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CITY
HYMNS
and
SONGS

Board of National Missions
United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.
George Todd, Department of Urban Church

THE VOICE OF GOD IS CALLING

MEIRIONYDD

John Haynes Holmes, 1879-

Welsh Hymn Melody

Attr. to Wm. Lloyd, 1786-1852

The voice of God is calling
 Its summons unto men;
As once he spake in Zion,
 So now he speaks again!
Whom shall I send to succor
 My people in their need?
Whom shall I send to loosen
 The bonds of shame and greed?

I hear my people crying
 In cot and mine and slum;
No field or mart is silent,
 No city street is dumb.
I see my people falling
 In darkness and despair.
Whom shall I send to shatter
 The fetters which they bear?

We heed, O Lord, thy summons,
 And answer: Here are we!
Send us upon thine errand;
 Let us thy servants be.
Our strength is dust and ashes,
 Our years a passing hour,
But thou canst use our weakness
 To magnify thy power.

From ease and plenty save us;
 From pride of place absolve;
Purge us of low desire;
 Life us to high resolve;
Take us, and make us holy;
 Teach us thy will and way.
Speak, and, behold! we answer;
 Command, and we obey! Amen.

WHEN THROUGH THE WHIRL OF WHEELS

LOMBARD STREET

Geoffrey A. Studdert-Kennedy,
1883-1929

Frederick G. Russell,
1867-1929

When through the whirl of wheels, and engines humming,
Patiently powerful for the sons of men,
Peals like a trumpet promise of his coming
Who in the clouds is pledged to come again,

When through the night the furnace fires aflaring,
Shooting out tongues of flame like leaping blood,
Speak to the heart of love, alive and daring,
Sing of the boundless energy of God,

When in the depths the patient miner striving
Feels in his arms the vigor of the Lord,
Strikes for a kingdom and his King's arriving,
Holding his pick more splendid than the sword,

When on the sweat of labor and its sorrow,
Toiling in twilight flickering and dim,
Flames out the sunshine of the great tomorrow,
When all the world looks up because of him,

Then will he come with meekness for his glory,
God in a workman's jacket as before,
Living again the eternal gospel story,
Sweeping the shavings from his workshop floor.

Amen.

WHERE CROSS THE CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE
Frank Mason North, GERMANY
1850-1935 Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies," 1815

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, O son of man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrows' stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for thee
Still holds the freshness of thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

Till sons of men shall learn thy love,
And follow where thy feet have trod,
Till glorious from thy heaven above,
Shall come the city of our God.

Amen.

HAIL THE GLORIOUS GOLDEN CITY

LLANSANNAN

Felix Adler, 1851-1933, alt.

Welsh Melody

Harm. by David Evans,

1874-1948

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 border,
 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,
Oft in error, oft in anguish,
 Will not perish with our years.
It will live and shine transfigured
 In the final reign of right;
It will pass into the splendors
 Of the city of the light.

Amen.

O HOLY CITY, SEEN OF JOHN
W. Russell Bowie, 1882- MORNING SONG
Melody, "Kentucky Harmony," 1816
Harm. by C. Winfred Douglas, 1867-1944

O holy city, seen of John,
Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
Within whose foursquare walls shall come
No night, nor need, nor pain,
And where the tears are wiped from eyes
That shall not weep again,

O shame to us who rest content
While lust and greed for gain
In street and shop and tenement
Wring gold from human pain,
And bitter lips in blind despair
Cry, "Christ hath died in vain!"

Give us, O God, the strength to build
The city that hath stood
Too long a dream, whose laws are love,
Whose ways are brotherhood,
And where the sun that shineth is
God's grace for human good.

Already in the mind of God
That city riseth fair:
Lo, how its splendor challenges
The souls that greatly dare,
Yea, bids us seize the whole of life
And build its glory there.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

St. Bernard of Cluny, 12th Century
Tr. John M. Neale, 1818-66, alt.

EWING
Alexander Ewing,
1830-1895

Jerusalem the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
 What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
And bring with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
 And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast,
And they, who with their leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest!
 Amen.

HYMN FOR THE SPACE AGE

George Mortimer

CWM RHONDDA

John Hughes, 1873-1932

Lord of space and nuclear fission,
 Master of the nebulae,
Gear our science to salvation,
 Guide the count-down of each day;
Let the orbit of our spirit
 Circle round your will always.

Not where fire-tailed comets wander
 Lies the burden of our need,
Help us lest in pride we squander
 All the joy of Christ and creed;
Launch us in the love of neighbor
 Thrust our power to intercede.

You have made us and refashioned
 By your Son's self-giving love
Lives once bound by vain self-seeking,
 Now set free new worlds to prove;
By the grace probe of your Spirit
 All our fears and shame remove.

UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION BLUES

I've got those unemployment compensation,
 What was your last occupation, Blues.
I've got those How much money did you earn,
 Stand in line and wait your turn, Blues.
They make me feel I'm committing a sin--
 To get back part of what I paid in,
I've got those Have you had an interview,
 Come back in a week or two, Blues.

I've got those unemployment compensation,
 Please fill out an application, Blues.
I've got those State your weekly minimum,
 You don't wanna work, you bum, Blues.
And when I'm through with my weekly routine,
 I spend my money on thorazine,
I've got those By the time I get my check,
 I become a nervous wreck, Blues.

I've got those unemployment compensation,
 It ain't worth the aggravation, Blues.
I've got those Won't you wait, just have a chair,
 Nothin' in my frigidaire, Blues.
I'm tired of fellin' like a jerk,
 All I want is a chance to work,
And lose those out-of-work humiliation,
 Unemployment compensation, Blues.

O WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CITY

O what a beautiful City!
O what a beautiful City!
O what a beautiful City!
Twelve gates into the City. Hallelu!

Three gates in the East.
Three gates in the West.
Three gates in the North.
Three gates in the South.
Making it twelve gates into the City. Hallelu!

My Lord builded a City,
Said it's just foursquare.
Wanted all you sinners,
To meet Him in the air!
Yes, he built twelve gates into the City! Hallelu!

JESUS CHRIST WAS A MAN

Jesus Christ was a man, Who travelled through the land,
A hard working man and brave.
He said to the rich, "Give your goods to the poor."
But they laid Jesus Christ in the grave.

Jesus was a man, a carpenter by hand,
His followers true and brave.
One dirty little coward called Judas Iscariot
Has laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

He went to the preacher, He went to the sheriff.
He told them all the same:
"Sell all your jewelry, and give it to the poor."
But they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

When Jesus came to town, all the working folks around,
Believed what He did say.
The bankers and the preachers, they nailed Him on a cross,
And they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

The poor working people, they followed Him around.
They sang and they shouted gay.
The cops and the soldiers, they nailed Him in the air,
And they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

Well, the people held their breath, when they heard about
His death,
And everybody wondered why.
It was the landlord and the soldiers that he hired
That nailed Jesus Christ in the sky.

This song was written in New York City
Of rich man, preacher, and slave;
But if Jesus was to preach like He preached in Galilee,
They would lay Jesus Christ in His grave.

THE FATHERS BUILT THIS CITY

William G. Tarrant,
1853-1928

PATMOS

Henry J. Storer, 1860-

The fathers built this city
 In ages long ago,
And, busy in its busy streets,
 They hurried to and fro;
The children played around them
 And sang the songs of yore,
Till, one by one, they fell asleep,
 To work and play no more.

Yet still the city standeth,
 A hive of toiling men,
And mother's love makes happy home
 For children now as then;
O God of ages, help us
 Such citizens to be
That children's children here may sing
 The songs of liberty!

Let all the people praise Thee,
 Give all thy saving health,
Or vain the laborer's strong right arm
 And vain the merchant's wealth;
Send forth Thy light to establish
 The glory of the Word,
Until this city is become
 The city of the Lord!

A commonweal of brothers,
 United, great and small,
Upon our banner blazoned be
 The Charter, "Each for all!"
Nor let us cease from battle,
 Nor weary sheathe the sword,
Until this city is become
 The city of the Lord.

Amen.

PRAISE TO THEE, O GOD, FOR CITIES

Rolland W. Schloerb, 1954
Chicago, Illinois

ST. ASAPH
Wm. S. Bambridge, 1872
or HYFRYDOL
Rowland H. Prichard (1811-1887)

Praise to thee, O God, for cities;
 Praise for sturdy pioneers--
Men whose toil and faith undaunted
 Built our cities through the years;
Theirs to wrestle with the forest
 For man's future dwelling place;
Theirs to change the lonely prairie
 Into homes for every race.

Praise to thee for life together--
 Man's desire to share with friends
Daily joys and aspirations
 While their common prayer ascends.
Praise to thee for throb of engine
 With its power to banish night,
Taking warmth to countless shelters,
 Speeding songs for our delight.

Praise to thee, O God, for cities
 Waking in the minds of men--
Cities we have never builded,
 Glimpsed afar, beyond our ken.
Praise to thee for men now striving,
 Roused from their complacent rest,
Strong to build thee nobler cities
 Worthy of the Christian quest.

O JESUS CHRIST, TO THEE MAY HYMNS BE RISING
Bradford Gray Webster, 1954 PERFECT LOVE
Joseph Barnby, 1889

O Jesus Christ, to Thee may hymns be rising
In every city for Thy love and care;
Inspire our worship, grant the glad surprising
That Thy blest Spirit brings men everywhere.

Give us the strength to do Thy will eternal
That summons men to leave their narrow strife;
That leads the earthbound to the ways supernal,
And brings to men the more abundant life.

Grant us new courage, sacrificial, humble,
Strong in Thy strength to venture and to dare;
To lift the fallen, guide the feet that stumble,
Seek out the lonely, and God's mercy share.

Show us Thy Spirit, brooding o'er each city,
As Thou didst weep above Jerusalem,
Seeking to gather all in love and pity,
And healing those who touch Thy garment's hem.

Make strong our hope and grant Thine inspiration
Till by Thy might the battle shall be won,
Till love triumphant rules in every nation,
And every city glorifies the Son.

Amen.

WHERE RESTLESS CROWDS ARE THRONGING

Thomas Curtis Clark, 1954

MUNICH

"Neuvermehrtes Meiningisches Gesangbuch," 1693
Bellwood, Illinois

or LANCASHIRE

Henry Smart, 1836

Where restless crowds are thronging
 Along the city ways,
Where pride and greed and turmoil
 Consume the fevered days,
Where vain ambitions banish
 All thoughts of praise and prayer,
The people's spirits waver:
 But thou, O Christ, art there.

In scenes of want and sorrow
 And haunts of flagrant wrong,
In homes where kindness falters,
 And strife and fear are strong,
In busy street of barter,
 In lonely thoroughfare,
The people's spirits languish:
 But thou, O Christ, art there.

O Christ, behold thy people--
 They press on every hand!
Bring light to all the cities
 Of our beloved land.
May all our bitter striving
 Give way to visions fair
Of righteousness and justice:
 For thou, O Christ, art there.

JESUS, FRIEND OF THROINGING PILGRIMS

W. Nantlais Williams, 1954

CWM RHONDDA

Ammanford, Carmarthenshire,
England

John Hughes (1873-1932)
or REGENT SQUARE
Henry Smart, 1867

Jesus, Friend of thronging pilgrims,
As of those who walk alone,
Look upon our crowded cities
With compassion from thy throne;
Loving Shepherd,
Move among us as thine own.

Thou didst know the market places
And the streets in days of yore;
Thou could'st see beneath the pleasure
Broken hearts and spirits sore;
Gracious healer,
How we need thy touch once more!

Send thy servants to the highways
Where are heard the doleful cries;
Call again the hungry masses
To the feast that satisfies;
For the supper
Now is spread before their eyes.

By thy power be streets transfigured,
Haunts of sin be purified;
Rich and poor be found in concord,
Zion's courts their hope and pride;
Lord of Cities,
Here make healing peace abide.

WE SEE THEE IN THE STARRY HEIGHT

Sarah E. Taylor, 1954
Central Falls, Rhode Island

ST. CATHERINE
Henri F. Hemy, 1865
Alt. by J. G. Walton, 1871
or ST. PETERSBURG
Dimitri Bortniansky, 1825

We see thee in the starry height,
A God of mystery and might;
But from the crowded city street,
Its turmoil, conflict and defeat,
The children of thine erring race
Entreat thy mercy and thy grace!

Mid blackness of the city's night
Beyond its cheering warmth and light,
The sons of want and misery
Send forth their anguished prayers to thee;
With weary eyes they seek thy face,
O God of mercy and of grace.

Forgive thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Who name thy name from day to day,
Yet hide thee from the souls in need
By careless word and selfish deed;
While love of gold and pride of race
Hinder thy mercy and thy grace.

As our Redeemer, sent of thee,
Through busy towns of Galilee
Revealed thy goodness and thy love,
Inspire thy servants, Lord, to prove
To every son of every race
Thy way of universal grace.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

To be sung to the tune of "Good King Wenceslaus"

Citizens who dwell at ease
In this prosperous city,
With true Christian Patience, please,
Hear this little ditty;
Now that Christmas joys are due,
Watching happy faces,
Do you think of people who
Live in humbler places?

Let me come to you and stay
While you hear me telling
Of those people far away
From this stately dwelling;
Sir, they live some miles from here,
Housed in tin and sacking,
Turkey, Christmas pudding, cheer,
Isn't all they're lacking.

Eat your food and drink your wine,
Pull your Christmas crackers
While I watch you as you dine,
Sure there are no slackers;
When you've finished every bite,
Let us go together
Through the city's winter night
And the Christmas weather.

Sir, the night seems darker here,
See what lies before you;
Fails your heart and do you fear
Or do such things bore you?
Sty for pigs, sir, did you say?
No, a black man's dwelling,
People here must live this way,
How there is no telling.

What, you ask me, do they eat
Mealie pap and bread, sir,
No, they have no Christmas treat,
This is how they're fed, sir,
Christian folk on Christmas day,
Find such things depressing;
Do forgive me, sir, I pray,
As my Christmas blessing.

LITTLE BOXES

Words and Music by Malvina Reynolds

Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes made of ticky tacky,
Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes all the same;
There's a green one and pink one
And a blue one and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

And the people in the houses
All went to the university
Where they were put in boxes
And they came out all the same,
And there's doctors and there's lawyers,
And business executives,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

And they all play on the golf course
And drink their martinis dry
And they all have pretty children
And the children go to school,
And the children go to summer camp
And then to the university,
Where they are put in boxes
And they come out all the same.

And the boys go into business
And marry and raise a family
In boxes made of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

I LIVE IN A CITY
Words and Music by Malvina Reynolds

CHORUS

I live in a city, yes, I do,
I live in a city, yes, I do,
I live in a city, yes, I do,
Made by human hands.

Black hands, white hands, yellow and brown,
All together built this town,
Black hands, white hands, yellow and brown,
All together make the wheels go 'round.

Brown hands, yellow hands, white and black
Mined the coal and built the stack,
Brown hands, yellow hands, white and black,
Built the engine and laid the track. (Cho.)

Black hands, brown hands, yellow and white,
Built the buildings tall and bright,
Black hands, brown hands, yellow and white,
Filled them all with shining light. (Cho.)

Black hands, white hands, brown and tan,
Milled the flour and cleaned the pan,
Black hands, white hands, brown and tan,
The working woman and the working man. (Cho.)

THE DESERT

Words and Music by Malvina Reynolds

I sing of the desert, the dirt is so clean,
The air is so fair,
The folks are not mean,
'Cause there's no people there.

I sing of the desert, the bushes are brave,
On the hot sandy plain,
They root and survive
Without sprinkler or rain.

I sing of the desert, the snakes and the toads,
They're used to the clime.
If they keep off the roads
They live a long time.

I sing of the desert, the nights are so clear,
The air is so still,
You can reach for a star
Whenever you will.

I sing of the desert, it's ample and wide
And that's where I'll stay,
And that's where I'll hide,
And that's where I'll bide,
Till the tide of the cities passes away.

THIS WORLD

Words and Music by Malvina Reynolds

Baby, I ain't afraid to die,
It's just that I hate to say goodbye
To this world, this world, this world.
This old world is mean and cruel,
But still I love it like a fool,
This world, this world, this world.

I'd rather go to the corner store
Than sing hosannah on that golden shore,
I'd rather live on Parker Street
Than fly around where the angels meet.
Oh, this old world is all I know,
It's dust to dust when I have to go
From this world, this world, this world.

Somebody else will take my place,
Some other hands, some other face,
Some other eyes will look around
And find the things I've never found.
Don't weep for me when I am gone,
Just keep this old world rolling on,
This world, this world, this world.

GOING DOWN THIS STREET

Going down this street, Lord,
And I won't turn back
Going down this street, Lord,
And I won't turn back
Going down this street, Lord,
And I won't turn back
I've asked my brother and sister
To come along with me.

Going to build better homes, Lord,
And I won't turn back
Going to build better homes, Lord,
And I won't turn back
Going to build better homes, Lord,
And I won't turn back
I've asked my brother and sister
To come along with me.

Going to build better schools, Lord,
And I won't turn back
Going to build better schools, Lord,
And I won't turn back
Going to build better schools, Lord,
And I won't turn back
I've asked my brother and sister
To come along with me.

Going to work for freedom, Lord,
And I won't turn back
Going to work for freedom, Lord,
And I won't turn back
Going to work for freedom, Lord,
And I won't turn back
I've asked my brother and sister
To come along with me.

Going to live better lives, Lord,
And I won't turn back
Going to live better lives, Lord,
And I won't turn back
Going to live better lives, Lord,
And I won't turn back
I've asked my brother and sister
To come along with me.

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills and everywhere
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.

Go tell it in the city
Down the streets and everywhere
Go tell it in the city
That Jesus Christ is born.

BALLAD OF THE CARPENTER

Words and Music by Ewan MacColl

Jesus was a working man,
A hero as you shall hear.
Born in the slums of Bethlehem
At the turning of the year,
Yes, the turning of the year.

When Jesus was a little lad
The streets rang with his name,
For he argued with the alderman
And he put 'em all to shame,
Yes, he put them all to shame.

His father he apprenticed him
A carpenter to be
To plane and drill and work with skill
In the town of Galilee,
Yes, the town of Galilee.

He became a roving journeyman
And he wandered far and wide,
And he saw how wealth and poverty
Lived always side by side,
Yes, always side by side.

He said, "Come all you working men,
You farmers and weavers, too.
If you will only organize,
The world belongs to you,
Yes, the world belongs to you.

So the fishermen sent two delegates
And the farmers and weavers, too
And they formed a working committee of twelve
To see the struggle through,
Yes, to see the struggle through.

When the rich men heard what the carpenter had done,
To the Roman troops they ran.
Saying, "Put this rebel, Jesus, down,
He's a menace to god and man,
Yes, a menace to god and man."

(cont.)

BALLAD OF THE CARPENTER (cont.)

The commander of the occupying troops,
He laughed and then he said,
"There's a cross to spare on Calvary Hill,
By the weekend he'll be dead.
Yes, by the weekend, he'll be dead."

Jesus walked among the poor
For the poor were his own kind,
And they wouldn't let the cops get near enough
To take him from behind,
Yes, to take him from behind.

So they hired a man of the traitor's trade
And a stool-pigeon was he
And he sold his brother to the butcher's men
For a fistful of silver money,
A fistful of money.

When Jesus lay in the prisoner's cell,
They beat him and offered him bribes
To desert the cause of his own dear folk
And work for the rich men's tribe,
Yes, to work for the rich men's tribe.

The sweat stood out upon his brow
And the blood was in his eye,
And they nailed his body to the Roman cross
And they laughed as they watched him die.
Yes, they laughed as they watched him die.

Two thousand years have passed and gone,
And many a hero, too,
But the dream of this poor carpenter
At last it is coming true.