

WORSHIP  
—AND—  
CAMP  
SONGS



M

10

THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH



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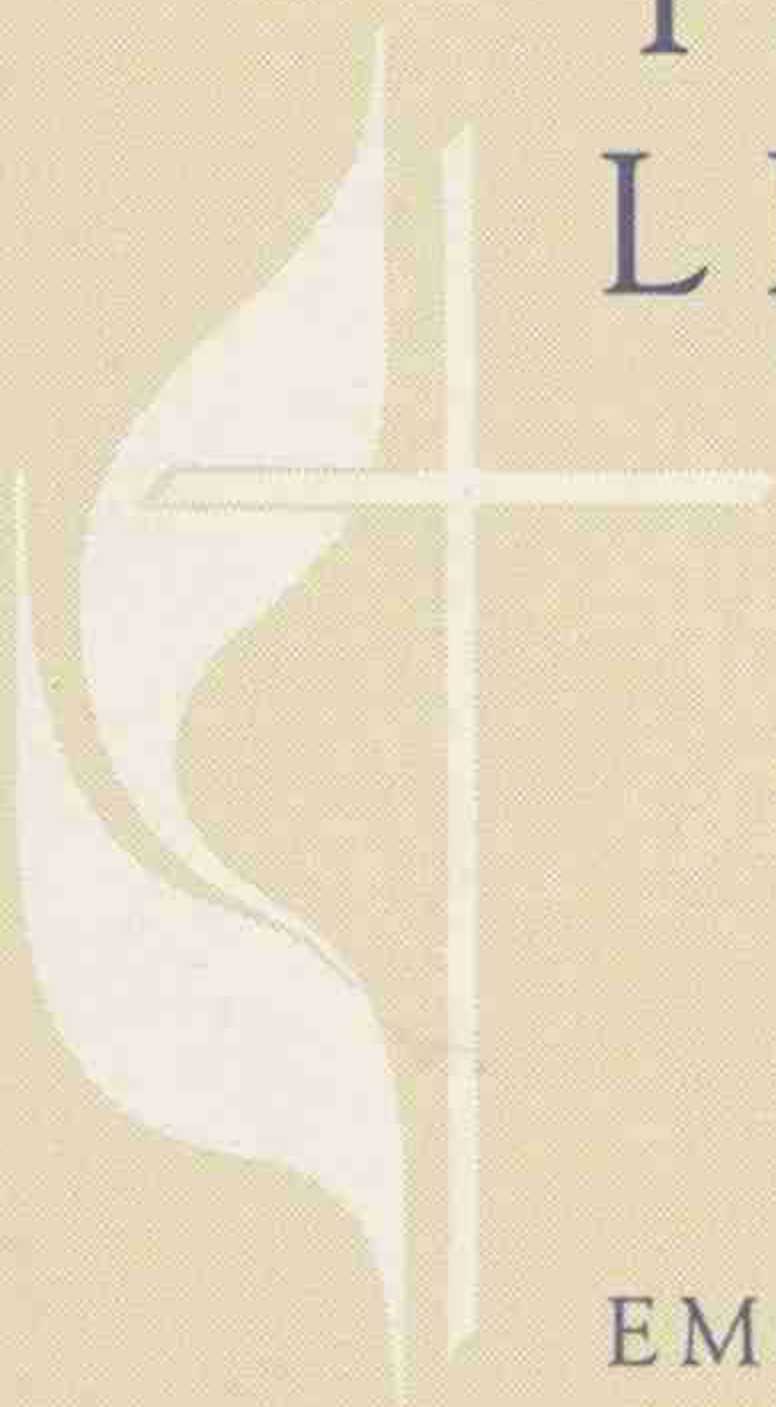
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# Worship and Camp Songs

OF THE

*Woman's Home Missionary Society*

OF THE

*Methodist Episcopal Church*

*Dedicated to  
Carrie Barge*

In loving appreciation of her understanding of girls  
and her encouragement to them to live at their best.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
420 Plum St., Cincinnati, O.

Price 25c each—\$2.50 per dozen, postpaid



Hymn  
188-  
Woma

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# Worship and Camp Songs

## America the Beautiful

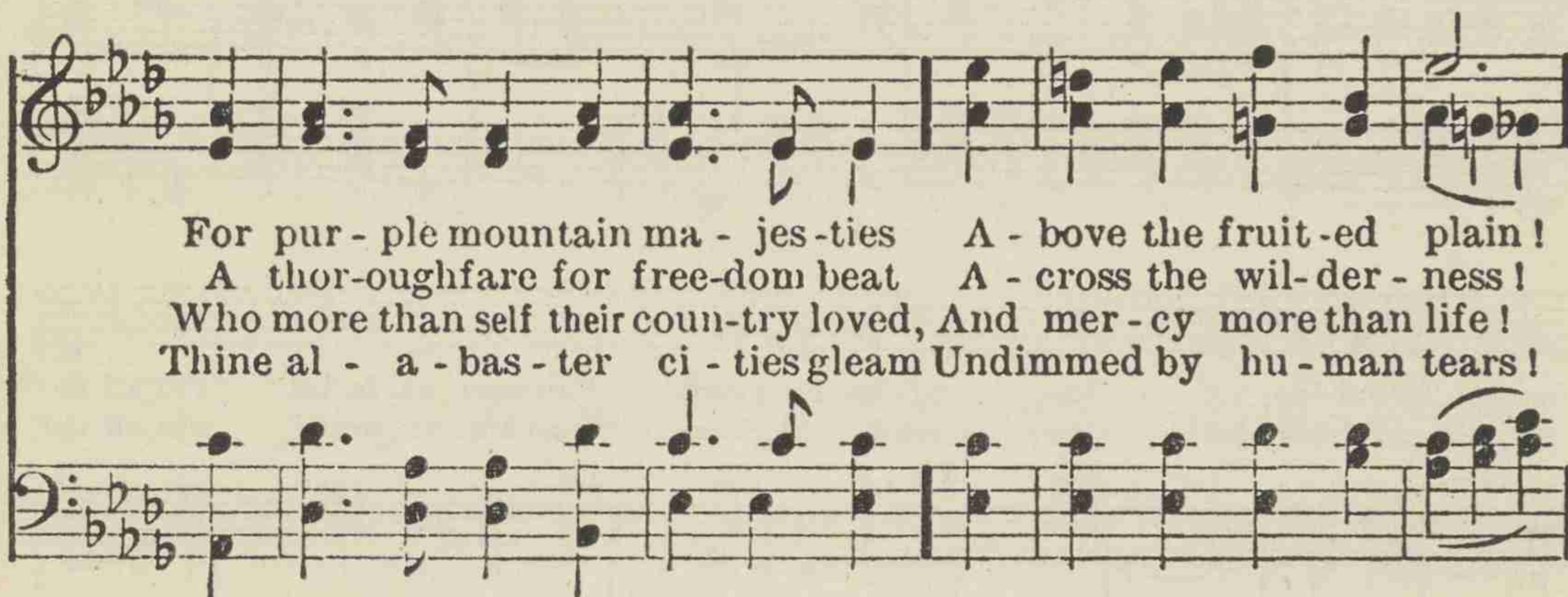
No. 1

KATHARINE LEE BATES

S. A. WARD, 1882



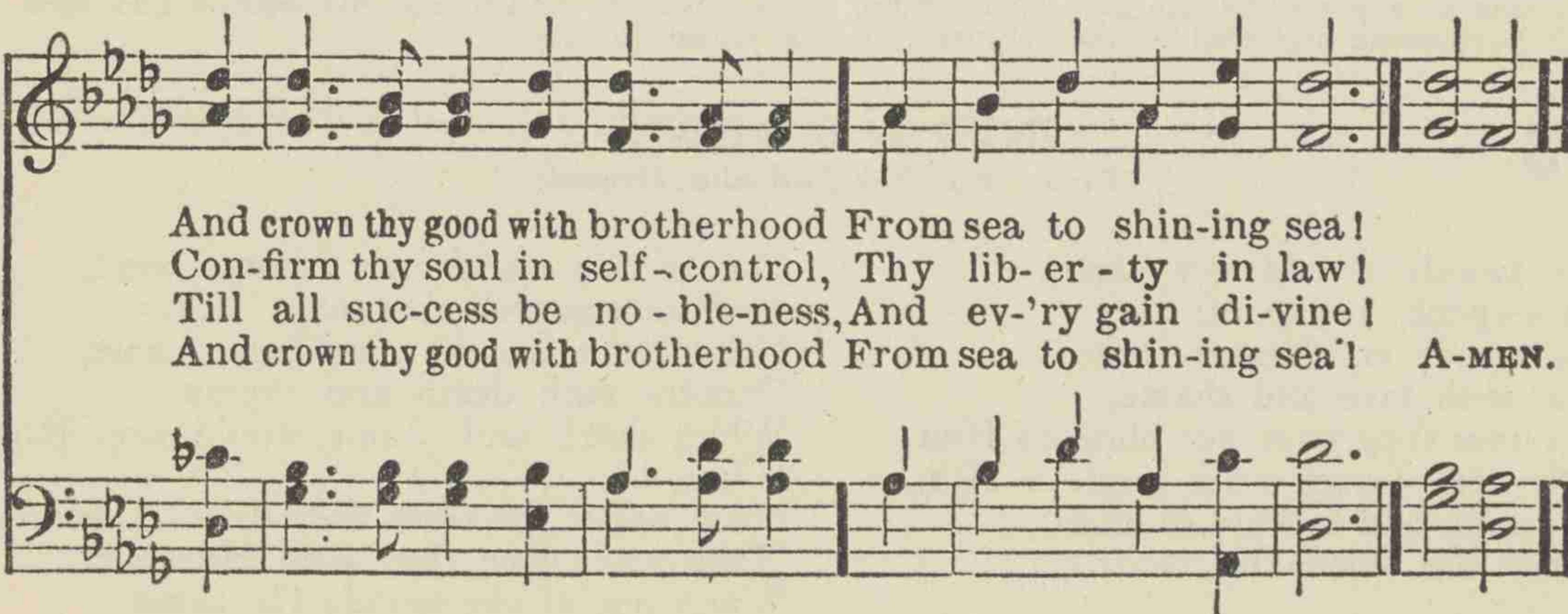
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,  
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - passioned stress  
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - a - ting strife,  
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple mountain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!  
A thor - oughfare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!  
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!  
Thine al - a - bas - ter ci - ties gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee  
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,  
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,  
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee



And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin - ing sea!  
Con - firm thy soul in self - control, Thy lib - er - ty in law!  
Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!  
And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shin - ing sea! A - MEN.



# No. 2

# Follow the Gleam

Words by a  
Bryn Mawr College Student

(Prize Song, Silver Bay Student Conference, 1920)

Music by  
Sallie Hume Douglas

To knights in the days of old, \_\_\_\_\_ Keeping vig-il on moun-tain height,\_\_\_\_  
And we who would serve the King, \_\_\_\_\_ And loy-al-ly Him o - bey, \_\_\_\_

— Came a vi-sion of Ho - ly Grail \_\_\_\_\_ And a voice through the wait - ing  
— In the con-se-crate si - lence know \_\_\_\_\_ That the chal-lenge still sounds to -

night. \_\_\_\_\_ Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam! Ban-ners un-furled o'er all the  
day. \_\_\_\_\_ Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam! Stand-ards of worth o'er all the

world. Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam Of the Chal-ice that is the Grail. \_\_\_\_  
earth. Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam Of the light that shall bring the dawn. \_\_\_\_

Written to express the life and spirit of the Young Women's Christian Association and used by their permission and that of the composer, Sallie Hume Douglas.

# No. 3

# INTO THE WOODS

(Tune: No. 745 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean for-spent, for-spent;  
Into the woods my Master came,  
For-spent with love and shame,  
But the olives they were not blind to Him,  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,  
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,  
When into the woods He came.

2.  
Out of the woods my Master went,  
And he was well content;  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame,  
When death and shame would woo Him  
last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last,  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,  
When out of the woods He came.

—Sidney Lanier.

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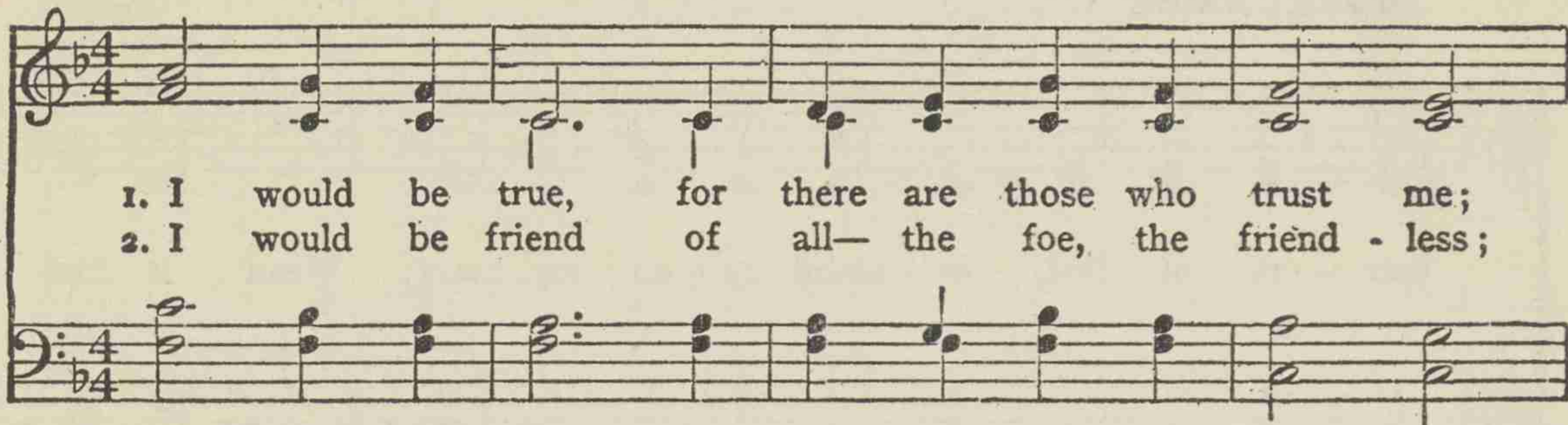
# I Would Be True

No. 4

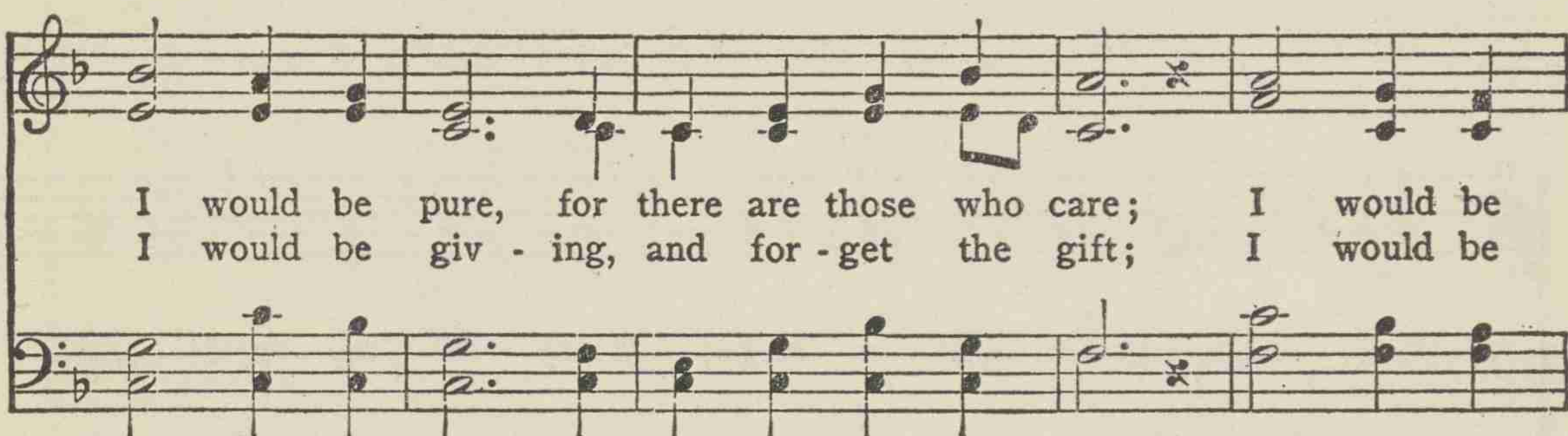
(PEEK. 11, 10, 11, 10)

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER, 1883-1918

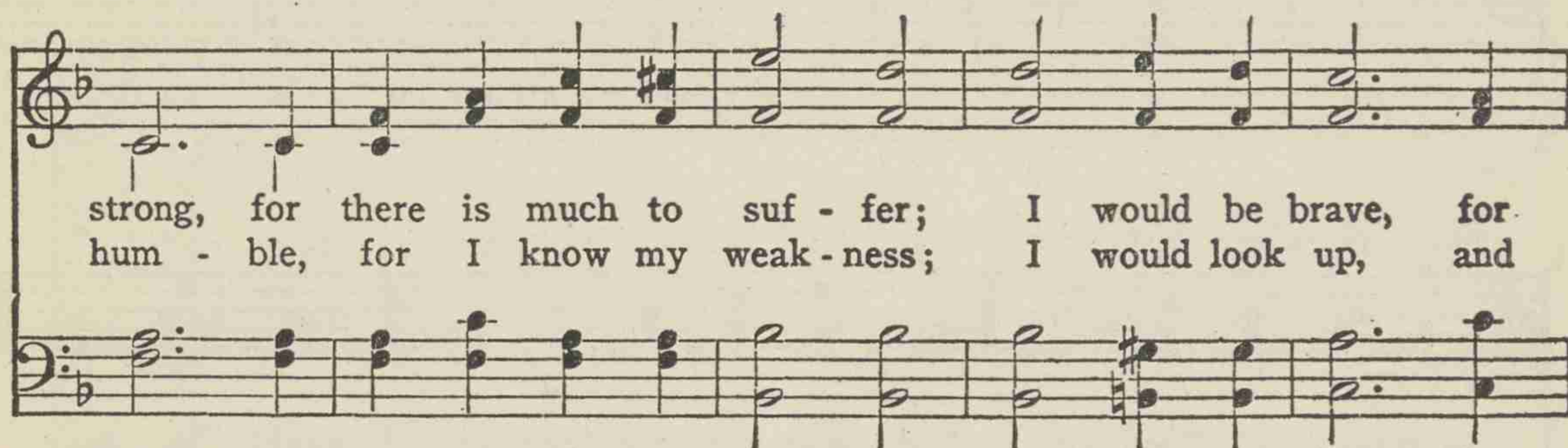
JOSEPH YATES PEEK



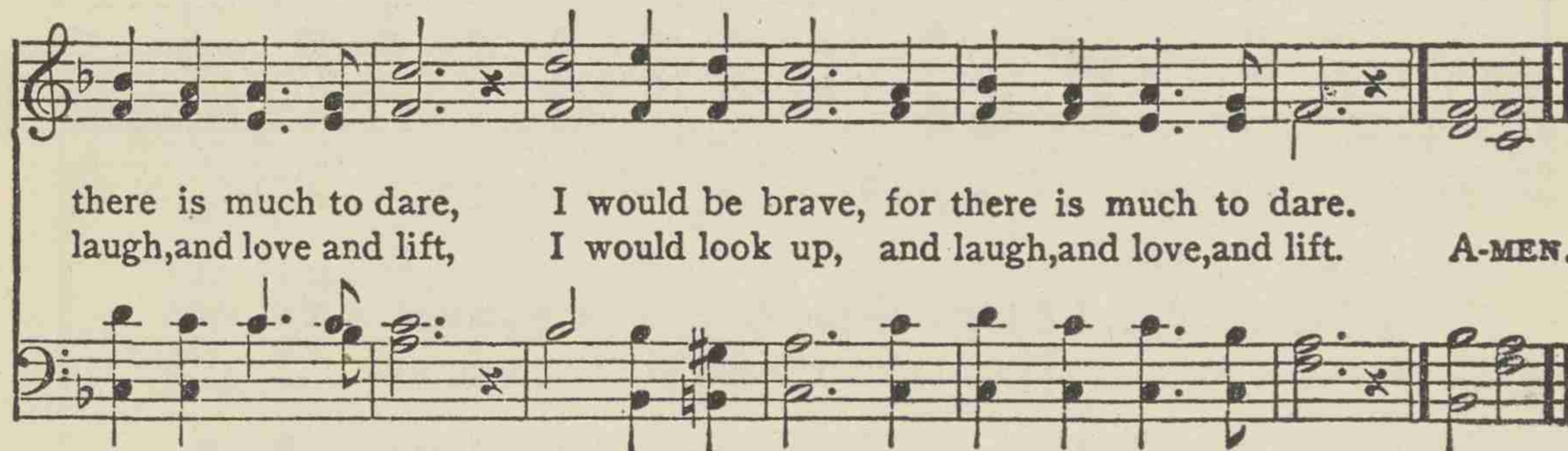
1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me;  
2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less;



I would be pure, for there are those who care; I would be  
I would be giv-ing, and for-get the gift; I would be



strong, for there is much to suf-fer; I would be brave, for  
hum-ble, for I know my weak-ness; I would look up, and



there is much to dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
laugh, and love and lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift. A-MEN.

Used by permission of J. Yates Peek, from Hymnal for American Youth.



# No. 5


# Spirit of God

MORECAMBE

Anon.



Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from



earth; through all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness,



might-y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2. I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,  
No sudden rending of the veil of  
clay,  
No angel visitant, no opening skies;  
But take the dimness of my soul  
away.
3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God  
and King?  
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and  
strength and mind;  
I see Thy cross; there teach my heart  
to cling;  
O let me seek Thee, and O let me  
find!



# Light of the World

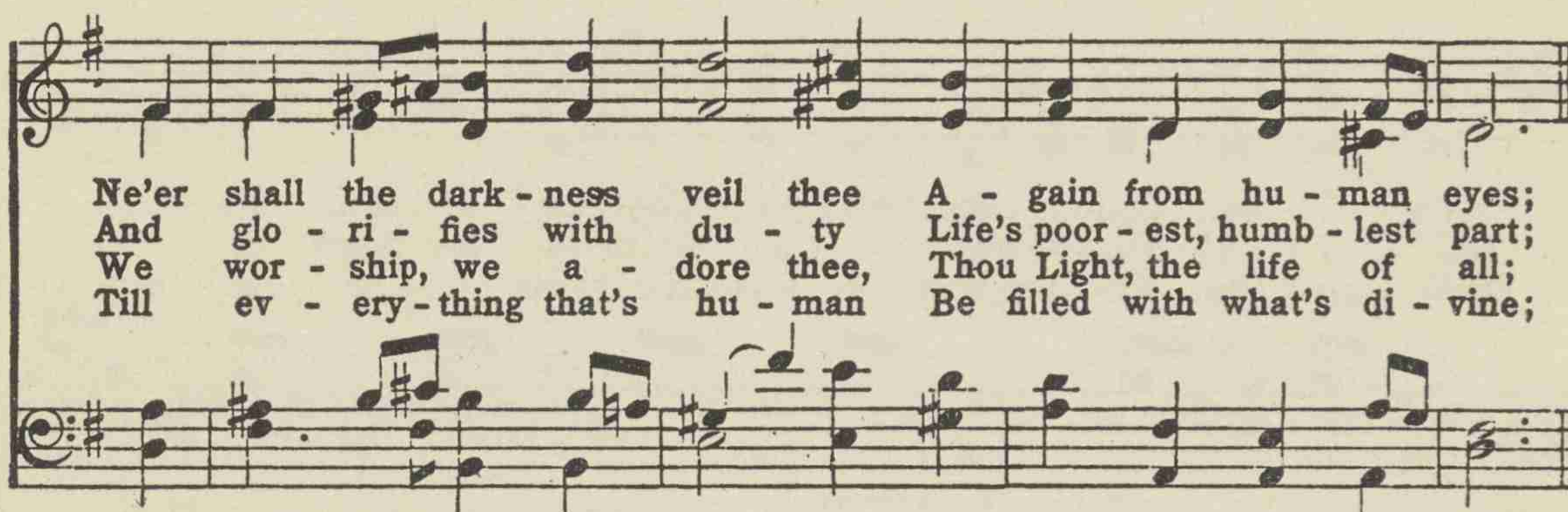
No. 6

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1863

HORATIO PARKER, 1902



1. Light of the world, we hail thee, Flush - ing the east - ern skies!  
 2. Light of the world, thy beau - ty Steals in - to ev - ery heart,  
 3. Light of the world, be - fore thee Our spir - its pros - trate fall;  
 4. Light of the world, il - lu - mine This dark - ened world of thine,



Ne'er shall the dark - ness veil thee A - gain from hu - man eyes;  
 And glo - ri - fies with du - ty Life's poor - est, humb - lest part;  
 We wor - ship, we a - dore thee, Thou Light, the life of all;  
 Till ev - ery - thing that's hu - man Be filled with what's di - vine;



Too long, a - las! with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;  
 Thou rob - est in thy splen - dor The sim - ple ways of men,  
 With thee is no for - get - ting Of all thine hand hath made;  
 Till ev - ery tongue and na - tion, From sin's do - min - ion free,



Thy light, so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more.  
 And help - est them to rend - er Light back to thee a - gain.  
 Thy ris - ing hath no set - ting, Thy sun - shine hath no shade.  
 Rise in the new cre - a - tion Which springs from love and thee. A-men.

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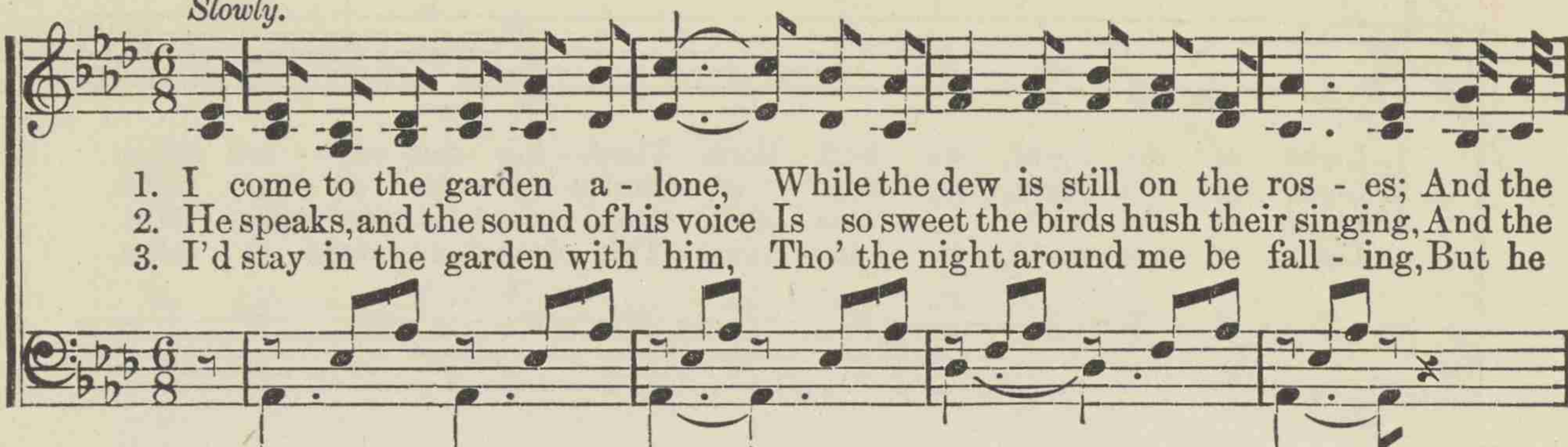
# No. 7

# In the Garden.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Slowly.*



1. I come to the garden a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the  
 2. He speaks, and the sound of his voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing, And the  
 3. I'd stay in the garden with him, Tho' the night around me be fall - ing, But he



voice I hear, Falling on my ear; The Son of God dis - clos - es.  
 mel - o - dy, That he gave to me; With-in my heart is ring - ing.  
 bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.

## CHORUS.



And he walks with me, and he talks with me, And he tells me I am his own,



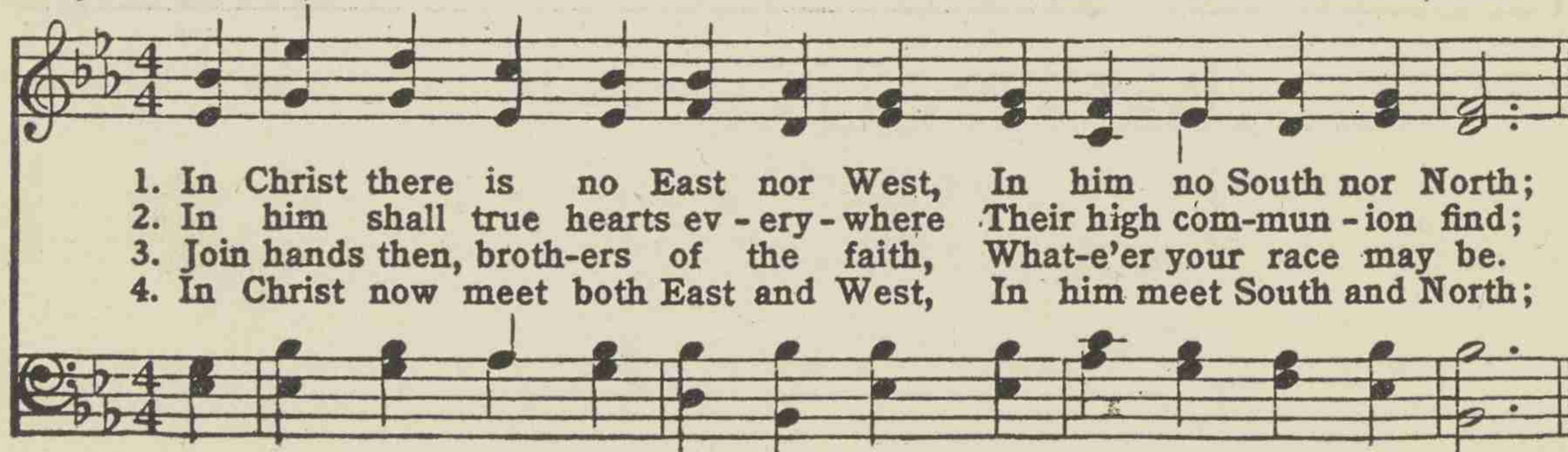
And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

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# No. 8 In Christ There is no East or West

JOHN OXENHAM, 1908

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1826



1. In Christ there is no East nor West, In him no South nor North;  
 2. In him shall true hearts ev - ery - where Their high com-mun - ion find;  
 3. Join hands then, broth-ers of the faith, What-e'er your race may be.  
 4. In Christ now meet both East and West, In him meet South and North;





But one great fel - low - ship of love Throughout the whole wide earth.  
His serv - ice is the gold - en cord Close - bind - ing all man - kind.  
Who serves my Fa - ther as a son Is sure - ly kin to me.  
All Christ - ly souls are one in him Throughout the whole wide earth. A - men.

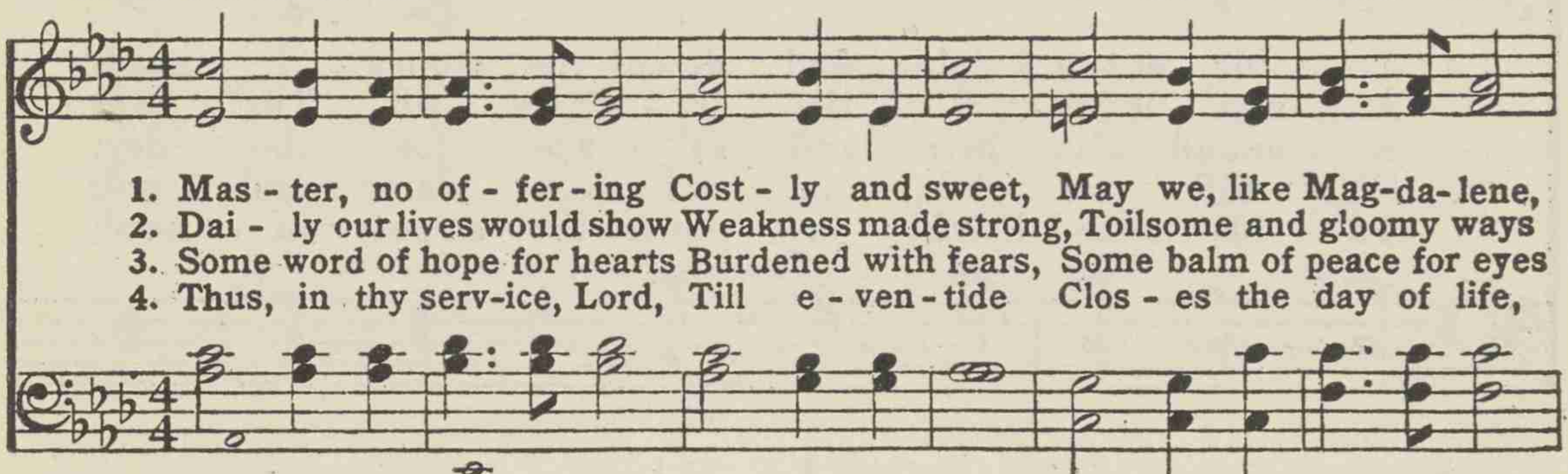
NOTE—May be sung also to tune “Serenity” No. 128 in the Methodist Hymnal.

## Love's Offering

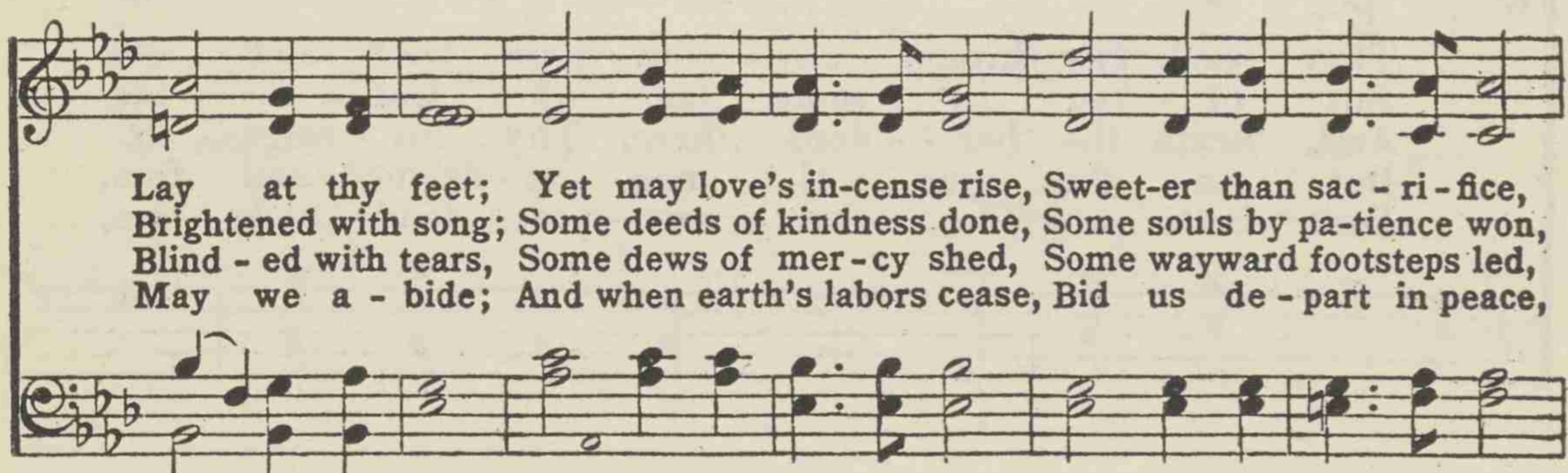
No. 9

EDWIN P. PARKER, 1888

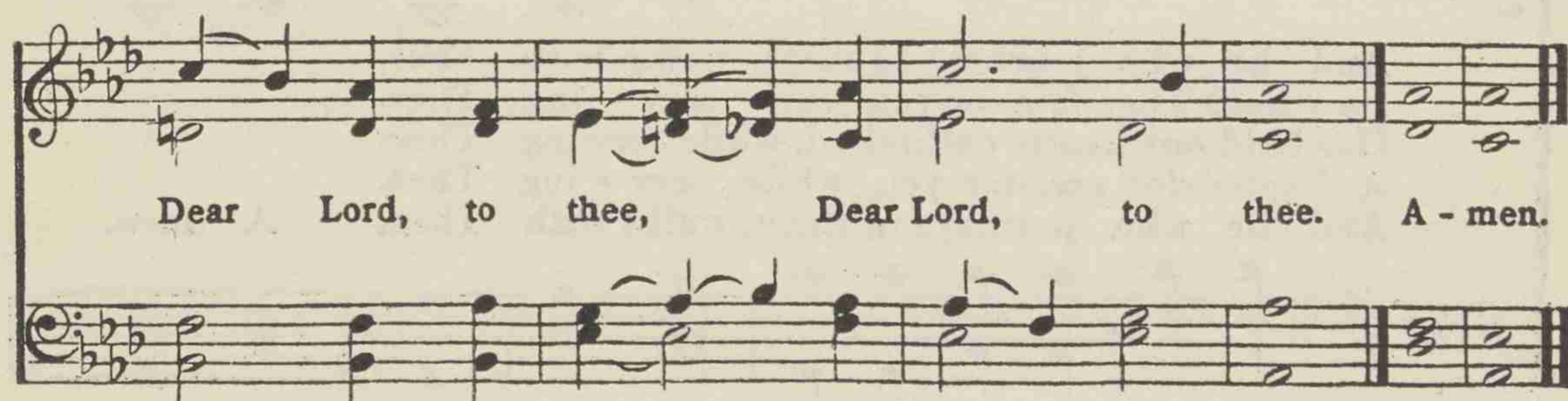
EDWIN P. PARKER, 1888



1. Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like Mag - da - lene,  
2. Dai - ly our lives would show Weakness made strong, Toilsome and gloomy ways  
3. Some word of hope for hearts Burdened with fears, Some balm of peace for eyes  
4. Thus, in thy serv - ice, Lord, Till e - ven - tide Clos - es the day of life,



Lay at thy feet; Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweet - er than sac - ri - fice,  
Brightened with song; Some deeds of kindness done, Some souls by pa - tience won,  
Blind - ed with tears, Some dews of mer - cy shed, Some wayward footsteps led,  
May we a - bide; And when earth's labors cease, Bid us de - part in peace,



Dear Lord, to thee, Dear Lord, to thee. A - men.

NOTE—Is well adapted for use as a solo.



## No. 10

## We Thank Thee, Lord

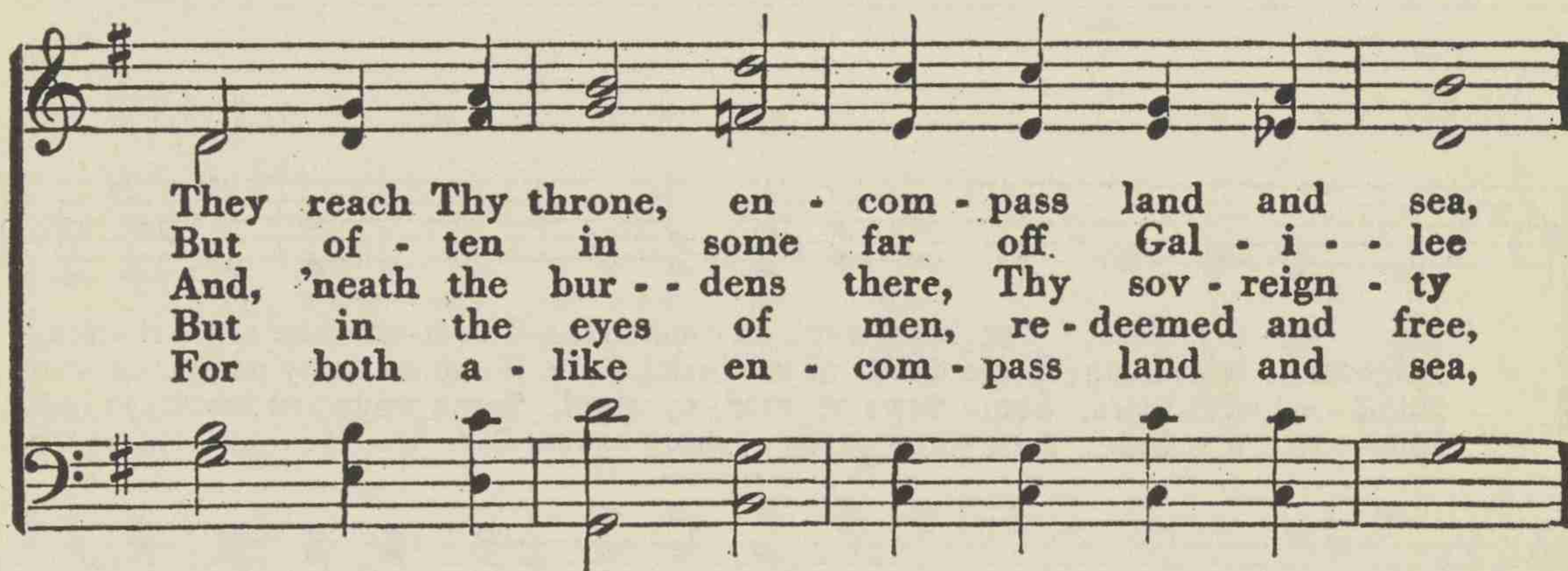
Rev. Calvin W. Laufer, 1919.



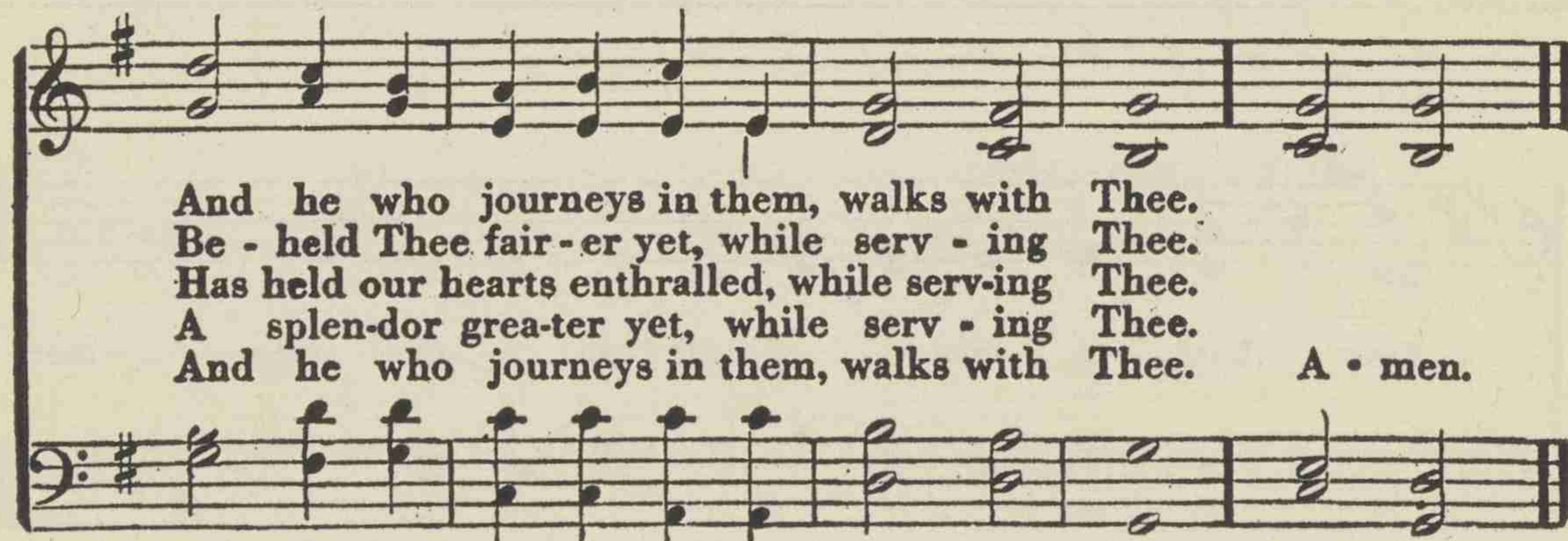
1. We thank Thee, Lord, Thy paths of ser - vice lead  
 2. We've sought and found Thee in the se - cret place  
 3. We've felt Thy touch in sor - row's darkened way  
 4. We've seen Thy glo - - - ry like a man - tle spread  
 5. Show us the paths in which Thou wouldst lead



To bla - zoned heights and down the slopes of need;  
 And mar - velled at the ra - diance of Thy face;  
 A - - bound with love and sol - ace for the day;  
 O'er hill and dale in saf - fron flame and red;  
 To bla - zoned heights or down the slopes of need;



They reach Thy throne, en - com - pass land and sea,  
 But of - ten in some far off Gal - i - - lee  
 And, 'neath the bur - - dens there, Thy sov - reign - ty  
 But in the eyes of men, re - deemed and free,  
 For both a - like en - com - pass land and sea,




And he who journeys in them, walks with Thee.  
 Be - held Thee fair - er yet, while serv - ing Thee.  
 Has held our hearts enthralled, while serv - ing Thee.  
 A splen - dor grea - ter yet, while serv - ing Thee.  
 And he who journeys in them, walks with Thee. A - men.





# The Light of God is Falling No. 11

LOUIS F. BENSON, 1910



Arr. from J. MICHAEL HAYDN, (1737-1806)





1. The light of God is fall - ing Up - on life's com - mon way;  
2. Who shares his life's pure pleas - ures, And walks the hon - est road,  
3. Where hu - man hands are throng - ing In toil and pain and sin,  
4. Thy ran - somed host in glo - ry, All souls that sin and pray,




The mas - ter's voice still call - ing "Come, walk with me to - day:"  
Who trades with heap - ing meas - ures, And lifts his broth - er's load.  
While clois - tered hearts are long - ing To bring the King - dom in,  
Turn t'ward the cross that bore thee; "Be - hold the man!" they say:



No du - ty can seem low - ly To him who lives with thee.  
Who turns the wrong down blunt - ly, And lends the right a hand;  
O Christ the eld - er broth - er Of proud and beat - en men,  
And while thy Church is plead - ing For all who would do good,



And all of life grows ho - ly, O Christ of Gal - i - lee.  
He dwells in God's own coun - try, He tills the Ho - ly Land.  
When they have found each oth - er Thy king - dom will come then.  
We hear thy true voice lead - ing Our song of broth - er - hood. A - men.





# No. 12      Open My Eyes, That I May See

C. H. S.

CHAS. H. SCOTT



1. O - pen my eyes, that I    may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me ;
2. O - pen my ears, that I    may hear Voic-es of truth Thou send-est clear ;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let   me bear Gladly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where ;



Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and  
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will  
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren



set me free. Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy  
dis-ap-pear. Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy  
thus to share. Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy



will to see ; O - pen my eyes, il - lum-ine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
will to see ; O - pen my ears, il - lum-ine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
will to see ; O - pen my heart, il - lum-ine me, Spir - it di - vine!





# The Land We Love is Calling No. 13

ALL HALLOWS. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Anonymous

GEORGE CLEMENT MARTIN, 1892

UNISON



1. The land we love is call - ing From plain and moun-tain height,  
 2. The soul-starved moun-tain high - lands, The need of coun - try - side,  
 3. Oh pil - grims of the morn - ing, Stand in your ra - dant might,



Her val - iant sons and daugh - ters To lift her bea - con light.  
 The cit - y's creep - ing dark - ness Where sin and fear a - bide,  
 Splen - did with faith tri - umph - ant, Touched by the liv - ing Light,



From coast to coast the an - swer Comes ring - ing strong and free,  
 Shall see the march - ing thou - sands That hear the plead - ing call,  
 Join hands a - cross the na - tion From toss - ing sea to sea,

HARMONY



A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, We bring our lives to thee.  
 A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, We bring to thee our all.  
 Oh, God may our A - mer - i - ca Bring all her life to thee. A - men.



# No. 14

# The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.

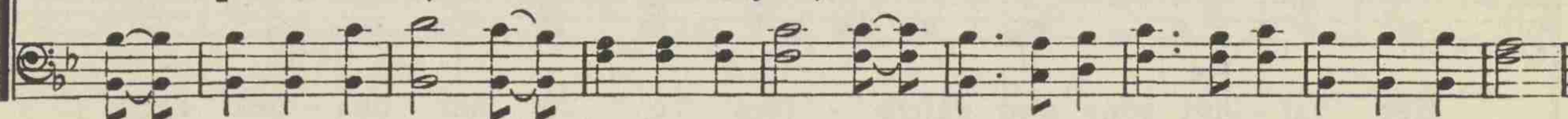
*Maestoso.*



1. { O say can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, }  
 { Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming? }
2. { On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, }  
 { What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? }
3. { O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their loved home and wild war's desolation; }  
 { Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation! }



And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines o'er the stream:  
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"



*ff* CHORUS.



O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



# No. 15

# My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.



1. My coun-try! 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev-'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - ...  
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.  
 land be bright, With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-TECT us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



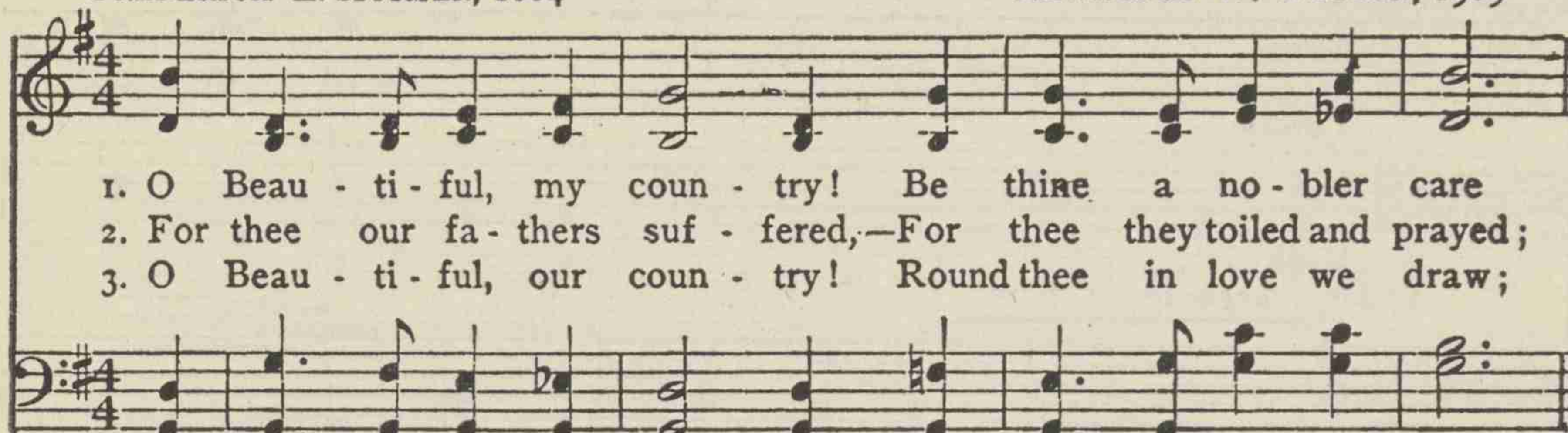


## O Beautiful, My Country

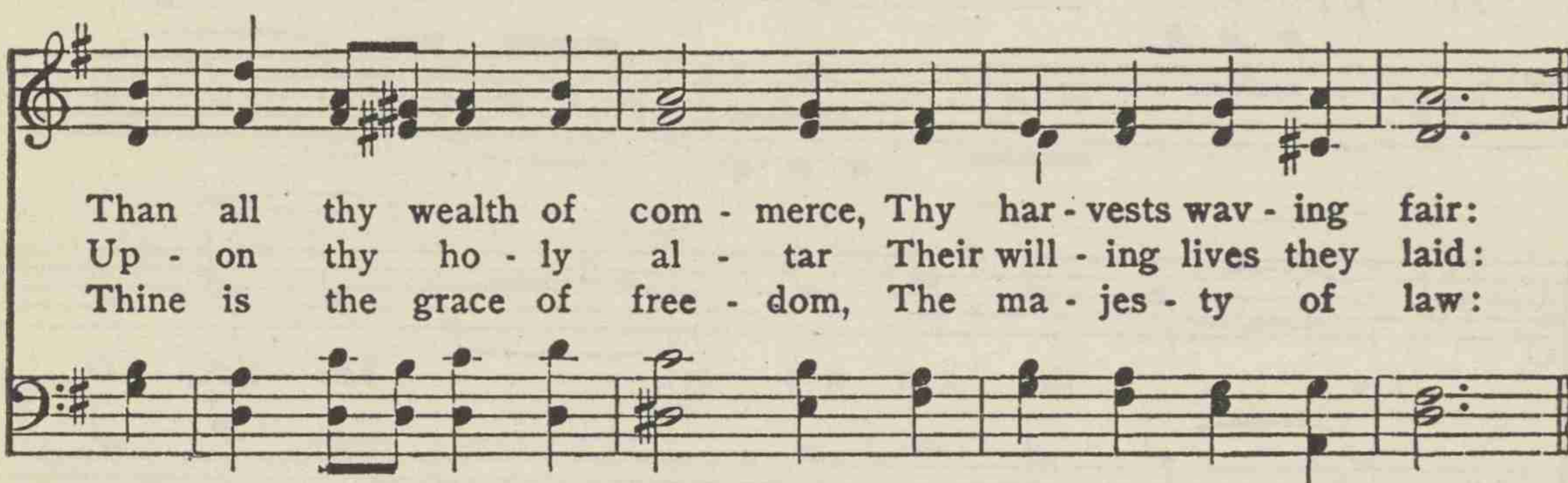
(SALVE DOMINE. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.)

FREDERICK L. HOSMER, 1884

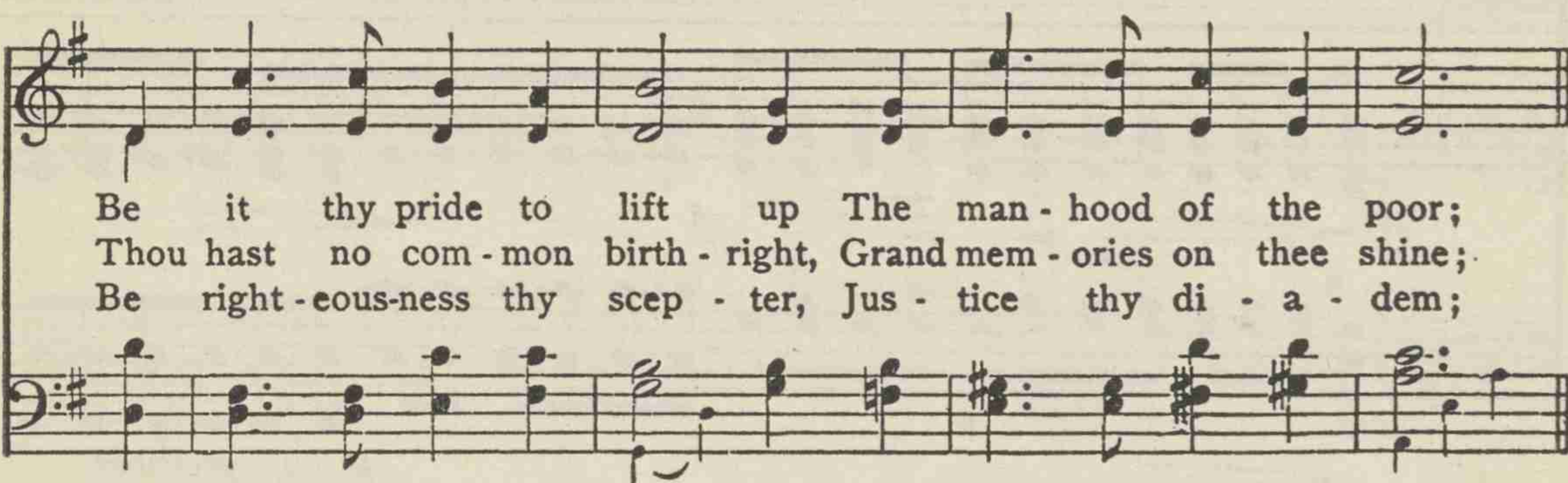
LAWRENCE W. WATSON, 1909



1. O Beau - ti - ful, my coun - try! Be thine a no - bler care  
 2. For thee our fa - thers suf - fered, — For thee they toiled and prayed;  
 3. O Beau - ti - ful, our coun - try! Round thee in love we draw;



Than all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy har - vests wav - ing fair:  
 Up - on thy ho - ly al - tar Their will - ing lives they laid:  
 Thine is the grace of free - dom, The ma - jes - ty of law:



Be it thy pride to lift up The man - hood of the poor;  
 Thou hast no com - mon birth - right, Grand mem - ories on thee shine;  
 Be right - eous - ness thy scep - ter, Jus - tice thy di - a - dem;



Be thou to the op - press - ed Fair free - dom's o - pen door!  
 The blood of pil - grim na - tions Com - min - gled flows in thine.  
 And on thy shin - ing fore - head Be peace the crown - ing gem! A - MEN.

NOTE—May also be sung to Tune No. 408 in Methodist Hymnal.



# No. 17 "At Even, Ere the Sun Was Set"

\* Words by The Rev HENRY TWELLS, M.A.  
SOPRANO

Music by W. H. JUDE  
*mf*

ALTO

TENOR

BASS  
*Andante larghetto*

PIANO *p e sostenuto*

*mf*

ere . . . . the sun was set, . . . . The sick, O

*s f*

*Ped.*

*p con espressione*

Lord, . . . a - round thee lay; . . . O in what

de - cres - cen - do

*Ped.*

\*By permission of the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," from the Student Volunteer Hymnal.

NOTE—Is well adapted for use as a solo.



div - - ers pains they met, . . . . O with what

joy . . . . they went a - way. A - - men, A-men, A - men.

*ff* *p* *pp*

*Ped.* \*

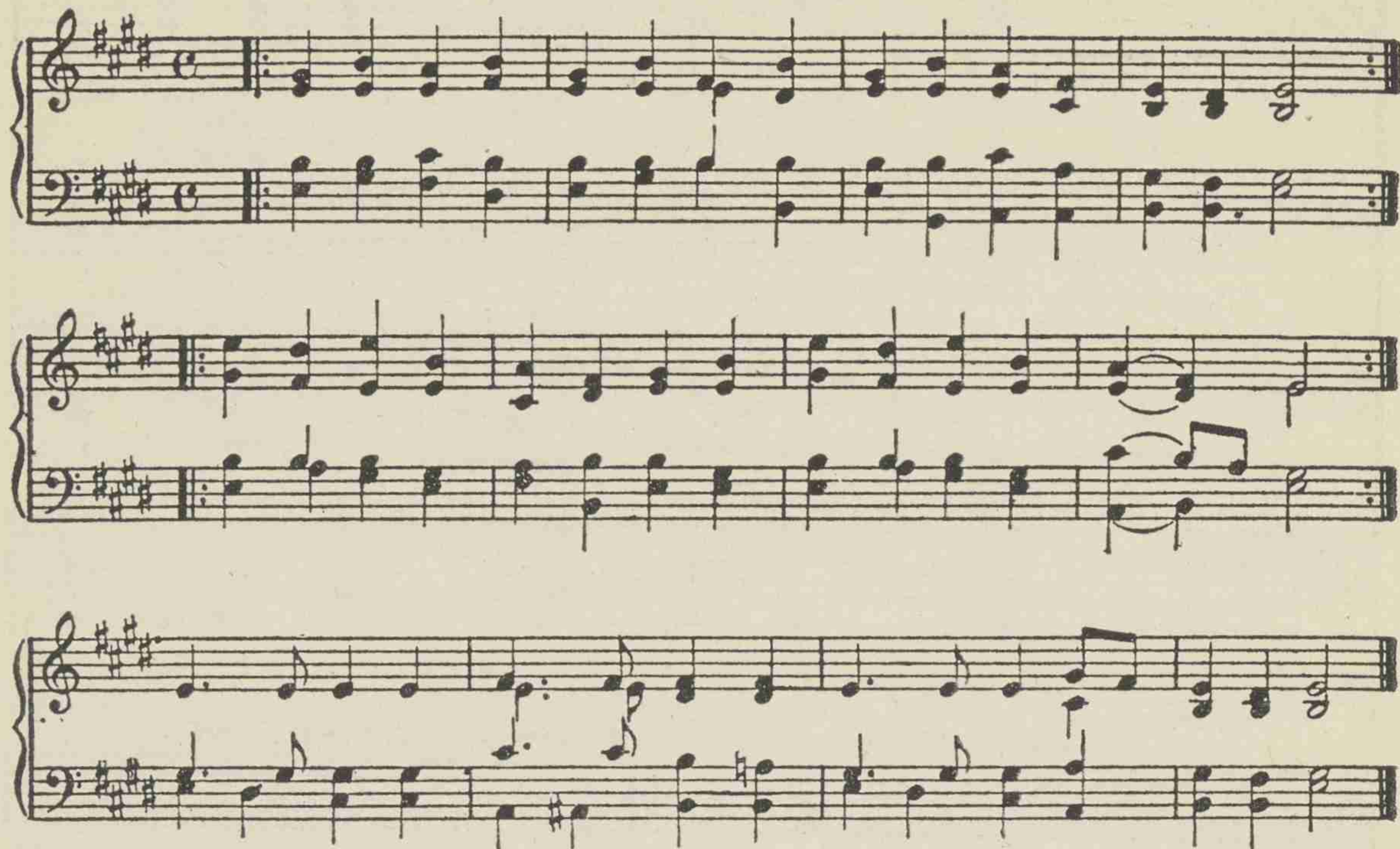
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we  
Oppressed with various ills draw near;  
What if Thy form we cannot see?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free;  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin;  
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,  
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall,  
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.



# No. 18

# Vesper Hymn



1. Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing  
O'er the waters soft and clear;  
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,  
Soft it breaks upon the ear.  
Jubilate! Jubilate! Jubilate! Amen.  
Jubilate! Jubilate! Jubilate! Amen.  
Farther now, and farther stealing,  
Soft it fades upon the ear.
2. Now like moonlight waves retreating,  
To the shore it dies along;  
Now like angry surges meeting,  
Breaks the mingled tide of song.  
Jubilate! Jubilate! Jubilate! Amen.  
Jubilate! Jubilate! Jubilate! Amen.  
Hark! again, like waves retreating  
To the shore it dies along.
3. Once again sweet voices ringing,  
Louder still the music swells;  
While on summer breezes winging,  
Comes the chime of vesper bells.  
Jubilate! Jubilate! Jubilate! Amen!  
Jubilate! Jubilate! Jubilate! Amen!  
On the summer breezes winging,  
Fades the chime of vesper bells.



# An Evening Prayer.

No. 19

C. M. Battersby.  
Arr. by C. H. G.

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HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. If I have wounded an-y soul to-day, If I have caused one foot to  
2. If I have ut-tered i-dle words or vain, If I have turned a-side from  
3. If I have been perverse or hard, or cold, If I have longed for shelter  
4. For-give the sins I have confessed to Thee; For-give the se-cret sins I

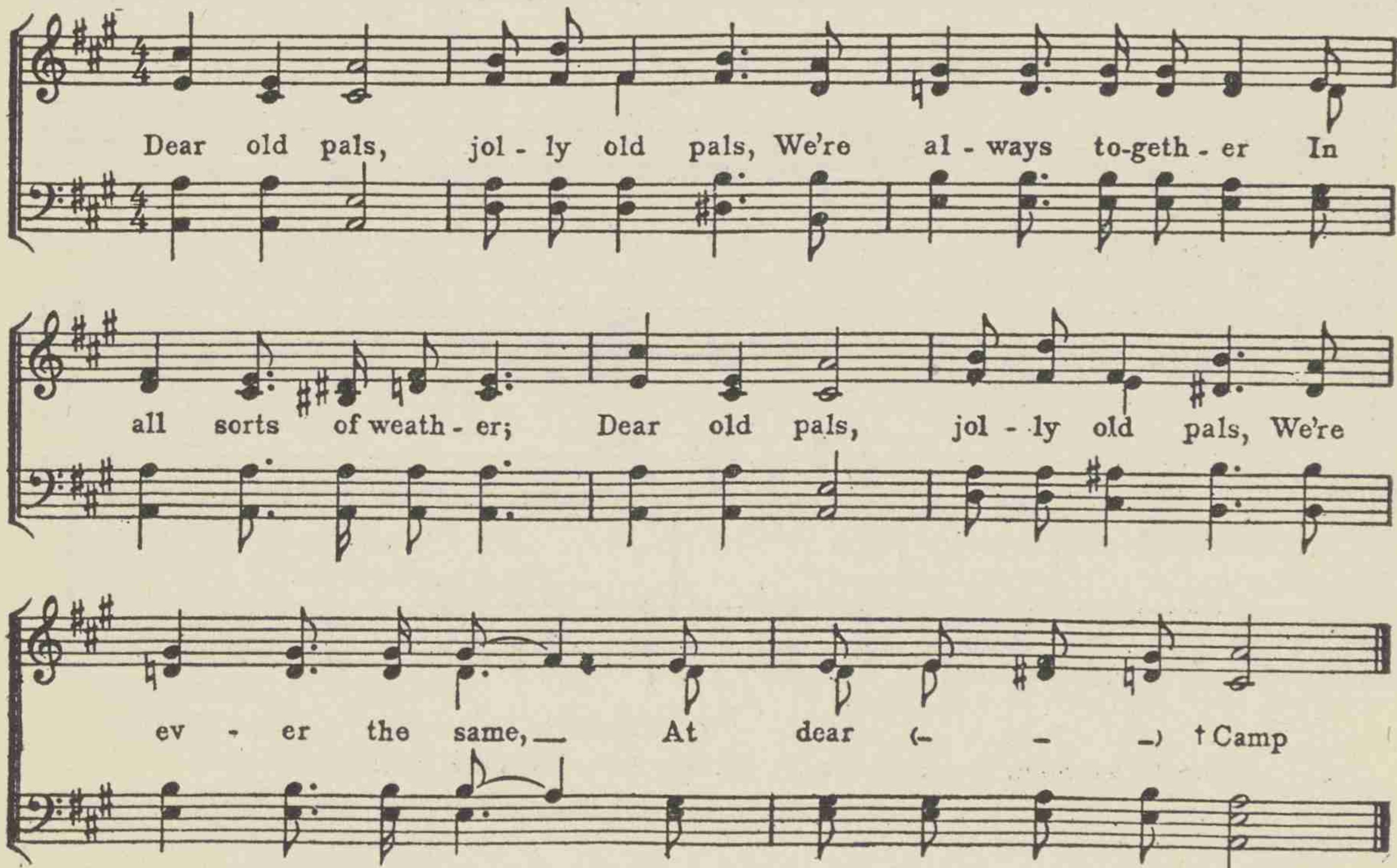


go a-stray, If I have walked in my own will - ful way, Dear Lord, for-give!  
want or pain, Lest I my-self shall suffer thro' the strain, Dear Lord, for-give!  
in Thy fold, When Thou hast given; me some fort to hold, Dear Lord, for-give!  
do not see; O guide me, love me, and my keep - er be, x x x x A-men.

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# Dear Old Pals\*

No. 20



Dear old pals, jol - ly old pals, We're al - ways to-geth - er In  
all sorts of weath - er; Dear old pals, jol - ly old pals, We're  
ev - er the same, — At dear ( — — ) † Camp

\*From Camp Aloha Song Book. Used by permission of Mrs. E. L. Gulick.  
†Name of Camp.



# No. 21

# New Lamps for Old

(Prize Song, Silver Bay Student Conference, 1923)

Marian Nosser  
Mt. Holyoke College

Gertrude D. Ross  
Mt. Holyoke College

1. In the land of dream-ing, Bright with col-ors gay,  
2. In the land of liv-ing, Built by hu-man hands,

Strolled a care-free sing-er At the dawn of day. He was called A-lad-din,  
Youth-ful sing-ers gath-er Here from man-y lands. We are called the seek-ers

sing-er At dawn of day.  
gath-er From man-y lands.

And he sang his wares, In the land of dream-ing, Nev-er touched by cares.—  
Of A-lad-din's wares, In the land of liv-ing, Nev-er free from cares.—

*rall.*

From "The Song Book of the Y. W. C. A." Used by permission.



1. New lamps for old, Tar-nished ones for gold, A - lad - din is sell - ing  
 2. Old lamps for new, False ones for true ( . . . . . ) \* we are bring - ing  
 3. New lamps for old, Tar-nished ones for gold, ( . . . . . ) \* you have brought us

1. New lamps for old,  
 2. Old lamps for new,  
 3. New lamps for old,

New lamps for old, A - lad - din is sell - ing New lamps for old  
 Old lamps for new, ( . . . . . ) \* we are bring - ing Old lamps for new.  
 New lamps for old, ( . . . . . ) \* you have brought us New lamps for old.

L.H.

\* Name of conference, camp, association etc.

## Camp Hymn

No. 22  
James Edmund Jones

1. God, Who touchest Earth with beauty,  
 Make me lovely too.  
 With Thy Spirit recreate me,  
 Make my heart anew.
2. Like Thy springs and running waters,  
 Make me crystal pure.  
 Like Thy 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 trees,  
 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 touches Earth with beauty,  
 Make me lovely too,  
 Keep me ever, by Thy Spirit,  
 Pure, and strong and true.  
 —Mary S. Edgar.

By permission of the author and the composer.



# No. 23

# Maqua\*

Helen Coolidge Bailey

Slowly, with expression

Down where the

birch - es sway Twi-light comes creep-ing: We fol-low on the way Where you are

lead - ing. Your spir - it strong and true Will guide us

ev - er; Faith, Love and Truth we learn, Ma-qua, through you.

\*From the Simmons Song Book. Used by permission of the composer.



*f*

Though we are far a - way, — We'll "car-ry on" each day, — And prove by

word and deed That we all heed — Your spir-it strong and true, The love that's

*pp*

born a-new, Yes, we will keep it there, Deep in our hearts

*pp*

## Hello! Hello!

No. 24

1 2 3 4

Hello! hello! hello! hello! We're glad to meet you,

1 2 3 4

We're glad to greet you! Hello! hello! hello! hello!

NOTE.—This is to be sung in four groups, sounding the notes in diatonic chord. The first group begins and holds its "Hello" until all the rest have sounded their "Hellos." Some very beautiful harmony may be obtained. The larger the groups, the better. Hold the last series of "Hellos," letting the harmony fade out softly.

## GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD-BY.

Tune: Same as "Hello."

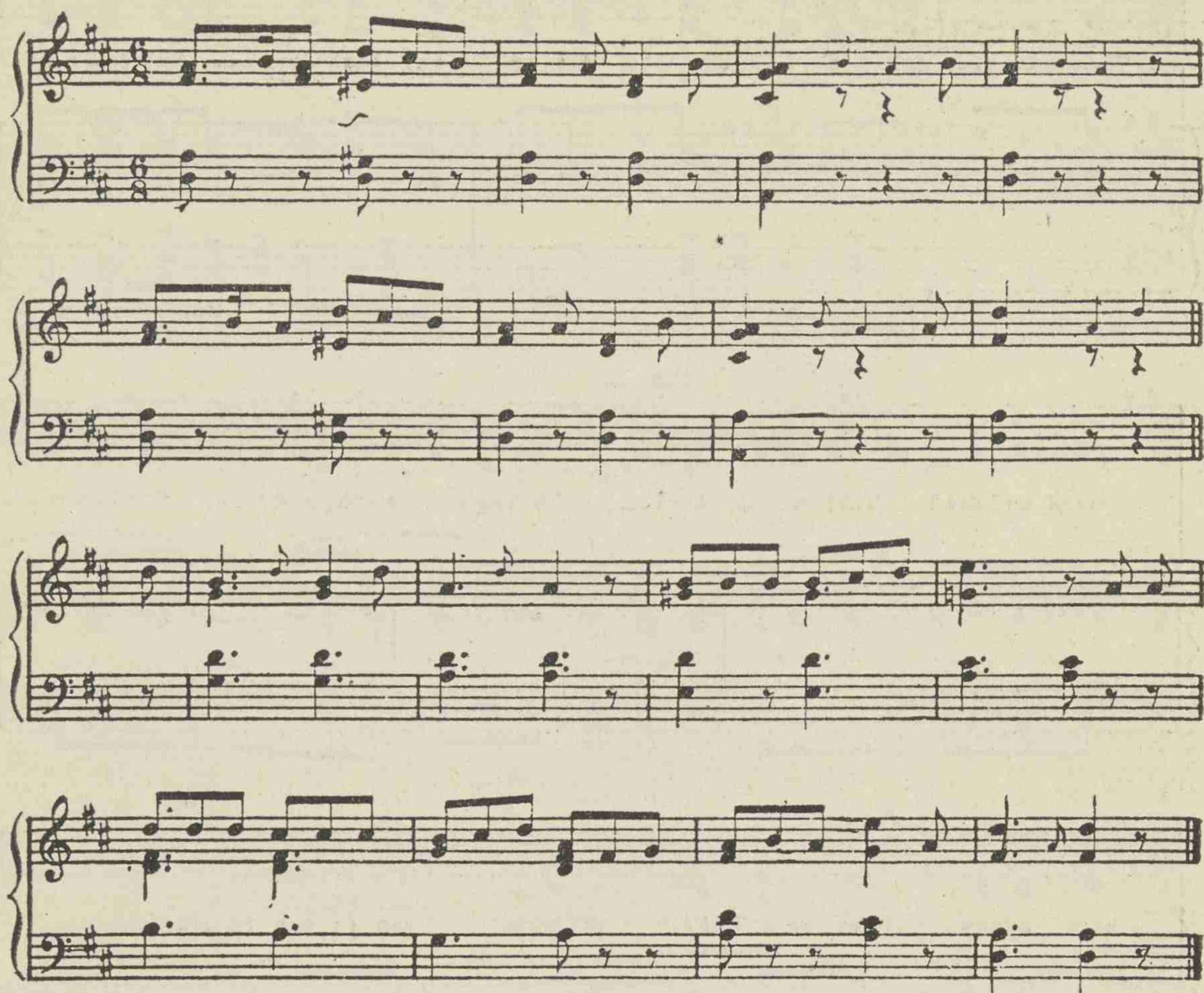
Good night! good night! good night! Good-by! good-by! good-by! good-by!  
 good night! We're sorry you're leaving,  
 May angels guard you, We'll all be grieving,  
 Be kind toward you! Good-by! good-by! good-by! good-by!  
 Good night! good night! good night!  
 good night!

From "Parodology," Songs for Fun and Fellowship by E. O. Hardin. Used by permission of the publishers, Cokesbury Press.



# No. 25

# Little Sir Echo



1. Little Sir Echo, how do you do?  
Hello (hello), Hello (hello).  
Little Sir Echo will answer you,  
Hello (hello), Hello (hello).

## Chorus

Hello (hello), Hello (hello),  
Wont' you come over and play?  
You're a nice little fellow, we know  
by your voice,  
But you're always so far away  
(away).

2. Little Sir Echo is hiding near,  
Hello (hello), Hello (hello),  
Little Sir Echo sings sweet and clear,  
Hello (hello), Hello (hello).

3. Little Sir Echo, what makes you shy?  
Hello (hello), Hello (hello),  
Little Sir Echo, we hear reply,  
Hello (hello), Hello (hello).

By permission of the publishers, J. S. Fearis and Brother.

# No. 26

# Oh, How Lovely is the Evening

(Round)



Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the  
evening,  
When to rest the birds are stealing, bells  
are ringing!  
Ding, dong, ding dong, ding, dong.

From "The Song Book of the Canadian Girls in Training." Used by permission.



From the Italian

## A Merry Life

Denza

*Solo* *Chorus*

1. Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, And so do I! And so do I!  
2. Ah, me, 'tis strange that some should take to sighing, And like it well! And like it well!

*Solo* *Chorus* *Solo*

Some think it well to be all mel-an-chol-ic, To pine and sigh; To pine and sigh; But  
For me, I have not tho't it worth the trying, So can-not tell! So can-not tell! With

*Chorus* *Solo*

I, I love to spend my time in singing, Some joy-ous song, Some joy-ous song; To  
laugh and dance and song the day soon passes, Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone; For

*Chorus*

set the air with mu-sic bravely ring-ing Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!  
mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses To call their own! To call their own!

*f* *1st time Solo* *p*

Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! Tra-la-la-

*mf* *f*

la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la - la! Joy is ev'rywhere, Tra-la-la - la, tra-la-la-la!

From "Twice 55 Community Songs, The Brown Book." Used by permission of C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston, Publishers.

## 28

## REST

(Tune: "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes")

"When the sun is sinking to rest,  
The evening shadows fall—  
Across the silence of the lake,  
We hear the crickets' call—  
So, let us, too, the silence keep,  
And softly steal away  
To rest and sleep  
Until the morn  
Brings forth another day."

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## 30

## CAMP FIRE HYMN

(Tune: "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes")

As the bright flames ascend to heaven  
O, God of love and truth,  
We would in thought with Thee  
commune  
In love and joy and youth.  
The hills resound with the glad sound  
And echo back to Thee.  
Our thanks receive for work and health  
And love and loyalty.

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## 29 A PRAYER FOR THE NATION

(Tune: "America the Beautiful")  
(No. 610 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
Oh, Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand  
Hath made "Our Country" free;  
From all our broad and happy land  
May praise arise to Thee.  
Fulfill the promise of her youth,  
Her liberty defend;  
By law and order, love and truth,  
America befriend!

2.  
The strength of every State increase  
In Union's golden chain;  
Her thousand cities fill with peace,  
Her million fields with grain;  
The virtue of her mingled blood  
In one new people blend;  
By unity and brotherhood  
America befriend!

—Henry Van Dyke.

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# No. 31

## Send Out Thy Light

Charles Gounod (Abr.)

*Adagio molto* *Moderato*

*ff* Send out Thy light, send out Thy light! *pp* Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,

*cres.* *dim.* *p* *cres.* O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill; Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,

*f* *dim.* O let them lead me, O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un-to Thy ho - ly hill, let them,

*cres.* O let them lead me; *f* *dim.* *p* *p<sup>1</sup>* lead, let them lead me; O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Lord, we will praise Thee, (Omit 2nd time)

*cres.* *f* *ff* *ff* Lord, we will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee on the harp, O our God! on the

*ff* *2* *pp adagio.* harp, O our God! on the harp, O our God! Send out Thy light, O Lord our God!



# The Heavens Resound

No. 32

Andreas Hofer  
Maestoso (♩ = 120)  
Sop. I & II : *f*

Arr. from  
L. van Beethoven

1. The heav'ns re-sound with His prais-es e - ter - nal, In might and glo - ry  
2. The Lord is God! He is King of cre - a - tion; In His right hand He

ALTO : *f*

they com - bine . To tell His name thro' earth and the o - ceans That man may hear the  
holds them all; . His chil-dren, we, in love and de - vo - tion, Be - fore His might and

*p* *cresc.* *mf*

word di - vine. He holds the suns in the blue vaulted heav-ens, He  
pow - er fall.. O Fa - ther, hear! we Thy sons ask Thy blessings, Our

*p* *cresc.* *mf*

plants His foot up - on the world; The myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub - jec - tion; The  
pray'r-ful thanks to Thee we raise; The heav'ns re-sound; break, O Earth, in - to glo - ry, To

*f*

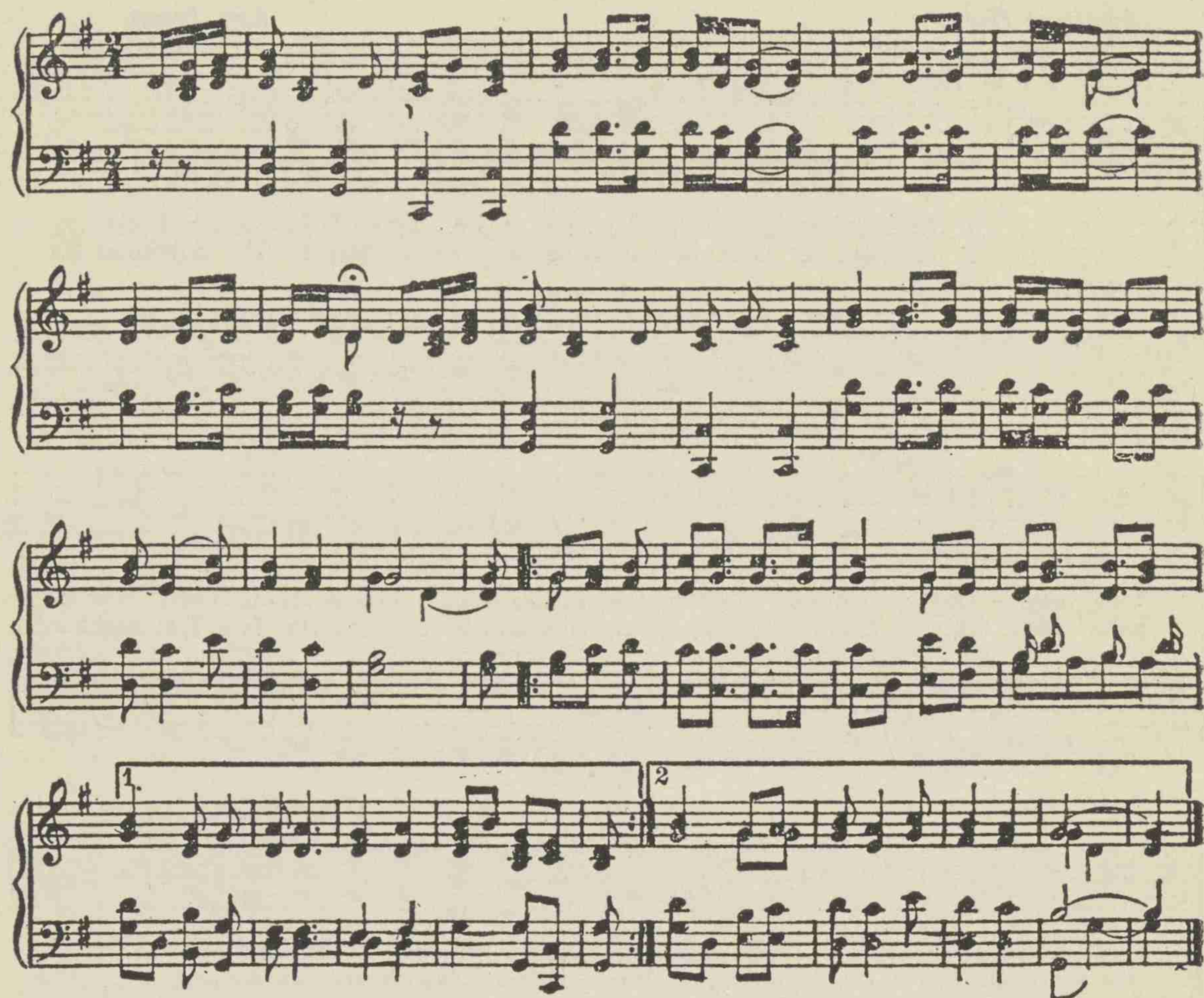
u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd, The u - ni - verse His hand un-furl'd.  
serve! a - dore! and sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise!

*molto allargando* *D.S. (:8:)*



# No. 33

## Down by the River Side



1. I'se gwine to lay down my sword and shield,  
Down by the riverside,  
Down by the riverside,  
Down by the riverside,  
I'se gwine to lay down my sword and shield,  
Down by the riverside;  
I ain't gwine to study war no more.

### Chorus

I ain't gwine study war no more,  
I ain't gwine study war no more,

Ain't gwine study war, study war no more.

I ain't gwine study war no more,  
I ain't gwine study war no more,  
Ain't gwine study war no more.

2. I'se gwine to put on my snow white robe,

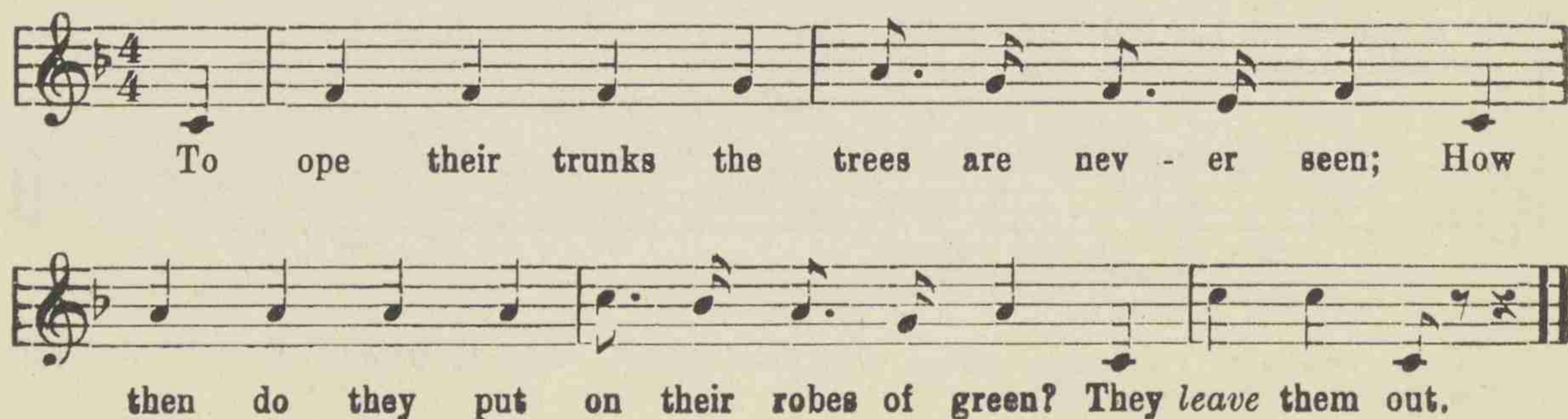
3. I'se gwine to put on my shining wings,

4. (*Softly*) I'se gwine to talk to the Prince of Peace.

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# No. 34

## To Ope Their Trunks.





## Steal Away

The musical score for 'Steal Away' is written for piano in 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble staff with a repeat sign at the beginning and a bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The piece ends with a 'D.S. al Fine' instruction.

*Chorus (to be sung before and after  
each verse)*

Steal away, steal away,  
Steal away to Jesus.  
Steal away, steal away home,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me,  
He calls me by the thunder;  
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul!
2. Green trees bending,  
Poor sinner stands a-trembling;  
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul!
3. My Lord calls me,  
He calls me by the lightning;  
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul!

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## Taps

The musical score for 'Taps' is written for piano in 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

1. Fading light  
Dims the sight,  
And a star  
Gems the sky  
Gleaming bright  
From afar,  
Drawing nigh  
Falls the night.

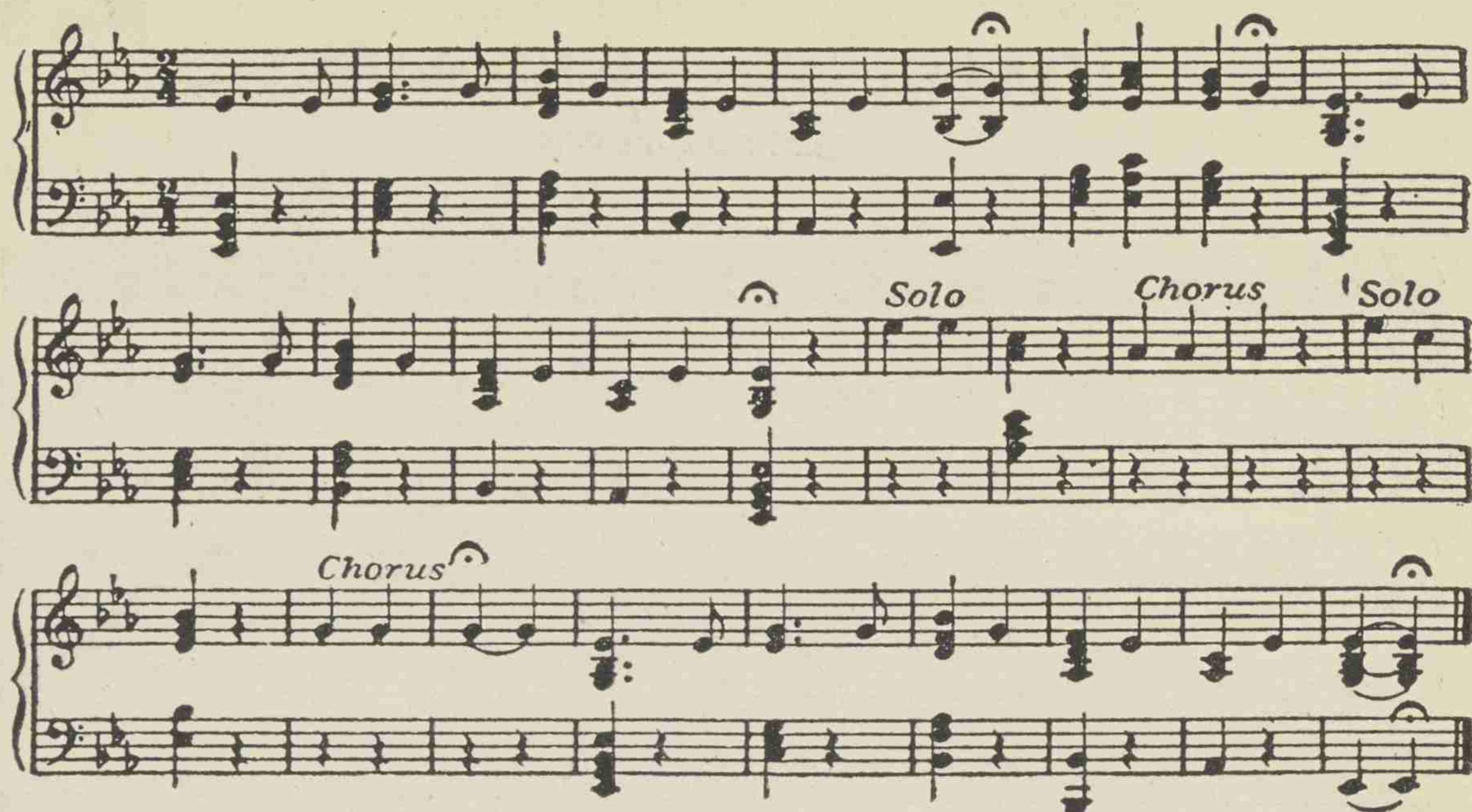
2. Day is done,  
Gone the sun  
From the hills,  
From the lake,  
From the sky,  
All is well,  
Safely rest,  
God is nigh.

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# No. 37

# Lord, I Want to be a Christian



1. Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart, in my heart;  
 Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart.  
*Solo*: In my heart, *Chorus*: In my heart,  
*Solo*: In my heart, *Chorus*: In my heart;  
 Lord I want to be a Christian in my heart.

2. Lord, I want to be more loving in my heart, in my heart;  
 Lord, I want to be more loving in my heart.  
*Solo*: In my heart, *Chorus*: In my heart,  
*Solo*: In my heart, *Chorus*: In my heart;  
 Lord, I want to be more loving in my heart.

3. Lord, I want to be like Jesus in my heart, in my heart;  
 Lord, I want to be like Jesus in my heart;  
*Solo*: In my heart, *Chorus*: In my heart,  
*Solo*: In my heart, *Chorus*: In my heart;  
 Lord, I want to be like Jesus in my heart.

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## 38

### O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE

(Tune: No. 411 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
 O Master, let me walk with Thee  
 In lowly paths of service free;  
 Tell me Thy secret; help me bear  
 The strain of toil, the fret of care.

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.

—Washington Gladden.

## 39

### THE CALL

(Tune: No. 545 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
 Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult  
 Of our life's wild, restless sea;  
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
 Saying, "Christian, follow 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!"

Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,  
 Saviour, may we hear Thy call;  
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
 Serve and love Thee best of all!

—Cecil F. Alexander.



# Peace I Leave With You

No. 40

## BENEDICTION



Peace I leave with you, My peace I give un - - to you.



Not as the world giv - eth, give I un - to you. Let not your



heart be trou - bled, Nei - ther let it be. . . . a - fraid.



Peace I leave with you, My peace I give un - to you. . . . .





## No. 41 The Lord Bless You and Keep You

*Smoothly and deliberately* PETER C. LUTKIN

The Lord bless you and keep you, The Lord lift his coun - te-nance up -

on you, The Lord be gra-cious, gra-cious un - to you. A MEN.

*dim. e rit.*

*pp*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'The Lord bless you and keep you, The Lord lift his coun - te-nance up -' are written below the first staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with lyrics 'on you, The Lord be gra-cious, gra-cious un - to you. A MEN.' below it. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'pp' (pianissimo), and a tempo/dynamics instruction 'dim. e rit.' (diminuendo e ritardando). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

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## No. 42 All Through the Night

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is a piano accompaniment for the lyrics provided below.

1. Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee  
All through the night;  
Guardian angels God will send thee,  
All through the night.  
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,  
Hill and vale in slumber steeping,  
I my loving vigil keeping  
All through the night.

2. While the moon her watch is keeping  
All through the night;  
While the weary world is sleeping  
All through the night;  
O'er thy spirit gently stealing,  
Visions of delight revealing,  
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,  
All through the night.

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## Litany of Thanks

No. 43



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. For the day that came from Thee,<br>Hours that entered silently,<br>Fashioned so exquisitely,<br>God of all, we thank Thee.      | 3. Unforgotten sky and hills,<br>Little roads that sunlight fills,<br>Joy that loveliness fulfills,<br>God of all, we thank Thee.   |
| 2. Day remembered for its friends,<br>For the gifts the Father sends,<br>Love and beauty without end,<br>God of all, we thank Thee. | 4. For the night that comes from Thee,<br>Hours now entering silently,<br>Bringing peace and harmony,<br>God of all, we thank Thee. |

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## Grace

No. 44



We thank Thee Father for Thy care,  
And for Thy bounty everywhere:  
For this and every other gift  
Our grateful hearts to Thee we lift.

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## Blessings

Be present at our table, Lord—  
Be here and everywhere adored,  
These mercies bless, and grant that we  
May strengthened for thy service be.

Lord Jesus, be our holy Guest,  
Our morning Joy; our evening Rest;  
And with our daily bread impart  
Thy love and peace to every heart.

We thank Thee for the morning light,  
For rest and shelter of the night,  
For health and food, for love and friends,  
For everything Thy goodness sends.

Amen.

From "Parodology." Songs for Fun and Fellowship, by E. O. Harbin. Used by permission of the Publishers, Cokesbury Press.



# No. 45

# Good-Night Song.

*Tenderly.*

Good - night, good - night, Now to all a fond good - night.

Slum-ber sweet-ly till the morn-ing, Till the sun the earth a-dorn - ing, Rise in

*Sustained and gradually slower.*

all his won-drous light! Good-night, . . . . . Good-night, . . . . . Good-night!  
(End in a whisper.)

"This is a folk song, source unknown. I first heard it in Plymouth, Mass., at the home of Mrs. Morton, the last lineal descendant of Gov. Bradford, the first Governor of Massachusetts. The song is a tradition in the Bradford family. Doubtless it is of Negro origin, as the Bradford family have had Negro servants in the home since early days."—Amelia Fowler, Cincinnati, Ohio.

# No. 46

# All I Want Is Sociability

## Tune:

All I want is sociability,  
Someone to be sociable to me,  
I'm so very sociable myself.  
I like sociable society.

I have a sociable temperament,  
Social disposition, social sentiment;  
I'm just as sociable as sociable can be,  
And I've got to have more sociability.

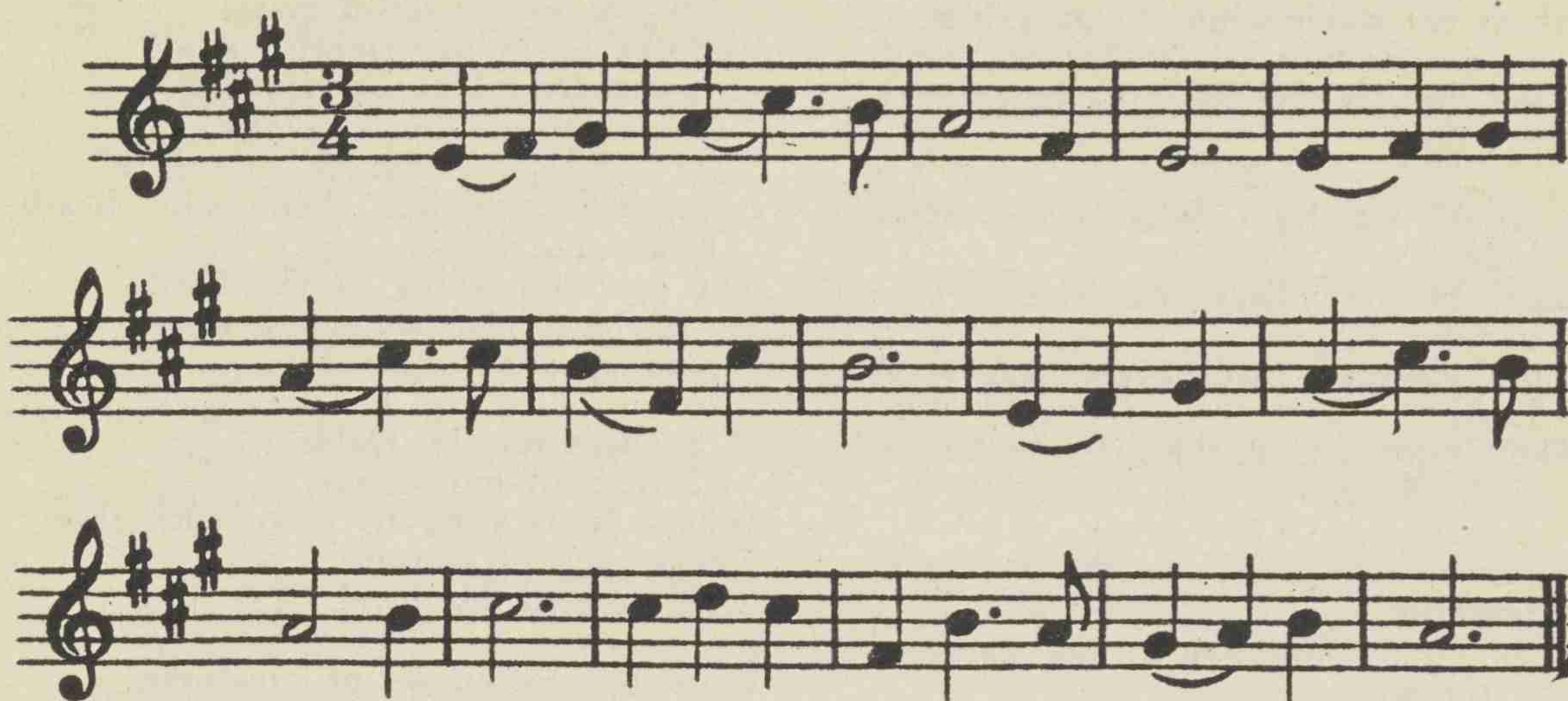
NOTE—This can be sung substituting for the word sociability, the words pepability, lovability, dependability, generosity.

This song taken from "Stunt Songs for Social Sings," published by Eldridge Entertainment House, Inc., Franklin, Ohio.



## Tell Me Why

No. 47



Tell me why the stars do shine,  
 Tell me why the ivy twines,  
 Tell me why the ocean's blue,  
 And I will tell you that's why I love you.  
 Because God made the stars to shine,  
 Because God made the ivy twine,  
 Because God made the ocean blue,  
 Because God made you that's why I love  
 you.

This song taken from "Stunt Songs for Social Sings," published by Eldridge Entertainment House, Inc., Franklin, Ohio.

## Now Run Along Home

No. 48



Now run along home, and jump into  
 bed,  
 Say your prayers and cover your head.  
 This very same thing I say unto you.  
 You dream of me and I'll dream of you.

This song taken from "Stunt Songs for Social Sings," published by Eldridge Entertainment House, Inc., Franklin, Ohio.



## 49 WE WOULD SEE JESUS

J. Edgar Park, 1913. Herbert B. Turner, 1905.

(Tune: No. 43 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

We would see Jesus, lo! His star is shining  
Above the stable while the Angels sing;  
There in a manger on the hay reclining,  
Haste, let us lay our gifts before the  
King.

2.

We would see Jesus, Mary's Son most  
holy,  
Light of the village life from day to  
day;  
Shining revealed thro' every task most  
lowly,  
The Christ of God, the Life, the Truth,  
the Way.

3.

We would see Jesus, on the mountain  
teaching,  
With all the listening people gathered  
round;  
While birds and flowers and sky above are  
preaching,  
The blessedness which simple trust has  
found.

4.

We would see Jesus, in his work of  
healing,  
At eventide before the sun was set;  
Divine and human, in his deep revealing,  
Of God and man in loving service met.

5.

We would see Jesus, in the early morning  
Still as of old he calleth, "Follow Me";  
Let us arise, all meaner service scorning,  
Lord, we are Thine, we give ourselves  
to Thee. Amen.

From "Worship and Song," Winchester and Con-  
ant. Used by permission of The Pilgrim Press.

## 50

### LEAD ON, O KING ETERNAL

(Tune: No. 408 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

Lead, O King Eternal,  
The day of march has come;  
Henceforth in fields of conquest  
Thy tents shall be our home.  
Thro' days of preparation  
Thy grace has made us strong,  
And now, O King Eternal,  
We lift our battle song.

2.

Lead on, O King Eternal,  
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,  
And holiness shall whisper  
The sweet amen of peace;  
For not with swords loud clashing,  
Nor roll of stirring drums;  
With deeds of love and mercy,  
The heav'nly kingdom comes.

3.

Lead on, O King Eternal,  
We follow, not with fears,  
For gladness breaks like morning  
Where'er Thy face appears;  
Thy cross is lifted o'er us,  
We journey in its light;  
The crown awaits the conquest;  
Lead on, O Lord of might.

—Ernest W. Shurtleff.

## 51

### DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND

(Tune No. 543 Methodist Hymnal)

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our feverish ways!  
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;  
In purer lives Thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

2.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea  
The gracious calling of the Lord.  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
Rise up and follow Thee.

3.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
The silence of eternity,  
Interpreted by love!

4.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess,  
The beauty of thy peace.

5.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and  
fire,

O still small voice of calm!

—John G. Whittier.

Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin Co.

## 52

### LEAD US, O FATHER

(Tune: No. 475 Methodist Hymnal)

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace;  
Without Thy guiding hand we go  
astray,

And doubts appall, and sorrows still in-  
crease;

Lead us through Christ, the true and  
living Way.

2.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;  
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we  
grope,

While passion stains, and folly dims our  
youth,

And age comes on, uncheered by faith  
and hope.

3.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;  
Blindly we stumble when we walk  
alone,

Involved in shadows of a darksome night,  
Only with Thee, we journey safely on.

—William H. Burleigh.

## 53

### LORD, IN THIS HOUR OF TUMULT

(Tune: No. 571 Methodist Hymnal)

Lord, in this hour of tumult,  
Lord, in this day of fears,  
Keep open, oh, keep open  
My eyes and my ears.

2.

Not blindly, but with gladness  
Lord, let me do my part.  
Keep open, oh, keep open  
My mind and my heart.



54

**O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET  
ME GO**

(Tune: No. 481 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

O Love that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in thee;  
I give thee back the life I owe,  
That in thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

2.

O Light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to thee,  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day  
May brighter, fairer be.

3.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain,  
That morn shall tearless be.

4.

O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from thee;  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.

—George Matheson.

**55 FAITH OF OUR FATHERS**

(Tune: No. 415 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

Faith of our fathers! living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!  
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!  
We will be true to Thee till death!

2.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
Were still in heart and conscience free:  
How sweet would be their children's fate,  
If they, like them, could die for thee!  
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!  
We will be true to Thee till death!

3.

Faith of our fathers! we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife.  
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life:  
Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!  
We will be true to Thee till death!

—Frederick W. Faber.

**56 BREAD OF LIFE**

(Tune: No. 325 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

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!

2.

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.

—Mary A. Lathbury.

57

**LORD, SPEAK TO ME, THAT I MAY  
SPEAK**

(Tune: No. 410 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2.

O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

3.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

4.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

5.

O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.  
—Frances R. Havergal.

58

**WE MAY NOT CLIMB  
THE HEAVENLY STEEPS**

(Tune: No. 128 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest 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.

Through Him the first fond prayers are  
said,  
Our lips of childhood frame;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with His name.

5.

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!  
—John G. Whittier.



59

**O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING**

(Tune: No. 282 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
O Jesus, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
Shame on us, Christian brethren,  
His name and sign who bear.  
O shame, thrice shame upon us,  
To keep Him standing there!

2.  
O Jesus, Thou art knocking:  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred.  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

3.  
O Jesus Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.  
—William W. How.

**60 FAIREST LORD JESUS**

(Tune: No. 118 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
Fairest Lord Jesus!  
Ruler of all nature!  
O Thou of God and man the Son!  
Thee will I cherish,  
Thee will I honor,  
Thee, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2.  
Fair are the meadows,  
Fairer still the woodlands,  
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;  
Jesus is fairer,  
Jesus is purer,  
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3.  
Fair is the sunshine,  
Fairer still the moonlight,  
And all the twinkling starry host;  
Jesus shines brighter,  
Jesus shines purer  
Than all the angels heaven can boast.  
—From the German.

**61 LORD OF ALL BEING**

(Tune: No. 82 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
Lord of all being, throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Center and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2.  
Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3.  
Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4.  
Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is  
love,  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no luster of our own.

5.  
Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.  
—Oliver W. Holmes.

62

**"JUST AS I AM, THINE OWN TO BE**

(Tune: No. 272 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
Just as I am, Thine own to be,  
Friend of the young, who lovest me;  
To consecrate myself to Thee,  
O, Jesus Christ, I come, I come.

2.  
In the glad morning of my day,  
My life to give, my vows to pay;  
With no reserve and no delay,  
With all my heart, I come, I come.

3.  
I would live ever in the light,  
I would work ever for the right,  
I would serve Thee with all my might;  
Therefore to Thee, I come, I come.

4.  
Just as I am, young, strong and free,  
To be the best that I can be  
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,  
Lord of my life, I come, I come.  
—Marianne Hearn, 1837.

63

**JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME**

(Tune: No. 482 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass came from Thee:  
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot me.

2.  
As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When Thou sayest to them, "Be Still!"  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3.  
When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."  
—Edward Hopper.



64

## O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED

(Tune: No. 350 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

O Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Be Thou forever near me,  
My Master and my Friend;  
I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2.

O let me feel Thee near me,  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear:  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

3.

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.

4.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee  
That where Thou art 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.  
—John E. Bode.

65

## TAKE MY LIFE

(Tune: No. 348 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

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  
Every 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.

66

HARK, THE VOICE OF JESUS  
CALLING

(Tune: No. 402 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

Hark, the voice of Jesus calling,  
"Who will go and work today?  
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
Loud and long the Master calleth,  
Rich reward he offers free;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
"Here am I, send me, send me"?

2.

If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door;  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite;  
And the least you give for Jesus  
Will be precious in his sight.

3.

Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do."  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the master calls for you:  
Take the task he gives you gladly;  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth,  
"Here am I, send me, send me."  
—Daniel March.

67

## OUR MASTER FRIEND

(Prize Song at Wilson College Conference, July, 1923.)

(Tune: No. 237 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

Our Master friend,  
We come to Thee for light  
Thy weary children.  
May we lead aright.  
Teach us to live  
For Thee in every deed  
Use us, O Master,  
In the days of need.

2.

Our Master friend,  
We cannot now delay.  
Thy children perish,  
If we longer stay.  
Guide us in thought  
To show to them Thy love  
Keep us and lead us  
To the heights above.

3.

Our Master friend,  
We go to share Thy gift  
With weary children  
And their load to lift.  
Make us, O Father,  
Lights to shine for Thee,  
Lead us and use us  
From the sea to sea.

68

## CLOSING HYMN

(Tune: No. 543 Methodist Hymnal)

We turn to Thee, O God, this night,  
Ere yet to sleep we go,  
We thank Thee for Thy loving care,  
O may we find Thee everywhere  
And learn Thy love to know.  
From the Song Book of the Canadian Girls in  
Training. Used by permission.



## FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

(Tune: No. 28 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
For the beauty of the earth,  
For the beauty of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,—  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.
2.  
For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light,—  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.
3.  
For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above;  
For all gentle thoughts and mild,—  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.
4.  
For Thy church, that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Its pure sacrifice of love,  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.
5.  
For Thyself, best Gift Divine!  
To our race so freely given;  
For that great, great love of Thine  
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven,—  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.  
Folliott S. Pierpoint.

## 70

## WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES

(Tune: No. 32 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
When morning gilds the skies,  
My heart awaking cries,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Alike at work and prayer,  
To Jesus I repair;  
May Jesus Christ be praised!
2.  
Whene'er the sweet church bell  
Peals over hill and dell,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
O hark to what it sings,  
As joyously it rings,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!
3.  
The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!
4.  
Be this, while life is mine,  
My canticle divine,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this the eternal song  
Through ages all along,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
—From the German.

Tr. by Edward Caswall.

## 71

## HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

(Tune: No. 78 Methodist Hymnal)

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 be-  
fore 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!  
—Reginald Heber.

## 72

## JUST FOR TODAY

(Tune: No. 510 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
Lord, for tomorrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin  
Just for today.  
Help me to labor earnestly,  
And duly pray;  
Let me be kind in word and deed,  
Father, today.
2.  
Let me no wrong or idle word  
Unthinking say;  
Set Thou a seal upon my lips  
Through all today.  
Let me in season, Lord, be grave,  
In season gay;  
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,  
Dear Lord, today.
3.  
And if, today, this life of mine  
Should ebb away,  
Give me Thy sacrament divine,  
Father, today.  
So for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,  
Through each today.  
—Sybil F. Partridge.



73

## MY TASK

1.

To make my life what Thou wouldst have  
it be,

To consecrate my little all to Thee,  
To yield my will as subject to Thine own,  
That I like Christ may be:

This is my task.

2.

To see the world as Thou wouldst have  
me see,

To take my cross and follow after Thee,  
To tell the news of love so freely given,  
That all mankind might know:

This is my task.

3.

To spend my strength in service, Lord  
for Thee,

To go or stay where'er Thou sendest me,  
No thought of crown, but only that my  
Lord

All men from sin might free:

This is my task.

—A. L. Faust.

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## 74 DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

(Tune: No. 57 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

Day is dying in the west;  
Heaven is touching earth with rest:  
Wait and worship while the night  
Sets her evening lamps alight  
Through all the sky.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!  
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!  
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,  
O Lord most high.

2.

Lord of life, beneath the dome  
Of the universe, Thy home,  
Gather us who seek Thy face  
To the fold of Thy embrace,  
For Thou art nigh.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!  
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!  
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,  
O Lord, most high!

—Mary A. Lathbury.

75

## GREY SHADOWS ARE STEALING

(Tune: "Flow Gently Sweet Afton")

Grey shadows are stealing far out in the  
west,

We've sung all the old songs our hearts  
love the best,

The birds are a-winging their flights to  
the nest,

We're dreaming, we're dreaming  
The world's gone to rest.

## CHORUS:

Of the glory of sunset  
The echo of song  
Shall dwell in our hearts  
The dim evening along,  
But now in the twilight  
In the soft dreamy light,  
We whisper (name of camp)  
(———), Good night.

From "Camp Maqua Songs." Used by permission.

76

## SOFTLY THE SILENT NIGHT

(Tune: No. 315, First Tune, Methodist Hymnal)

1.

Softly the silent night  
Falleth from God  
On weary wanderers  
Over life's road;  
And as the stars on high  
Light up the darkening sky,  
Lord, unto Thee we cry,  
Father above.

2.

Slowly on failing wing  
Daylight has passed;  
Sleep, like an angel kind,  
Folds us at last.  
Peace be our lot this night,  
Safe be our slumber light  
Watched by thine angels bright,  
Father above.

3.

And when the gleam of morn  
Touches our eyes,  
And the returning day  
Bids us arise,  
Happy beneath Thy will,  
Steadfast in joy or ill,  
Lord may we serve Thee still,  
Father above.

—A. W. Blatchford.

From "Songs of the Christian Life," published by  
Chas. E. Merrill Co., and used by their per-  
mission.

77

## NOW THE DAY IS OVER

(Tune: No. 59 Methodist Hymnal)

1.

Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh;  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky;

2.

Jesus, grant the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

3.

Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep, blue sea.

4.

Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sins restrain.

5.

Through the long night watches  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

6.

When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

—Sabine Baring-Gould.



78

## ABIDE WITH ME

(Tune: No. 50 Methodist Hymnal)

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me  
abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts  
flee,

Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2.

Swift to its close, ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
away;

Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?

Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay  
can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide  
with me!

—Henry F. Lyte.

79

## MY GOD, I THANK THEE

(Tune: No. 29 Methodist Hymnal)

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
The earth so bright;

So full of splendor and of joy,  
Beauty and light,

So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right.

2.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;

So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round;

That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.

3.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou has kept  
The best in store;

We have enough, yet not too much,  
To long for more;

A yearning for a deeper peace  
Not known before.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

80

## SILENT NIGHT

(Tune: No. 123 in Methodist Hymnal)

Silent night! Holy night!

All is calm, all is bright;

Round yon virgin mother and Child!

Holy Infant, so tender and mild,

Sleep in heavenly peace,

Sleep in heavenly peace.

2.

Silent night! Holy night!

Shepherds quake at the sight!

Glories stream from heaven afar,

Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia.

Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3.

Silent night! Holy night!

Son of God, love's pure light

Radiant beams from Thy holy face

With the dawn of redeeming grace,

Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,

Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

—Joseph Mohr.

81. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

(Tune: No. 110 Methodist Hymnal)

It came upon the midnight clear,

That glorious song of old,

From angels bending near the earth

To touch their harps of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men,

From heaven's all-gracious King."

The world in solemn stillness lay

To hear the angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife

The world hath suffered long;

Beneath the angel-strain have rolled

Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not

The love song which they bring;

O hush the noise, ye men of strife,

And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,

Whose forms are bending low,

Who toil along the climbing way,,

With painful steps and slow,

Look now! for glad and golden hours

Come swiftly on the wing:

O rest beside the weary road,

And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on

By prophet-bards foretold,

When with the ever-circling years

Comes round the age of gold;

When peace shall over all the earth

Its ancient splendors fling,

And the whole world send back the song

Which now the angels sing.

—Edmund H. Sears.

82. Teach Us, O Lord, True Brotherhood

(Tune: No. 128 Methodist Hymnal)

Teach us, O Lord, true Brotherhood

In daily tho't and deed,

That we may tread with humble heart

The path where thou dost lead.

Help us to spurn a life of ease

While brothers labor long

In mill and mart to give us bread,

And labor without song.

Cast from our hearts, O Lord of life,

Our selfishness and pride,

Help us to choose the toiler's part,

And suffer by his side.

Give us the courage, Lord, to fight

With thee all greed of gold,

To fight until thy kingdom's won,

Thy kingdom long foretold.

Love then shall reign supreme o'er all,

O'er heart and mind and hand,

Eternal love and brotherhood

In all this storm-tossed land.

With vision clear and steadfast heart

So let us follow thee,

E'en though it be that weary road

Which leads to Calvary!

—Marion Dutton Savage, 1913.

From, "Social Hymns." Used by permission.



83

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

(Tune: No. 121 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

2.  
For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth!

3.  
How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

4.  
O Holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Immanuel!  
—Phillips Brooks.

84

LORD, FOR ALL MANKIND  
WE PRAY

(Tune: No. 701 Methodist Hymnal)

1.  
Lord, while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
O hear us for our native land,  
The land we love the most.

2.  
O guard our shores from every foe;  
With peace our borders bless,  
Our cities with prosperity,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

3.  
Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth and Thee;  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

4.  
Lord of the nations, thus to thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be thou her refuge and her trust,  
Her everlasting Friend.  
—John R. Wreford.

85

WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

(Tune: No. 690 Methodist Hymnal)

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou  
Hast power to aid or bless;  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.

2.  
Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim;  
O enter thou his humble door,  
With aid and peace for him.

3.  
Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup  
When sorrow drowns the brim;  
With words of high, sustaining hope,  
Go thou and comfort him.

4.  
Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;  
Perhaps thou can'st redeem  
A breaking heart from misery;  
Go, share thy lot with him.  
—William B. O. Peabody.

86

FLING OUT THE BANNER

(Tune: No. 639 Methodist Hymnal)

Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
The sun, that lights its shining folds,  
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2.  
Fling out the banner! angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign,  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.

3.  
Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls  
That sink and perish in the strife  
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.

4.  
Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward let it shine;  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
We conquer only in that sign.  
—George W. Doane

87

LET THERE BE LIGHT

(Tune: No. 409 Methodist Hymnal)

Let there be light, Lord God of Hosts,  
Let there be wisdom on the earth!  
Let broad humanity have birth!  
Let there be deeds, instead of boasts!

2.  
Within our passioned hearts instill  
The calm that endeth strain and strife;  
Make us thy ministers of life;  
Purge us from lusts that curse and kill.

3.  
Give us the peace of vision clear  
To see our brothers' good our own,  
To joy and suffer not alone;  
The love that casteth out all fear!

4.  
Let woe and waste of warfare cease,  
That useful labor yet may build  
Its homes with love and laughter filled!  
God, give thy wayward children peace!  
—William Merrill Vories.



# WHERE CROSS THE CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE

(Tune: No. 423 Methodist Hymnal)

Where cross the crowded ways of life,  
Where sound the cries of race and  
clan,

Above the noise of selfish strife,  
We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!

2.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,  
On shadowed thresholds dark with  
fears,  
From paths where hide the lures of  
greed,  
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3.

From tender childhood's helplessness,  
From woman's grief, man's burdened  
toil,  
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,  
Thy heart has never known recoil.

4.

The cup of water given for Thee  
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;  
Yet long these multitudes to see  
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5.

O Master, from the mountain side,  
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,  
Among these restless throngs abide,  
O tread the city's streets again.

6.

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love  
And follow where Thy feet have trod:  
Till glorious from Thy heaven above  
Shall come the city of our God.

—Frank Mason North.

# AMERICA, THE SHOUTS OF WAR SHALL CEASE

"The House of Brotherhood"

(Tune: No. 416 Methodist Hymnal)

America, America, The shouts of war  
shall cease

The glory dawns! the day is come  
Of victory and peace!

And now upon a larger plan  
We'll build the common good,  
The temple of the love of man,  
The House of Brotherhood!

2.

What though its stones were laid in tears,  
Its pillars red with wrong,  
Its walls shall rise through patient years  
To soaring spires of song!  
For on this house shall faith attend  
With Joy on airy wing,  
And flaming loyalty ascend  
To God the only King!

3.

America, America,  
Ring out the glad refrain!  
Salute the flag—salute the dead  
That have not died in vain!  
O glory! glory to thy plan  
To build the common good,  
The temple of the rights of man,  
The House of Brotherhood!

—Allen Eastman Cross, 1918.

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# THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

(Tune: No. 610 Methodist Hymnal)

Our Father! Thy dear name doth show  
The greatness of Thy love;  
All are Thy children here below  
As in Thy heaven above.

One family on earth are we  
Throughout its widest span:  
O help us everywhere to see  
The Brotherhood of Man.

2.

Alike we share Thy tender care;  
We trust one Heavenly Friend;  
Before one mercy-seat in prayer  
In confidence we bend;  
Alike we hear Thy loving call;  
One Heavenly vision scan,  
One Lord, one faith, one hope for all  
The Brotherhood of Man.

3.

Bring in, we pray, the glorious day  
When battle cries are stilled;  
When bitter strife is swept away  
And hearts with love are filled.  
O help us banish pride and wrong,  
Which since the world began  
Have marred its peace; help us make  
strong  
The Brotherhood of Man.

4.

Close knit the warm fraternal tie  
That makes the whole world one;  
Our discords change to harmony  
Like angel-songs begun:  
At last, upon that brighter shore  
Complete Thy glorious plan,  
And heaven shall crown forevermore  
The Brotherhood of Man.

Author, Charles H. Richards

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# THE CHRISTIAN FLAG

(Tune: "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus")

(No. 386 Methodist Hymnal)

The Christian Flag, behold it,  
And hail it with a song;  
And let the voice of millions  
The joyful strain prolong  
To every clime and nation  
We send it forth to-day  
God speed its glorious mission,  
With earnest hearts we pray.

2.

The Christian Flag, unfurl it  
That all the world may see;  
The blood-stained cross of Jesus  
Who died to make us free.  
The Christian Flag, unfurl it,  
And o'er it bear the message  
Good will and peace to men.

3.

The Christian Flag, God bless it  
Now throw it to the breeze  
And may it wave triumphant  
O'er land and distant seas,  
Till all the wide creation,  
Upon its folds shall gaze,  
And all the world united,  
Our loving Saviour praise.



## A HYMN OF PEACE

(Tune: "The Son of God Goes Forth to War")  
(No. 416 Methodist Hymnal)

The Son of God goes forth for Peace,  
Our Father's love to show;  
From war and woe he brings release,  
O who with Him will go?  
He strikes the fetters from the slave,  
Man's mind and heart makes free;  
And sends his messengers to save  
O'er every land and sea!

2.

The Son of God goes forth for Peace,  
That men like brothers live,  
And all desire the other's good,  
And other's sin forgive.  
He turns our spears to pruning hooks,  
Our swords to ploughshares warm,  
And war no more its death-blast brings,  
Nor men their brothers harm!

3.

The Son of God goes forth for Peace,  
Nor lands nor power to gain;  
He seeks to serve, to love, to lift,—  
Who follows in His train?  
A glorious band, in every age,  
In spite of scorn and pain,  
True sons of God, His peace have made;  
Who follows in their train?

4.

Now let the world to Peace be won,  
And every hatred slain;  
Let force and greed be overcome  
And love supreme remain!  
Let justice rule in all the earth,  
And mercy while we live,  
Lest we—forgiven much—forget  
Our brother to forgive!

5.

We send our love to every land—  
True neighbors would we be;  
And pray God's Peace to reign in them,  
Where'er their homeland be!  
O God, to us may grace be given,  
Who bear the dear Christ's name,  
To live at peace with every man,  
And thus our Christ acclaim!

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## 93 HYMN OF HOME ENDEAVOR

(Tune: No. 630 Methodist Hymnal)

Our flag is flashing near and far,  
O'er every wave—'neath every star:  
God grant where'er it be unfurled  
It carry blessings to the world!

2.

So let us toil, with tireless hands,  
For all the souls of all the lands;  
But never cease to ask the Throne  
For God's sweet blessings on our own.

3.

And let us toil with ceaseless zest,  
For this great garden of the West;  
And let our souls forever yearn  
That other lives our lives should learn.

4.

And link the millions of our land,  
With our blest Saviour, hand in hand;  
And make the country that we love,  
The country of our God above.

—Will Carleton.

## 94 FORWARD, ALL YE FAITHFUL

(Tune: "Onward Christian Soldiers")

(No. 383 Methodist Hymnal)

Forward all ye faithful,  
Seeking love and peace,  
Hast'ning on the era,  
When all strife shall cease;  
All the saintly sages  
Lead us in the way,  
Forward in their footsteps,  
Toward that perfect day.

Chorus:

Forward, all ye faithful,  
Seeking love and peace,  
Hast'ning on the era,  
When all strife shall cease.

Raise the voice of triumph,  
"Peace on earth, good will!"  
Angels sing this anthem,  
Let us sing it still;  
War's foundations quiver,  
At this song of peace  
Brothers, let us sing it  
Till all strife shall cease.

Children of one Father,  
Are the nations all;  
"Children mine, beloved,"  
Each one doth He call;  
Be ye not divided  
All one family;  
One in mind and spirit,  
And in charity.

Wealth and power shall perish,  
Nations rise and wane;  
Love of others only  
Steadfast shall remain;  
Hate and greed can never  
'Gainst this love prevail;  
It shall stand triumphant  
When all else shall fail.

From "Friend's Intelligencer." Contributed by  
Wesleyan Service Guild, Trinity M. E. Church,  
Berkeley, Calif.

## 95

## QUEEN ESTHER

(Tune: "Fair Harvard")

Queen Esther, how gladly we answer thy call,  
Rejoicing as daughters of thine  
In the power of thy beauty, the strength of thy  
love,

In the loyalty almost divine.

Chorus

Then let hand meet hand, wherever we stand,  
We pledge thee our service so true,  
While in friendship and fellowship ever more  
dear

Our fealty to Christ we renew.

We have read of thy people in bondage to kings,  
And of how thou didst plead for thy race,  
Till the tyrant in pity didst give thee thy prayer.  
And banished the tears from thy face.

Chorus

We need not look back o'er the centuries gone  
For a people for whom we should pray.  
We would ask for ourselves but the spirit of love,  
And of service for those of our day.

Chorus

—Bernice Hall Legg.



## WE FOLLOW THE FLAG

(Tune: "Juanita")

Deep in the forest,  
Where the dark'ning shadows lie,  
Far in the northland,  
'Neath the Arctic sky,  
There we see our symbol,  
Wrought in hues of heaven's own light,  
Shining o'er the pathway,  
Making darkness bright. Chorus  
Me-Wo, Me-Wo-Ho-Mis. Wrought in  
hues of heaven's own light,  
Me-Wo, Me-Wo-Ho-Mis. Making dark-  
ness bright.

2.

Far o'er the prairie,  
On the distant, bleak frontier;  
High on the mountains,  
In the desert drear,  
On the western sky-line,  
'Mid the islands of the sea,  
Through the city's by-ways  
Still we follow thee.

Chorus

Me-Wo, Me-Wo-Ho-Mis. Wrought in  
hues of heaven's own light,  
Me-Wo, Me-Wo-Ho-Mis. Making dark-  
ness bright.

3

Crowning the hill-tops  
'Neath the sun-lit, southern sky,  
Flung to the breezes,  
Floating far on high,  
Where the Master leadeth,  
'Mid the haunts of human woe,  
There our banner gleameth,  
There we, too, will go. Chorus  
Me-Wo, Me-Wo-Ho-Mis. Wrought in  
hues of heaven's own light,  
Me-Wo, Me-Wo-Ho-Mis. Making dark-  
ness bright. —Bernice Hall Legg.

## 97

## QUEEN ESTHER RALLY SONG

(Tune: "There is Sunshine in My Soul Today")

There are thousands in our land today  
Who need the light of love  
To scatter their dark night of sin  
And show them dawn above.

Chorus

Then, Queen Esther, let us labor  
To help the needy, far and near  
For we, like that Queen Esther true,  
For this mission may be here.

2.

Perhaps when least we are aware,  
Some work on us depends,  
And a victory may be won for Him,  
By the help Queen Esther sends.

3

Chorus

And though our deeds be not inscribed  
Where the eyes of men may see;  
Yet, foremost, in the ranks of right,  
May Queen Esther's forces be.

4.

Chorus

Then, when the war with sin is o'er,  
And for God all fields are won,  
May we feel that to us He may say,  
"Each Queen Esther has well done."  
—Hazel Cady.

"FORWARD" SONG FOR QUEEN  
ESTHER CIRCLES

(Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Forward, all our Circles!  
Join the moving throng,  
Let Queen Esther's thousands  
Valiant prove, and strong!  
Little children call you,  
Helpless women cry;  
To their help and rescue!  
Do not pass them by!

Chorus

Forward, all our Circles!  
Join the moving throng;  
Let Queen Esther's thousands  
Valiant prove, and strong!

2.

Snow-banked, wild Alaska,  
From her stormy height,  
Calls from out the darkness,  
"Bring us Christian light!"  
Eagerly she seeks us—  
Shall we heed her need?  
In this long-lost vineyard  
Plant the gospel seed?

Chorus

3

China sends her children;  
Shall we kindly give  
What will be their blessing—  
Teach them how to live?  
All Queen Esther's daughters,  
Join this mighty host  
Who for Christ and country  
Haste to save the lost!

Chorus

—Mrs. C. W. Gallagher.

## 99

## CAMP WESLEYAN

(Tune: No. 610 Methodist Hymnal)

O beautiful for wooded hill,  
For rock-ribbed, wave-swept coast,  
For winding path, peaceful and still—  
Thy beauty nature's boast.  
Camp Wesleyan, Camp Wesleyan,  
God bless thy gifts so free,  
And grant that here, each coming year,  
Thy beauty we may see.

2.

Oh beautiful for founders bold,  
Who dared this work begin!  
May we for want of love or gold,  
Ne'er let thy light grow dim!  
Camp Wesleyan, Camp Wesleyan,  
May we thy ideals hold  
Like beacons lights to guide us on,  
Safe to the shepherd's fold!

3.

Oh beautiful for vision bright,  
Our Heavenly Father seems  
More near to us, more dear to us,  
Than in our fondest dreams,  
Camp Wesleyan, Camp Wesleyan,  
The "mount" we'll soon descend,  
As we shall go, God's love to show,  
May the vision never end!

—Florence Hall.

Written for Camp Wesleyan, Lakeside, Ohio.



## 100 WESLEYAN SERVICE GUILD

(Tune: "Maryland")

Thy praises high we love to sing  
Wesleyan Guild, our Service Guild,  
Our talents now to thee we bring,  
Wesleyan Guild, our Service Guild;  
With friendship, love, and loyalty,  
We'll serve our Master faithfully,  
And follow in humility,  
Wesleyan Guild, our Service Guild.

2.

So louder now our song we'll swell,  
Wesleyan Guild, our Service Guild;  
And make it ring o'er hill and dell,  
Wesleyan Guild, our Service Guild;  
May truth and honor be our goal,  
Exalt our lives, make pure our souls,  
Sing loud Christ's praise from pole to pole.

Wesleyan Guild, our Service Guild.

Contributed by Wesleyan Service Guild, Hennepin Avenue M. E. Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

## 101. Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

Carry me back to old Virginny.

There's where the cotton and the corn  
and 'tatoes grow;  
There's where the birds warble sweet in  
the springtime.

There's where the old darkey's heart  
has long'd to go.

There's where I labored so hard for old  
Massa

Day after day in the fields of yellow  
corn.

No place on earth do I love more sin-  
cerely

Than old Virginny, the State where I  
was born.

Chorus:

(Repeat first four lines.)

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## 102 GRACE BEFORE MEALS

(Tune: "Have Thine Own Way")

Father in heaven,  
Hear us we pray  
Grant us Thy presence  
Ever alway.  
Be at our meal, Lord,  
Bless all we do.  
Help us teach others  
Love for Thee, too.

## 103 WE THANK THEE, LORD

(Grace)

(Tune: No. 411 Methodist Hymnal)

We thank Thee Lord for daily bread,  
As by Thy grace our souls are fed.  
Grant us to grow more like to Thee,  
This day and through eternity. Amen.  
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## OH, WHEN WE ARE TOGETHER

## 104 (Tune: "Lieber Augustine")

Oh, when we are together, together, to-  
gether,

Oh, when we are together,  
How happy are we  
For your friends are my friends,  
And my friends are your friends,  
Oh, when we are together  
How happy are we.

## 105 ALONG THE LAKES

(Tune: "Comin' Thro' the Rye")

Along the lakes, among the hills,  
There's many a camp I know,  
And all the girls when summer comes  
To camp will surely go.

CHORUS:

Ev'ry lassie has a camp,  
That's suited to her mind,  
But camps that can compare with ours  
Are mighty hard to find.  
Among them all there is a camp  
I dearly love myself,  
But what its name or where it is  
I dinna choose to tell.  
So here's to ev'ry lassie's camp,  
To your camp and the rest,  
But here's a toast to our own camp,  
The one we love the best.

—H. D. Sleeper.

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## 106 HAPPY DAYS

(Tune: "At Dawning")

(Key of Bb)

Happy days at summer camp,  
I love you;  
When the hills lure me to tramp,  
I love you;  
Hiking, swimming, camp fires all,  
Make me want you past recall,  
And when evening shadows fall  
I love you, I love you.  
From "Parodology." Songs for Fun and Fellow-  
ship, by E. O. Harbin. Used by permission  
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## 107 OUR HEARTS TO YOU

(Tune: "Nut Brown Maiden")

(Key of C)

O—, our hearts to you, our hands to you;  
O—, our hearts and hands to you.  
We pledge ourselves to your success,  
Our love for you will ne'er grow less.  
O—, our hearts to you, our hands to you;  
O—, our hearts and hands to you.  
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the Publishers, Cokesbury Press.

## 108 IN THE EVENING

(Key of G)

In the evening by the moonlight  
You can hear those camp girls singing;  
In the evening by the moonlight,  
As they sing their song to you.  
We have loved you while we've been here,  
We shall miss you when we leave you,  
So we'll sing in the evening by the moon-  
light.

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ship, by E. O. Harbin. Used by permission  
of the publishers, Cokesbury Press.

## 109 THE PLACE TO GO

(Tune: "Baby's Boat")

(Name of Camp) is the place to go  
To make true friendships rare,  
Jolly times, and laughter chimes,  
And girls from everywhere,  
Glad! oh, be glad!  
And sadly go away,  
Only don't forget to come  
Back another day.



# 110 RISING SONG

(Tune: "Roamin' in the Gloamin'")

Yawnin' in the mornin'  
When the risin' bell is rung.  
Yawnin' in the mornin'  
When the day has just begun  
How I wish I'd gone to bed  
When the sun was setting red  
Oh, its dreadful to be  
Yawnin' in the mornin'.  
Yawnin' in the mornin'  
When the risin' bell I hear.  
Yawnin' in the mornin'  
When my sleep is very dear.  
And when I am fully dressed  
And I try to look my best,  
Still I keep on  
Yawnin' in the mornin'.

From Song Book of Carrie Barge House Party,  
Williamsport, Pa.

# 111 JUST A SONG OF WELCOME

(Tune: "Love's Old Sweet Song")

Just a song of welcome  
Just a song of cheer,  
Just to say we're happy,  
That you all are here.  
We pledge good will and friendship;  
Here's a greeting true  
And a hearty welcome  
For each of you  
For every one of you.

From World Wide Guild Songs.

# 112 JUST A GREETING

(Tune: "Love Nest")  
(Key of D)

Just a greeting,  
How do you do?  
All Queen Esthers,  
Good luck to you.  
'Tho we're strangers, we  
Will rally in this song,  
For we all to one,  
Big common work belong.  
So let's say then,  
How do you do?  
And again then,  
Good luck to you,  
We will help each other  
In the cause of right,  
And in leaving,  
Bid you Goodnight.

# 113 MOSQUITO

(Tune: "Marchita")

Mosquito, mosquito,  
When you are sleep-o  
I am happy, as happy can be.  
But when you are humming, I know you  
are coming,  
And that you are looking for me.  
Mosquito, mosquito,  
Do light on your feet-o.  
Your song causes many a frown;  
It doesn't annoy me to have you light on  
me—

But, my goodness, when you sit down!  
From "Parodology." Songs of Fun and Fellow-  
ship, by E. O. Harbin. Used by permission  
of the publishers, Cokesbury Press.

# 114

## STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT

Stars of the summer night,  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light,  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps,  
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.  
Moon of the summer night,  
Far down yon western steep,  
Sink, sink in silver light,  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps,  
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.  
—Henry W. Longfellow.

# 115

## REJOICE! REJOICE!

(Tune: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here")  
(Key of G)

(Boston Version)

Rejoice! rejoice! The multitude's assem-  
bled.  
Why should we concern ourselves,  
Why should we concern ourselves?  
Rejoice! rejoice! The multitude's assem-  
bled,  
Why should we concern ourselves at  
present?

From "Parodology," Songs for Fun and Fellow-  
ship, by E. O. Harbin. Used by permission  
of the publishers, Cokesbury Press.

# 116 GYMNASTIC SONGS SMILE AWHILE

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again")

Smile awhile and give your face a rest  
(All smile)  
Stand up straight and elevate your chest  
(Arms to side)  
Reach your hands up toward the sky  
(Hands up)  
While you watch them with your eye  
(Heads up)  
Now lean back and rest yourself there,  
(Rest)  
Then bend forever—backward—as you  
were  
(Lean forward and back)  
Now reach out to some one near  
(Shake hands with neighbor)  
Shake her hand and smile.  
(Smile)

From "Song Book of Carrie Barge House Party,"  
Williamsport, Pa.

# 117

## OH, SAY 'AV YE HEARD ABOUT 'ARRY

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle")  
(Touch as indicated)

Oh, say 'av you 'eard about  
(Hand on mouth) (point) (ear)  
'Arry?  
(hair)  
E's just got back from the army.  
(back) (arms)  
I ear' e knows 'ow to wear a rose  
(eye) (ear) (nose) (left shoulder)  
Hip, hip, hooray, for the army!  
(hip) (arms).







