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YODER FAMILY  
Song Book  
1938



*Compiled by*  
J. W. YODER

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## *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.*

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

—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.

—Rev. I. Watts.

## BLESSED ASSURANCE

D

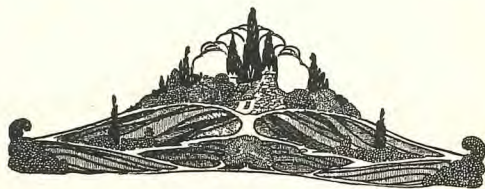
Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

### *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.



## 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.

## OH, COME, COME AWAY

C

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.

## 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 where'er 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.

## 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.

## 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.





## 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.

## 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,  
Asitting 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.

## 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 rov'd,

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 preferr'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.

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.

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## 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.

## 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!

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

—Robert Burns.

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## 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.

## 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,  
Weary 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.

## 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.

## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

G

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky  
home,

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;  
The corntop'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.

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.

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## 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.

—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.

## 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.

## 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.



## 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)



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