

FMF4

Ford Hall Meetings

Conducted by THE BOSTON BAPTIST SOCIAL UNION

EIGHTH SEASON — 1914-1915

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING AT 7.30

PROGRAM FOR JANUARY 31

Miss HELEN TRUE Soprano
Miss EDNA ELIZABETH SIEDHOFF Pianist
Miss ELINOR WHITTEMORE Violinist

1. "The Erl King" *Schubert Liszt*
Piano Solo by Miss SIEDHOFF
2. { a. "In Autumn" } *O. Weil*
 { b. "Spring" }
Songs by Miss TRUE with Violin Obligato by Miss WHITTEMORE

HYMN, "Hail the Glorious Golden City"

3. "Caprice Viennois" *Kreisler*
Violin Solo by Miss WHITTEMORE
4. "Jocelyn Lullaby" *Godard*
Miss TRUE (with Violin Obligato) and Miss WHITTEMORE

ADDRESS, "The Economic Basis of Democracy"—Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch

HYMN, "Onward, Faithful Comrades!"

INTERMISSION

QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR

PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY 7

Miss HELEN TUFTS Violinist
Miss BESSIE TUFTS Accompanist

Andante from Concerto *Wieniawski*

AUTHOR'S READING, by Mr. Denis McCarthy

Hungarian Dance No. 5 *Brahms*

ADDRESS, "Minimum Wage Laws and Their Operation in America"

—Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., of St. Paul, Minn.

HYMN, "A Ford Hall Hymn"

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PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY 14

FLEUR-DE-LIS TRIO

LAVINA ASHTON Violin
IDA G. THURSTON Violoncello
EDNA H. OLIVER Piano

1. "Cavalleria Rusticana," Intermezzo *Mascagni*
2. "Scarf Dance" *Chaminade*
3. "Humoreske" *Dvóřák*

HYMN, "God Save the People"

4. "Cavatina" *J. Raff*
5. "La Cinquantaine" *Gabriel-Marie*
6. "Polish Dance" *N. Scharwenka*

ADDRESS, "The Newer Issues in Democracy"—Louis Wallis of Chicago

HYMN, "O God of Earth and Altar"

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QUESTIONS FROM THE FLOOR

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations,
Not thrones and crowns, but men.
Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they,
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Let them not fade in sunless day.
God save the people.

Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That men shall toil for wrong?
"No!" say the mountains; "No!" the skies;
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs."
God save the people.

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men.
God save the people, Thine they are;
Thy children, as Thy angels fair,
Save them from bondage and despair.
God save the people.

—Ebenezer Elliott.

A FORD HALL HYMN.

Come from many Sundered races,
We from all the lands of earth,
Turn our sunrise-lifted faces
Toward a whole world's glad rebirth.
Thou, great Spirit, who, existent
Under many names, art God,
Hear our footsteps, still persistent
In the paths Thy prophets trod.

One in passionate desire,
One in righteous wrath at wrong,
Thrilled by sacrificial fire,
Here we lift to Thee our song.
Speed the dawn, so long expected,
Herald of the common good,—
Justice free and resurrected,
Our triumphant brotherhood.

—Miriam Allen deFord.

Are you doing all that you can to make our little paper, *your* paper, a success? Show your appreciation of Ford Hall by pushing *Ford Hall Folks!*

Have you become a Town Meeting Citizen? Downstairs on Tuesday nights you can help make your civic dreams come true, you know.

The Collection Boxes, which may now be seen in the Hall, are for suggestions or contributions to promote the extension of the *Ford Hall Idea*.

GEORGE W. COLEMAN, Chairman and Director of Meetings
Miss MARY C. CRAWFORD, Secretary for the Meetings
Office Hours at Room 707, Ford Building, State House Hill, 3.30 to 4.30 daily, except Saturdays
Telephone, Haymarket 2247

HAVE YOU JOINED "THE FOLKS?"

Some of our friends are missing a lot in not coming to the meetings of the Ford Hall Folks, held downstairs every third Sunday afternoon at 3.30. Here it is that plans for improving our Meetings are freely talked over, following which comes a short address from some person interested in social problems. And then we have Supper together. On February 7 Mr. and Mrs. STUART CHASE will tell about their "sociological honeymoon" spent in seeking work in a strange city. Don't you want to give your name to Miss Crawford now and so become one of us?

O GOD OF EARTH AND ALTAR

(To the music of "Webb")

O God of earth and altar
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honor and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord.

Tie in a living tether
The priest and prince and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to Thee.

—G. K. Chesterton

HAIL THE GLORIOUS GOLDEN CITY

(To the music of "Austria")

Hail the glorious Golden City,
Pictured by the seers of old!
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told:
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building stones:
Whether humble or exalted,
All are called to task divine;
All must aid alike to carry
Forward one sublime design.

And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years;
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.

—Felix Adler, 1909.

ONWARD, FAITHFUL COMRADES

Onward, faithful comrades,
Rest not in the fray
Till the light before us
Breaks in glorious day;
Ignorance dark is fading,
"Scoffers stay to pray,"
Truth and right direct the fight and
Lead the better way.

Selfishness must perish,
Wrong will strive in vain,
For love's blessed kingdom
Evermore shall reign;
Brotherhood our watchword,
Mighty is its power,
For it aims to help us all and
Blessings on us shower.

Mighty hosts are coming,
Vict'ry's flag unfurled,
Brothers true uniting,
Conquerors of the world;
Unjust claims denying,
Mammon's pow'r must fall,
Truth and justice wrong defying,
Comfort, joy for all.

Forward, then, all people,
Join our earnest throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In triumphant song;
Follow thus our Leader,
Truth all hearts enshrine,
Fill the earth with truth and mirth, all
Hearts with joy divine.

Chorus.

Onward, faithful comrades,
Rest not in the fray,
Till the light before us
Breaks in glorious day!

—Harvey P. Moyer.