fond bend-ing to greet me, The

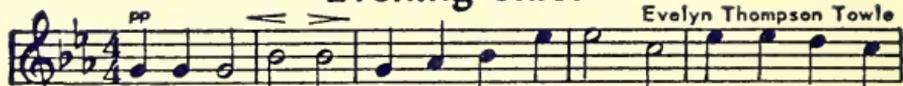


ash-grove, the ash-grove a-lone is my home.

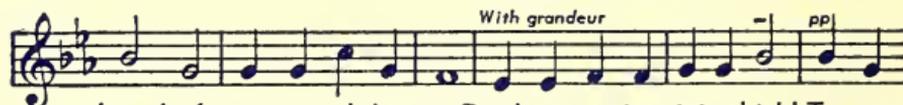
Descant by Janet E. Tobitt; used by permission Girl Scouts, U. S. A.

## Evening Skies

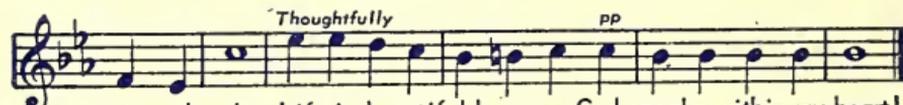
Evelyn Thompson Towle



Evening skies! Sunrise! Lakes and rushing wa-ter; Make all things un-  
Star-ry skies! Moonrise! Far, e - ter-nal heavens; Take a - way my



love-ly from my soul de-part; Purple mountains rising high! Trees a-  
smallness, make me long to grow; Vast-ness of the u-ni-verse! Timeless-



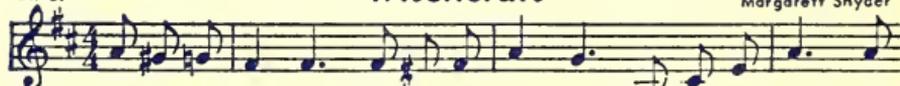
pp  
gainst the sky; Life is beautiful because God speaks within my heart!  
ness of space; Life is wonderful because God speaks within my soul!

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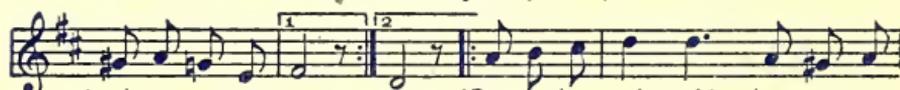
## Witchcraft

Margarett Snyder

M. S.



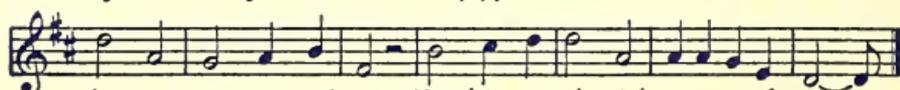
{ If there were witch-craft I'd make two wish-es, A wind-ing road that  
{ And then I'd wish for a blaz-ing camp-fire, To wel - come me when



beck-ons me to roam, { But in this real world there is no  
I'm re - turn - ing home. { Our fond-est day - dreams must be the



witch-craft, and gold-en wish-es do not grow on trees.  
mag-ic to bring us back these hap-py mem-o- ries. Mem-'ries that

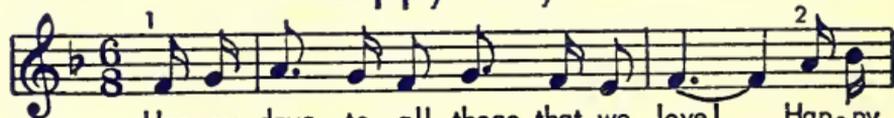


lin - ger, con-stant and true, Mem-'ries we cher-ish, - - - of you.

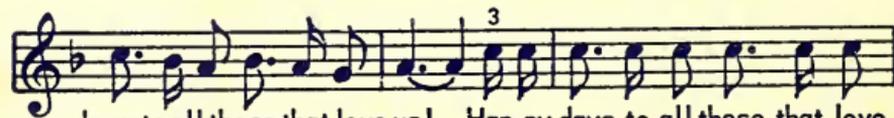
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## Happy Days

Round



Hap-py days to all those that we love! — Hap-py



days to all those that love us! — Hap-py days to all those that love



them that love those that love them that love those that love us. —

## The Bugle Note

German Folk Melody

*Quietly mf*

The wood-lands sleep in si - lence deep; Not  
From camp re-mote, a bu - gle note Comes  
The woods re-peat' the ech-oes sweet O'er

*pp*

e'en a leaf is stirred, Not e'en a leaf is  
thru the night so still, Comes thru the night so  
lake, from glen and hill, O'er lake from glen and

*mf*

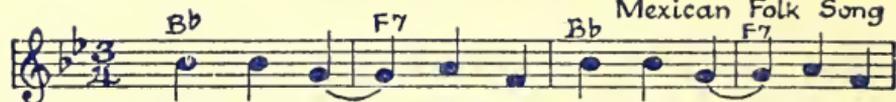
stirred. The bird's at rest with-in its nest, And  
still. And all a-round the echoes sound O'er  
hill. The soft re-frain comes back a-gain And

*pp*

not a sound is heard. And not a sound is heard.  
field and for-est hill. O'er field and for-est hill.  
then the night is still. And then the night is still.

## Cielito Lindo

Mexican Folk Song



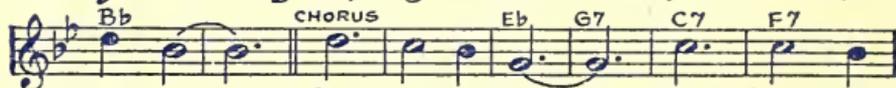
From Si-er - ra Mo-re-na, Cie - li-to  
De la Sie - rra Mo-re-na, Cie - li-to



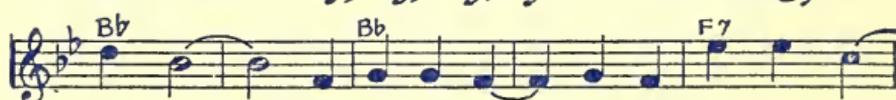
Lin-do, comes soft-ly steal-ing, — Laugh-ing eyes,  
Lin-do, vie - nen ba-jan-do — Un par de o-



— black and ro-guish, Cie - li-to Lin-do, beau - ty re-  
— ji-tos ne-gros, Cie - li-to Lin-do, de - con-tra-



veal-ing. — Ay, ay, ay, ay! — Sing, ban-ish  
ban-do. — ¡Ay, ay, ay, ay! — Can-ta y no



sor - row! — To pass the hours light-ly sing-ing, Cie-  
llo - res — Por-que can-tan-do se a-le-gran, Cie-



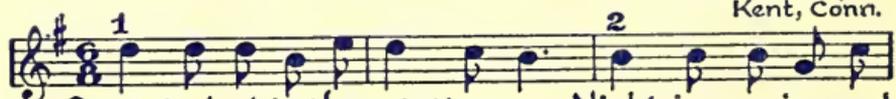
— li-to Lin-do, glad - dens the mor-row. —  
— li-to Lin-do, los — co-ra-zo - nes. —

2. In the air brightly flashing, Cielito Lindo, flies Cupid's feather,

In my heart it is striking, Cielito Lindo, wounding forever.

2. Una flecha en el aire, Cielito Lindo, lanzó Cupido  
y como fué jugando, Cielito Lindo, yo fuí el herido.

## Whippoorwill

Anne H. Chapin  
Kent, Conn.

Gone to bed is the set-ting sun, Night is com-ing and



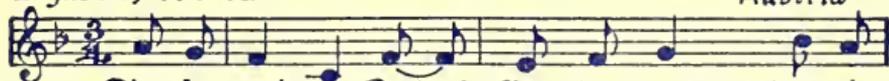
day is done, Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, has just be-gun.

Written at First Girl Scout Training School, Long Pond, Mass., 1921

## Cuckoo - (Kuckuck)

English by K F R-

Austria



Oh, I went to Pe-ter's flow-ing spring Where the  
Af-ter Eas-ter come sun-ny days That will  
When I've mar-ried my maid-en fair What then



wa-ter's so good; And I heard there the cuc-koo As she  
melt all the snow; Then I'll mar-ry my maiden fair, We'll be  
can I de-sire? Oh, a home for her tend-ing And some



called from the wood.  
hap-py I know. Ho-li-ah, ho-le-rah-hi-hi-ah  
wood for the fire.



Ho-le-rah cuc-koo. Ho-le-rah-hi-hi-ah, Ho-le-rah cuc-koo.



Ho-le-rah-hi-hi-ah, Ho-le-rah cuc-koo, Ho-le-rah-hi-hi-ah-ho.

A - Patter on knees; 1 - Slap knees; 2 - Clap hands; 3 - Snap fingers;

B - Snap fingers once on first verse, twice on second, and three times on third verse. (Repeat and snap four, five, etc.)

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## Alouette

Allegretto

French-Canadian



A-lou-et-te, gen-tille A-lou-et-te, A-lou-et-te,



Je te plu-me-rai. 1. Je te plu-merai la tête,



Je te plu-merai la tête, Et la tête, et la tête, Oh!

2. Le bec

4. Le dos

6. Le cou

3. Le nez

5. Les pattes

# The Happy Plowman

Eng. by Mrs. Albert Magnuson

Swedish Folk Song  
Arr. by Leonhard Deutsch

Near a home in a wood, with a horse ver-y good, A poor young farm-er  
In the house near the wood, where the farmer stood, There lived his help-mate

smiled as he stood; Looking down at his plow, In his heart was a  
love-ly and good; As she cooked and she stirred, She was glad that she

glow; Then he sang as he plowed the row: Heigh-ho, my lit-tle but-ter-cup!  
heard, And she ech-oed ev-'ry word:

We'll dance un-til the sun comes up!" Thus he sang as he plowed, and he  
Thus she sang as she stirred, and she

smiled as he sang, While the woods and the wel-kin rang.  
smiled as she sang,

# Came A-riding

English by Martha C. Ramsey

Czech

{ Came a-rid - ing on a day, Zum-ta-di-ya-di-ya;  
 { Suit-or jaun-ty, bold and gay, Zum-ta-di-ya-di-ya;

Zum-ta-di-ya-di-ya, Hev! Zum-ta-di-ya-di-ya, Zum-ta-di-ya-da;  
 Zum-ta-di-ya-di-ya, zum-ta-di-ya-da; Zum-ta-di-ya-  
 di-ya, zum-ta-di-ya-da; Zum-ta-di - ya - di - ya.

2. Oft he asked in manner bold...How could I this wreath with-hold?  
 & This little heart I'd give to you...Could I be sure your own were true.

# Han Skal Leve

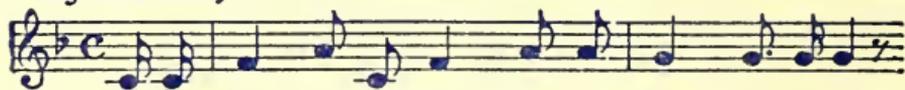
Danish Toast

Han skal le-ve, Han skal le-ve, Han skal le -ve, hojt hur-ra!  
 Hur-ra, hur-ra, hur- ra, hur-ra, hur-ra! Hur- ra, hur- ra, hur-  
 ra, hur-ra, hur-ra! Han skal le -ve, Han skal le -ve, Han skal  
 le -ve, hojt hur-ra! Bra - vo, bra - vo, bra-vo, bra-vis-si-mo,  
 Bra - vo, bra - vo, bra-vis-si-mo, Bra-vo, bra-vis-si-mo,  
 bra-vo, bra-vis-si-mo, Bra - vo, bra - vo, bra-vis-si-mo.

# Hiking Song

Olof Thunman  
Eng. version by K.F.R.

Swedish Folktune



O'er dew-la-den hills let us go, fal-le-ra!  
The old and the wise hide their smiles, fal-le-ra!  
There's mu-sic of wind in the trees, fal-le-ra!  
Now the road to the house of my friend, fal-le-ra!



Like jew-els are the col-ors that they show,  
They won-der why we tramp a-long for miles,  
Like or-gan tones the sigh-ing of the breeze,  
Is long and it has stones at ev-'ry bend,



fal-le-ra! No sor-rows will we bring,  
fal-le-ra! But when the spring is young,  
fal-le-ra! And the cares of ev-'ry day  
fal-le-ra! I'll re-move them one by one,



On-ly hap-py songs we'll sing, When o'er  
There are songs that must be sung, Though the  
Will be quick-ly swept a-way By the  
And each day I'll have more fun On the



dew-la-den hills we can go, fal-le-ra!  
old and the wise hide their smiles, fal-le-ra!  
mu-sic of wind in the trees, fal-le-ra!  
road to the house of my friend, fal-le-ra!

# Lullaby Round

Anonymous



Lul-la-lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Sweet-ly sing to



lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Sweet-ly sing to lul-la-by.

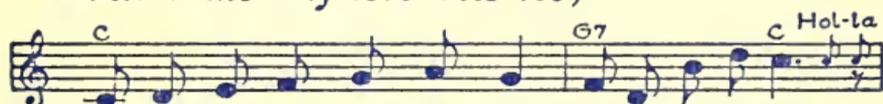
# Holla Hi, Holla Ho

English by Peter Kunkel

German



Who comes up the mead-ow way,  
Peo - ple say with twink-ling eyes, Hol-la hi! Hol-la ho!  
On my sweet-heart's wed-ding day,  
When I die my love dies too;



Sure-ly 'tis my sweet-heart gay.  
Love is blind but age makes wise; Hol-la hi-a-ho!  
All my sweet-heart's friends are gay,  
They shall say that I was true.



She goes by the o-pen door,  
Lit - tle heed I when they tease, Hol-la hi! Hol-la  
But my hope and joy are gone.  
On yon hill my grave shall be.



Must not love me an-y more,  
ho! — I may love just whom I please, Hol-la hi-a-ho!  
I must bear my grief a-lone.  
ho! For-get-me-not shall com-fort me.

## Music Alone Shall Live

### Die Musici

German Canon



Him-mel und Er - de müs-sen ver-gehn;  
All things shall per-ish from un - der the sky;



a - ber die Mus-i - ci, a - ber die Mus-i - ci.  
Mu-sic a - lone shall live, mu-sic a - lone shall live,



a - ber die Mus-i - ci, blei-ben be-stehn  
Mu-sic a - lone shall live, nev - er to die.

# The Happy Wanderer

Antonia Ridge

Friedr. W. Möller

I love to go a-wan-der-ing, A-long the  
 moun-tain track,— And as I go, I love to  
 sing, My knap-sack on my back.— Val-de  
 ri — Val-de ra — Val-de ra — Val-de  
 ha ha ha ha ha Val-de ri, — Val-de  
 ra. — My knap-sack on my back.—

The musical score is written in G minor (one flat) and 2/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: Bb, Bb, F7, Bb, F7, Bb, Eb, Cm, Bb, F7, Bb, F7, Bb, F7, Bb, Bb, F7, Eb, Cm, Bb, F7, Bb.

2. I love to wander by the stream  
That dances in the sun,  
So joyously it calls to me,  
"Come! Join my happy song!"
3. I wave my hat to all I meet,  
And they wave back to me,  
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet  
From ev'ry green-wood tree.
4. High overhead, the skylarks wing,  
They never rest at home  
But just like me, they love to sing,  
As o'er the world we roam.
5. Oh, may I go awandering  
Until the day I die!  
Oh, may I always laugh and sing,  
Beneath God's clear blue sky!

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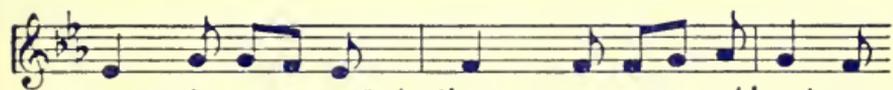
## The Hunter



The hun - ter winds his bu - gle horn, To



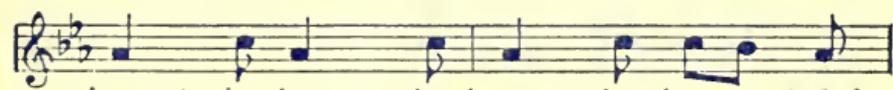
horse! To horse! Hel-lo! Hel-lo! The fier-y cour-sers



snuff the morn While throng-ing serf and lord pur-



sue The ea - ger pack in cou - ples freed Dash



through the brook, the briar, the brake, While



an - s'ring horn and hound and steed The



for - est ech - oes start - ling wake. Up springs from



yon - der tan - gled thorn A deer more white than



moun - tain snow; While loud - er rings the hun - ter's



horn, Hark! For - ward! For - ward! Hel-lo! Hel-lo!

## The Instruments

Willy Geieler, 1927  
Arr. by J. G. H.

The vi - o - lin's ring - ing like love -  
The clar - i - net, the clar - i - net makes dood - le, dood - le,

The trump - et is bray - ing ta - ta - ta ta - ta - te - ta, ta -

The horn, the horn, a - wakes me  
The drums play - ing two tones and al - ways

ly sing - ing. The vi - o - lin's  
dood - le, dood - le det. The clar - i - net, the,

ta - ta ta - ta - te - ta. The trump - et is

at morn. The horn, the  
the same tones: five, one, one

ring - ing like love - - ly song.  
clar - i - net makes dood - le, dood - le, dood - le det.

bray - ing ta - ta - ta - ta - ta - te - ta, ta - ta - ta ta.

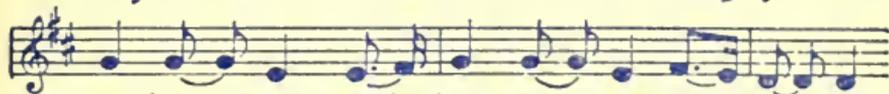
horn a - wakes me at morn.  
five, five, five, five, five, one.

## John Peel

English Hunting Song



D'ye—ken—John Peel with his coat so gay? D'ye  
Then—here's to John Peel from my heart and soul, Let's  
D'ye—ken—John Peel with his coat so gay? He

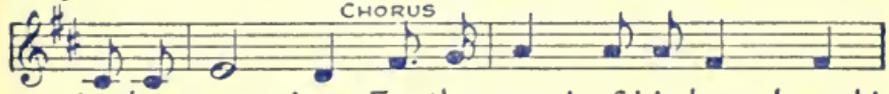


ken John—Peel at the break of—day, D'ye—ken—John  
drink to his health, let's—fin—ish the bowl, We'll follow John;  
lived at—Trout—beck—once on a day, Now—he—has:

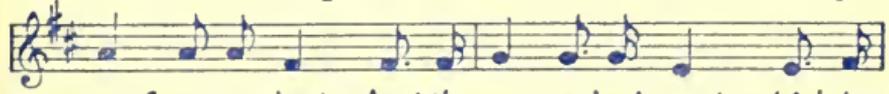


Peel when he's far, far a-way, With his hounds and his horn  
Peel thru—fair and thru foul, If we want a good hunt  
gone—far, far a-way, We shall ne'er hear his voice

CHORUS



in the morn—ing. For the sound of his horn brought



me from my bed, And the cry of the hounds which he



oft-times led; For Peel's "View hal-lo!" would awaken the



dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn—ing.

## Kookaburra

M. Sinclair

Australian Round



Koo-ka-bur-ra sits on an old gum tree, Merry, merry king of the



bush is he, Laugh, koo-ka-bur-ra, laugh, koo-ka-bur-ra, Gay your life must be.

From the DITTY BAG by permission Janet E. Tobbitt.

## Zum Gali Gali

Palestine

1. He-cha-lutz le 'man a-vo-dah; —  
 2. A-vo-dah le 'man he-cha-lutz; —  
 3. He-cha-lutz le 'man ha-b'tulah; —  
 4. Ha-sha-lom le 'man ha'a-mim; —

Zum ga-li ga-li ga-li, Zum ga-li ga - li,

— A-vo-dah le 'man he-cha-lutz.  
 — He-cha-lutz le 'man a-vo-dah.  
 — Ha-b'tulah le 'man he-cha-lutz.  
 — Ha'a-mim le 'man ha-sha-lom.

Zum ga-li ga-li ga-li, Zum ga-li ga - li.

An approximate translation of the various Hebrew phrases:

1. and 2. The pioneer's purpose is labor;
3. The pioneer is for his girl;
4. Peace for all the nations;

Pronounce: a as in father; he like hay; le with very short e;  
 i as in machine; o as in come; u as in rule; ch as in German ach.

## Grasshoppers Three

Round

1  
 Grass-hop-pers three a-fid-dling went; Hey! Ho!

2  
 Nev-er be still; They paid no mon-ey to-ward their rent, But

3  
 all day long with el-bow bent They fid-dled a tune called

ril-la-by, ril-la-by, Fid-dled a tune called ril-la-by-rill.

# Ma Bella Bimba

English by K.F.R.

Italian Folk Song

REFRAIN

*Ma co-me bal-li bel-la bim-ba, Bel-la bim-ba, bel-la*

*bim-ba, Ma co-me bal-li bel-la bim-ba Co-me*

*Fine*

*bal-li, bal-li ben!* 1. *Guar-da che pas-sa La vil-la-*  
 2. *Dan-sa al mat-ti-no Dan-sa al-la*  
 1. Here comes my village girl, She dances  
 2. Mornings she loves to dance, Noon-day or

*D. C.*

*nel-la A-gi-le e snel-la, Sa-ben bal-lar'*  
*ser-ra Sem-pre leg-ger-ra, Sem-bra vo-lar'*  
 by you; All must ad-mire her, Grace-ful delight.  
 eve-ning; Light as a swal-low's wing She seems to fly.

## English Refrain:

Oh, how she dances, bella bimba,  
 bella bimba, bella bimba,  
 Oh, how she dances, bella bimba,  
 how she dances all the day.

# Marching to Pretoria

English by Josef Marais  
*With spirit*

South African Folk Song

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of eight staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: D, A7, Em, G, and REFRAIN. The lyrics are as follows:

I'm with you and you're with me, And so we are  
We have food, the food is good, And so we will  
all to- geth- er, So we are all to- geth- er,  
eat to- geth- er, So we will eat to- geth- er,  
So we are all to- geth- er. Sing with me, I'll  
So we will eat to- geth- er. When we eat, 'twill  
sing with you, And so we will sing to- geth- er,  
be a treat, And so let us sing to- geth- er,  
As we march a - long. — We are  
march - ing to Pre - to - ri - a, — Pre -  
to - ri - a, — Pre - to - ri - a, — We are march - ing  
to Pre - to - ri - a, — Pre - to - ri - a, hur - rah! —

From Songs From the Veld by Josef Marais, Copyright, 1942,  
by G. Schirmer, Inc. by permission.

Note: To sing in parts, let half the group sing a third below  
the tune all the way except where small notes are given for  
the second part.

## Morning Comes Early

Katherine Davis

Slovakian Folk Song



Morn-ing comes ear-ly and bright with dew, Un-der your  
Why do you lin-ger so long in bed? O-pen your



win-dow I sing to you. Up, then, my com-rade, up, then, my  
win-dow and show your head. Up, then, with singing, up, then, with



com-rade, Let us be greet-ing the morn so blue.  
sing-ing, O-ver the mead-ows the sun comes red.

From "Ten Folk Songs and Ballads," © 1931, E. C. Schirmer. By permission

## Land of the Silver Birch

N.C.L., Camp Ahmek, 1940



Land of the sil-ver birch, Home of the  
My heart grows sick for thee Here in the  
High on a rock-y ledge, I'll build my



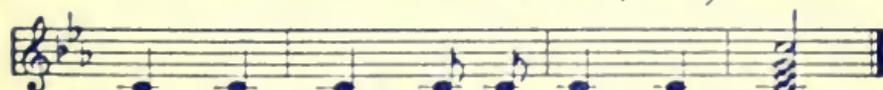
bea-ver, Where still the might-y moose Wan-ders at  
low-lands I shall re-turn to thee, Hills of the  
wig-wam Close by the wa-ter's edge Si-lent and



will.  
north. Blue lake and rock-y shore, I will re-  
still.



turn once more. Boom de de boom, boom, Boom de de



boom, boom, Boom de de boom, boom, Boom

## Mountain Cottage

Trans. by Marius Krog

Norwegian Folk Song

Way up in the moun-tain be-hind a birch  
So - ci - e ty suf-fers from fac-tion and  
And if they should come to my cot-tage some

grove, I've built me a rus-tic and sweet lit-tle  
fear, But such things do nev-er come my cot-tage  
day, With song and with laughter I'll chase them a-

cove.  
near.  
way. Tra-la-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la-la

I've built me a rus-tic and sweet lit-tle cove.  
But such things do nev-er come my cot-tage near:  
With song and with laughter I'll chase them a-way.

From A WORLD OF SONG, Copyright, 1941, D. A. Y. P. L.

## Morning, Evening

\* Second voice enters

Morn-ing, ev-'ning, noon and night, for all Thy gifts we thank Thee, Lord.

## Over the Meadows

Eng. by A.D.Z. *In hiking time*

Czech



O-ver the mead-ows green and wide, Bloom-ing in the.  
Sweet is the air with new-mown hay, Cool-ing in the



sun-light, Bloom-ing in the sun-light, O-ver the meadows  
twi-light, Cool-ing in the twi-light, Sweet is the air with



green and wide, Off we go a-roam-ing side by side.  
new-mown hay, As we homeward go at close of day. HEY!



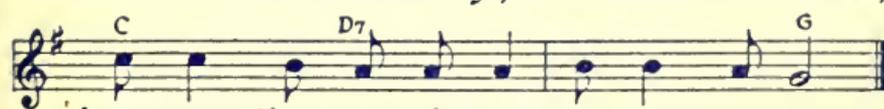
Stream-lets down mountain go, Pure from the winter snow,



Join-ing, they swift-ly go, Sing-ing of life so free.



Stream-lets down mountain go, Pure from the winter snow,



Join-ing, they swift-ly go, Call-ing to me!

From SINGING AMERICA, by permission.

## Lovely Evening

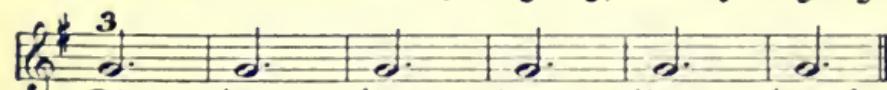
German Round



Oh, how love-ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning,



When the bells are sweet-ly ring-ing, sweet-ly ring-ing!



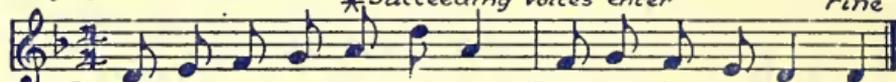
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!

## Hungarian Round

Eng. by Betty Askwith

\* Succeeding voices enter

Fine



Sweet the eve-ning air of May, Soft my cheek ca-ress-ing;



Sweet the un-seen li-lac spray With its scent-ed bless-ing



White and ghost-ly in the gloom Shine the ap-ple



trees in bloom, (Ap-ple trees in bloom.)

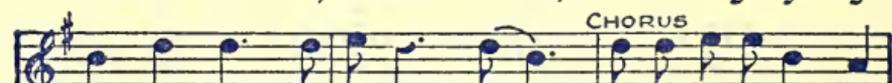
From KENT COUNTY SONG BOOK. Permission Novello & Co., London

## Mistah Rabbit

Virginia Folk Song



"Mis-tah Rab-bit, Mis-tah Rab-bit, Yo' ears might-y long!"



"Yes, mah Lawd, dey put on wrong."— Ev-'ry li-'l soul must



shine, shine, shine.— Ev-'ry li-'l soul must shine, shine, shine.

2. "Mistah Rabbit, Mistah Rabbit, yo' foot mighty red"  
"Yes, Mah Lawd, I'm almost dead" (Chorus)
3. "Mistah Rabbit, Mistah Rabbit, yo' been in my cabbage patch."  
"Yes, Mah Lawd, but I'm never comin' back."  
(Hum the Chorus)
4. "Mistah Rabbit, Mistah Rabbit, yo' tail mighty white"  
"Yes, Mah Lawd, an' I'm getting out o' sight" (Chorus)

# Let Us Sing Together

Adapted from Czech Folk Tune

1  
Let us sing to-gether; Let us sing to-gether, One and  
all a joy - ous song. 2  
Let us sing to - geth - er,  
One and all a joy - ous song. 3  
Let us sing a - gain and  
a - gain, Let us sing a - gain and a - gain, 4  
Let us sing a -  
gain and a - gain, One and all a joy - ous song.

## Toviska

Moravian Folk Song

$Bb$   $Bb$   
To - vis - ka, To - vis - ka, Cas - tles in To - vis - ka,  
To - vis - ka, To - vis - ka, I will sing To - vis - ka,  
 $F7$   $F7$   $F$   $F7$   
Were there no las - sies I'd ne'er be a sol - dier.  
Sweet - heart at home I will nev - er for - get you.  
 $Bb$   $Bb$   $Gm$   $Gm$   
Hoo - ya, hoo - ya - ya, Hoo - ya, hoo - ya - ya,  
 $F$   $F7$  \*  $Bb$   $F7$  \*  $Bb$   
Hoo - ya, hoo - ya - ya, Ya - ya - ya.

Pron. "Toh-vish-ka". Clap hands on knees on 'Hoo', clap handstogether on 'ya', except clap knees on 'ya'.

## White Sand and Gray Sand

Round

1 2 3  
White sand and gray sand, Who'll buy my white sand, Who'll buy my gray sand?

# This Old Man

Irish Folk Song



This old man, he plays one, He plays knick-knack



on my thumb. Knick-knack, pad-dy wad-dy,



Sing a lit-tle song. This old man goes march-ing a-long.

As sung by Mrs. Beatrice McLain; learned from her father.

This old man, he plays two,  
 He plays knick-knock on my shoe.  
 Three—on my tree  
 Four—on my door  
 Five—on my hive  
 Six—on my sticks  
 Seven—on my devon  
 Eight—on my pate  
 Nine—on my line  
 Ten—now and then

# Sim Sala Bim

Denmark



1. High in a tree a crow-ow-ow,  
 2. Then came a wick-ed hun-ter a-



Sim sa-la-bim bam boom, sa-la-du, sa-la-dim!



High in a tree a crow-ow-ow sat.  
 Then came a wick-ed hun-ter a - long.

3. He shot that poor old crow-ow-ow . . . dead.
4. Then came a pretty maiden a . . . long.
5. She took that poor old crow-ow-ow . . . home
- 6 Now comes the happy ending . . . soup!

## Weggis Song

Words adapted by A. D. Z.

Swiss



From Lu-cerne to Weg-gis on,  
O'er the moun-tain trail we'll go, Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-ri-a,  
Weg-gis leads to the high-est hill,



Care and la-bor now are gone,  
See the deep ra-vine be-low, Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-a.  
Give a cheer, boys, with a will,



Hol-di - ri - di - a, hol-di-ri-di - a, hol-di-ri-a,



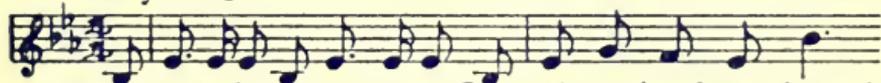
Hol - di - ri - di - a, hol-di-ri-di - a, hol-di - a.

From FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS, SET III, Copyright E. C. Schirmer

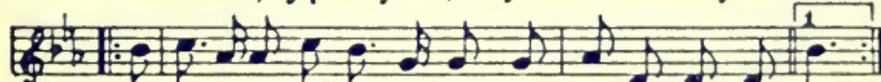
## Vreneli

Trans. by V. M. S.

Swiss



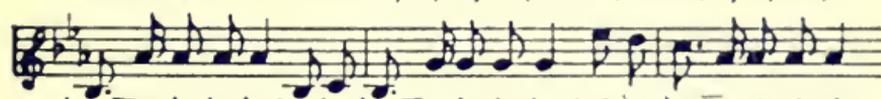
"O Vre-ne-li, my pret-ty one, Pray tell me where's your home?"



"My home, it is in Swit-zer-land, It's made of wood and stone;



stone?" Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho,



ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la;



Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra, la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho.

"O Vreneli, my pretty one,  
Pray tell me where's your heart?"  
"O, that," she said, "I gave away,  
But still I feel it smart."

"O Vreneli, my pretty one,  
Pray tell me where's your head—"  
"O, that I also gave away,  
It's with my heart," she said.

—From the DITTY BAG, by Janet Tobbitt, used by permission.

## Walking at Night

Czech Folk Song

*mf*

Walk-ing at night a-long the mead-ow way, Home from the dance  
 be-side my maiden gay. Walk-ing at night a-long the  
 mead-ow way, Home from the dance be-side my maiden gay. Hey!

Sto-do-la, sto-do-la, sto-do-la, pum-pa, Sto-do-la, pum-pa,  
 sto-do-la, pum-pa; Sto-do-la, pum-pa, pum, pum, pum.

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is marked *mf*. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff ends with a repeat sign and a fermata. The fourth staff begins with a first ending bracket and a fermata. The fifth staff begins with a second ending bracket and a fermata, followed by the instruction *d.s. 1*.

2. Nearing the wood we heard the nightingale,  
Sweetly it helped me tell my begging tale; (2)
3. Many the stars that brightly shone above,  
But none so bright as her one word of love; (2)

Used by permission of A. D. Zanzig

## Alleluia

Mozart, Adapted by H.R.W

*1 f-p Allegro*

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, — al - le -  
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu -  
 ia, — al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia,  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia.

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked *Allegro*. The first measure is marked *1 f-p*. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff begins with a third ending bracket and a fermata.

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## CANDLE FLAMING

56A (Service, Adapted)

Schattachneider

Candle flaming, my heart naming  
 Christ the Lord of all;  
 Jesus, Savior, mine forever;  
 I have heard Thy call.

Candle glowing, my heart knowing  
 I should follow Him.  
 Jesus leading, guiding, pleading,  
 "Let no light be dim."

Candle gleaming, my face beaming,  
 Let me rise and go,  
 While He leads me, where He needs me  
 In His world below.

Candle glorious—Christ victorious  
 Leads His people on.  
 Mighty army, forward journey,  
 Till the goal is won.

## MORAVIAN BIRTHDAY HYMN

185A (Covenant)

Christian Gregor 1728-1801

With Thy presence, Lord, our Head and Saviour,  
 Bless us all, we humbly pray;  
 Our dear heavenly Father's love and favor  
 Be our comfort every day;  
 May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding  
 Favor us with His most gracious leading;  
 Thus shall we be truly blest,  
 Both in labor and in rest.

(Make this stanza fit various occasions by substituting pronouns "him," "her," "them," etc., and also "now" for "all".)

# COMMUNION SERVICE

## SALUTATION

Grace, mercy and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, be with you all. Amen.

All standing, unite in singing:

519A (Eisleben)

German Popular Melody 15th Century  
Nutker Balbulus 840-912, Count Zinzendorf, tr.

Most holy Lord and God,  
Holy, almighty God,  
Holy and most merciful Saviour,  
Thou eternal God;  
Grant that we may never  
Lose the comforts of thy death:  
Have mercy, O Lord

Most Holy Lord and God,  
Holy, almighty God,  
Holy and most merciful Saviour,  
Thou eternal God;  
Bless thy congregation  
Through thy sufferings, death, and blood:  
Have mercy, O Lord.

## PRAYER

The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

185A (Covenant) Part 2

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"  
Amen, Amen, be it so.

151A<sup>a</sup> (Passion)

Popular Melody. Hans L. Hassler 1564-1612  
Count N. L. von Zinzendorf 1700-1760

Draw near to Jesus' table,  
Ye contrite souls, draw near;  
The hungry, sick and feeble  
Are made most welcome here:  
Let Jesus' death engraven  
Upon your hearts remain;  
Thus here, and there in heaven,  
Eternal life you gain.

All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said: Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

22P (Hamburg)

Gregorian Melody  
James Montgomery 1771-1854 (1833)

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

159A (Worship)

German Popular Melody  
C. R. von Zinzendorf 1727-1752  
Bishop C. Gregor 1723-1801  
Bishop Philip Molther, tr. 1714-1780

'Tis the most blest and needful part  
To have in Christ a share,  
And to commit our way and heart  
Unto his faithful care:  
This done, our steps are safe and sure,  
Our hearts' desires are rendered pure,  
And naught can pluck us from his hand,  
Which leads us to the end.

My only joy and comfort here  
Is Jesus' death and blood;  
I with this passport can appear  
Before the throne of God:  
Admitted to the realms of bliss,  
I then shall see him as he is,  
Where countless pardoned sinners meet,  
Adoring at his feet.

Jesus, Source of my salvation,  
 Conqu'ror both of death and hell,  
 Thou Who didst, as my Oblation,  
 Feel what I deserved to feel,  
 Through Thy suff'rings, death and merit,  
 I eternal life inherit;  
 Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,  
 Dearest Lord, for ever be.

Lord, I'll praise Thee now and ever,  
 Who for me wast crucified;  
 For Thy agony, dear Savior,  
 For Thy wounds and pierced side,  
 For Thy love, so tried, unending,  
 For Thy death, all deaths transcending,  
 For Thy death and love divine,  
 Lord, I'll be for ever Thine.

Bread of Life, Bread of Life,  
 Christ by Whom alone we live;  
 Bread that came to us from heaven,  
 My poor soul can never thrive  
 Unless Thou appease its craving;  
 Lord I hunger only after Thee,  
 Feed Thou me, feed Thou me.

O how great, O how great  
 Are the blessings we derive  
 From the fullness of our Savior;  
 They who Him by faith receive,  
 And desire to taste His favor,  
 From this source may freely take always  
 Grace for grace, grace for grace.

When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise  
 and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is my body  
 which is given for you.

Then the minister shall say, and the communicants respond:

By thy divine presence, by thy holy sacraments, by all the merits of thy life, sufferings, death and resurrection.

BLESS AND COMFORT US, GRACIOUS LORD AND GOD. AMEN.

151A (Passion Chorale)

Hans L. Hassler (1610)  
The Rev. John Praetorius 1738-1782

Thy blood, so dear and precious  
Love made thee shed for me;  
Oh, may I now, dear Jesus,  
Love Thee most fervently;  
May the divine impression  
Of thy atoning death,  
And all thy bitter passion,  
Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

581K (Graceham)

S. C. Chitty 1831-1902  
The Rev. A. M. Toplady 1740-1748

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power

Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to thee for grace,  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me!  
Let me hide myself in thee.

E.8.8.6. (Woodworth)

William Bradbury 1816-1868  
Charlotte Elliott 1789-1871 (1836)

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Just as I am; thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Just as I am; thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

269C (Stephanos)

The Rev. Sir H. Baker, Bart. 1821-1877 (1868)  
Frances Havergal 1836-1879

I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only thee!  
Trusting thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.

I am trusting thee for pardon,  
At thy feet I bow;  
For thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.

I am trusting thee to guide me;  
Thou alone shalt lead,  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

82D (Hayn)

Herrnhut M. S. Choral Buch  
H. Louise von Hayn 1724-1782 (1776)

Jesus makes my heart rejoice,  
I'm his sheep, and know his voice;  
He's a shepherd, kind and gracious,  
And his pastures are delicious;  
Constant love to me he shows,  
Yea, my very name he knows.

Trusting his mild staff always,  
I go in and out in peace;  
He will feed me with the treasure  
Of his grace in richest measure;  
When athirst to him I cry,  
Living water he'll supply.

Should not I for gladness leap,  
Led by Jesus as his sheep?  
For when these blest days are over,  
To the arms of my dear Saviour,  
I shall be conveyed to rest;  
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

22A (Rhaw L. M.)

Aurelius P. Clemens  
George Rhaw's Schul Gesangbuch 1544  
Count Nicholas L. von Zinzendorf 1700-1760

The Saviour's blood and righteousness  
My beauty is, my glorious dress;  
Thus well arrayed, I need not fear,  
When in his presence I appear.

The holy, spotless Lamb of God,  
Who freely gave his life and blood,  
For all my numerous sins to atone,  
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

O King of glory, Christ the Lord,  
God's only Son, eternal Word,  
Let all the world thy mercy see,  
And bless those who believe in thee.

115B (Agnus Christi)

Grimm's Choral Buch 1755  
The Rev. John Rambach 1693-1745

How great the bliss to be a sheep of Jesus,  
And to be guided by his shepherd-staff;  
Earth's greatest honors, howsoe'er they please us,  
Compared to this, are vain and empty chaff:  
Yea, what this world can never give,  
May, through the Shepherd's grace, each needy sheep  
receive.

Here is a pasture, rich and never failing,  
Here living waters in abundance flow;  
None can conceive the grace with them prevailing,  
Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and know:  
He banishes all fear and strife,  
And leads them gently on to everlasting life.

In the case of individual service, when the cups have been distributed, the communicants shall rise, and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Drink ye all of it. This do ye,  
as oft as ye drink it in remembrance of Me.

Here all shall kneel

### SILENT PRAYER

Then the minister shall say, and the communicants respond:

O Thou Lamb of God Which takest away the sin of the  
world.

### GIVE UNTO US THY PEACE.

All standing, the Minister shall say, and the communicants respond:

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye pro-  
claim the Lord's death,

### UNTIL HE COME.

The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while  
the following lines are sung:

22Z (Federal Street)

Henry K. Oliver 1800-1885  
Count Nicholas L. vonZinzendorf 1700-1760

Happy, thrice happy hour of grace!  
I've seen by faith my Saviour's face;  
He did himself to me impart,  
And made a covenant with my heart.

Ah, might in my behavior shine  
The power of Jesus' love divine,  
His conflict and his victory,  
His seeking and his finding me.

### BENEDICTION

In the Name of Jesus, Amen.

## HYMNS FOR LOVEFEAST

581K (Graceham) Prelude.

To be played by Trombone or Brass Choir when possible,  
otherwise by pianist

## CONGREGATION

39A (Confession) Moravian.

L. E. Schlicht 1714-1769

What brought us together, what joined our hearts?  
The pardon which Jesus, our High-priest imparts:  
'Tis this which cements the disciples of Christ,  
Who are into one by the Spirit baptized.

Is this our high calling, harmonious to dwell,  
And thus in sweet concert Christ's praises to tell,  
In peace and blest union our moments to spend,  
And live in communion with Jesus our Friend?

O yes, having found in the Lord our delight,  
He is our chief object by day and by night;  
This knits us together, no longer we roam,  
We all have one Father, and heaven is our home.

## PRAYER

Here may follow words of explanation, announcements, offering or  
even a brief devotional message at the discretion of the  
minister in charge

## CONGREGATION

146 (Marenzo)

Johann Crueger 1593-1662

To Thee, O God, we raise  
Our voice, in choral singing,  
We come with prayer and praise,  
Our hearts' oblation bringing,  
Thou art our fathers' God,  
And ever shalt be ours;  
Our lips and lives shall laud  
Thy name, with all our powers!

166A (Pilgrimage)

Count N. L. VonZinzendorf 1700-1760 (1741)

Lord, Jesus, for our call of grace,  
To praise thy name in fellowship  
We humbly meet before thy face,  
And in thy presence love feart keep:  
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,  
Thy Spirit's unction now impart:  
Grant we may all, O Lamb of God,  
In Thee be truly one in heart.

159A (Worship)

Bernstein; Swertner, tr.; Benade

We in one covenant are joined,  
 And one in Jesus are;  
 With voices and with hearts combined,  
 His praise we will declare;  
 In doctrine and in practice one,  
 We'll love and serve the Lord alone;  
 With one accord sound forth His praise,  
 Till we shall see His face.

We covenant, as heart to heart,  
 To follow Christ, our Lord;  
 With world and sin and self to part,  
 And to obey His word;  
 To love each other heartily,  
 In truth and in sincerity,  
 And under cross, reproach and shame  
 To glorify His name.

195A (Groeningen)

Joachin Neander 1610-1680 (1679)  
 G. Tersteegen 1697-1769  
 Bishop F. W. Foster 1760-1835

God reveals his presence;  
 Let us now adore him,  
 And with awe appear before him:  
 God is in his temple;  
 All in us keep silence,  
 And before him bow with reverence:  
 Him alone, God we own:  
 He's our Lord and Saviour:  
 Praise his name for ever.

Oh, majestic Being,  
 Were but soul and body  
 Thee to serve at all times ready:  
 Might we, like the angels  
 Who behold thy glory,  
 With abasement sink before thee,  
 And through grace be always,  
 In our whole demeanor,  
 To thy praise and honor.

581K Graceham)

S. C. Chitty 1831-1902  
 Frances R. Havergal 1836-1879 (1865)

Jesus, Master, whose I am,  
 Purchased thine alone to be,  
 By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,  
 Shed so willingly for me:

Let my heart be all thine own,  
Let me live to thee alone.

Jesus, Master, I am thine;  
Keep me faithful, keep me near.  
Let thy presence in me shine  
All my homeward way to cheer.  
Jesus, at thy feet I fall,  
Oh, be thou my all in all!

14C (Bedford)

C. M. William Wheall 1690-1727  
James Montgomery 1771-1854 (1819)

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.

O thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way!  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;  
Lord! teach us how to pray.

22F (Hus L. M.)

John Hus 1369-1415  
The Rev. John Cennick b. 1718

Be present at our table, Lord;  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
From thy all-bounteous hand our food  
May we receive with gratitude.

We humbly thank thee, Lord our God,  
For all thy gifts on us bestowed;  
And pray thee graciously to grant  
The food which day by day we want.

Anthem

Choir

During the singing of this anthem the congregation partakes of the elements of a simple meal as a symbol of fellowship with one another as followers of Christ

79A Innsbruck)

Heinrich Isaak c. 1490  
The Rev. John Gambold 1711-1771

What praise to thee, my Saviour,  
Is due for every favor,  
E'en for my daily food:  
Each crumb thou dost allow me,  
With gratitude shall bow me,  
Accounting all for me too good.

(Bread of Life)

Wm. Sherwin

Break Thou the Bread of Life,  
Dear Lord, to me,  
As Thou didst break the loaves  
Beside the sea;  
Beyond the sacred page  
I seek Thee, Lord;  
My spirit pants for Thee,  
O living Word!

Thou art the Bread of Life,  
O Lord, to me,  
Thy holy Word the truth  
That saveth me;  
Give me to eat and live  
With Thee above;  
Teach me to love Thy truth,  
For Thou art love.

Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,  
To me — to me —  
As Thou didst bless the bread  
By Galilee;  
Then shall all bondage cease,  
All fetters fall;  
And I shall find my peace,  
My All-in-all.

68A (Thuringia)

Adam Drese 1620-1701  
Count N. L. von Zinzendorf 1700-1760 (1721)  
Bishop C. Cregor 1723-1801

Jesus! still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless;  
Guide us by thy hand  
To our fatherland.

if the way be drear,  
 If the foe be near,  
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
 Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
 For through many a foe  
 To our home we go.

When we seek relief  
 From a long-felt grief,  
 When temptations come alluring,  
 Make us patient and enduring,  
 Show us that bright shore  
 Where we weep no more.

Jesus! still lead on  
 Till our rest be won;  
 Heavenly leader, still direct us,  
 Still support, console, protect us,  
 Till we safely stand  
 In our fatherland.

Anthem

Choir

Address in place of Devotional Message at beginning, or in addition,  
 at the discretion of the minister in charge.

159D (Bechler)

Bishop John C. Bechler 1784-1857  
 The Rev John Swertner 1746-1813 (1789)

Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord,  
 Sing with a cheerful voice;  
 Exalt our God with one accord,  
 And in his name rejoice:  
 Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
 Until in realms of endless light  
 Your praises shall unite.

There we to all eternity  
 Shall join the angelic lays,  
 And sing in perfect harmony  
 To God our Saviour's praise;  
 He hath redeemed us by his blood,  
 And made us kings and priests to God;  
 For us, for us, the Lamb was slain:  
 Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

Benediction

## DON'T FORGET THESE FAMILIAR SONGS

### FUN SONGS:

- 1—I've Been Working on the Railroad
- 2—I've Got Sixpence
- 3—John Jacob Jingleheimer Smith
- 4—My Hat, It Has Three Corners
- 5—Old King Cole Was a Merry Old Soul
- 6—Sarasponda (Spinning Song)
- 7—She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain
- 8—Today Is Monday (Days of the Week)
- 10—There Was a Tree Stood in a Wood
- 11—Vive l'amour

### BALLADS:

- 1—Down in the Valley
- 2—Tell Me Why
- 3—Yoo Hoo, Yoo Hoo

### ROUNDS:

- 1—Hey, Ho, Nobody Home
- 2—Little Tommy Tinker
- 3—O How Lovely Is the Evening
- 4—Row, Row, Row Your Boat
- 5—Sweetly Sings the Donkey
- 6—Why Shouldn't My Goose
- 7—White Coral Bells
- 8—Little Bells of Westminster
- 9—Three Blind Mice

### SPIRITUALS:

- 1—Ain't Gonna Grieve My Lord No Mo'
- 2—Kum Ba Yah
- 3—Lord, Make Me More Holy
- 4—Lord, I Want to Be a Christian
- 5—O Won't You Sit Down, Lord
- 6—Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
- 7—Standin' in the Need of Prayer
- 8—Steal Away
- 9—Were You There?

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