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1911

### Ford Hall Meetings program, 3/12-3/19/1911

Ford Hall Forum

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FMF2

# Ford Hall Meetings

FOURTH SEASON—1910-11

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING  
AT 7.30 P. M.

## PROGRAM FOR MARCH 12.

MISS MARY WINTHROP SHACKFORD, Violinist

MISS JESSIE SHACKFORD, Accompanist

a. "Mazurka in F . . . . . *Mtnarski*

b. "Traumerei . . . . . *Schumann*

HYMN, "O, Beautiful, My Country."

a. Romance, Op. 40, No. 1 . . . . . *Vieuxtemps*

b. Gavotte . . . . . *Carl Bohm*

ADDRESS, "The Sacredness of Property," illustrated,  
—J. W. Bengough

HYMN, "The Government to Be."

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR.

## PROGRAM FOR MARCH 19.

MISS ADELAIDE GRIGGS, Contralto

MR. GEORGE MENDALL TAYLOR, Accompanist

"Eye Hath Not Seen" . . . . . *Gaul*

HYMN, "America, the Beautiful."

"A Little Winding Road" . . . . . *Ronalds*

"Gloria" . . . . . *Buzzi-Peccia*

ADDRESS, "Does the Increased Cost of Living Mark a  
Social Advance?"—Mrs. Richards.

HYMN, "Hymn of the Toilers."

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.

**THE MEETINGS ARE ENTIRELY FREE  
NO TICKETS REQUIRED**

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

## AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress,  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale  
Of liberating strife,  
When valiantly for man's avail,  
Men lavished precious life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine,  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

—Katherine Lee Bates.

## 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;  
'T is 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.

## HYMN OF THE TOILERS

O nation strong and great  
For thine own honor's sake  
Hear thou our call;  
We are thy children, too,  
From year to year we grew.  
Silent and patient thro'  
Darkness and toil.

Out from the depths of crime  
We've tried in vain to climb  
Where nothing led;  
When life and justice asked  
Still further down were cast,  
E'en sobs were hushed at last  
And hope seemed dead.

But now, O nation strong  
To thee must truth belong,  
Crown thou the right;  
We are thy children still  
Working with might and will  
Ne'er resting till we fill  
The world with light.

—Rose Alice Cleveland.