Ford Hall Meetings program, 1/1-1/15/1911

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Ford Hall Meetings

FOURTH SEASON—1910-11

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

AT 7:30 P.M.

PROGRAM FOR JANUARY 1.

Miss Marion Althea Burt, Violinist.
Miss Beatrice Holbrook, Pianist.

Grieg Sonata in C Minor, Opus 45—
I. Allegro Molto ed Appassionato.
II. Allegretto Espressivo alla Romanza.
III. Allegro Animato.

Hymn, "Ring Out, Wild Bells."

Address, "The Man at the Bottom"
—Dr. Samuel Zane Batten.

Hymn, "To Labor."

Questions from the Floor.

PROGRAM FOR JANUARY 8.

Miss Harriett Westcott, Contralto.
Mr. George Mendall Taylor, Accompanist

1. "O Rest in the Lord" . . . Mendelssohn

Hymn, "Thy Kingdom Come."

4. "The Promise of Life" . . . Cowen

Address, "What Religion Can Do for a Man"
—Bishop Lawrence.

Hymn, "Creation."

Questions from the Floor.

HOW SUPPORTED: These meetings are made possible through the funds left to the Boston Baptist Social Union (in whose hall we meet) by the late Daniel Sharp Ford, who owned The Youth's Companion. The management of the meetings is in the hands of a Committee from the Social Union.

George W. Coleman, Chairman and Director of Meetings

Secretary for the Meetings, Miss Mary C. Crawford

Office Hours at Room 3, Ford Building, State House Hill, 3:30-4:30 daily, except Saturdays.

Telephone, Haymarket 2360.
RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Thy kingdom come! no more shall deeds of shame,
Brutish and base, destroy the soul divine:

Thy kingdom come! mad greed for wealth and power
No more shall grind the weaklings in the dust.
Then mind and strength shall share Thy temple power,
Brothers in Thee, and one in equal trust.

—H. W. Havens.

THY KINGDOM COME!

"Thy kingdom come!" O Lord we daily cry,
Weary and sad with earth's long strife and pain!
"How long, O Lord!" Thy suffering children sigh,
"Speed Thou the dawn, and o'er the nations reign!"

Thy kingdom come! then all the din of war,
Like some dark dream, shall vanish with the night
Peace, holy peace, thy myriad gifts shall pour,
Resting secure from danger and affright,

Thy kingdom come! no more shall deeds of shame,
Brutish and base, destroy the soul divine;
Bright with Thy love's all-purifying flame
Thy human temples evermore shall shine!

Thy kingdom come! mad greed for wealth and power
No more shall grind the weaklings in the dust.
Then mind and strength shall share Thy temple power,
Brothers in Thee, and one in equal trust.

—H. W. Havens.

THE GOVERNMENT TO BE.

(To the tune of "Austria")

Thro' the clamor and the riot
That is heard from sea to sea,
I can feel the coming quiet
Of the government to be
Vain the effort to dissever
For the truth is clear to all,
And the old conditions tremble
Like a ruin doomed to fall.

Vain the veiling and disguising
Of the evils which exist,
For new systems are uprising
From the wreckage of the past;
And the mills of God are slowly
Surely grinding out their grist,
While the laws of right and justice
Hold and evermore persist.

As the sun first tints the border
Of the darkness with his light,
So the faint fair gleam of order
Gilds the chaos of the night;
And the dawn shall grow in splendor
To the fullness of the day
When the hands of grace surrender
What from toil they toil away.

For the land to all was given—
It belongs to you and me;
'Tis a law of earth and heaven
Broken now from sea to sea.

For the days are marching on!
These are they who build thy houses, weave thy bread;
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bit
All for thee this day and ever.
What reward for
Till the host comes marching on!—

Many a hundred years passed over have they lain
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope
Now at last they're heard and hear it, and the wind.
And their feet are marching on.

On we march then, we, the workers, and the run
Is the blended sound of triumph and deliverance
For the hope of every creature is the banner that
And the world is marching on.—Ches.

HYMN TO LABO

Verse—"John Brown's Body.

What is this the sound and rumor? What is this the wind in hollow valleys when the storm
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eve of fate
'9Tis the people marching on!

Whither go they, and whence came they? "Who ye tell?
In what country are they dwelling? 'Twixt the gate
Are they mine or thine! Will they be
Still the rumor's marching on!

Chorus—Hark! the rolling of the tum
Of the sun, and lo! there will
Hasten love and hope and wisdom
And the host comes marching forth! Glory, Glory Hallelujah!

Forth they came from grief and torment: on they
And all the wide world is their dwelling, every corn
They build, they sell, for thy service: 'Try the better
For the days are marching on!

These are they who build thy houses, weave the bread
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bit
All for thee this day and ever.
What reward for
Till the host comes marching on!—

Many a hundred years passed over have they lain
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope
Now at last they're heard and hear it, and the wind.
And their feet are marching on.

On we march then, we, the workers, and the run
Is the blended sound of triumph and deliverance
For the hope of every creature is the banner that
And the world is marching on.—Ches.
THE MAN AT THE BOTTOH

Topic of Prof S. Vigorous Wes Ford Hall, Sun
Another vigorous Prof Samuel Zane is to be the Ford row evening, talking Man at the Bottoh

THE HYMN TO LABOR.

There—"John Brown's Body."

What is this the sound and rumor? What is this that all men hear?
I like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near.
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?

"Tell the people marching on!"

What is it? —say, at such a time!

What is this that all men hear?
In what country are they dwelling; 'twixt the gates of heaven and hell?
Are they mine or thine for money? Will they serve a master well?
Still the rumor is marching on!

Chorus—Hark! the rolling of the thunder! Lo! the sun, and lo! thereunder,
Like the sun and like the cloud, on earth and ocean.
And the host is marching on!—Chorus.

Porth they came from grief and torment; on they wend toward health and wirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth.
And the host is marching on!—Chorus.

Though they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy bread
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet;
All for thee this day and ever. What reward for them is meet?
Till the host comes marching on!—Chorus.

Many a hundred years passed over, have they labored dead and blind
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find
Now at last they've heard and seen, and the cry comes down the wind.

And the world is marching on.

THE CREATION.

The spacious firmament on high,

With all the blue ethereal sky,

And all that is therein, and therein,

Who serve it, in it they serve and reign.

The work of an almighty hand,

And the hand that made us is divine

And they exult and triumph, and give the glory to the Lord

The Lord is worthy of all praise!

—William Morris.

—Joseph Addison—1712.
January 8—Bishop Lawrence, whom we all heard so gladly last year, will speak on "What Religion Can Do For a Man." This is a Cooper Union topic that always draws a large crowd and suggests many very interesting questions from the audience after the address has been given. We are fortunate to secure for its treatment so broad, so kindly and so spiritual a man as the episcopal bishop of Massachusetts.

January 15—We have another bishop, as it happens, Charles Williams, who comes all the way from Detroit, Mich., to give us his views on "Wealth—Productive, Predatory and Parasitic." The American Magazine, in a recent sketch, spoke of Bishop Williams as the "most unconventional man who ever filled an episcopal chair." We certainly do not know any other man in his position who labors tirelessly to advance the doctrines of Henry George.

PROGRAM FOR JANUARY 15.

MISS HELEN TuFTS, Violinist.

MISS LAURA ARCHANBAULT, Accompanist.

1. "Souvenir" . . . . Didia
2. "L'Abeille" . . . . Schubert
3. "Thais" . . . . Massenet
4. "Zortzico" . . . . Sarasate


HYMN, "The Government to Be."

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR.

THE MEETINGS ARE ENTIRELY FREE
NO TICKETS REQUIRED

FORD HALL, cor. Bowdoin Street and Ashburton Place
Doors open at 7 o'clock

Dr. Batten is now in Des Moines, Iowa, and he is now in the thick of a movement which aims to bring the church and the workingman into closer sympathy. Dr. Batten is president of the Constitutional Amendment Association of Iowa and vice-president of the Des Moines Citizens' Association. Denominationally he is a Baptist, having occupied for the past