

PEACE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC BY HENRY VAN DYKE

O Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her 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!

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

O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure.
America befriend!

Through all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;
And may the music Thy name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend!

THE PEACEFUL WARRIORS BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Let others sing their songs of war
And chant their hymns of splendid death,
Let others praise the soldiers' ways
And hail the cannon's flaming breath.
Let others sing of Glory's fields
Where blood for victory is paid,
I choose to sing some simple thing
To those wield not gun or blade –
The peaceful warriors of trade.

Let others chose the deeds of war
For symbols of our nation's skills,
The blood-red coat, the rattling throat,
The regiment that charged the hill,
The boy who died to serve the flag,
Who heard the order and obeyed,
But leave to me the gallantry
Of those who labor unafraid –
The peaceful warriors of trade.

Aye, let me sing the splendid deeds
Of those who toil to serve mankind,
The men who break old ways and make
New paths for those who come behind.
The young who war with customs old
And face their problems, unafraid,
Who think and plan to lift for man
The burden that on him is laid –
The splendid warriors of trade.

I sing of battles with disease
And victories o'er death and pain,
Of ships that fly the summer sky,
And glorious deeds of strength and brain.
The call for help that rings through space
By which a vessel's course is stayed,
Thrills me far more than fields of gore,
Or heroes decked in golden braid –
I sing the warriors of trade.

LITTLE DONKEY CLOSE YOUR EYES BY MARGARET WISE BROWN

Little Donkey on the hill
Standing there so very still
Making faces at the skies
Little Donkey close your eyes.

Little Monkey in the tree
Swinging there so merrily
Throwing coconuts at the skies
Little Monkey close your eyes.

Silly Sheep that slowly crop
Night has come and you must stop
Chewing grass beneath the skies
Silly Sheep now close your eyes.

Little Pig that squeals about
Make no noises with your snout
No more squealing to the skies
Little Pig now close your eyes.

Wild Young Birds that sweetly sing
Curve your heads beneath your wing
Dark night covers all the skies
Wild Young Birds now close your eyes.

Old Black Cat down in the barn
Keeping five small kittens warm
Let the wind blow in the skies
Dear Old Black Cat close your eyes.

Little Child all tucked in bed
Looking such a sleepy head
Stars are quiet in the skies
Little Child now close your eyes.

DADDY'S REWARD BY GEORGE HARRIS

I was trying to read the paper,
Reclined on my easy chair,
But my mischievous little five-year-old
Was driving me to despair.

Reluctantly I agreed to play,
And put aside my paper;
Then assumed the form of sway-backed nag,
Who gaily began to caper.

He rode me around the coffee table
A hundred times I think;
Then into his room to get his guns,
To the kitchen for a drink.

Finally I collapsed on the floor
In front of the TV set.
Hoping that we could rest for a while –
But he wasn't through with me yet.

He tugged my belt, and pulled my hair,
And laughed at my every groan.
Then bounced on me like a trampoline
And rattled my every bone.

I truly think that my life was spared
When his mommy spoke up and said,
"Put away your toys and kiss your daddy.
It's time now to go to bed."

But quickly soothed were my weary bones,
And my heart was filled with joy;
He said, "Goodnight. I love you, Daddy;
You are my favorite toy!"

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GREATHEART? BY JOHN OXENHAM

Where are you going, Greatheart,
With your eager face and your fiery grace?
Where are you going, Greatheart?

“To fight a fight with all my might,
For truth and Justice, God and Right,
To grace all Life with His fair Light.”
Then God go with you, Greatheart!

Where are you going, Greatheart?
“To beard the Devil in his den;
To smite him with the strength of ten;
To set at large the souls of men.”
Then God go with you, Greatheart!

Where are you going, Greatheart?
“To cleanse the earth of noisome things;
To draw from life its poison stings;
To give free play to Freedom’s wings.”
Then God go with you, Greatheart!

Where are you going Greatheart?
“To life Today above the Past;
To Make Tomorrow sure and fast;
To nail God’s colors to the mast.”
Then God go with you, Greatheart!

Where are you going Greatheart?
“To break down old dividing lines;
To carry out my Lord’s designs;
To build again His broken shrines.”
Then God go with you, Greatheart!

Where are you going, Greatheart?
“To set all burdened peoples free;
To win for all God’s liberty;
To ‘stablish His sweet sovereignty.”
God goeth with you, Greatheart!

WHO SAID, "GOD IS DEAD?" BY HELEN STEINER RICE

In this world of new concepts
it has often been said -
Why heed the Commandments
of a God who is dead,
Why follow His precepts
that are old and outdated,
Restrictive and narrow
and in no way related
To this modern-day world
where the pace is so fast
It cannot be hampered
by an old-fashioned past...
And yet this "DEAD GOD"
still holds in His Hand
The star-studded sky,
the sea and the land,
And with perfect precision
the old earth keeps spinning
As flawlessly accurate
as in "THE BEGINNING"...
So be not deceived
by "the new pharisees"
Who boast man has only
HIS OWN SELF TO PLEASE,
And who loudly proclaim
any man is a fool
Who denies himself pleasure
to follow God's rule...
But what can they offer
that will last and endure
And make life's uncertainties
safe and secure,
And what, though man gain
the whole world and its pleasures,
If he loses his soul
and "eternity's treasures"?

TO THE HUMBLE BY EDGAR A. GUEST

If all the flowers were roses,
If never daisies grew,
If no old-fashioned posies
Drank in the morning dew,
Then man might have some reason
To whimper and complain,
And speak these words of treason,
That all our toil is vain.
If all the stars were Saturns
That twinkle in the night,
Of equal size and patterns,
And equally as bright,
Then men in humble places,
With humble work to do,
With frowns upon their faces
Might trudge their journey through.
But humble stars and posies
Still do their best, although
They're planets not, nor roses,
To cheer the world below.
And those old-fashioned daisies
Delight the soul of man;
They're here, and this their praise is:
They work the Master's plan.
Though humble be your labor,
And modest be your sphere,
Come, envy not your neighbor
Whose light shines brighter here.
Does God forget the daisies
Because the roses bloom?
Shall you not win His praises
By toiling at your loom?
Have you, the toiler humble,
Just reason to complain,
To shirk your task and grumble
And think that it is vain
Because you see a brother
With greater work to do?
No fame of his can smother
The merit that's in you.

THE THANKSGIVING BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Gettin' together to smile an' rejoice,
An' eatin' an' laughin' with folks of your choice;
An' kissin' the girls an' declarin' that they
Are growin more beautiful day after day;
Chattin' an' braggin' a bit with the men,
Buildin' the old family circle again;
Livin' the wholesome an' old-fashioned cheer,
Just for awhile at the end of the year.
Greetings fly fast as we crowd through the door
And under the old roof we gather once more
Just as we did when the youngsters were small;
Mother's a little bit grayer, that's all.
Father's a little bit older, but still
Ready to romp an' to laugh with a will.
Here we are back at the table again
Tellin' our stories as women an men.
Bowed are our heads for a moment in prayer;
Oh, but we're grateful an' glad to be there.
Home from the east land an' home from the west,
Home with the folks that are dearest an' best.
Out of the sham of the cities afar
We've come for a time to be just what we are.
Here we can talk of ourselves an' be frank,
Forgettin' position an' station an' rank.
Give me the end of the year an' its fun
When most of the plannin' an' toilin' is done;
Bring all the wanderers home to the nest,
Let me sit down with the ones I love best,
Hear the old voices still ringin' with song,
See the old faces unblemished by wrong,
See the old table with all of its chairs
An I'll put soul in my Thanksgivin' prayers.

ONE, TWO, THREE BY HARRY C. BUNNER

It was an old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple trees,
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have know it to be –
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet,"
He would cry, and laugh with glee –
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key,"
And she said; "You are warm and warmer
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mama's things used to be;
So it must be the clothes press, Grandma."
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
They were wrinkled and white and wee
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Out under the maple tree –
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

LIVE CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY BY HELEN STEINER RICE

Christmas is more than a day at the end of the year,
More than a season of joy and good cheer.
Christmas is really God's pattern for living
To be followed all year by unselfish giving.
For the holiday season awakens good cheer
And draws us closer to those we hold dear,
And we open our hearts and find it is good
To live among men as we always should.
But as soon as the tinsel is stripped from the tree,
The spirit of Christmas fades silently
Into the background of daily routine,
And is lost in the whirl of life's busy scene.
And all unaware we miss and forego
The greatest blessing that mankind can know,
For if we lived Christmas every day, as we should,
And made it our aim to always do good,
We'd find the lost key to meaningful living
That comes not from getting, but from unselfish giving.
And we'd know the great joy of Peace upon Earth,
Which was the real purpose of our Savior's birth.
For in the Glad Tidings of that first Christmas night,
God showed us THE WAY and the Truth and the Light!