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

Ford Hall Forum

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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

2. "My Rose of Yestere'en" Rich

HYMN, "Thy Kingdom Come."

3. "The Bird and The Rose" Horrocks

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 2340.

RUSSIA. 10.



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 the false, ring in the true.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

—Tennyson.

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 suff'ring 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, her 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 ample dower,
Brothers in Thee, and one in equal trust.

—H. W. Hawkes.

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 dissemble
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 and the mist;
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 far 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 greed surrender,
What from toil they tore 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.
Let monopoly be driven
From the fortress of the free;
And let liberty bid welcome
To the government to be.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CREATION. L. M. D.



HYMN TO LABO

Tune—"John Brown's Body"

What is this the sound and rumor? What is this
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of
'Tis the people marching on!
Whither go they, and whence came they? What
ye tell?
In what country are they dwelling 'twixt the gate
Are they mine or thine for money? Will they so
Still the rumor's marching on!

CHORUS—Hark! the rolling of the thunder
Lo! the sun, and lo! thereund
Riseth love and hope and won
And the host comes marching
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!

Forth they came from grief and torment: on they
and mirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corn
Buy them, sell them, for thy service: 'Try the ba
worth.

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

Many a hundred years passed over have they lab
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope
Now at last they've 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.—C

town. They have scornfully named
the place Battenburg, and he is now at
the head of a movement which aims to
bring the church and the workingman
into closer sympathy. Dr. Batten is
president of the Constitutional Amend-
ment Association of Iowa and vice-
president of the Des Moines Citizens'
Association. Denominationally he is a

CREATION. L. M. D.

Haydn's Creation.



HYMN TO LABOR.

Tune—"John Brown's Body."

What is this the sound and rumqr? What is this that all men hear?
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?
'Tis the people marching on!
Whither go they, and whence came they? What are these of whom
ye tell?
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's marching on!

CHORUS—Hark! the rolling of the thunder!
Lo! the sun, and lo! thereunder,
Rise love and hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on,
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!

Forth they came from grief and torment: on they wend toward health
and mirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth.
Buy them, sell them, for thy service: Try the bargain what 'tis
worth.

For the days are marching on!
These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy
wheat
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 deaf and blind
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes down the
wind.

And their feet are marching on.
On we march then, we, the workers, and the rumor that ye hear
Is the blended sound of triumph and deliverance drawing near;
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear.
And the world is marching on.—CHORUS.

—William Morris.

CREATION.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The Work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

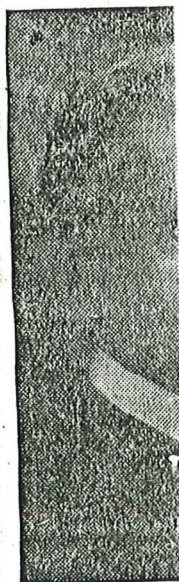
—Joseph Addison—1712.

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