"Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at Life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God."

Unity Festivals.

"Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion."

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These Festival Services have not been made all at once but have grown during several years, called forth by the increasing observance of these four Festivals in our churches. Some of the Services have been used many times, and revised as experience has dictated.

Very far indeed they are from perfect. Expressions of worship grow very slowly to their noblest form. But these have come from so much and so reverent trial that we hope they will help awhile to make our Easter, Summer, Harvest and Christmas Festivals not only occasions, but the recurring occasions which bring with them every year the same thoughts and observance, associated with the same words and songs of worship. The influence of association is what we seek mainly, which is gained by using the same service year after year; it is our experience that with every repetition the Service grows dearer, more touching, more helpful. By degrees, tender and sacred memories will gather around them, which will make their recurrence truly sacramental. The element of variety is provided in the carols and hymns, and in the places left in the Services for each minister to select Scripture readings for himself. It is hoped and believed that the value of these Festival Days will become very great, both for the thoughts enshrined in them and for their joyful character; and that they will deepen and elevate the worship part of our church-life. To these four it is hoped that each church will add a fifth, in its own way, namely, a Covenant or Fellowship Day, which may become for each its own most tender and beautiful observance: we have tried to supply some help toward this object.

MANNER OF USING.

1. All the music of the Services is meant for singing by the Congregation. It is well to have a choir, provided it be in sympathy with the people and with the worship; but let it be merely helper and leader. A choir which supplants the singing of the congregation, or interferes with it, is nothing but an injury.

2. By the congregation we mean old and young together. These Festival Days should be especially marked by the participation of all the children in the service.

3. The music should be thoroughly learned beforehand. We know by actual trial that there is no music in these services which children cannot master. Once having learned it thoroughly, they love it and remember it from year to year. Thus we have found it possible, after one or two repetitions, to go into church, when the day returns the next year, without any preparation, as freely and naturally as to any usual service; and this adds to the occasion great sincerity, beauty and enjoyment.

4. The Christmas Carols, though not specially divided by headings, are grouped as much as possible in three divisions, namely, Religious Thoughts and Associations, the Christmas Story and Carols for the Tree.

5. It will be grateful and helpful to take up a collection for some noble charity at the Harvest Service; a good place for it is after the responses which follow the Sermon.
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The Easter Service.

Organ. (Anthem, if desired.)

Peace be on this house. The people will stand.

Peace and joy to every soul herein.

All singing.

A - men, A - men, Hal-le-lu - jah!

The glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
And all men shall see it together.
Hast thou not known?
Hast thou not heard?
The Everlasting God, the Lord,
The Creator of the Ends of the Earth,
Fainteth not, neither is weary.
He giveth power to the faint,
And to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

All singing.

A - men, Hal-le-lu - jah!

Responses.

His mercies are new every morning;
His faithfulness is infinite.
It is good that a man should both hope,
And quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

Minister.

Praise be unto him who, with infinite mercy, keepeth the earth,
and the people thereon, and giveth blessed reward to those who worship him. Praise him who is Life Eternal and Being Everlasting,
the Redeemer and Savior.

People:—Praised be he and his holy name.
Unity Festivals.

Minister. — Let us pray together:

(All unite in reading.)

Praised forever be thy name who art our Father. Thou art the Lord, mighty and holy in heaven and on earth. Song and praise hymn and music, might and dominion, eternity, greatness and power, adoration and glory, holiness and majesty, benedictions and thanksgivings are thine, thine forever and ever.—Amen.

The people seated.

The Spring.

This is our Festival of the Spring, and of the thought of Immortal Life.

The sun sends a warmer beam,
The ice and snows are melted,
Rains fall, brooks are loosened,
The softened earth is prepared for the seed,
Early flowers appear in the meadows,
Trees, lately bare, take on their green robes,
The breeze is full of balm,
Birds return with their songs,
Earth, air and sky are full of beauty,
Proclaiming blessing and praise.
Let not our hearts be thankless nor our mouths dumb.

All singing.
The Easter Service.

So it was in the beginning, by God's creating word:
And as it was in the beginning so is it now every day.
We plough, and sow the seed upon the land,
But God gives the increase and bestoweth riches.
By softened winds he shows himself to us merciful and friendly,
And when we go home, he drops thereon increase and plenty.
He sends dew and rain,
Sunshine and moonlight,
And in them he wraps rich blessings by his loving-kindness and might

All singing. (Music as before.)

What nigh is and what distant, it cometh all from God:
The stalk of straw, the starlight, the sparrow, and the sea.
Every good and perfect gift, etc.

Responses.

From him is the tree and its leaves; the corn and fruit from him,
The gentle winds of Spring, and the snow and the uproar of the storm.
He bestows on us countless joys and makes us fresh and ruddy with health:
He gives to the beasts their pasturage, and bread to the children of men.
He comes unseen into the house,
And watches over it,
And those who pray heartily he teaches, even in sleep and by night.

All singing. (Music as before.)

Therefore we sing unto him and evermore praise him,
The good and mighty Giver, who is the Lord most high.
Every good and perfect gift, etc.
Immortality.

Let us think, with hope, faith, joy, of the immortal life. Marvellous, precious and beautiful are the creatures of God. There is a beauty of their Spirit which is imperishable. Their life is great and glorious, joyful with health and strength, with love and with knowledge. How can death be evil, being a portion of this beautiful life? Everywhere, at all times, men have believed that in death they die not; That when hearts are dust, heart’s loves remain.

Let us listen to some of the brave scriptures of this hope and trust:—

Reading from Scriptures, Saints and Sages.

Carol.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God. For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man is perishing, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

Responses.

As the mind fills the body, so God fills the Universe:

Come, O Mind, which fillest the body, and praise God who fills the Universe.

As the mind supports the body, so God upholds the Universe:

Come, O Mind, which supportest the body, and praise God who upholds the Universe.

As the mind is One in the body, so God is One in the Universe:

Come, O Mind, which art one in the body, and praise God who is One in the Universe.

As the mind sees and yet is not seen, so God sees but is invisible:

Come, O Mind, which seest, being unseen, and praise God who sees but is invisible.

As the mind is pure in the body, so God is holy in the Universe.

Come, O Mind, pure in the body, and praise God who is holy in the Universe.

As the mind sleeps not in the body, so neither does God sleep.

Come, then, O Mind, which sleepest not in the body and praise God who does not sleep.

Antiphon.

The people will stand.

The strain upraise of praise and joy;

Let the joyful people sing and bring praises.
The Easter Service.

All singing.

Joy in the earth! Joy and praise forever!

The beaming planets,
The shining constellations join and say:
Joy in the Earth! Joy and praise forever!
Ye onward-sweeping clouds, ye winds on light pinions,
Ye deep-echoing thunders, ye bright lightenings,
In sweet consent unite:
Joy in the Earth! Joy and praise forever!
Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and glow of summer,
Ye Spring-clad groves, and glorious forests, sing:
Joy in the Earth! Joy and praise forever!

First let the birds, with painted plumage,
Exalt their Maker's praise, and say:
Joy in the Earth! Joy and praise forever!
Then let the beasts of Earth, with many voices,
Join in Creation's hymn, and cry again:
Joy in the Earth! Joy and praise forever!

Here let the mountains thunder forth,
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus:
Joy in the Earth! Joy and praise forever!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry aloud,
Ye tracts of Earth and continents, reply:
Joy in the Earth! Joy and praise forever!

And we will sing, heart and voice awaking,
And children's voices will answer:
Joy in the Earth! Joy and praise forever!

Let the young sing, and let the old reply!
Ye strong in middle-age, lift high the song!
Sing unending life—thought, love, which cannot die!

Joy in the Earth! Joy and praise forever!
The people seated.

Prayer.

We praise thee, O God, our Father, Ruler of the Universe, Creator of light and darkness, Author of peace and Maker of all. We praise thee, we thank thee, we exalt thee, who givest form to all things, O Lord, who openest daily the doors of the East; who throwest wide open the windows of the firmament, bringing forth the Sun from his place and the Moon from her dwelling, to enlighten this world and its
people whom thou hast created in mercy. O thou who in mercy givest light to the earth and its people, thou renewest daily in kindness the work of creation.

From age to age we give thanks to thee and tell thy praise, for our lives yielded into thy hands, for our souls entrusted to thy care, for thy marvellous works, thy wonders and boundless goodness, which thou unfoldest over us at all times, evening, morning and noon. We bless thee, the All-good, whose mercy is boundless, whose grace is infinite; our hopes are in thee forever.

Our Father makes the wind blow and the dew descend:
To every one's blessing and the hurt of none.

To every one's life and the death of none.

To every one's joy and the woe of none.

None is great like unto the Almighty Lord and none is good like unto our Father who killeth, reviveth and giveth salvation. He upholds the falling, he looses bonds, he heals the sick, and remembers his creatures in mercy unto life immortal.

Gloria. (Music of the Antiphon.)
Glory be to the Father who is in heaven:
The High and Holy one:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be;
Worlds without end. Amen.

Carol
Sermon: or other exercises according to custom or desire.
Carol or Hymn.
The Easter Service.

In Memoriam.

Hymn (Congregational), or Choir Music, as preferred.

Benediction:--

Peace be with you
And with thy spirit.
It is our holy day: we have taken sweet counsel together.
Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.
Peace to young and old that enter here:
Peace to every soul herein.
The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

All singing.

All glory be to God most high, the

high and holy Father. As it is now,

Shall ever be And was in the beginning.

The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

All singing.

Amen.
The Flower Service.

Organ.—(Anthem, if desired)

The Minister.

Peace be on this house.

The people will stand.

Peace and joy to every soul herein.

All singing.

A - men, A - men, Hal-le - lu - jah!

The eternal goodness of God
Giveth beauty to the earth and gladness to the heart;
For as his majesty is, so is his mercy.

All singing.

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Bless the Lord, O my Soul,
The Lord, our God, is very great:
He is clothed with glory and majesty:
He covereth himself with light, as with a garment;
He stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain.

All singing.


Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And all that is within me bless his holy name.
All singing.

He sendeth springs into the valleys; They give drink to all beasts of the field. He run, they run among the hills, maketh grass grow to feed them.

Also herbs for the service of man, That he may bring forth food out of the earth. All singing.

He makes rain fall on the desert. On waste ground where is no man, To satisfy the desolate waste ground. And make tender herbs to spring forth.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: The earth is full of thy riches!

All singing.

Praise him! Praise him! Manifold are his great works, all
The Flower Service.

made in wisdom, And the earth is full of riches.

The people seated.

Reading:—Ending thus:

This is our Summer Festival:
Beauty is spread upon the hills,
And the valleys are full of flowers.
Wonderful is the life of Summer that shows forth the glory of God.
Yet this earthly beauty is but a little of that which is in store:
For no one can measure the riches of God.
Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things that God hath prepared
for those that serve him.
So let us join in this Summer hymn of praise.

All singing.

Praise the Lord, all ye hosts! Hallelujah, Amen!

The heavens declare the glory of God.
The firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.
In the east he maketh the morning rejoice,
At noon he bringeth rest and giveth food,
In the west he calleth forth the evening
And biddeth the hosts of heaven appear.

All singing. Praise the Lord, all ye hosts!
Hallelujah, Amen.

We may go the whole round of Creation,
And, report as man may of God's work
All is love, yet all is law.

All singing. O give thanks with glad song:
Praise the Lord, Amen! Amen!
We but open our eyes and perfection, no more, no less,
In the kind imagined, full fronts us, and God is seen God,
In the star, in the stone, in the rose, in the soul and the clod.

All singing. Praise the Lord, all ye hosts!
Hallelujah, Amen.

The people will stand.

The cold came out of the north, from the storehouses of the snow;
The dust grew into hardness and the clods clave fast together;
The waters were hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep was frozen.

All singing.

God sent forth his word, He sent forth his
word. And his word melt-ed them, He caused his wind to blow, He
caused his wind to blow and the fro-zen wa-ters flowed.

Lo! the winter is past, the flowers appear again on the earth.

All singing.

It is the time of the sing-ing birds, It is the
The orchards put forth their green fruit,
And the vines fill the air with their fragrance.
All the works of the Lord are good.
And He giveth every good thing in its season.
O, let us trust in the Lord, and do good.
And whatsoever is brought upon us, let us take cheerfully,
And be patient when we are changed to a low estate.
Look at the generations of old and see:
Did ever any trust in the Lord, and was forsaken?
Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap:
They have neither store-house nor barn:
Yet God feedeth them.

All singing.

*Voices in unison.*

Consider the lilies of the field... the lilies of the field how they grow: Yet I say unto you, Sol-o-man in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.
Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will he not much more care for us, his children?

All singing.—Harmony as before.

The grass with-er-eth, the grass with-er-eth, and the
flow-er fad-eth; but he that doth the will, that
doeth the will of God, a-bid-eth for-ev-er!

A-men.

The people seated.

Prayer.

All singing.

Heav'nly Father, show us thy ways; teach us thy paths: lead us
in thy truth: show us thy law. A-men.

Here may occur class offerings by children; or other things according to the custom or desire of any church; or the sermon or other discourse, if desired.

Benediction:

Peace be with you,
And with thy spirit.
The Flower Service.

It is our holy day; we have taken sweet counsel together.
Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.
Peace, to young and old that enter here:
Peace to every soul herein.
The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

All singing.

All glory be to God most high, the high and holy Father.
As it is now,

Shall ever be And was in the beginning.

The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

All singing.

The class offerings are baskets or bunches of flowers, or of other emblems of Summer, brought to the pulpit by one child from each class of the Sunday School, or by all of each class if desired. Each offering should contain some appropriate verse or sentence written on paper, which should be taken out and read by the minister as he receives the offering; then the offerings should be placed one after the other on the pulpit or on a table placed for the purpose. There may be a verse of a song or a chant after each offering by the children or choir or congregation. This pretty and cheerful custom may be much varied and enjoyed in many different ways, according to the taste or convenience of any church that makes them, to join with the hands and voices of the children in celebrating the beauty and blessing of the Summer.
The Harvest Service.

Organ: and opening choral if congregation is accustomed to one.

The Minister.

Praise be on this house!

All singing.

Enter into these gates with thanksgiving
And into these courts with praise!

All singing.

Holy and joyful is the festival of the Harvest:
The showers have come down in their season; there have been showers of blessings.
The tree hath yielded its fruit, and the earth its increase;
And we have been safe in the land.
Let us think of the infinite One who inhabits eternity.
If we search, we cannot find him out; but even if we search not, we cannot lose him.
In the heavens, in the earth, in the uttermost parts of the sea, in the grave,
His hand leads us and his right hand holds us.
He is Life, he is Death, he is Eternity, he is Time, he is Righteousness and Mercy; he is Holiness and Love:
In whom we live and move and have our being.
Remember our numberless blessings,
Our part in the beauty and light and the infinite heaven of stars;
Our part in the day and the night and the rolling seasons;
Our part in the past and in all that the years have wrought;
Our part in our country's power and peace;
The safety in which our feet have walked;
The health of our wonderful bodies;
The blessedness of our homes;
The joys of fathers and mothers and children;
Think, if we can, of the numberless blessings
Amid which we live and move and have our being.

Let us acknowledge the goodness which fills the earth with food;
Food for the body, and food for the souls of God's creatures,—
The glory of knowledge, the light of religion,
The strength that comes in time of need,
The faith and peace that follow sorrow.
O let us be filled with joyful thanksgiving,
And all that is within us bless his holy name,
In whom we live and move and have our being.
Wherefore, with one accord, let us raise a voice of joy to God,
Coming before his presence with rejoicing,
And singing praises from the heart.

All singing.

Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving: Sing praise with a

Psalm unto God: Who covereth the

heaven with clouds, Who prepareth rain for the
He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.
He maketh peace in our borders
And filleth them with the finest of the wheat.

All singing.

He openeth his hand and we are filled with good.

All singing.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, The world and
they that dwell-therein. He maketh the sun to shine. And he giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater,
While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease.

All singing (Music as before). Praise ye the Lord,
Hallelujah, Amen.

Response.

The Summer is past, the harvest is come:
Now is the ingathering of the year.
The sons of men go forth to their labor,
And the land yieldeth for them food.
In the fields they reap the harvest,
And gather the vintage from the vineyard.
The hills are girded with gladness
And the pastures are clothed with flocks.
Blessed of God is the land for the dew of heaven
And for the deep that sleepeth beneath;
For the precious fruits brought forth by the sun,
And for the precious things put forth by the rain;
For the precious things of the earth, and its fullness,
And for the good will of him who giveth all.
Then let the fields be joyful, and all that is therein.
The Lord crowneth the year with his goodness.
The earth is full of his riches.
The eyes of all wait upon him,
He giveth them their meat in due season.
The earth is full of the goodness of God.
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
Bless the Lord, all ye his works,
And let all men bless his holy name forever and ever.
The people will stand.
Blessed be thou, Father of all Mercy, who continueth to pour thy benefits upon us. Thou hast preserved us through the fourfold year, and bestowed again the plenty of harvest. Thou hast given us the blessings of this life and of immortal being. O Lord, thy blessings hang in clusters; they come trooping upon us! they break forth like mighty waters on every side.

O make thy goodness, health and strength unto us,
That we may be thankful, dutiful and holy.

Out of the heavens his love raineth like unto rivers.
Think, O thou man, what is the might of his hand
Who daily meets thee with blessings.

All singing.

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly

Lord of hosts! Heav’n and earth are full, heav’n and earth are

full, are full of the maj-es-ty of thy great glo-ry!

O give thanks unto the Lord for he is good:
To him who alone doeth great wonders:
To him that by wisdom made the heavens:
To him that stretched out the earth above the waters:
To him that made great lights:
The sun to rule by day, the moon and stars by night:
For his mercy endureth forever.
All singing.

Unity Festivals.

The Lord Almighty reigneth, Hallelujah! The Lord, the Lord Almighty reigneth. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Prayer.

The people seated.

All singing.

Heav'nly Father, show us thy ways; teach us thy paths: lead us in thy truth; show us thy law. Amen.
Antiphon.

The Harvest Service.

Blessed art thou, O Lord; blessed is thy glorious and holy name, And to be praised and exalted above all forever.

All singing.

Blessed art thou in the firmament of heaven, And to be praised and exalted above all forever. O all ye works of the Lord, Ye heavens, ye sun and moon, ye stars of heaven, O every shower and dew, O all ye winds. Ye fire and heat, ye winter and summer, Ye dews and storms of snow, Ye ice and cold, bless ye the Lord. Praise and exalt him above all forever.

All singing.

Ye lightnings and clouds, ye night and days, Ye light and darkness,
Praise and exalt him!

O let the earth bless the Lord,

Praise and exalt him above all forever!

O ye mountains and hills,
Ye fountains, ye seas and rivers,
All that move in the waters,
Ye birds of the air, ye beasts and cattle,
And all things that grow on the earth, bless ye the Lord,
Praise and exalt him above all forever.

O ye children of men, bless ye the Lord,

Both young men and maidens, old men and children.
The Harvest Service.

All singing.

Praise and exalt him above all forever!

Kings of the earth and all people,
Princes, and all judges of the earth,
Ye spirits and souls, ye humble men of heart,
All ye that worship, bless ye the Lord,
Praise him and give thanks; for his mercy endureth forever.

All singing.

Praise and exalt him, praise and exalt him,

Praise and exalt him above all forever!

The people seated.

Scripture Reading.

Hymn.

Sermon or other exercise, according to the custom or desire of the congregation.

After Sermon:

Hymn.
Response.
The people seated.

Brethren, helpfulness and service is the law of life.
When we give thanks for God's great blessings, let us be mindful also to bestow them.
Freely we have received, freely give.
Whose giveth a cup of cold water in love, shall not lose his reward.
Whoso hath this world's living,
And seeing his brother having need,
And shutteth up his heart from his brother,

How dwelleth the love of God in him?
For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen,
How can he love God, whom he hath not seen.
Therefore withhold not kindness from them that need it
When it is in the power of thy hand to do it;
And to do good and communicate, forget not,
And to be rich in good works.
Remember them that are in bonds as if we were bound with them,
And those who suffer adversity as if we were in distress.
Rejoice with them that rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.
Be eyes to the blind, feet to the lame.
Follow after the things which make for peace,
And the things whereby we may help one another.
And be we kind, tender-hearted, forgiving one another,

Even as God in his loving-kindness, forgiveth us.

Benediction:

Peace be with you,
And with thy spirit.
It is our holy day; we have taken sweet counsel together.
Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.
Peace to young and old that enter here:
Peace to every soul herein.
The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

All singing.
The Harvest Service.

high and holy Father. As it is now,

Shall ever be And was in the beginning.

The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

All singing.

Amen.
The Christmas Service.

Organ. (Anthem, if desired.)

Peace be on this house.

The people will stand.

Peace and joy to every soul herein.

All singing.

A - men, A - men, Hal-le-lu - jah!

The stars in their courses uphold the righteous
The stones of the field are in league with him;
And the path of the just is as the dawning light
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

A - men, Hal - le - lu jah!

Thanks be to God for his holy saints;
Thanks be to him who giveth wisdom,
Which in all ages entering into holy souls
Maketh them friends of God and prophets.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, is our God, The e - ter - nal one.
After the day followeth the darkness; 
But the light of wisdom never goeth out.

All singing.

Wherefrom cometh wisdom; and where is the place of understanding? The depth saith, it is not in me, and the sea saith, it is not in me, God knoweth the way to it; He is its dwelling place.

Holy and joyful is the Christmas Festival, 
Wherein we call to mind Jesus of Nazareth, 
To rejoice in his birth, to give thanks for his goodness.

Responses.

We hallow in our hearts his law of Religion, 
That we love God with all our hearts and minds and strength; 
And his law of Justice, 
That we love our neighbors as ourselves; 
And his law of Love, 
That we love our enemies, bless them that curse us, and do good to them that hate us.
The Christmas Service.

The Child and the Song.

When a holy prophet appears on the earth;
And hath wrought righteousness,
And renews the hope and faith of men,
Teaching the truth which maketh free,
Then the people adore him with songs of gladness,
They glorify his birth, deeds and life
With wonders and signs and with heavenly songs,
Which are like the golden clouds of morning on a hill.
With simplicity they utter their soul's devotion,
Saying: It is God who giveth wisdom,
Who teacheth his law to his saints,
Who ruleth over all with the glory of a Father.

[In place of the following readings of the Christmas Story, the minister may easily read from the Gospels, if preferred.]

It is written that Joseph and Mary went together to Bethlehem,
Where it came to pass that the days of the birth-time were fulfilled.
But there was no room for them in the inn,
And they sought shelter in the stable.
And there Mary brought forth her first-born son,
And wrapped him in swaddling clothes,
And laid him in a manger.

All singing.

La. II. 1-7.

How lovely, how lovely thy tabernacles, Lord! How lovely, how lovely thy courts  O Lord of Hosts

Happy are they who dwell in thy temple,
Unity Festivals.

And are for-ev-er prais-ing thee, They go from strength to strength, they go from strength to strength, Till be-fore God they come in Zi-on, How love-ly, how love-ly thy tab-er-na-cles, Lord! How love-ly, how love-ly thy courts, O Lord of Hosts! How love-ly, how love-ly thy courts, O Lord of Hosts! O Lord of Host!
And on the birth-night of Jesus,
There were shepherds in the field in the same country,
Keeping watch by night over their flock.
And suddenly an angel stood by them,
And a great light shone round them;
And the angel told them Jesus was born
And was lying in a manger near by,
Who should be a king and a prophet and a Savior.
Then suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly-hosts,
Singing,—Glory to God in the highest,
On earth peace, good will to men!

All singing, (Music as before)
Glory to God in the highest,
On earth peace, good will to men!

And when the angels had gone away,
The shepherds said, Let us now go
And see this thing which is come to pass,
Which the Lord hath made known unto us.
And they hastened, and found Mary and Joseph,
And the babe lying in the manger.
And they told how the angels had appeared to them,
And the song of praise which the heavenly hosts had sung.
And every one wondered; but the mother pondered these things in her heart.

And when Jesus was born appeared a bright star in the east:
And when some wise men saw it they knew
A great prophet and king was born.
And they followed the star, which went before them;
And led them to Bethlehem, until it stood still
Over the place where the young child was.
And when they entered and saw the child and his mother,
They fell down before him, adoring him:
And they opened their treasures, and offered him gifts,
Gold, frankincense and myrrh.
And they went away again into their own country.

These Songs did the human heart make,
To glorify the birth of the child,
When he had become a great and holy prophet,
A teacher and a redeemer, precious to men,
But the voice of God is not only from afar,
He speaketh at the door, and entereth to abide with us forever.
The dwelling of the Lord is with his people;
The tabernacles of the Lord are with men.
God maketh our homes and filleth them with love,
And the heritage of children is his.
With every precious child comes the glory of God,
And the parents thereof are the blessed of the Lord.

All singing. (Harmony as before.)

Thy dwell-ling, Lord, is with.... thy peo-ple, Thy tab-er-
na-cles, are with men, Thou bul-dest our homes with might, Thou
fillst them with love and strength; Thine is the heritage of chil-
dren,
The Christmas Service.

love-ly, how love-ly, thy ta ber-na-cles, Lord! How love-ly, how

love-ly thy courts, O Lord of Hosts! O Lord of Hosts, how

happy is the man who trusts in thee, who trusts in thee!

Jesus the Prophet.

Responses.

How beautiful upon the mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,
That publisheth peace, that proclaimeth salvation,
That saith to the people, Your God reigneth.

Jesus was anointed to preach glad tidings to the poor;
To heal the broken-hearted;
To comfort those that mourn,
To proclaim freedom for the oppressed.

He came not to be ministered unto,
But to minister.

He said, For this cause came I into the world,
That I should bear witness to the truth and work the works of him that sent me.
And if any one desires to come after me,
Let him deny himself and take up his cross;
For I came not to do mine own will,
But the will of the Father that sent me.

Jesus was whipped, mocked, crowned with thorns,
And put to death upon the cross.

But he was faithful to the end and victorious over death,
Bearing all things, hoping all things, rejoicing in the truth.
Thanks be to God for his holy saints: thanks be to him who giveth wisdom,
Which in all ages entering into holy souls maketh them friends of God and prophets.

Carols.
Blessed are the poor in spirit,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn,
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek,
For they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness,
For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful,
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers,
For they shall be called sons of God.

He taught that religion is not in words or forms or names, but in the thought of the heart:
His trust was in God and in the unseen things which are eternal

He taught us to say:

All reading together.

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
Forgive us our trespasses; even as we also have forgiven those that trespass against us.
Bring us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
The power and the glory,
Forever, Amen.

Thanks be to God for his holy saints: thanks be to him who giveth wisdom,
Which in all ages entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets.

Prayer.

Carols.

Sermon. (Or other exercise.)

After Sermon.

Carols. (Or piece by Choir if preferred.)
The Christmas Service.

All Saints.

Jesus is one of the great company of prophets,
Of the noble army of martyrs,
Of the holy fellowship of saints,
Of angels of the invisible presence of God.
For the eternal One, the Father,
Hath not left himself without witnesses,
But hath spoken by the mouth of holy prophets,
Which have been since the world began.
The dwelling of the Lord is with his people,
The tabernacles of the Lord are with men.

All singing.

How lovely, how lovely thy tabernacles,

Lord! How lovely, how lovely thy courts, O Lord of Hosts!

The Lord Almighty reigneth! Hallelujah!

All singing.

How lovely, how lovely thy courts, O Lord of Hosts!
Unity Festivals.

Expectation and Thanksgiving.

Responses.

In Jesus and the saints, our friends and brothers,
We see the glory of humanity,
And behold the hope of the nations,
Preserved in the patience of the counsels of God.
For the time of the kingdom of God shall come,
When men shall teach no more one to the other
Saying, know ye the Lord,—
For they shall all know him,
From the least to the greatest of them.

Break forth into joy, O earth,
Put on your beautiful garments, ye nations!
Ye shall call your walls Salvation,
And your gates Praise,
And the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord,
As the waters cover the sea.

Thanks be to God for his holy Saints: thanks be to him who giveth wisdom;
Which in all ages entering into holy souls maketh them friends of God and prophets.

And thanks be to him who will pour out his spirit on all men,
Who hath put his law in our own souls,
And on our own hearts hath written it.

All singing. (Harmony as before.)

How lovely, how lovely thy tabernacles, Lord! How lovely, how lovely thy courts, O Lord of Hosts! How lovely... how lovely thy courts, O Lord of Hosts! O Lord of Hosts!

Benediction.

Peace be with you,
And with thy spirit.
It is our holy day; we have taken sweet counsel together.

Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.

Peace to young and old that enter here:
Peace to every soul herein.
The Christmas Service.

The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

*All singing.*

The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

*All singing.*

A-men.
The National Service.

Organ. (Anthem, if desired.)

Peace be on this house.

The People will stand.

Peace and joy to every soul herein.

All singing.

A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah!

The earth is the Lord's and all that is therein,
The world and all who inhabit it.
Of one hath he made every nation of men
To dwell on all the face of the earth,
Giving life and breath to all:
In righteousness doth he judge the world
And govern the nations with his truth.

All singing.

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Beautiful is the dawn, ushering in the new-born day,—
Renewing the face of the earth, quickening all things to life:
But fairer than the morning's light is the light of noble memories,
Renewing within men the springs of holy feeling and thought,
Speaking of Country and Home, and binding the generations in one.

Put on thy beautiful garments, O Land,
Gird thee with gladness, sing aloud for joy!
Gather thy people, gather them all unto thee,
That they may keep thy Festival, the day thou lovest to remember.
From thy hill-sides and valleys,
From thy well-tilled fields and thy busy marts,
From the workshop and the mill, the forge and the loom,
From the halls of council, and learning's quiet retreats,
Gather thy people, gather them all unto thee:
The sons and daughters whom thou hast borne,
The children of thine adoption and care.
They shall all be one in thee this day,—
In thee, our Country, the land of our loyalty, and love.

All singing.

Our portion hath fallen to us in pleasant places;
yea, we have a goodly heritage. O pray for the peace

of our country: May all they prosper that love her, May peace

be in all her homes, and prosperity in all her borders.

The people seated.
The National Service.

Responses.

Renewed this day be all noble memories,
All high and holy traditions of the past.

Remembered be the labors of those who wrought mightily,
Shaping to larger ends our national life:

Leaders of the people by their judgment, giving counsel by their understanding;
Wise and just in their example, and by their knowledge meet for the people;

Considering the cause of the poor, and such as had none to help them;
Friends of liberty and just laws, at all times steadfast and faithful found.

Remembered be those who have died for Country, defending her righteous cause,
Matching their high faith by heroic deed.

Remembered be all such as have taught the way of holier life,
Poets and seers, prophets to the people and revealers of spiritual things.

Remembered be those who have wrought out useful inventions,
Enriching by their skill and labor the resources of our life.

Remembered be the toil and patient endurance of unnamed men and women,
Who stood faithful in their day and generation, strengthening the cause of virtue.

Remembered be all they who have died in faith, not having received the promises but seeing them afar;
God having provided some better thing for us, that they apart from us should not be made perfect.

All singing.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance:

yea, blessed is the mem'ry of the just. They rest in
Prayer.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. In thee our fathers trusted; they trusted and were not dismayed. In thee their souls abide, their bodies are buried in peace. Be thou to their children guidance and strength. Thanks be to thee for the heritage to which we are called. Blessed be thy name for the memories of the good, the examples of faithful lives, the stored wisdom from devout and diligent minds, the steadfast faith and patient labor of those who have made the earth more beautiful for us who follow them. Pilgrims and sojourners are we as all our fathers were. Give us grace to live worthily, to hold our inheritance as a sacred trust, that we may leave it with increase for those who shall come after.

Amen.

Scripture Readings.

Hymn.
The world is wide and many families are gathered within it;
But to each heart one home is most familiar and dear.
The earth is great and many are the nations that dwell upon it;
But to each heart one country is most familiar and dear.
To our country we owe our service and love, as good citizens:
As citizens of the great world we have duties to all mankind.
Have not all one Father?
Of one hath God made every nation of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth.
As in the community of men, so in the community of nations; if one member suffer, all the members suffer therein;
And if one member rejoice, all the members rejoice therein.
The time cometh when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;
When nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation may enter in;
The nation that keepeth the truth, that establisheth Justice;
That maketh its rulers Righteousness and its officers Peace;
Wherein each one despiseth the gain of oppression, and withholdeth his hands from bribes.
FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION
AND BY JUSTICE IS THE STATE ESTABLISHED.

All singing.

O pray for the peace of our country: May all they
Benediction.

Peace be with you,
And with thy spirit.
It is our holy day; we have taken sweet counsel together.
Heart and voice give thanks unto the Lord.
Peace to young and old that enter here:
Peace to every soul herein.
The Lord doth bless us and keep us; the Lord maketh his face to shine upon us.

All singing.

All glory be to God most high, the high and holy Father. As it is now,
The National Service.

Shall ever be And was in the beginning.

The Lord lifteth the light of his countenance upon us and giveth us peace.

All singing.

Amen.
Christening Service.

The children and parents being assembled before the pulpit, the Minister makes a brief address: after which—

The Minister. Do you bring your children hither in this spirit?

The Parents. We do.

The Minister. By what name shall this child be known on the earth?

(One or both of the parents repeat the name.)

The Christening by the Minister.

After the christening of each child, let the children of the Sunday School, or the choir, sing this

CHANT.

Glory be to the Father, who is in heaven, The high and holy One;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, Worlds without end, Amen.

Or these words:

Bless the Lord, O my soul:
And all that is within me bless his holy name
Bless the Lord, O my soul:
And forget not all his benefits!

After the children are christened, a short

PRAYER.

While the little ones are being taken away, let the children of the Sunday School, or the choir, sing this

SONG.

O beloved little children, blessings upon you fall:
heavenly peace and blessings gather on your way.

Ye are all weak and helpless; but the good Father guards,

watches and shields you always, with merciful love and care.

O beloved little children,

Blessing and light descend

On the dear love parental

Which hath offered you here.

Hallowed and consecrated

By holy song and prayer,

May love be filled with wisdom

To guide the feet of the child.

HYMN. (If desired.)

MARLOW.

My child is lying on my knees;

The signs of heaven she reads;

My face is all the heaven she sees,

Is all the heaven she needs.

I mean her well so earnestly,

Unchanged in changing mood;

My life would go without a sigh

To bring her something good.
Christening Service.

I also am a child, and I For all behind the starry sky,
Am ignorant and weak; Behind the world so broad,
I gaze upon the starry sky, Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
And then I must not speak: The Infinite of God.

Lo! Lord, I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up unto my face,
And I look up to thee.

G. MACDONALD.
From Unity Hymns and Chorals.

The following forms of words for the Christening, in actual use by different ministers, are given as suggestions:

I christen you.........................in the thought of God, our Father, from whose hand you come; in witness of the joy, gratitude and consecration of your parents; and in testimony of the love, care and fellowship of this church.

Henceforth you shall be called .......................................the name your mother [or father, or parents] gives you now. May the name be very blessed to you and honored among men. And may God, our Father and our Mother, be dear to you.................as you are dear to God.

Then in your behalf I publicly consecrate to virtue, to truth, to love, to duty, to the service of God and humanity, these your dear children [or this your dear child]........................................ May their lives [or his or her life] be pure, noble, wholly consecrated to what is beautiful and good. May the love and the prayers of this assembly be for you and for them: and may the blessing of God, our Father, rest ever upon you! Amen.

In the Name that is above every name, the Name in which all the families of the earth are one, we receive these little ones in this place and give them the names which henceforth they are to bear.

I christen thee .........................in the name of God our heavenly Father, and into the fellowship, joy and service of human life on earth. Amen.

I baptize you in the name of the Father whose child you are, and of Jesus who loved little children, and of the Holy Spirit which is within you.

I baptize thee into the love and service of God, into the Divine Fatherhood, into the divine Sonship, into the Holy Spirit and the life eternal.

We dedicate thee to God: to the keeping of his love: to the service of his righteousness and truth.

* * * The minister who uses this form says: "I say 'we' (instead of the more private 'I') because with the few preliminary remarks I make, I try to have all (the church) feel that they individually and unitedly enter into this act—its validity depending upon the sense of responsibility we all feel toward the young life we now receive among us, and consecrate."
The Covenant Service.

We offer in this book no complete Service of Covenant or Fellowship, because this is a service so specially related to each church, and so connected with the covenant of the church and influenced by it, that it seems best, and even necessary, to leave it to be shaped by each congregation for itself. Yet we feel that it may become in some congregations the tenderest and most solemn of all our Festivals. The value of a service as a Bond of Fellowship for all, and as a Bond of Consecration for all, too, but especially for the children as they near young manhood and young womanhood, is manifestly great; and yet its value depends wholly on the serious and loving spirit in which it is entered into. The Service should not be lightly introduced into any church, or lightly proposed by any new minister. The thought of it should grow by quiet conference among the people into a want for it; and when hearts have been drawn together warmly, and the Church-Home feeling is already strong, even then its introduction should be waived until nearly all with one mind approach the thought with joy.

It is recommended that the Service be held on appointed Sundays of the year—whether one or more—and only on these, to the end that it be looked forward to with special interest and feeling. If only one Sunday be appointed, the New Year's Sunday seems the most fitting day. As the children of the church approach the age of sixteen years, it is to be hoped that they will wish to receive the welcome and join their names to those of father, mother and friends on the Book of the Church-Home. They should not be urged, but yet not uninvited, to do so. The pastor, the teachers of the Sunday School, and especially the parents, if they value the service, will not forget its relation to the children.

We give here two forms which may indicate the kind of service we have in mind and possibly serve as helps or suggestions.

I.

1. Short address or introduction by the Minister.

2. Reading of Church Covenant by the Minister, the congregation responding either to the whole or to its separate parts and sentences.

3. Those who are to sign the Church Book then come forward and being assembled before the pulpit, the minister may read sentences stating the Covenant Service to be an Act of Faith, an Act of
Consecration, an Act of Brotherhood or Fellowship—the people or group of new members responding to each declaration.

4. The signing of the Church Book.
5. The Right Hand of Fellowship from the minister and from each other.

II.

1. Invitation by the minister.
2. Hymn: during which the new members come forward to the pulpit.
3. Statement by the minister of the spirit and law of the church, love and service, to which those asking fellowship respond, accepting the spirit and law.
4. The new members then read aloud their acceptance of the service as an act of faith, of consecration and of brotherhood.
5. The Congregation reads a welcome to the new members.
7. Reading together of the Church Covenant.

We add some examples of Church Covenants:

(1) The Church at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

"Believing in that Religion of Nature and the Human Soul which existed before all Bibles, which has uttered itself with greater or less clearness through the religious teachers of all lands and ages, but which was taught and impressed upon the world with unequalled power by Jesus of Nazareth, the great prophet of God, from whose words and life came Christianity, we, the undersigned, do hereby associate ourselves together as a Christian Church, for the purpose of promoting that religion in ourselves and in society around us, by maintaining regular meetings for united worship, by earnestly seeking truth together, by cultivating among ourselves a spirit of sincere and loving brotherhood, and by endeavoring in every way in our power to do good in the world. Imposing no creed upon the consciences of any, we cordially welcome all to a place among us who sympathize with us in these general aims." (1880.)

(2) The Church at Des Moines, Iowa.

Bond of Union: "Recognizing the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man—kind, receiving Jesus as Teacher, seeking the 'Spirit of Truth' as the guide of our lives, and in the hope of immortal life, we associate ourselves together to maintain the public worship of God and to promote the welfare of humanity."

(3) The Church at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Bond of Union: "We, whose names are here recorded, join ourselves together heart and hand, as members of the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati, for the maintenance of a free, rational and liberal worship, the study and practice of the religious life, and to promote truth, righteousness, reverence and charity among men; and we cordially invite to our fellowship all who sympathize in these purposes and will co-operate with us in working for the Kingdom of God." (1873.)
The Covenant Service.

(4) The Church at St. Paul, Minn.

The Bond of Fellowship: "As those who believe in Religion;
"As those who believe in Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion;
"As those who believe that Religious Life means the thankful, trustful, loyal
and helpful life:
"And as those who believe that a Church is a brotherhood of helpers, wherein
it is made easier to lead such a life,—
"We join ourselves together, name, hand and heart, as Members of Unity
Church."

"To sign this Bond of Fellowship is a solemn act of faith, of brotherhood, and of
consecration. Of faith in certain high ideals of life, which we revere as more im­
portant than any intellectual beliefs whatever. Of brotherhood to the men and
women who here join themselves together, name, hand and heart. Of consecration,
because one cannot take a pledge like this, of religious faith and fellowship, save in
a reverent, earnest and unselfish spirit. To join our Church, then, is to enter into
a Covenant of Love and Service and Right Endeavor with each other; and to do this
thoughtfully and reverently, as before One whom most of us rejoice to think of as
"Our Father."

"All who in this reverent and earnest spirit believe that our Church-Home is
truly their Church-Home, and who feel that that which our Church stands for in
religion is what they mean their lives to stand for,—all such, provided none show
good reason for objection, are welcomed heartily within our Fellowship."

(Adopted 1879.)

(5) The Church at Quincy, Illinois.

The Covenant: "We believe—
"That RELIGION is NATURAL and NECESSARY to the human soul:
"That all things of the Universe have their being in ONE Life, Power,
Majesty, Righteousness, Mercy and Love:
"That the Universe is Beautiful and Beneficent ORDER, in which 'is no
variableness, neither shadow of turning:"
"That all things work together for good; that the Infinite Life in which
we have our being is Power in the world to destroy the wrong, to establish the right;
that no good thing is failure and no evil thing is success:
"That we ought to reverence all HOLY SAINTS, SEERS and PROPHETS who ' have
wrought righteousness, and bless them for the light of their wisdom and goodness:
"That we ought to work to make the WORLD BETTER:
"That CHARACTER is the supreme matter—not the beliefs we hold, but what we
are in the heart:
"That in the search for truth we ought to hold fast to FREEDOM for ourselves
and for all men:
"That we ought to welcome to our FELLOWSHIP all who are of earnest and
sincere spirit and humble lovers of the truth; that we should set the bond of
HUMAN BROTHERHOOD high above that of creed or church; and that we ought not
to hold theological beliefs as conditions of our membership."

In these principles, and that we may help, comfort and cheer each other, we
join our hearts and hands in this church, and hereto set our names."

(Adopted 1883.)
Unity Festivals.

The Church at Laporte, Indiana.

We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, associate ourselves together as a Religious Society for the purpose of moral and spiritual improvement and of promoting truth and righteousness in the world thro' the study, practice and diffusion of rational religion "Love to God and to man." Recognizing the right of private judgment and the sacredness of individual conviction, we require no assent to any other doctrinal statement as a basis of fellowship, but welcome all who desire to cooperate with us in advancing the cause of Rational Thought, Social Culture and Right Living.

A Suggested Covenant.

"We believe—

That the many things of the Universe, the seen things and the unseen, have their being in One Life, Power, Righteousness and Love;

That the Universe is Beautiful Order in which is no variableness, neither shadow at turning;

That all things work together for good; that the Infinite Life is Power in the world to destroy the wrong, to establish the right; that no good thing is failure, and no evil thing success.

"That the Life is the Light of men;"

That, if a man is at heart just, in so far is he God,—the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into him with justice;

That he who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted; that he who does a good deed is instantly ennobled;

That no evil can befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead;

That prophets, saints and multitudes of humble men have lived and died obedient to the Light, making it from age to age more beautiful to be alive;

That we, in our turn on the earth to-day ought joyfully to work to make the best things better and the worst good, and deem nothing good for us that is not part of the common good;

That in the search for Truth we ought to trust free thought, and only fear thought bound;

That Character is supreme,—not the beliefs we hold, but what we are in the heart;

That all who forgot themselves for others and for the Right are thereby in the fellowship of true Religion,—which no man can confer.

In these our faiths, and to the end that their best meanings may open in our minds, and their glory fill our lives, we join our hands and hearts within this Church.
EASTER CAROLS AND HYMNS.

J. V. B.

German.

1. Standing on the shore at morning, I beheld the shining sea,—
   Saw the wreathing vapors mounting Into heaven, si - lent - ly;
2. Standing on the hill at evening, Clouds stooped gently over me,
   Soft - ly from the West ascending, And the rain fell si - lent - ly;
3. So, I cried, my Spir-it's incense Sure re-turn - eth unto me;
   Upward breathing, falls in blessing From our Father, silently;
4. So my life up-striving, soaring, Where nor eye nor tho't can see;
   Comes again descending, on me, Filled with im-mor-tal - ity.
5. And the bliss of hope awakens; Earth and sky I clearer see;
   And I car - ol, in my glad-ness, Easter hymn and mel-o-dy.

Silently, silently, Inst. Silently, silently, from the sea.
Silently, silently, Silently, silently, o - ver me.
Silently, silently, Silently, silently, un - to me.
Silently, silently, Silently, silently, un - to me.
Joyfulness, hopefulness. Hopefulness, joyfulness filleth me.

II.

1. O - ver the hills across the plain, I - o, I - o, I - o; How
2. Flow - ers are fill - ing the prai - rie sod With fa - ces bright, I - o; Their
3. Si - lent - ly ev - er falls the light, Gent - ly the dew, I - o But

mer - ri - ly singeth A - pril rain, I - o, I - o, I - o, I - o, who causeth the grass to grow, I - o, who can sum-mon grass to sight, Or who be-holds it grow? I -
58 Unity Festivals.

o, I - o, I - o. A long the field, along the road. The seed that the hurrying
o, I - o, I - o. He freely sends the gentle rain That touches the trees and they
o, I - o, I - o. O, God! the good! In sun and show'rs He speaks and the earth it re-

wind hath sowed. They hear the song and awake, awake, I - o, I - o, I - o,
bud a gain, And glorifies ev'ry hill and plain: I - o, I - o, I - o,
plies in flow'rs, The grass it greens thro' the summer hours, I - o, I - o, I - o.

o... And laughing out of the dark they break. I - o, I - o, I - o.
o... And glor-i-fies ev'ry hill and plain, I - o, I - o, I - o.
o... The grass it greens thro' the summer hours, I - o, I - o, I - o.

Words altered by W. C. G.

III.

Lively.

1. Come sing with ho ly glad ness,
2. The time of res ur rec tion!
3. Now let the heav'n's be joy ful,

High al - le - lu - ias sing; Lift up your hearts and
Earth sings it all a broad,— The Pass - o ver of
The Seas their bright waves swell, Let the round world keep
Easter Carols and Hymns.

With voices With new awakened Spring.

With gladness, The Pass-over of God.

With triumph With all that there-in dwell!

Sing youths and gentle maidens, Your hymn of The Sign of life eternal Is writ on

Now let the Seen and unseen In one glad praise today With old men and with children

earth and sky, The Hope for ever eternal, an-them blend Let all our hearts be risen

In sweet according lay.

Of Life the victory.

To life that hath no end. Amen.

IV.

With animation.

1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness;

2. 'Tis the Spring of souls today: Hope, for ever eternal,

3. Now the sower goeth forth Seed of life to scatter,
Unity Festivals.

God hath brought his earth again into joy from sadness. From the frost of fear and doubt, springs in life eternal. But the seed to spring to life must its wrappings shatter.

Loosed from winter's icy yoke Flow the leaping waters; All the winter of our griefs, long and dark, be flying, Ye who bearing precious seed Go forth toiling, weeping,

Let your hearts flow forth in praise, All earth's sons and daughters! In His light who gives to us Hope and faith undying. Know that He who with you works Hath all in his keeping.

J. V. B. Maestoso.

1. Father omnipotent, joyful and thankful Bring we the Hopefulness, joyfulness, in thy great mercy Fill our waked
2. Open to faithfulness, open to sorrow, open to Death! where thy victory! where thy great anguish! Hope cometh
3. Glory and majesty break forth upon us, Like unto Light bea-ti-fi-cal! life ever-last-ing! With thy great
Easter Carols and Hymns.

praises to thee belong:
spirit with sounding song:
vision of saint and seer:
might, out-casting fear:
splendors of morning skies:
glory on us arise:

Hallowed this festival!
O hope victorious!
Lighten our heaviness,

when life immortal Shines through open portal:
on us descending, Earth and heaven blending!
shine on our sorrow, Life's eternal morrow.

N. B. The harmony here given is intended to support children or young voices all singing the melody. If parts are desired for mixed voices, they can be prepared easily by any chorister.

VIII.

Andante.

1. The dead are like the stars by day, Withdraw from mortal eye, Yet
2. Though death his sacred seal hath set On bright and by gone hours: Still

holding unperceived their way thro' the un-clouded sky. By
they we love are with us yet, Are more than ever ours:— Ours,
Unity Festivals.

them, thro' holy hope and love, We feel in hours serene. By the pledge of love and faith, By hopes of heav'n on high; By

VII.

W. C. G. VESPER.

Fine.

1. Clear in memory's silent reach-es Lie the pastures I have seen, 
   Greener than the sun-lit spaces Where the May has unfold her green;

D. C. For the glory of dead fac-es Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

Needs no sun and needs no star-light To illumine these fields of mine,

2. Yet, O well I can remember,
   Once I called my pastures, Pain;
   And the waters were a torrent
   Sweeping through my life again.
   Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
   Brightness of all Happy Thought,
   Where I linger for a blessing
   From my faces that are naught.
3. Naught? I fear not! If the Power
   Maketh thus his pastures green,
   Maketh thus his quiet waters,
   Out of waste his heavens serene,
   I can trust the mighty Shepherd
   Loseth none he ever led:
   Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
   On the faces of my dead!

From Unity Hymns and Chorals.

VIII.

F. L H.

ST. AGNES.

1. One thought I have, my ample creed, So deep it is and broad,
2. Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise, I feast at Life's full board;
3. To this their secret strength they owed The martyr's path who trod;
4. I ask not far before to see, But take in trust my road;

And equal to my every need, It is the thought of God.
   And rising in my inner skies Shines forth the thought of God.
   The fountains of their patience flowed From out their thought of God.
   Life, death, and immortality Are in my thought of God.

From Unity Hymns and Chorals.

IX.

J. W. C.

LLOYD.

1. It singeth low in every heart, We hear it each and all—
   A song of those who answer not. However we may call;
   The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.
More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
What 'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore!

From Unity Hymns and Chorals.
SUMMER SONGS.

J. V. B., trans. German.

Moderato.

1. The Sunday is here! It com-eth, sent to us from heaven!
2. The Sunday is here! The chain of the plow is not clanging, The whip is not swinging, the wheel doth not hope-ful! Amen! said the Fa-ther; it grew strong and Fa-ther! He wa-ters from heav-en the weak thirst-y scatter, Will spring up like good seed in beau-ti-ful care; It stands by the way-side, It preach-es the turn; How glows in the still-ness The plen-ty and tall! We rest while we list-en To rus- tle of germ. Soon cling-ing and clanging, The sick-les are forms: We sow in the dark earth; Then faith showeth bless-ings, Which God us doth give, Which God us doth give.

full-ness, The beau- ti-ful grain, The beau-ti-ful grain, sweet corn In ripe wave-ing field, In ripe wave-ing field.

reap-ing The plen-ti-ful sheaves, The plen-ti-ful sheaves. to us The un-fad-ing crown, The un-fad-ing crown.
Unity Festivals

II.

1. "Tis Summer, glorious Summer, Look to the glad green earth;
2. These are her rich thanksgivings, The incense floats above;
3. "Tis Summer, blessed Summer— The lofty hills are bright;
4. No! bid each spirit praise him, Who gives to ev’ry tree

---

How from her grateful bosom The herb and flow’r spring forth,
Father! what may we offer? Thy chosen flow’r is love,
All Nature’s fountains sparkle—Shall ours have less-er light?
A thousand living voices, A wak’ing har-mo-ny,

---

III.

1. The world of God how fair! There countless joys abound for
2. It is no vale of tears; For it the God of mer-cy
3. The blooming field of flowers, The mild and warming light of
4. The spring where coolness flows, The field that yields us sweet-est
Summer Songs.

Our parents gives He us, To lead us true, in goodness' way,
To our souls repeat.

Father's care,

Mother's prayer:

How good is God to us!

Andantino.  German.

1. Hark! the lilies whisper, Tenderly and low.
   "In our grace and beauty, See how fair we grow."
2. And if toil or trouble Be our lot below,
   Think upon the lilies, See how fair they grow.

Hark! the roses speaking, Telling all abroad
Flowers of field and garden— All their voices meet;

Their sweet wondrous story, Of the love of God.
And their Maker's praises, To our souls repeat.
1. Love-ly sil-ver flow-er, My sweet garden's grace,  
2. He that makes thee beau-ti-ful, So that all who see,  
3. Face of pur-est good-ness, Face of spot-less light,  
4. O that I were spot-less, Pure and clear like thee;  

Show-est thou God's goodness Light-ing ev-'ry place.  
Joy in thy clear shin-ing, Must all goodness be.  
See I in thy flow-er; Gleam-ing snow-y white.  
Free from ev-ry bur-den, Bless-ed should I be.  

1. Thou art the true and loving God! Thus speaks what'er I see,-  
2. The birds both late and ear-ly sing, "O Man! he lov-eth thee!"  
3. The great sun in his splen-did gold, With blessings rich doth shine  
4. And more, still more the no-ble man, In all things he may do;  

The Morning Star, the Evening red; The grass up-on, the lea.  
On lil-y and on rose-leaf sweet Thy hand of love I see.  
On good and e-vil, day and night Thy im-age, Lovedi-vine!  
His shin-ing work we see, and cry Re-joic-ing, "God is true."
1. The summer days are come again; Once more the glad earth yields:
   Her gold-en wealth of rip'ning grain, And breath of clo-ver-fields;
   And winging tho'ts, and hap-py words Of love and joy and prayer.

2. The summer days are come again,
   The birds are on the wing;
   God's praises, in their loving strain,
   Unconsciously they sing:
   We know who giveth all the good
   That doth our cup o'erbrim:
   For summer joy in field and wood
   We lift our song to him.

From Unity Hymns and Chorals.
HARVEST SONGS.

I.

1. We plough the fertile meadows, We sow the fur-row'd land. But
2. He only is the Maker Of all things near and far, He
3. All praise to thee, our Father, Thou giver of all good; Up-

all the growth and increase are in God's mighty hand; He
forms the earth and ocean, He kindles every star His
on whose care dependence Our life and health and food; We

gives the show'r and sunshine To swell the quick'ning grain, The
love ordains the sea-songs, By him are all things fed: He
bring our glad thanksgiving, Our gifts of love and praise; Be

springing corn He blesses, He clothes the golden plain:
for the sparrow car-eth, He gives our daily bread.
thine our grateful service, The harvest of our days.
Harvest Songs.

II.

J. W. C.

HARVEST.

After German Choral. 1715.

1. Now sing we a song for the Harvest: Thanks-
2. For grass-es of up-land and low-land, For
3. And thanks for the harvest of Beauty,- For
4. We reap it on moun-tain and moor-land; We
5. But now we sing deep-er and high-er,- Of
6. And these have been gath-ered and gar-nered, Some
7. O thou, who art Lord of the Harvest, The

giv-ing and hon-or and praise For all that the boun-tiful.
fruits of the gar-den and field. For gold which the mine and the
that with the hands can-not hold; The harvest eyes on-ly can
glean it from meadow and lea; We gar-ner it in from the
har-vests that eye can-not see; They ri-pen on moun-ains of
gold-en with hon-or and gain, And some as with heart's-blood are
Giv-er who gladdens our days, Our hearts are for-ev-er re-
Unity Festivals.

From Unity Hymns and Chorals.

J. G. Whittier.
WARD. L. M.

I.

1. Once more the liberal year laughs out, O'er rich-
er
2. O favors every year made new! O blessings
3. We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on; We murmur,
4. Now let these altars, wreathed with flowers And piled with

stores than gems or gold; Once more with harvest-
with the sun shines sent! The bounty over-
but the corner fill; We choose the shadow,
fruits, awake again Thanks giving for the

song and shout Is Nature's bloodless triumph told,
runs our due, The fullness shames our discontent.
but the sun That casts it shines behind us still.
golden hours, The elderly and the latter rain!

From Unity Hymns and Chorals.
CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I. Unity Hymns and Chorals.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing; Glory to the new-born King;
2. Hail the holy Prince of Peace! Hail the sun of righteousness!
3. Praise one earth, and mercy mild; Cometh with the holy child.
Light and life to all he brings, Comes with healing in his wings.

Joyful all ye nations rise; Join the triumph of the skies:

II. Mendelssohn’s Fest Gesang.

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old familiar carols play,
And tho’t how, as the day had come, The bells of all Christendom
3. Fill, ringing, singing on its way, The world revolv’d from night to day,

And wild and sweet the words repeat Had rolled along the unbroken song A voice, a chime, a chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men! Of peace on earth, good-will to men! Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
With th'angelic host pro-claim, Christ is born! we hail his name!

Hark! the herald, an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King.

Hark! the herald, an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King.

I. Long, long a-go, in man-ger low Was cradled from a-bove
2. Whene'er the Fa-ther's Christmas gifts Seem on-ly frost and snow,
3. For troub-le, cold and drear- y care Are an-gels in dis-gui-e,

A lit-tle child, in whom God smil-ed His Christ-mas gifts of love.
And anx-i-ous stress and lone-li-ness, And pov-er-ty and woe,—
And, greet-ed fair with trust and prayer, As Peace and Love they rise:

O, hearts were bit-ter and un-just, And cru-el hands were strong!
Be-hold the manger, rude and strange, In which a Christ-child lies!
Straightway pro-vide a wel-come wide, Nor won-der why they came;

III.

OLD HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO.

74 Unity Festivals.
Christmas Carols.

The noise he hushed with hope and trust, And Peace began her song.

O welcome guest, thy cradle-nest Is always God's surprise!

They stand outside our hearts and bide, Knocking in Jesus' name.

From Unity Hymns and Chorals.

IV.

1. It comes upon the midnight clear, The glorious song of old,

2. Still thro' the cloven skies they come With peaceful wings unfurled;

3. And lo! the days are hastening on, By prophet-bards foretold,

From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold:

And still their heavenly music floats Over all the weary world;

When with the ever-circling years Come around the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men," This is the song they bring!

Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hov'ring wing,

When peace shall o'er all the earth Its holy splendor fling,

"The world in solemn stillness lies To hear the angels sing.

And ever o'er its babel-sounds The blessed angels sing,

And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing. Amen.
Unity Festivals.

V.

Slowly.

1. Jesus, by thy simple beauty, By thy
2. When we read the thrilling pages, Of that
3. Faith and Hope and Love, shine o'er us, Make our
4. Thanks forever, heavenly Father, That when

depth of love unknown, We are drawn to earnest
life so pure and true, Stars of Hope across the
daily lives divine! Friend and Brother gone be-
human eyes grow dim, And when shadows darkly

duty We come near the Father's throne.
ages, Rise in glory on our view.
fore us, Be our thoughts and deeds like thine.
gather, Shines a holy light through him.

VI.

Joyful.

1. Hark the glad sound, the Helper comes The helper promised long; Let
2. On him the Spirit, large-ly poured Exerts its sacred fire, And
3. Our glad hosannas, Priest of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim, And

Beethoven.
ev'ry heart prepare a throne And ev'ry voice a song,
from him streams, with faith and love, The vast world to in-spire,

VII,

1. Out of ev'-ry clime and people, Under ev'-ry ho-ly name,
2. Sing aloud then, hearts and voices Shout, O new world, free and strong;

Is the ev-er-last-ing gos-pel, Good and glad for aye the same,
Hail of Light the deathless triumph, Sing of love the joy-ful song,

So we, in our hap-py Christmas; Breathe the u-ni-verseal creed,
"Glo-ry be to God the High-est! Peace on earth Good Will to-men!"

Clasping hands with dis-tant a-ges, In a brother-hood in-deed,
Songs of brother-hood and wor-ship Let the world respond a-gain.
A brotherhood of loving, A brotherhood of serving,
A brotherhood of loving, A brotherhood of serving.

A brotherhood of faith and hope, A brotherhood indeed;
A brotherhood of faith and hope: Good will and peace to men.

VIII.

1. Hail thou lovely beaming night When from heav'n a holy light,
Prais-es sing, Prais-es sing Broke up-on the mother's soul
With the child nam'd Wond-er-ful Prais-es sing, Prais-es sing!

2. Glo-ry be to God on high, Peace on earth, good will to men:
Prais-es sing, Prais-es sing Thanks and bless-ing up-ward fly:
Lift our song of joy a-gain, Prais-es sing, Prais-es sing!
Christmas Carols.

IX.

J. v. B. Mendelssohn.

Allegretto.

1. O now de-part, From ev'ry heart, All thought of pain and care and sorrowful fear! The merry chime
2. And Je-sus' word Shall yet be heard, And ev'ry soul shall thrill with holiest dove! On hill and plain
3. O we will sing! Our voices ring With notes of gladdest sweetest merriest song! The poor and sad

Of Christ-mas time, Shall ring in ev'ry heart with glad'ding sing
He talk'd with men, And glad "good news" he told from heav'n a-
To-day are glad, For Je-sus doth to all the world be-
cheer. We sing the bless\ed\ day, The bless\ed\ day, When
bove. He was a man of grief, A man of grief, He
long. And deep within the heart, With\in\ the heart, We'll

Je\sus came, a child of God; He came the world to bless, The
had not where to lay his head, But tho' a\ lone\ and poor, A-
cher\ish all his words of truth, That we the world may bless, The

world to bless, And spread the light of love a\ broad.
alone and poor, Pure rich\es o\ver earth he spread.
world may bless, And crown with no\ble age our youth.

In D. C. after each verse, use the words of the first verse as a Chorus.

J. V. B. X. J. V. B.

Slowly.

1. What shall we sing this mer\ry Christmas, This glad and hal\low\d\ day?
What but a car\ol bright and joy\ful, A sweet and glad\some\ lay.
2. Pour out the car\ol with its glad\ness, Up\on the win\ter\ air,
That glows with joy as if the summer, With harvest sun were there.
3. Here let the mer\ry child\ren gather, To sing the love\ly child;
And here let youth and maid to\geth\er, Re\vere the prophet\mild.

D. C. So shall we sing the mer\ry Christ\mas, This glad and ho\ly\ day.
D. C. Pour out the Car\ol\ with its glad\ness Up\on the ho\ly\ air.
D. C. With joy\ful car\ols we will gath\er To sing the ho\ly child.
Christmas Carols.

Mindful of the story olden, And the wonderful array,
We will sing the precious story, Jesus, Prince of Peace and light;
And if life come on revealing, Toil and sorrows with the years,
Eastern sage and treasures golden, Where the babe in manger lay,
Peace on earth in heaven glory Break refulgent on the sight!
See! the Son of Man reposing Faith triumphant o'er fears!

XI.

J. V. B.

1. When brightly dawning, Breaks the light of Christmas morning Forth from night,
2. We love the story Of thy birth, Dear Child of glory, On the earth.
3. The poor and weary Now are gay: With voices cheerful Bless the day.

Solo.

When softly blending, Evening's ray, With
Great good news telling, Passed thy life; By
O hear the singing! Carols chime—With

Chorus.

When softly, softly blending, Evening's ray, With
Great good news, good news telling, Passed thy life; By
O hear the, hear the singing! Carols chime—With
Unity Festivals.

XII.

Joyful, joyful ending, Crown the day.
Kindness quelling, Angry strife.

Joyful, joyful ending, Crown the day.
Kindness quelling, Angry strife.

Joyful, joyful ending, Crown the day.
Kindness quelling, Angry strife.

Glory to God in the highest, Glory in the highest,

On earth peace, good will, good will to men, On earth peace, good will, good will to men!

Glory to God in the highest, On earth peace, good will, good will to men! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
Christmas Carols.

XIII.

1. Christ is born! O happy day! Wreathe the holy, twine the bay,
2. Baby-glor-y in the place! Star-look in the mother's face!
3. He is born to set us free! He the joy of earth shall be!

Christus Natus ho-dî-e: The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Christus Natus ho-bî-e! 'Tis sweet, the mild, the Holy Child of Mary.
Christus Natus ho-di-e: The good, the true, the One Beloved for ever.

Chorus.

Night of sadness, morn of gladness, evermore! Ever! Ever!

After many troubles sore. Morn of gladness evermore, and evermore.

Midnight scarcely passed and over, Drawing to this holy morn,

Very early, Very early, Christ was born, Sing out with bliss, his name is this,

Im-ma-nu-el! O world rejoice with heart and voice, Im ma-nu-el!

* * * Christus natus hodie is an old Latin phrase meaning, Christ is born to-day.
Immanuel is a Hebrew word made up of three words, Im, with, anu, us and el, God,
meaning God with us
Unity Festivals.

XIV.

*Benedicamus domino, Let us bless the Lord.*

1. As I kept watch beside my sheep, An angel brought me news to keep.
2. He said, there shall be born this night A little child of love and light.
3. He said, the child lies in a stall, But he shall bless the wide world all.
4. I saw the stall and holy child, I could not leave that presence mild.
5. The child upon me turned his eye, And in his hand my heart I laid.
6. When I went home, the child with me went, and would never parted be.
7. Oh holy child, I hailed thee, And joyful is my heart in me.

Glo-ry on high, peace below! *Benedic-a-mus Do-mi-no!*

XV.

*With wondering awe, The wise men saw The star in heaven springing,*

1. With wondering awe, The wise men saw The star in heaven springing,
2. By light of star, They trav'led far To seek the lowly manger;
3. And still is found, The world a-round, The old and lowly story;
4. The heavenly star Its ray a-far On ev'ry land is throwing,

And with delight, In peaceful night They heard the angels singing,

And still is sung In ev'ry tongue The angel's song of glory.

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, to his name!
Christmas Carols.

XVI.

1. Simple carollers are we, brethren in communion:
   Let the birth of Jesus be a sweet bond of union.
   Care or sorrow heed we not, thinking of the manger.
   Sudden-foot earth descending, in the calm and silent night.
   Tells again the wondrous story shepherds heard so long ago.

2. Tho' the star o'er Bethlehem's plain, sages watch no longer;
   While the swift years wax and wane, human love grows stronger;
   Sing the child of lowly lot, wondrous little stranger.
   And the joyful Christmas morning breaking o'er the world below.

3. O'er every land and sea speeds the Gospel story;
   Let the Christ-child's birth-day be time of praise and glory.
   Let the birth of Jesus be a sweet bond of union.
   Tells again the wondrous story shepherds heard so long ago.

Mrs. Meigs. F. Schilling.

85
To the shepherds of Judaea, watching in the earliest dawn, Who shall still our tuneful voices, Who the tide of praise shall stem,

Lo, they bear the joy-full tidings, Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born! Which the blessed angels taught us in the fields of Bethlehem?

Sweet and clear those angel voices, Echoing thro’ the starry sky, Hark! we hear again the chorus, Ring-ing thro’ the starry sky;

As they chant the heavenly chorus, “Glory be to God on high!” And we join the heavenly anthem, “Glory be to God on high!”

XVIII

1. Joy and peace the angels sang, Far the happy echoes rang,
2. “Peace on earth, to men good-will,” Hark! we hear the chorus still,
3. Let us sing the angels’ song, And the joy-ful sound pro-long,
4. Songs of peace our hearts shall fill, “Peace on earth, to men good-will,”
Of the angel's singing, singing, on the Christmas morning.

XIX.

1. Ring out the bells for Christmas, The happy, happy day; In
   winter wild, the holy child within the cradle lay. O
   wonderful, that Jesus is in the manger lone, His
   palace is a stable, and Mary's arms his throne.

2. On Bethlehem's quiet hill-side, In ages long gone by, In
   angel notes the glory floats, "Glory to God on high," Yet
   wakes the sun as joyous As when the Christ was born, And
   still he comes to greet you On every Christmas morn.

3. When'er His sweet lambs gather, With-in this gentle fold, The
   Christ is there with loving care, As in the days of old, In
   each young heart you see him, In every guileless face, You
   see the holy Jesus, Who grew in strength and grace.
1. Silent night! Holy night! All things sleep; shepherds keep...
2. Silent night! Holy night! Angel's songs fill the sky,

Watch on Bethlehem's si lent hill; And unseen while all is still.
"Glory be to God on high; Peace on earth good-will to men!

Angel's watch above, Angel's watch above
Hark! they sing again. Sing from heaven again!

XXI.

1st K. We three kings of Orient are, Bearing gifts, we trave rse far
2nd K. Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown him again;
3rd K. Frank incense my offering; Costly myrrh the gift I bring;

Field and fountain, moor and mountain; Following you-der star.
King forever ceas ing nev er—His al gleorous reign!
Pray'and praising, all now rais ing, Worshiping God on high.
CHRUS.

Oh! star of wonder, star of might, Star with royal beauty bright,

West-ward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to the perfect light.

Herrick.

XXII.

1. In numbers, and but these few, We sing thy praise, O Jesu! Thou pretty babie, born here, With superabundentscorn here,  
2. In stead of neat in-clos-ures Of in-ter-wov-en o-siers; In stead of fra-grant po-sies Of daffo-dils and ros-es,  
3. That time, it did dis-tain thee; But we will en-ter-tain thee, With glo ries to a-wait here, Up-on thy prince-ly state here,  

Who for thy prince-ly port here, Hadst for thy place Of Thy cra-dle, king-ly strang-er, As gos-pel tells, Was And for our love, not pit-ic; From year to year We'll birth, a base Out-sta-ble for thy court here. noth-ing else, But, here, a home-ly man-ger, make thee here, A free-born of our cit-ie.
1. The first Now-El that the sa-gels did say, Was to cer-tain poor
2. They looked a-bove, and there saw a star That shone in the
3. And by the light of that same star Three wise men came
4. The wise men did know then, as-sured-ly, The King whom they
5. Be-tween the stalls of an ox and ass, This child there

shep-herds in fields as they lay, In fields where they lay,
East, be-yond them a-far; And which to the earth did
from a coun-try a-far, To seek for a King it
sought in the house must be; So one en-ter'd in, the
truly born he was; For want of bed-cloth-ing

keeping their sheep, On a cold win-ter's night that was so deep.
give a great light. And so it con-tin-ued by day and by night.
was their in-tent, And to fol-low the star wher-ev-er it went.
be-fore to see, And found him surrounded by pov-er-ty.
ye they did him lay All in a manger, a-mong the hay.

Now-El, Now-El, Now-El, Now-El,

Born is the King of Is-ra-el.
Christmas Carols.

Mrs. Meigs. F. Schilling.

XXIV.

1. There's a wonderful tree, wonderful tree, The
   happy children rejoice to see, Spreading its branches
   year by year, It comes from the forest to flourish here;
   Oh! this wonderful tree, with its branches wide, Is
   always always blooming at Christmas tide.

2. 'Tis all a-light with its tapers' glow, That
   flash on the shining eyes below, And the strange sweet fruit on each
   laden bough, Is all to be plucked by the gatherers now.
   Oh! this wonderful tree, with its branches wide, We
   hail it We hail it with joy at the Christmas tide.

3. And a voice is telling, its boughs among, Of the
   man-ger low, The beautiful story of long ago,
   When a radiant star threw its beams so wide, To
   herald To herald the earliest Christmas tide.
Unity Festivals.

XXV.

1. Sing the bright measure, sing but of pleasure, Bring fir and holy for Christmas hall. Happily, merrily, joyful ly, cheerily, singing our carols 'round Christmas tree.

2. Hark the bells ringing, join with our singing, Earth is re-joyful ly, Carol Christmas bells. Merrily

--- Allegretto. ---

XXVI. Eugene Thayer.


merri-ly Carol Christmas bells. Jesus names this holy day;
merri-ly Carol Christmas bells. Here, around the Christmas tree;
merri-ly Carol Christmas bells. For we all remember here,
Christmas Carols.

Let us all be glad and say, We will love him and obey.
All our hearts are glad and free, While we carol lovingly.
Jesus, friend and teacher dear, And we sing with voices clear.

Joyfully, joyfully Carol Christmas bells.

Merrily, merrily Carol Christmas bells.

1. Tho' angry roar, Outside the door, The blasts of wintry weather,
2. Tho' field and wood, That lately stood In all their summer glory,

Inside the light, Is warm and bright, The while we sing together.
Are dead and drear, We hold it dear, This time of sacred story.

Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! On earth good will to men.
3. On meadow brown
   The snow comes down,
In wintry drifts and shallows;
   But all the more
We bless the store
Of mirth that Christmas hallow.

4. The garden dead,
   Lies in its bed;
But children are the flowers
   Of garden room
Within the home,
That blooms in Christmas hours.

5. The songs they sing,
The hymns they bring,
   Of gladness, where they gather,
From childhood's mouth
Come like the South
Warm wind in winter weather.

6. With carols come!
   No voice be dumb!
Loud rise the acclamations:
'Tis Jesus' birth,
And round the earth,
Roll birth-songs of the nations.

Unity Festivals.

J. V. B.

XXVIII.

J. V. B.

1. Win-try weath-er, Let it gath-er, Stark and cold and chill with-out,
   While so mer-ry, Blithe and cheery, Rings our Christmas car-ol out.

2. Car-ols ring-ing, Gle-eful sing-ing, Fill with spark-ling joy the time,
   Hark! the voice-es! Children's voice-es! How they gleam and glow with joy!

3. Win-try weath-er, Let it gath-er, Stark and cold and chill with-out,
   For trees are bend-ing, Gifts de-pend-ing, Bright arrayed the ev-er-green:

Hear the sound-ing And re-bound-ing Notes their tongues employ.
Thank-ful sing we, Thank-ful bring we Prais-es grate-ful ly.
Tu-pers glow-ing, Garlands flow-ing, Wonder-ful the scene.

Solo or Semi-Chorus.

Merry Christmas song, Lin-ger loud and long;

Chorus or Semi-Chorus.

Merry Christmas song, Lin-ger loud and
Christmas Carols.

1. Now come, your anthems bringing, Dear children round the fire;
2. For still the lovely story Is dear to old and young;
3. O bright the fairy dances Of fire-light on the wall;
4. So while to heaven ascending Our joy-ful car-ols ring.

Yoursweet-est car-ols sing-ing, As sang the an-gel choir.
And still the Child of glo-ry By chil-dren shall be sung.
And sweet the ten-der fan-cies Where home-love fills the hall.
Oh, in our hearts are blend-ing The joy and love we sing.

1. Come with car-ol, Christmas car-ol, Tis a hallow’d time,
2. Mer-ry, mer-ry, Cheery, cheery, Let the song ring out:
3. Peal-ing, peal-ing, Stealing, stealing In-to ev-ry heart,
4. Prec-iou-s sea-son! O, with rea-son, Joy-ous-ly we sing!
5. Sweet the meeting, Dear the greeting, Bright with song and play!
Come with singing Joyful singing, Carol Christmas chime.
Set the flying Echoes trying To repeat the shout.
Let the chiming, Let the rhyming, Sweetest mem'ries start.
Round thee ever, Fading never, Brightest visions cling.
Carol singing, Come we bringing Praise for Christmas day.

SOLO.

Carol, Carol, Tis a hallow'd time
Singing, singing, Tis a hallow'd time

CHORUS.

Come with car-ol, Christmas Carol, Tis a hallow'd time.
Come with singing Joyful ring'ing, Carol Christmas chime,

Carol, Carol,
Carol, Carol, Carol, Carol,

Carol, Carol, Carol, Carol,
Christmas Carols.

Car-ol, Car-ol, Tis a hallow'd time.
Car-ol, Car-ol, Car-ol Christmas chime.

1. Sweetest of measures, Gay-est of pleasures,
2. Mer-ri-ly sing-ing, Cheer-ri-ly bring-ing
3. Grate-ful-ly ev-er, Sor-row-ful nev-er,

Hail the ho-ly time With their chime; Car-ols are sounding,
Note of sweetest song Full and strong; Sweet is the cho-rus
Car-ols sweet and rare Thro' the air Ev-er as-cend-ing,
Unity Festivals.

Ech-oes re-bound-ing, Joy re-sound-ing, Fills the time.
Ech-o-ing o'er us, Christmas choru-s, Loud and long.
Ev-er un-end-ing, Soft-ly blend-ing Prais-es bear.

SOLO.

Car-o ls sound-ing, Ech-o es chime;

CHORUS.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Joy re-sound-ing Fills..... the time.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
1. From the mer-ry Christ-mas time, Faint-ly ech-oes now the chime;  
D. c. Notes from harp-strings newly strung, Tones and accents fresh and young.

2. Steal-ing off at twi-light gray, Flies the old swift year a-way;  
D. c. Turn we now from her a-way, Turn we where, with car-ols gay.

3. Thro' the gold-en gate of day, Comes she gai-ly on her way,  
D. c. Ring, ye bells, your sweet-est chime; Crown with joy the mer-ry time;

Soft-ly sing the love-ly lays, Of our glad-some ho-li-days.  
Tell me, what is this I hear? The hap-py, hap-py glad New- Year!

With her weight of weal or woe, Let her thro' nights por-tals go.  
Bright-ly shin-ing draw-eth near, The hap-py, hap-py glad New- Year!

See how bright each i-cy gem, Spar-kles in her di- a-dem!  
For ad-vanc-ing, now draws near, The hap-py, hap-py glad New- Year!

Now thro' crys-tal skies I hear, Sound-ing sweet-ly, sound-ing clear,  
As she hast-en-ward, cry Part-ing year! Good bye! Good bye!

Sing, oh pines, old o-cean chant, Mon-tain winds blow ju-bilant;  
D. c.

Whis-p'ring 'neath the stars of night, Sing-ing in the morn-ing light,  
Brought she joy, or brought she pain, She can ne'er come back a-gain.

Let glad voic-es car-ol out, Join in one ex-ul-tant shout.
NATIONAL SONGS.

OUR COUNTRY.

F. L. H. WEBB.

1. O beau-ti-ful! our coun-try! Be thine a no-bler care,
2. For thee our fa-thers suf-f'er'd; For thee they toil'd and pray'd;
3. O beau-ti-ful! our coun-try! Round thee in love we draw;

Than all thy wealth of com-merce, Thy har-vests wav-ing fair:
Up - on thy ho-ly al-tar, Their will-ing lives they laid,
Thine is the grace of Free-dom, The ma-jes-ty of Law!

Be it thy pride to lift up The man-hood of the poor;
Thou hast no com-mon birth-right, Grand memories on thee shine;
Be right-eous-ness thy step- ter, Jus-tice thy di - a - dem;

Be thou to all the op-press-ed, Fair Freedom's so - pen door.
The blood of pil-grim na-tions, Com-min-gled flows in thine.
And on thy shin-ing fore-head, Be Peace the crown-ing gem.
National Songs.

THE HEROIC DEAD.

J. V. B. trans.

1. To you our thanks we offer, Ye heroes true and brave,
2. In far and unknown meadows, In many an unnamed grave,
3. Not with light rejoicings, With mirth and festive lay,

Your-selves with pure devotion, To hero-death who gave:
You rest where men walk over, And think not of the brave.

And not with gilded emblems, We give our thanks this day:

To hero-death for glory, For home, for truth and light,
For freedom, self-forgotten, You perish'd in your ranks;

'Tis only holy fervor, For truth and Father-land,

For wife and child and honor, For children's children's right.
But holiest thanks we give you, Who died nor thought of thanks.

And only tear-drops sacred, Can thank you, hero-band.
Unity Festivals.

ENTERED INTO REST.

H. W. Longfellow. (For Decoration Day.)

1. Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest, On this Field of the Ground-ed Arms,
2. Rest, com-. rades, rest and sleep! The thoughts of men, shall be

Where foes no more mole-est, Nor sen-try's shot al - larms!
As sen - ti - nels to keep Your rest from dan-ger free,

All is re-pose and peace, Un-tramp-led lies the sod;
Your si - lent-tents of green, We deck with fra-grant flow'rs,

The shouts of bat - tle cease, It is the Truce of God.
Yours has the suf-fer-ing been, The mem-ry shall be ours.

SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM.

Collins. (For Decoration Day.)

1. How sleep the brave who sink to rest, By all their
2. By fair - y hands their knell is rung: By forms un-
National Songs.

1. Let man be free! the mighty word He spoke was not his own:
   An impulse from the Highest stirred, He gave the lips a-lone.

2. O martyr of God's will on earth, As it is done above!
   Thy cost is witness to the worth of Justice and of Love.

J. G. Whittier.
(Abraham Lincoln.)

EMANCIPATION.

country's wish-es blest! When spring, with dew-y fin-gers cold, Re-seen their dirge is sung; There Hon-or comes, a pil-grim gray, To,

turns to deck their hal-low'd mould, She there shall dress a bless the turf that wraps their clay; And free-dom shall a-
sweet-er sod, Than fan-cy's feet have ever trod. while re-pair, To dwell a weep-ing her-mit there.

1. Let man be free! the mighty word He spoke was not his own:
   An impulse from the Highest stirred, He gave the lips a-lone.

2. O martyr of God's will on earth, As it is done above!
   Thy cost is witness to the worth of Justice and of Love.
We rest in peace, where his sad eyes saw peril, strife and pain;
Thy name shall stand and testify to coming ages long,

His was the nation's sacrifice, and ours the price-less gain.
That Truth is stronger than a lie, and Righteousness than wrong.

GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH!
National Songs.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-

lu-jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah.

THE RIGHT GOES MARCHING ON.

W. C. Gannett.

(For Emancipation, or Decoration, Day.)

1. One moment on the scaffold, and he left it Holy Ground!
   Three hundred thousand heroes now lie guarding it around,
   But reverent hearts are pilgrim still to many a sacred mound,—
   And the Right goes marching on!

2. God had counted up the slave-graves and heard the black man's moan,
   Till at last a leaping thunder shook the awful Judgment-Throne,—
   "For each lash a cannon-crash! For each cry a battle-groan!"
   And the Right goes marching on!

3. The Hands wherein the sparrow falls, that beckon to the star,
   Are Hands that harness unseen Dooms to Wrong's triumphal car,
   And his steeds untiring draw the nations trembling to the Bar,—
   And the Right goes marching on!

4. Then, if perchance a nation's Soul from out her shame shall rise
   And light of Justice kindle fresh within her chastened eyes,
   The God, who dooms, shall save her by the pain that purifies,—
   And the Right goes marching on!

5. Lo, the flowers are breaking forth, and the grasses are a-wave,
   Where the bodies of our hero dead are sleeping in the grave:
   So shall blessing crown the woe, for his Hands are strong to save,—
   And the Right goes marching on!
Unity Festivals.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
   He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:
   He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible, swift sword;
   His truth is marching on.

2. I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps:
   They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
   I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
   His day is marching on.

3. I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
   “As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:
   Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
   Since God is marching on.”

4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat:
   He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
   O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
   Our God is marching on.

5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
   With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
   As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
   While God is marching on.

LAND OF THE HEROES.

J. W. C.

1. Land of the heroes who won us a heritage,
   Which of all lands that the sun looketh down upon

2. Hail to the fathers who found thee a wilderness,
   Pledged thee to faithfulness, helpfulness, brotherhood,

3. Dark was the shadow that slowly spread over us,
   That which the fathers had promised so steadfastly,

4. Broad as the continent, free as the air!
   Can with thy glory and beauty compare?
   Plant-ed thee thick with the Church and the School,
   Free-dom thy safeguard, and justice thy rule!
   Dark-er and ev-ermore dreadful it grew;
   Sons of their children were ready to do,
   How can we praise their en-
   Life and its
sing thee; What can we bring thee. Half the dear love which we
devote, Honored forever! Sacred their names for the
treasure Thine without measure! Rose, as one man, a great

bear thee to show? Love that shall ever more jubilant grow.
sorrow they bore. Building a house on the wilderness shore.
people in might! Millions in darkness behold a great light!

4. Hail to thee, Land that men longed for so wearyly!
Glad are our hearts that we live in thy day.
Long may our heart's and hand's service of loyalty
All thy great-help to us seek to repay,
Thus will we sing thee,
This will we bring thee,
All the dear love that we bear thee to show,
Love that shall ever more jubilant grow.

AMERICA.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweetland of liberty.
2. My native country, thee, — Land of the noble free.
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees.
4. Our father's God to thee, Author of liberty.

Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song! Let mortal tongues a-wake; Let all that
To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freemo's
OUR COUNTRY.

God bless our native land! For her our prayers shall be,
Firm may she ever stand Our fathers' God, to thee:
Through storm and night! On thee we wait!
When the wild tempests rave, Be her walls, Holiness;
Ruler of wind and wave, Her rulers, Righteousness;
Do thou our country save, Her officers be Peace;
By thy great might! God save the State!

From Hymns of the Spirit.

OUR NATION.

Gone are the great and good, We now, our fathers' God,
Who here in peril stood Stand where our fathers trod,
And raised their hymn, Where sleeps their dust:
Peace to the reverend dead! Their high fidelity,
The light that on their head Their love of liberty,
The passing years have shed The faith that made them free,
Shall ne'er grow dim. Our sacred trust!

And on, from sire to son, And faith descend!
O High and Holy One, While life shall ebb and flow,
That faith descend! New centuries come and go,
Still may our children know Still may our children know
Our country's Friend!

From Unity Hymns and Chorals.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

1. We pray for our Country; May she ever be
2. Who bless her are blessed! Be peace in her walls,
The holy and the happy, The glorious-ly free!
And joy in all her palaces, Her cot-ta-ges and halls!

Dwellings of the free.

1. Dwellings of the free are sounding With a song of
Thou didst hear, O Righteous Ruler, The sad sighing
Thou didst stretch thine arm of power, Thou didst
of the slave, Thou didst save: Now the workman toils with honor,
freedom blessing thee. Brave-ly fought our sires for freedom,

2. Speed thy work, O Lord of Na-tions; Lo! the tyrant's
Victory; Count-less hearts with joy are bounding And in
of the slave, Thou didst stretch thine arm of power, Thou didst
chain is riv'n, And from hill and plain are ris-ing Anthems

3. Count-less hearts with joy are bounding And in
For that freedom we will live; Bravely died they
Shackled soul and hand are free; Thanks we give thee!
Thou who makest wars to cease. May thy righteous

DEAR FATHERLAND.

J. V. B. 

Union.

Bavarian.

1. To thee, O Fatherland, Bond of our heart and hand,
2. And thou, O God of Right, The Lord, whose arm of might,
3. Free as our rivers flow, Pure as our breezes blow,

From love deep pure and strong Rolls our high song.
In storm and battle-roar, Our Fathers bore—
Strong as our mountains stand, Be our broad land!
National Songs.

May all thy pathways be High-ways of Lib-er-ty,
Thou mad'st their children strong To break the chains of wrong,
Brigh home of Lib - er - ty, High hope of all the free-

And Jus-tice, throned in thee, Reign a-ges long!
Till rang the Freeman's song From shore to shore.
Our love thy watch-tower be, Dear Fa-ther-land!

From Unity Hymns and Chorals.

THE PILGRIM-FATHERS.

Mrs. Hemans.

1. The breaking waves dashed high, On a stern and rock-bound coast And the
2. Not as the con-queror comes, They, the true hearted, came; Not
3. Amidst the storm they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea! And the
4. What song they thus afar? Bright jew - els of the mine? The

woods a-gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branches with the roll of the stir - ring drums, And the trumpet that sings of sounding aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith'spure
tossed; And the heavy night hung dark The hills and waters o'er. When a
fame; Not as the flying come, In silence and in fear; They
free. The ocean eagles soared From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the
shrine! Ay, call it holy ground, The soil where first they trod! They have

band of exiles moored their bark On the wild New England shore.
shook the depths of the desert gloom With their hymns of lofty cheer.
rocking pines of the forest roared This was their welcome home!
left unstained what there they found Freedom to worship God.

FREEDOM.

Tennyson.

1. Of old sat Freedom on the heights, The
2. There in her place she did rejoice, Self
3. Then stept she down through town and field To
4. Her open eyes desire the truth, The

thunders breaking at her feet: Above her shook the
gathered in her prophet-mind, But fragments of her
min-gle with the struggling race And part by part to
wis-dom of a thou-sand years Is in them; may per-
star-ry lights She heard the roar-ing tor-ents meet.
might-y voice Came roll-ing down up-on the wind.
men revealed The glo-rious ful-ness of her face.
pet-ual youth Keep dry their ho-ly light from tears.

(To same music.)

FREEDOM'S SACRIFICES.

Around I see the powers that be,
I stand by Empire's primal springs,
And princes meet in every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings.

The shadow rend and o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms;
Breathe through these throngs your battle songs.
Your scaffold prayers and dungeon psalms!

'To party claims and private aims
Reveal that august face of Truth,
Where to are given the age of heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

Whittier.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

1. O say! can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light What so
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
3. O thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be-
proud-ly we hail'd at the twi-light's last
foe's haugh-ty host in dread si-lence re-
tween their loved homes and wars des-o
Unity Festivals.

 gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous places—What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering lation; Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued

fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses. Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a

streaming; And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in closes? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first nation. Then conquer we must, for our cause it is

air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, beam, In full glory reflected now shines o'er the stream; just, And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"

O say! does the star-span gled banner yet wave 'Tis the star-span-gled banner; Oh long may it wave And the star-span-gled banner in triumph shall wave,
National Songs,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

HAIL COLUMBIA.

1. Hail, Columbia, happy land! Hail, ye heroes, born band,
   Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone,
   Let no rude foe with impious hand, Invade the shrine where sacred lies, Of loud applause. Let every clime to freedom dear List-

2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore!
   Let no rude foe with impious hand,
   Let no rude foe with impious hand, In invade the shrine where sacred lies, Of loud applause. Let every clime to freedom dear List-

3. Sound, sound the trump of Fame; Let Washington's great name
   Ring thro' the world with loud applause, Ring thro' the world with
   Ring thro' the world with loud applause, Ring thro' the world with

4. Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
   Freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, Em-
joyed the peace your valor won. Let independence toil and blood the well-earned prize. While offering peace serene with a joyful ear. With equal skill, with

be our boast, Ever mindful what it cost: cere and just, In Heav’n we place a manly trust, noble pow’t, He governs in the fearful hour

Ev’er grateful for the prize. Let its altai reach the skies. That truth and justice will prevail, And ev’ry scheme of bondage fail. Of horrid, war, or guides with ease The happier times of honest peace.

Firm, united, let us be, Rallying round our liberty:

As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.
National Songs.

THE MARSAILLAISE.

1. Ye friends of Free-dom, wake to duty! Hark! hark the nations bid you rise, To clothe your liberty with felt thy generous flame? Did ever bolts or bars contain beauty: Behold the poor and hear their cries, Behold the fine thee or scorn thy noble spirit tame? Or scorn thy poor and hear their cries. Shall hurtful errors, mischief, noble spirit tame? Too long the world has wept, breeding By selfish hearts and grasping hands, Awaiting the need of freedom-kindled love: This

2. Free Brother-hood, who can resign thee, Once having nations bid you rise. To clothe your liberty with felt thy generous flame? Did ever bolts or bars contain beauty: Behold the poor and hear their cries, Behold the fine thee or scorn thy noble spirit tame? Or scorn thy poor and hear their cries. Shall hurtful errors, mischief, noble spirit tame? Too long the world has wept, breeding By selfish hearts and grasping hands, Awaiting the need of freedom-kindled love: This
fright and ravage Freedom's lands, While brotherhood and love lie be our banner from above! Against it wrong is un-