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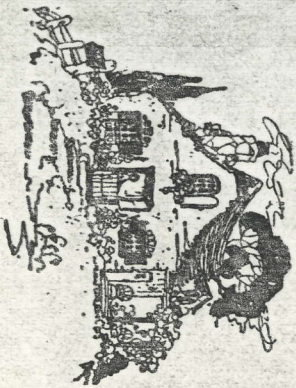
RETURN TO:
SARA M. DENGLER
PO BOX 333
OLEY PA 19547

*Your reunions held at
Kishacoquillas Park near
Levittown, Pa.*

YODER FAMILY

Song Book

1938



Compiled by
J. W. YODER

Dedication

This little book is dedicated to the advancement of the Yoder Family. May we together resolve to dedicate ourselves to the perpetuation of its moral, ethical, and spiritual heritage to this end, that its members may grow in grace and abound in good works.

Printed in U. S. A.

Mennonite Publishing House, Scatsdale, Pa.

THE YODER FAMILY SONG

(Tune: Maryland My Maryland, G.)

Let us all unite and sing,
All the Yoder family,
To its members praise we bring,
All the Yoder family:
Let us all with loud acclaim,
Do honor to our family name
And keep it spotless, free from blame,
All the Yoder family.

'Mong the Pennsylvania hills,
Lives the Yoder family,
Skillfully the soil it tills,

Stalwart Yoder family:
Doctors, lawyers, teachers, too,
Statesmen, business, not a few
All devout their task to do,
All the Yoder family.

Let us pledge with purpose strong,
All the Yoder family,
Help each righteous cause along,

All the Yoder family:
Then when all of life is o'er,
We'll gather on the Golden Shore,
And praise the Lord forevermore,
All the Yoder family.

2

YODER REUNION SONG

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne, F.)

We've gathered, friends, from near and far,
For fellowship and praise;
May this Reunion be a star
To brighten all our ways.

Chorus

Then let us sing the Yoder name,
Let's lift its virtues high;
Defend it e'er from wrong and shame,
When sore temptation's nigh.

We till the fields with rugged hand,
And make the landscape smile;
We shun no task in this fair land,
If effort is worth-while.

For peace and law we firmly stand,
For temp'rance and for right;
So rally all the Yoder band,
In God we've power and might.

So let us lay all fears aside,
Let's sing and talk for joy;
May friendships made here long abide
That years cannot destroy.

3

AMERICA

G

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring thru all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

—Samuel Francis Smith.

4

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

G

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

—E. Perronet.

5

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP
YONDER

A flat

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright
and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over
on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be
there.

Chorus

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning when
the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their
home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be
there.

6

—J. M. Black.

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION

G

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

Chorus

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King,
But children of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.

7

—Rev. I. Watts.

BLESSED ASSURANCE

D

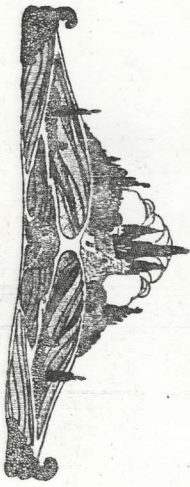
Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Chorus

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

—Fanny J. Crosby.



8

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

A flat

There's a church in the valley by the wild-
wood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

Chorus

Oh, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the dale.
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning,
To list to the clear ringing bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling:
"Oh, come to the church in the vale."

There, close by the side of that loved one,
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers
bloom,
When the farewell hymn shall be chanted,
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

—Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

9

OH, COME, COME AWAY

Oh, come, come away, from labor now re-
posing,

Let busy care awhile forbear,

Oh, come, come away.

Come, come our social joys renew,

And there, where love and friendship grew,

Let true hearts welcome you,

Oh, come, come away.

From toil, and the cares, with which the day
is closing,

The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,

Oh, come, come away.

Oh, come, where love will smile on thee,

And round its heart will gladness be,

And time fly merrily,

Oh, come, come away.

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars
appearing,

With silver light illumine the night,

Oh, come, come away.

We'll join in grateful songs of praise,

To Him who crowns our peaceful days,

With health, hope, happiness,

Oh, come, come away.

10

TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS WITH

YOU

(E flat)

Take the name of Jesus with you,

Child of sorrow and of woe—

It will joy and comfort give you,

Take it then wherever you go.

Chorus

Precious name, O how sweet!

Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,

Precious name, O how sweet—

Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Take the name of Jesus ever,

As a shield from ev'ry snare;

If temptations round you gather,

Breathe that holy name in prayer.

At the name of Jesus bowing,

Falling prostrate at His feet,

King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,

When our journey is complete.

—Lydia Baxter.

11

HOME, SWEET HOME

E flat

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
 there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met
with elsewhere.

Chorus

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage a-
 gain;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer
than all.

—John Howard Payne.

12

PASS ME NOT O GENTLE SAVIOUR

A flat

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
 Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Chorus

Saviour, Saviour,
 Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling
Do not pass me by.

Let me at a throne of mercy
 Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

—Fanny J. Crosby.



13

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD

G

We praise Thee, O God!
For the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died,
And is now gone above.

Chorus

Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen,
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

We praise Thee, O God!
For Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour,
And scattered our night.

Revive us again,
Fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled
With fire from above.

—Wm. Paton Mackay.

14

NELLIE GRAY

E flat

There's a low green valley on the old Ken-
tucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours a-
way,
Asiting and asinging by the little cottage
door
Where lived my darling Nellie Gray.

Chorus

O my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you
away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all
the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky
shore.

When the moon had clim'd the mountain, and
the stars were shining too,
Then I'd take my darling Nellie Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red
canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

15

LONG, LONG AGO

F

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have rovd,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
Ah, yes you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then, to all others, my smile you prefer'd,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each
word,
Still my heart treasures the praises, I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were
rais'd,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been prais'd,
Long, long ago, long ago.

16

But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

—Thomas H. Bayly.

AULD LANG SYNE

F

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

—Robert Burns.

17

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

B flat

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green
braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.
Thou stockdove whose echo resounds from
the hill,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny
dell,
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming
forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.
How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring
hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding
rills!
There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys
below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses
blow!

18

There oft, as mild evening creeps over the
lea,
The sweet scented birch shades my Mary and
me.

—Robert Burns.

MY BONNIE

B flat

My Bonnie is over the ocean,
My Bonnie is over the sea,
My Bonnie is over the ocean,
O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.
O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And blow, ye winds, over the sea,
O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

—H. J. Fuller.

19

JUANITA

E flat

Soft o'er the fountain,
Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain,
Breaks the day too soon!
In thy dark eyes' splendor,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Wearry looks, yet tender,
Speak their fond farewell.

Nita! Juanita!

Ask thy soul if we should part!

Nita Juanita!

Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming
Moons like these shall shine again,
And daylight beaming,
Prove thy dreams are vain,
Wilt thou not, relenting,
For thine absent lover sigh?
In thy heart consenting
To a pray'r gone by?
Nita! Juanita!
Let me linger by thy side!
Nita Juanita!
Be my own Fair Bride.

—Caroline Norton.

20

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee River,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ever,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ev'rywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All roun' de little farm I wander'd,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

—Stephen C. Foster.

21

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

G

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky
home,

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the
bloom,

While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry all happy and bright;
By'm by hard times comes a-knocking at the
door,
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight!

Chorus

Weep no more, my lady, oh, weep no more
today!

We will sing one song for the old Ken-
tucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the
coon,

On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the
moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.

22

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to
part,

Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight!
—Stephen C. Foster.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

D

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

23

—Thomas Moore.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG
MAGGIE

F

I wander'd today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the old rusty mill, Maggie,
Where we sat in the long, long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill Mag-
gie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The old rusty mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Chorus

And now we are aged and gray Maggie,
The trials of life nearly done,
Let us sing of the days that are gone Maggie,
When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polish'd white mansion of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung,
For we sang just as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

—George W. Johnson.

24

JESUS LOVES ME

(E flat)

Jesus loves me! This I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.

Chorus

Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide!
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

—Anna B. Warner.

GRACE

(Doxology tune)

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
And all Thy mercies, wise and good:
Thy Holy Spirit to us give,
That we in righteousness may live.

25

JEWELS

(E flat)

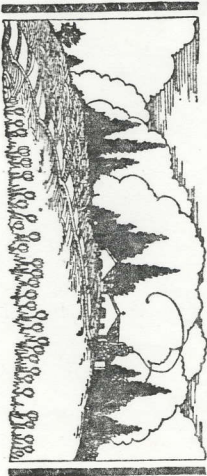
When He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

Chorus

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright Gems for His crown.

He will gather, He will gather
The Gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

—W. O. Cushing.

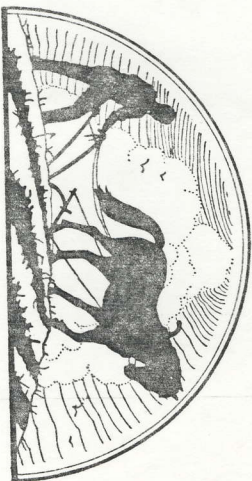


26

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

The bells of St. Marys,
Oh hear they are calling;
The young loves, the true loves
From land and from sea;
And so my beloved
When red leaves are falling
The love bells shall ring out, ring out,
For you and me.

(Old Irish Melody)



27

INDEX

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name	5
America	4
Auld Lang Syne	17
Blessed Assurance	8
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	18
Grace	25
Home, Sweet Home	12
Jesus Loves Me	25
Jewels	26
Juanita	20
Long, Long Ago	16
My Bonnie	19
My Old Kentucky Home	22
Nellie Gray	15
Oh, Come, Come Away	10
Old Folks at Home	21
Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour	13
Take the Name of Jesus with You	11
The Bells of St. Mary's	27
The Church in the Wildwood	9
The Last Rose of Summer	23
We Praise Thee, O God	14
We're Marching to Zion	7
When the Roll Is Called up Yonder	6
When You and I Were Young Maggie	24
Yoder Family Song, The	2
Yoder Reunion Song	3

Autographs and Addresses