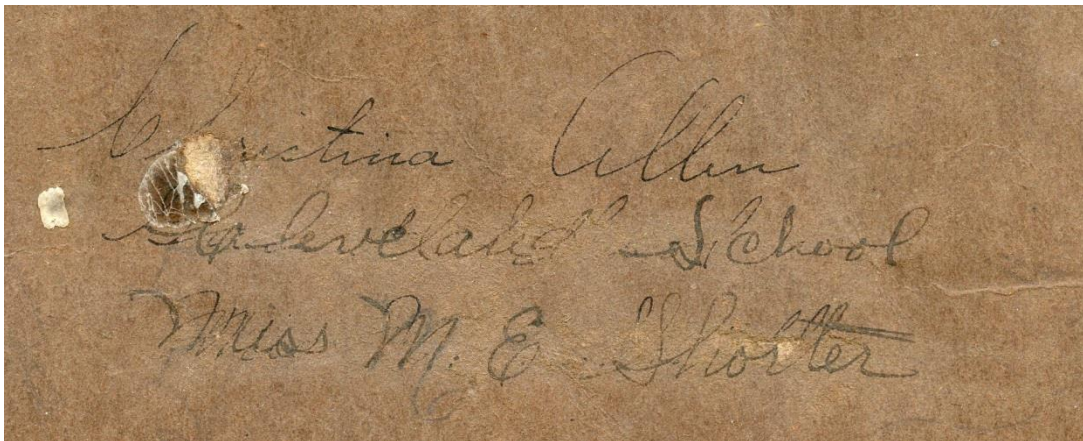


BROWN HYMN BOOK

HANDWRITTEN BY CHRISTINE ALLEN

Edited by Larry W. Roeder, Jr.



The "Brown Hymn Book" is a hand written collection of 18 hymns and songs found in the archives of the Prosperity Baptist Church, mostly associated with Christmas. The author was Christina Allen, a local figure in Conklin and secretary of the church. We suspect the book was written during the depression when Christina was a student, though there is no date.


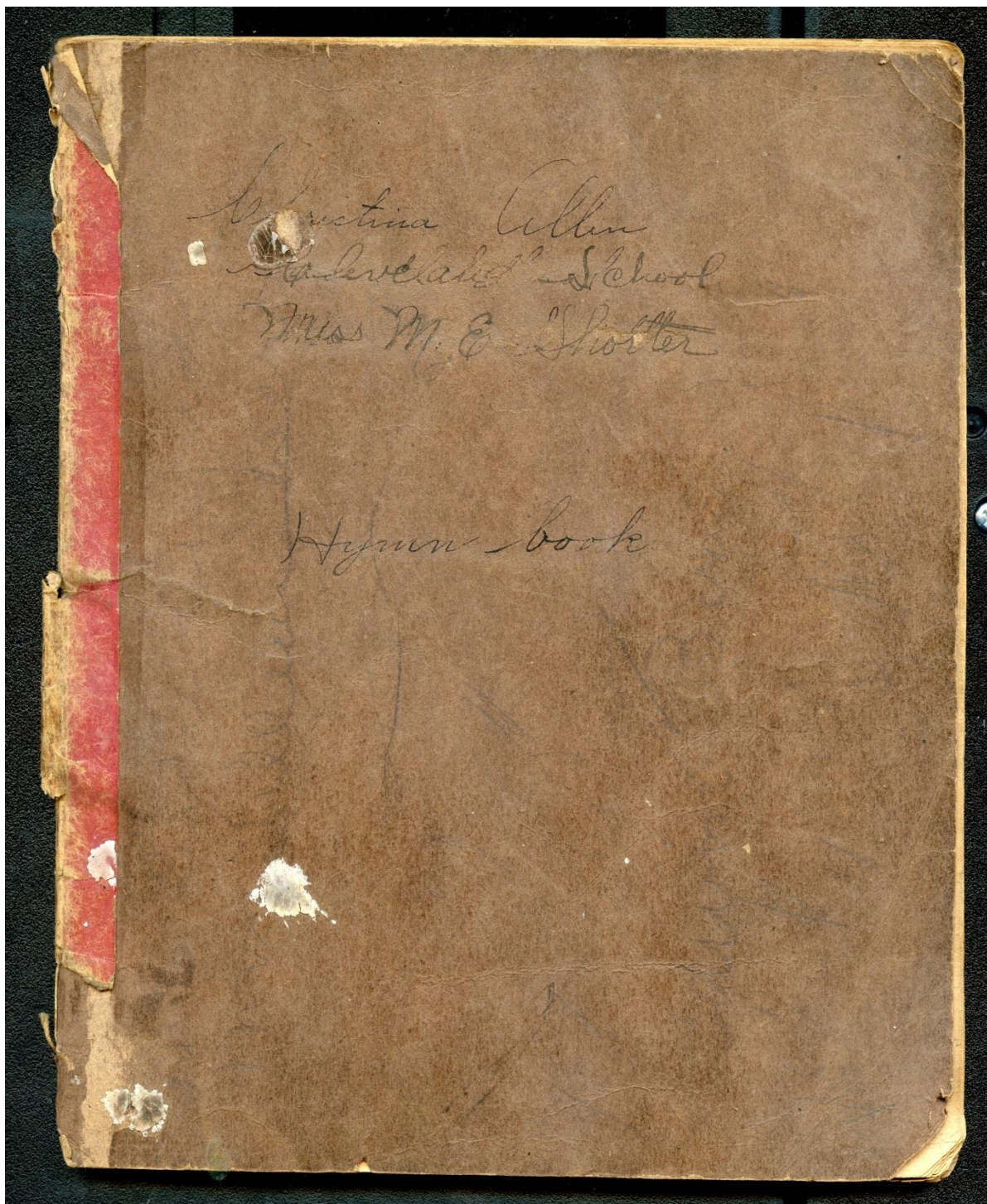
Some pieces are quite famous and were authored by people like Handel and Verdi. One piece, *Cockles and Mussels* is now the anthem of the City of Dublin and is the story of a beloved prostitute and fish monger who died of fever. *Rheuben Rachel* was a popular comic song used by Minstrels and rewritten following World War One with an earthy tone. Another is *OL Satin*, a part of a famous Negro spiritual. Most are variants of the original text, so I've also included the "official text" when I could find it, and some history as well. One piece called *Washington* was a popular patriotic hymn, well known to school children in the 1920s and 30s. In each case, I've tried to provide information on the author and the original words. 

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Cover



Hark! The Vesper Hymn is Stealing, by Thomas Moore

The written text is a variant of Hark! The Vesper Hymn is Stealing by Thomas Moore (1779-1852).

The official words are as follows (Hymn Time):

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing
Soft it breaks upon the ear,
Jubilate! Jubilate! Jubilate! Amen!
Farther now and farther stealing
Soft it fades upon the ear.

Now like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore it dies along;
Now like angry surges meeting
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Jubilate! Jubilate! Jubilate! Amen!
Hark! again like waves retreating
To the shore it dies along.

Once again sweet voices ringing
Louder still the music swells;
While on summer breezes winging
Comes the chime of vesper bells.
Jubilate! Jubilate! Jubilate! Amen!
On the summer breezes winging
Fades the chime of vesper bells.

(Vesper Hymn)

Hark! the Vesper hymn is stealing
 O'er the waters soft and clear.
 Nearer get and near pealing,
 Now it burst upon the ear.
 Dum-bi-la-te Dum-bi-la-te Dum-bi-la-te amen.
 (Chorus)
 Dum-bi-la-te, a-men Dum-bi-la-te
 Dum-bi-la-te, Dum-bi-la-te a-men.
 2.
 Now like mornings waves retreating
 To the shore it dies along.
 Now like angry surges meeting
 Breaks the mingled of song.
 Dum-bi-la-te, Dum-bi-la-te Dum-bi-la-te amen

Father still and father pealing
 soft it falls upon the ear (Repeat)
 Hark! how with the wave returning
 From the shore it dies a-way

Dum-bi-la-te a men amen

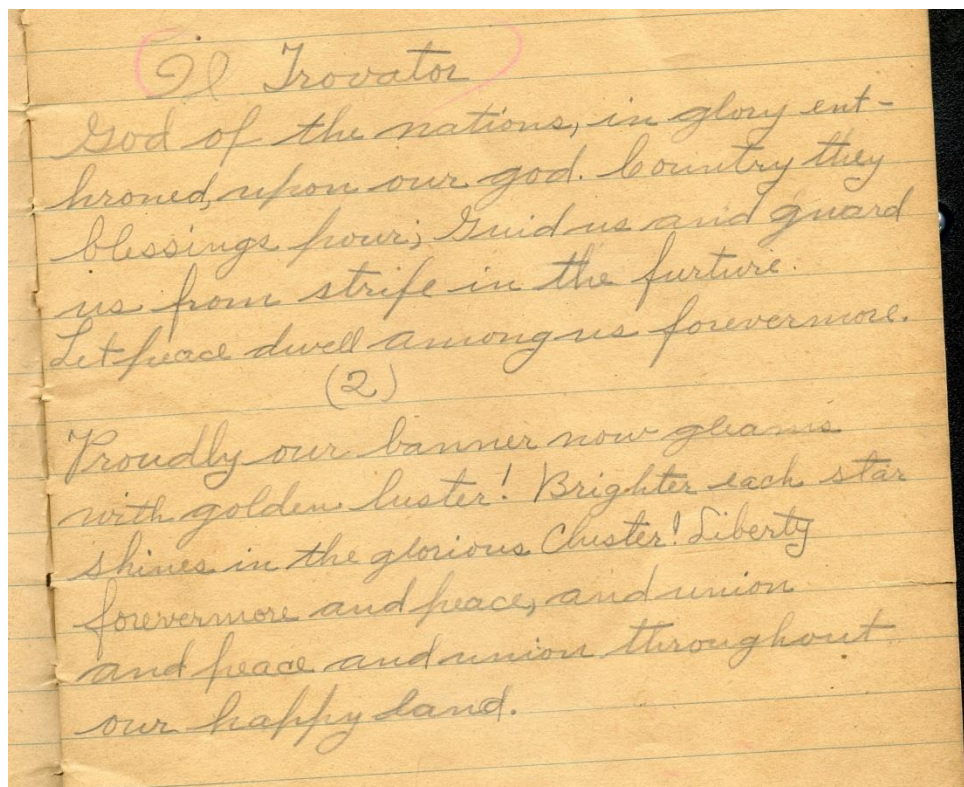
IL Trovator, by Verdi

This is a variant of ANVIL CHORUS by Verdi. The official words are as follows:

God of the nations, in glory enthroned,
Upon our lov'd country Thy blessing pour;
Guide us and guard us from strife in the future,
Let Peace dwell among us for evermore!

Proudly our banner now gleams with golden lustre!
Brighter each star shines in the glorious cluster!
Liberty forevermore! And Peace and Union,
And Peace and Union throughout our happy land.

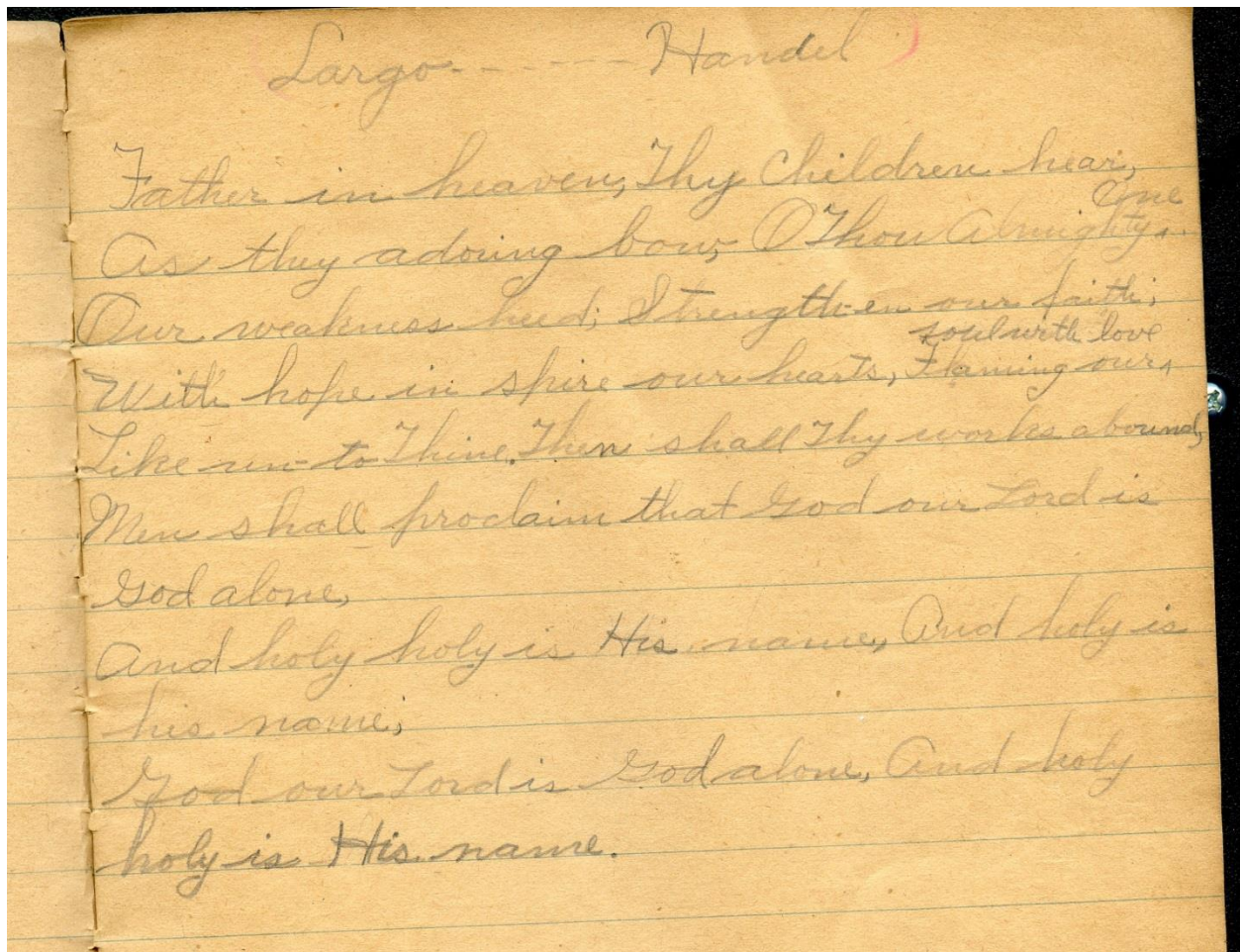
The Anvil Chorus is the English term for the Coro di zingari (Italian Gypsy chorus), a piece of music from Act 2, Scene 1 of Giuseppe Verdi's *Il trovatore* (The Troubador, 1853) which depicts Spanish Gypsies striking their anvils at dawn -- hence its English name -- and singing the praises of hard work, good wine, and their Gypsy women. Most recordings will list this as Verdi's *Le fosche notturne* (Fledermaus1990, 2012). The citation is from YouTube so that the reader can hear this wonderful piece sung.



Largo, by George Friedrich Handel

The written text captures words from 'Serse,' an Opera by George Friedrich Handel. Serse was a king who ruled over Persia from 486 to 465 B.C. His name is Xerxes in English. Perhaps he is best known as the king whose fleet was defeated in the Battle of Salamis in 480 B.C.

According to *The Complete Dictionary of Opera and Operetta*, Handel's opera *Serse* was first performed in London on April 15, 1738. It used an altered version of a libretto that Nicoló Minato had written for an opera of Cavalli. Largo usually goes "'Father in heaven, Thy children hear, as we adoring bow. O Thou almighty one, hear Thou our prayer. Strengthen our faith. With hope inspire our heart... (Zimmermannski, 2013)."



Rheuben Rachel, by Harry Birch and William Gooch

This one was hard to scan. It's a famous comic piece, well known in the minstrel trade. "a written by Harry Birch (words) and William Gooch (melody). Originally published in Boston in 1871. The first line of the song, "Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking," was reused in the very popular song at the close of World War I (1919), "How 'Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm (After They've Seen Patee?) (Wikipedia Contributors)."

From Wikipedia, we found the official lyrics.

Reuben & Rachel

Reuben, I have long been thinking, what a good world this might be,
If the men were all transported far beyond the Northern Sea.
Rachel, I have long been thinking, what a fine world this might be,
If we had some more young ladies on this side the Northern Sea.

Refrain: Too-ral-loo-ral-loo, too-ral-loo-ral, too-ral-loo-ral-loo, too-ral-loo-ral-lee,
If ... the Northern Sea.

Reuben, I'm a poor lone woman. No one seems to care for me;
I wish the men were all transported far beyond the Northern Sea.
I'm a man without a victim. Soon I think there's one will be,
If the men are not transported far beyond the Northern Sea.

Refrain

Reuben, what's the use of fooling, why not come up like a man?
If you'd like to have a lover, I'm for life your Sally Ann.
Oh my goodness! Oh my gracious! What a queer world this would be,
If the men were all transported far beyond the Northern Sea.

Refrain

Reuben, now do stop your teasing, if you've any love for me.
I was only just a-fooling, as I thought of course you'd see.
Rachel, I will not transport you, but will take you for a wife.
We will live on milk and honey, better or worse, we're in for life.

Harry Birch, date unknown, published in 1871 by White, Smith & Perry, Boston.
Source: Jackson, Richard, ed. *Popular Songs of Nineteenth-Century America*. (Mineola, NY: Dover Publications, 1976) 181.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
What a queer world this would be
If the men were all transported

Far beyond the Northern Sea!
Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking
What a queer world this would be
If the girls were all transported
Far beyond the Northern Sea!

Chorus:

Too-ral-loo-ral-loo, Too-ral-loo-ral,
Too-ral-loo-ral-loo, Too-ral-lee
Far beyond the Northern Sea!

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
Life would be so easy then;
What a lovely world this would be
If there were no tiresome men!
Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking
Life would be so easy then;
What a lovely world this would be
If you'd leave it to the men!

(Chorus)

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
If we went beyond the seas,
All the men would follow after
Like a swarm of bumble-bees!
Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking
If we went beyond the seas,
All the girls would follow after
Like a swarm of honey-bees!

(Rhuben & Ratchel)

Rhuben Rhuben I have been thinking what
a queer world this would be if the men
were all transported far beyond the
Northern sea. I was in two or three
times ^(Chorus) but I don't know
the thinking if the men were all
transported far beyond the northern sea.

Ratchel Ratchel I have been thinking what
a queer world this would be if the girls
were all transported far beyond
the northern sea.

Now is Born the Child Devine, French Hymn

The handwritten hymn is a variant of a traditional French Christmas hymn.

The following are two other versions (Foundations Ministries).

Version One:

Refrain:

Now is born the Divine Christ Child,
Play the musette, play the tuneful oboe,
Now is born the Divine Christ Child,
Let us sing and rejoice this day.

1. Ages old are our past and gone,
When wise men foretold His coming,
Ages old are our past and gone,
Noel, noel then let us sing.

2. He was born in a stable bare
In His crib He sleeps so soundly
He was born in a stable bare
Bow in homage to Him now.

Version Two:

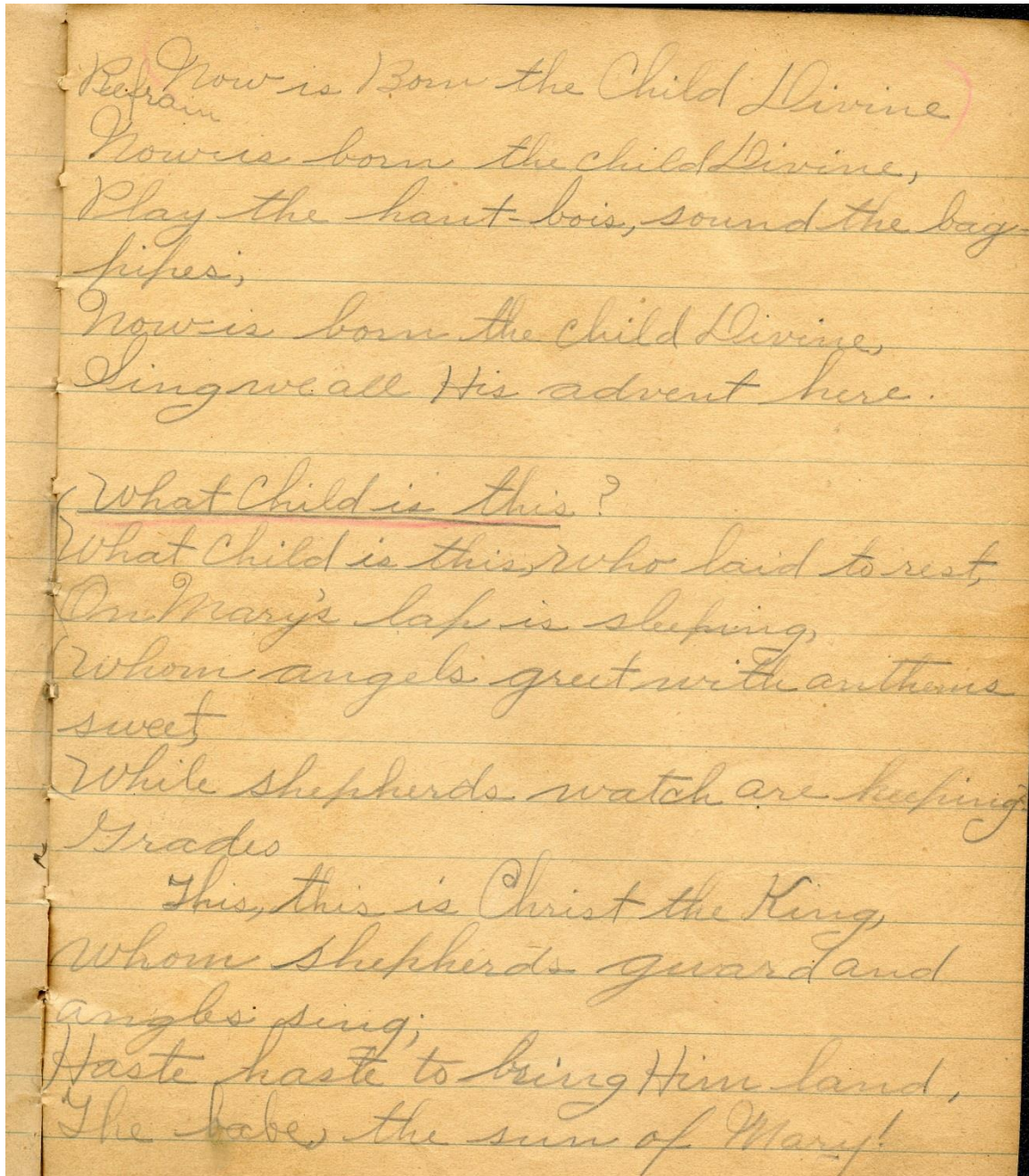
Refrain:

He is born, the divine Christ child.
Play on the oboe and bagpipes merrily.
He is born, the divine Christ child.
Sing we all of the Saviour's birth

1. Through long ages of the past,
Prophets have foretold his coming;
Through long ages of the past,
Now the time has come at last. Chorus

2. Oh, how lovely, oh, how pure.
Is this perfect child of heaven.
Oh, how lovely, oh, how pure,
Gracious gift of God, to man. Chorus

3. Jesus, Lord of all the world,
Coming as a child among us,
Jesus, Lord of all the world,
Grant to us Thy heav'nly peace.



Now is Born the Child Divine
Refrain
Now is born the child Divine,
Play the haut-bois, sound the bag-
pipes,
Now is born the child Divine,
Sing we all His advent here.

What Child is This? By William C. Dix

This piece comes from the Lutheran Hymnal, Number 61. Tune: Greensleeves
1st Published in: 1642 by William C. Dix.

What child is this, who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the king,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste to bring him laud,
The babe, the son of Mary!

Why lies he in such mean estate
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
The silent word is pleading.
Nails, spear shall pierce him through,
The cross he borne for me, for you;
Hail, hail the word made flesh,
The babe, the son of Mary!

So bring him incense, gold, and myrrh;
Come, peasant, king, to own him.
The King of kings salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby;
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The babe, the son of Mary!

What Child is this?
What Child is this, who laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping,
Whom angels greet with anthems
sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping
Grades
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and
angels sing;
Haste haste to bring Him land,
The babe, the son of Mary!

Good King Wenceslas, by John Mason Neale

"**Good King Wenceslas**" is a popular [Christmas carol](#) that tells a story of [Good King Wenceslas](#) braving harsh winter weather to give [alms](#) to a poor [peasant](#) on [the Feast of Stephen](#) (the second day of [Christmas](#), December 26). During the journey, his [page](#) is about to give up the struggle against the cold weather, but is enabled to continue by following the king's footprints, step for step, through the deep snow. The legend is based on the life of the historical [Saint Wenceslaus I, Duke of Bohemia](#) or *Svatý Václav* in [Czech](#) (907–935).

In 1853, English hymnwriter [John Mason Neale](#) wrote the "Wenceslas" lyrics, in collaboration with his music editor [Thomas Helmore](#), and the [carol](#) first appeared in *Carols for Christmas-Tide*, 1853.^{[1][2]} Neale's lyrics were set to a tune based on a 13th-century [spring](#) carol "**Tempus adest floridum**" ("The time is near for flowering") first published in the 1582 [Finnish](#) song collection *Piae Cantiones* (Wikipedia).

There are many versions to the carol. Here from Wikipedia is the 1853.

Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about, deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence, by Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I shall see him dine, when we bear them thither. "
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament and the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer. "
"Mark my footsteps, good my page. Tread thou in them boldly
Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly. "

In his master's steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

(1.)
Good King Wences-las look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay rounda-bout,
Deep and crisp and even;
(Chorus.)

Brightly shone the moon that night,
Tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight
Gathering winter fuel

(2.)
Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou knowst it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where, and what his dwelling?"
(Chorus.)

Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountains
Right against the forest fence,

(3.)

Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither
Thou and I will see him die
When we bear them thither.

(Chorus)

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Thro' the rude winds wild lament
and the bitter weather.

(4.)

Sire, the night is darker now,
and the wind blows stronger
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.

Chorus

Mark my foot steps, my good page
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.

(5.)
On his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted
Heat was in the very sod,
Which the saint had printed
(Chorus)
There-fore Christian men, be sure
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Bid darkness turn to day,
wipe sorrows tears away,
nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll-

Bless Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above -
A ransomed soul.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee, by Ray Palmer

Written in 1830 by Ray Palmer, D.D., son of the Hon. Thomas Palmer, a Judge in Rhode Island, was born at Little Compton, Rhode Island, Nov. 12, 1808. His early life was spent at Boston, where he was for some time clerk in a dry-goods store. At Boston he joined the Park Street Congregational Church, then under the pastoral care of Dr. S. E. Dwight. After spending three years at Phillips Academy, Andover, he entered Yale College, New Haven, where he graduated in 1830. In 1835 he became pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Bath, Maine. During his pastorate there he visited Europe in 1847. In 1850 he was appointed to the First Congregational Church, at Albany, New York, and in 1865 Corresponding Secretary to the American Congregational Union, New York (Hymnary). Presbyterian Hymnal 829

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior Divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

All thru life's transient dream,
Until death's sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, with Thy love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Make me Thy grace to prove
Transform my soul.

Source: <http://www.hymnal.net/hymn.php/h/429#ixzz2nAlbEzfw>

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou lamb of calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

(3)

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart.
My zeal inspire,
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be
a living fire

3.

While life's dark maze I tread,
and griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;

My Task, by Ray, Pickup and Ashford

Words: [Maude L. Ray](#) (verses 1-2), 1903, & [F. H. Pickup](#), verse 3, 1913. Music: [Emma L. Ashford](#), 1903 (Hymntime).

Traditional words are as follows:

To love someone more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child to find his way,
To ponder o'er a noble thought and pray,
And smile when evening falls,
And smile when evening falls:
This is my task.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night,
To keep my heart fit for His holy sight,

And answer when He calls,
And answer when He calls:
This is my task.

And then my Savior by and by to meet,
When faith hath made her task on earth complete,
And lay my homage at the Master's feet,
Within the jasper walls,
Within the jasper walls:
This crowns my task.

- My Task -

To love some one more dearly
every day,

To help a wandering child to find his
way;

To ponder o'er a noble thought
and pray,

And answer when He calls

And answer when He calls.

This is my task

To follow truth as blind men long
for light.

To do my best from dawn of day
till night;

To keep my heart fit for His ^{holy} sight.

And answer when he calls:...

This is my task

And then my Savior by and by to meet

When Faith has made my task on earth
Complete.
To lay my ~~trifles~~ ^{homage} at the Master's feet,
within the Jasper rwall.
This crowns my task.

If Your Heart Keeps Right, by DeArmond and Ackley

Words by Lizzie DeArmond, 1912 and Music by Bentley D. Ackley (Cyberhymnal.org).

Traditional words are as follows:

If the dark shadows gather as you go along,
Do not grieve for their coming; sing a cheery song.
There is joy for the taking; it will soon be light.
Ev'ry cloud wears a rainbow if your heart keeps right.

Refrain

*If your heart keeps right,
If your heart keeps right,
There's a song of gladness in the darkest night.
If your heart keeps right,
If your heart keeps right,
Ev'ry cloud will wear a rainbow,
If your heart keeps right.*

Is your life just a tangle full of toil and care?
Smile a bit as you journey, others' burdens share.
You'll forget all your troubles, making their lives bright.
Skies will grow blue and sunny, if your heart keeps right.

Refrain

There are blossoms of gladness, 'neath the winter's snow.
From the gloom and the darkness come the morning glow.
Never give up the battle, you will win the fight;
Gain the rest of the Victor, if your heart keeps right.

Refrain

If your heart keeps right
If the dark shadows gather as you
go along don't grieve for their
coming, sing a cheering song there is
joy for the taking it will soon be
light, every cloud wears a rainbow
if your heart keeps right.

(Chorus)

If your heart keeps right
If your heart keeps right
There a song of gladness in the
darkest night every cloud will wear
a rainbow if your heart keeps right.

Is your life just a tangle full
of toil and care? Smile a bit as
you journey others burdens share
you'll forget all your troubles making
their lives bright Skies will grow

blue and sunny - If your heart
keeps right.

The Palms, by Theodore T. Barker

This is a rendition of *O'er all the way green palms and blossoms gay* by Theodore T. Barker, published about 1901-1908. The traditional words are as follows.

O'er all the way green palms and blossoms gay
Are strewn this day in festive preparation,
Where Jesus comes to wipe our tears away;
E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare.

Join, sing His name divine,
Let ev'ry voice resound with united acclamation,
Hosanna! Praised be the Lord,
Bless Him who cometh to bring us salvation.

His word goes forth and people by its might
Once more their freedom gain from degradation;
Humanity doth give to each his right,
While those in darkness find restored the light.

Join, sing His name divine,
Let ev'ry voice resound with united acclamation,
Hosanna! Praised be the Lord,
Bless Him who cometh to bring us salvation.

Sing and rejoice. O blest Jerusalem,
Of all thy songs sing the emancipation;
Through boundless love, the Christ of Bethlehem
Brings forth the hope to thee forevermore.

Join, sing His name divine,
Let ev'ry voice resound with united acclamation,
Hosanna! Praised be the Lord,
Bless Him who cometh to bring us salvation.

The Palms.

O'er all the way, ⁽¹⁾ green palms and
blossoms gay

Are strewn this in festal prepa-
ra-tion

Where Jesus comes to wipe our tears
a-way.

Even now the throng to welcome Him
prepare.

1 2)

His word goes forth and people by its
might Once more their freedom gain
from deg--ra--da-tion Humanity
doth give to each his right, while
those in darkness find restored the
light.

over

3

Sing and rejoice, O' blest Je-ru-
sa-lem!

Of all thy sons sing the eman-
ci-pa-tion

Thro' boundless love, the Christ of
Bethle-hem Brings faith and hope
to thee fo-ever-more

(Chorus)

Join all and sing, His name de-
clare. Let ev-ry voice resound

with ac-cla-ma-tion, Hosan-
na! praised be the Lord!

Bless Him, who cometh to bring
us salva-tion!

Washington by William T. and Jessie I. Pierson

The last portion of the hymn was read to the Columbia Historical Society in 1930 by Washington Topham and the words were attributed to Mrs. Jessie I. Pierson.

"City fair, thy foundations are Of the Nation's past a part; And thy bulwarks shine with a light divine In each loyal freeman's heart. Long o'er thee may the banner, free, Of the nation be unfurled. Thou art Queen of State of the Union great 1 Thou art Day Star of the World! (Topham, 1932)."

The song would have been familiar to any Washington, DC student in the 1920's and 1930's, according to John Kelly, metro columnist for the Washington Post, writing in 2010. Kelly noted that the music was composed by William T. Pierson, whereas the words came from his mother Jessie. Pierson was a composer dedicated to making Washington the center of the music business was named in 1907 president of an organization with the purpose. The Hymn was then adopted by the Association of Oldest Inhabitants in 1920 as their official song. In 1923, 2,000 school children performed the piece at the American League ballpark at 7th Street and Florida Ave, NW. President Warren G. Harding and His wife were in attendance (Kelly, 2010).

Washington

Voices raise in a song of praise
For the city, great and free,
With the Goddess, tall, rising high o'er all,
As the sign of Liberty.

Standing where the Potomac fair,
As it flows to meet the Bay,
Links it ever more to Mount Vernon's
shore

By a shining, silver way.

Refrain

Washington, Washington, we love thy
name!

Washington, Washington, long live
thy fame!

Down thy great Avenue earth's
patriots tread.

Heart thou art of all the Nations,

Gateway to God!

Celebrate we the power of State,
Which for Law and Order calls,
With the lofty dome, that proclaims
its home

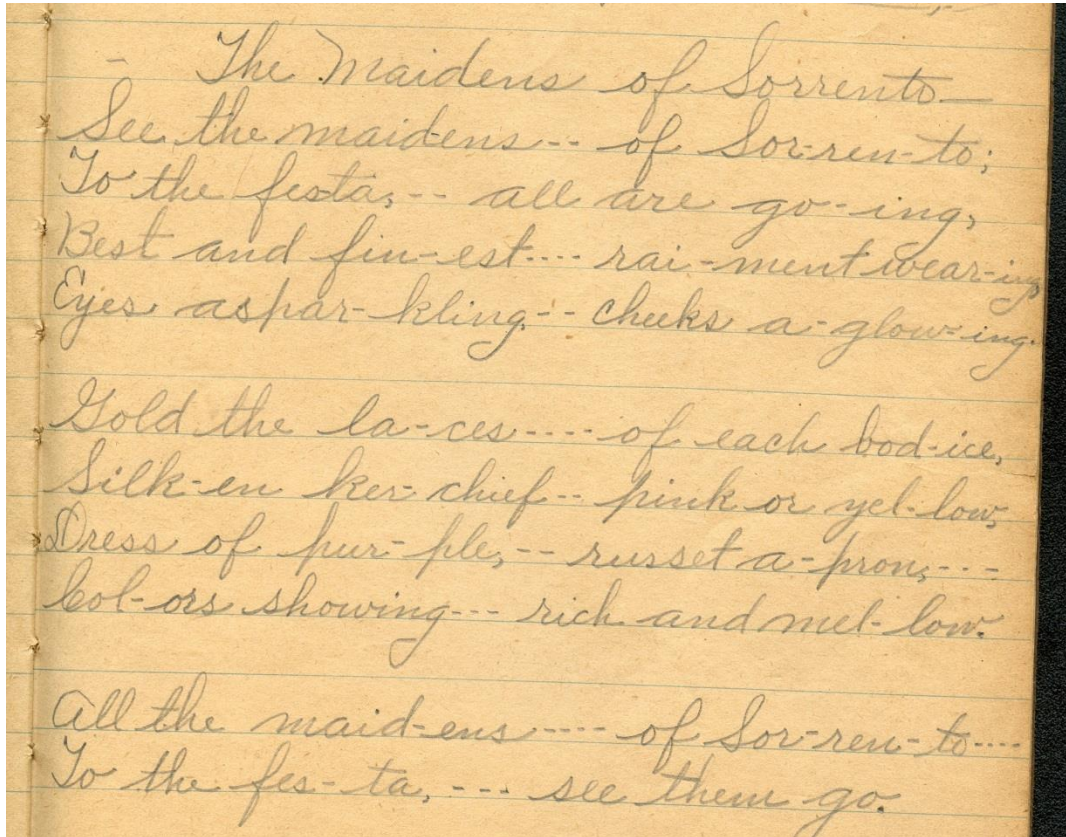
On the Capitol's great Halls,
Laurels bring, as the praise we sing
Of the men with courage high
To protect the land, for the right to stand,
And for Freedom, live or die.

City fair, thy foundations are
Of the Nation's past a part:
But thy bulwarks shine with a light divine
On each loyal freeman's heart.
Long o'er thee may the Banner, free,
Of the Nation be unfurled.
Thou art Queen of State of the Union,

great!
Thou art Day-Star of the world!

The Maidens of Sorrento

Not sure what the origin is.



See the maid-ens-- of So-reu-to;
To the fes-ta,-- all are go-ing,
Pretty fa-ces---- bright-ly smil-ing,
Joy and pleas-ure each is show-ing.

On the road-side,-- laugh-ing,
Chat-ting, with her neigh-bor...
Or her moth-er, Trips each fair one;--
and be-side her-- Black-eyed sister,
swarthy broth-er.

All the maid-ens---- of So-reu-to--
To the fes-ta,---- see them go.

Cockles and Mussels

"**Molly Malone**" (also known as "**Cockles and Mussels**" or "**In Dublin's Fair City**") is a popular song, set in [Dublin](#), Ireland, which has become the unofficial [anthem](#) of Dublin City (Wikipedia).

“The song tells the fictional tale of a beautiful [fishmonger](#) who plied her trade on the streets of Dublin, but who died young, of a fever. In the late 20th century a legend grew up that there was a historical Molly, who lived in the 17th century. She is typically represented as a hawker by day and part-time prostitute by night. In contrast she has also been portrayed as one of the few chaste female street-hawkers of her day. However, there is no evidence that the song is based on a real woman, of the 17th century or at any other time. The name "[Molly](#)" originated as a familiar version of the names [Mary](#) and [Margaret](#). While many such "Molly" Malones were born in Dublin over the centuries, no evidence connects any of them to the events in the song. Nevertheless, in 1988 the Dublin Millennium Commission endorsed claims about a Mary Malone who died on 13 June 1699, and proclaimed 13 June to be "Molly Malone day"

“The song is not recorded earlier than 1883, when it was published in [Cambridge, Massachusetts](#). It was also published by Francis Brothers and Day in London in 1884 as a work written and composed by James Yorkston, of Edinburgh, with music arranged by Edmund Forman. The London edition states that it was reprinted by permission of Kohler and Son of Edinburgh, implying that the first edition was in Scotland, though no copies of it have been located. According to Siobhán Marie Kilfeather the song is from the [music hall](#) style of the period, and while one cannot wholly dismiss the possibility that it is "based on an older folk song", "neither melody nor words bear any relationship to the Irish tradition of street ballads." She describes the story of the historical Molly as "nonsense". The song is in a familiar tragicomic mode popular in this period, probably influenced by earlier songs with a similar theme, such as Percy Montrose's "[My Darling Clementine](#)", which was written circa 1880.

A copy of *Apollo's Medley*, dating to around 1790, published in [Doncaster](#) and rediscovered in 2010, contains a song referring to "Sweet Molly Malone" on its page 78 - this ends with the line "Och! I'll roar and I'll groan, My sweet Molly Malone, Till I'm bone of your bone, And asleep in your bed." However, other than this name and the fact that she lives in [Howth](#) near Dublin, this song bears no other resemblance to the familiar *Molly Malone*. The song was later reprinted in a collection entitled *The Shamrock: A Collection of Irish Songs* (1831) and was published in the *The Edinburgh literary journal* that year with the title "Molly Malone".

In Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "[Cockles](#) and [mussels](#), alive, alive, oh!"
"Alive, alive, oh,
Alive, alive, oh,"
Crying "*Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh*".

She was a fishmonger,
But sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheeled their barrows,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"
(chorus)
She died of a fever,
And none could relieve her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Cockles and Mussels
On Dub-lins fair city where
girls are so pretty, "I was
there I first met with sweet Molly
Ma-lone. She drove a wheel-
bar-row thro' streets broad and
narrow, singing "Cockles and mus-
sels, a-live, all a-live! A-live,
A-live, oh, a-live, a-live, oh,"
Singing, Cock-les, and mus-sels,
a-live, all a-live!"

She died of the "fa-ver" and
noth-ing could save her, and
that was the last of sweet Molly
Ma-lone. But her ghost drives
a bar-row thro' streets broad
and narrow, singing "Mussels and
Cockles, a-live all a-live."

Stand Up! Stand Up for Jesus! By George Duffield, Jr.

"Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus" was composed following the author's beloved friend. In the spring of 1858 revival was taking place in Philadelphia, which grew out of meetings by the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA). Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, a young Episcopalian minister, was the leader. On Tuesday, April 13th, 1858, Rev. Tyng was studying at his country home when he went to the barn to check on his mule which was driving a machine that shelled corn. As he patted down the animal, the sleeve of his gown got caught in the cogs of the machine, and his arm was severely injured. The arm was soon amputated, the wound became mortal, and Tyng died the following week. Before he died, however, he was asked by friends if there were any messages he would have them give to those who had participated with him in the revival work. Tyng responded briefly, beginning with the words, "Tell them, 'Let us all stand up for Jesus.'"

"In the days and events following Tyng's death, these final words were invoked several times and became a resounding exhortation to all who had been affected by his ministry. When George Duffield, Jr. preached to his own congregation the next week, he focused on Ephesians 6:14 ("Stand therefore, having fastened on the belt of truth...") and concluded his sermon with a hymn he had written. It began with the line, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." The hymn was soon picked up by Presbyterian and Congregationalist publishers, and it quickly became an established work. Similar to "[Onward Christian Soldiers](#)," it became popular among soldiers of the Civil War, most likely because of its militaristic imagery and language, though that wasn't the intent (Challies).

Stand up Stand up for Jesus
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer lost:
From victory unto victory His
Army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Chorus

Stand up Stand up for Jesus
Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high His royal banner
It must not, it must not suffer lost

Stand up Stand up for Jesus
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise

The Birthday of A King, by William H. Neidinger

Words and Music by William H. Beidlinger, 1890. A good Christmas hymn. The original words were as follows (Cyberhymnal).

In the little village of Bethlehem,
There lay a Child one day;
And the sky was bright with a holy light
O'er the place where Jesus lay.

Refrain

*Alleluia! O how the angels sang.
Alleluia! How it rang!
And the sky was bright with a holy light
'Twas the birthday of a King.*

'Twas a humble birthplace, but O how much
God gave to us that day,
From the manger bed what a path has led,
What a perfect, holy way.

Refrain

The Birthday of a King

Was the little village of bethlehem
There layed a child one day.
And the sky was bright with a
holy light O're the place where
Jesus lay.

Alleluna oh how the anglis sang
" " " it rang
And the sky was bright with a
holy light 'twas the birthday of
a King

Alleluna oh how the anglas sang
" how the "Chorus" rang.
And the sky was bright with a holy
light 'twas the birthday of the King

I was a humble birth place
but oh how sweet, God gave
to us that day from the
meaner bed what path herd
led what a perfect holy way.
Alleluia etc.

Ring Out Oh Christmas Bells

I don't know who authored the hymn. The earliest source appears to be Carol #97, [Rev. Charles Lewis Hutchins, *Carols Old and Carols New*](#) (Boston: Parish Choir, 1916) (Ring Out, Ring Out, O Christmas Bells).

That work showed the following words.

1. Ring out, ring out, O Christmas bells!
A tale of joy your music tells;
A Saviour King was born today
To rule the hearts of men for aye.

Chorus

For this we join to swell the strain,
The angels sang o'er Judah's plain!
Glory to God, good will to men,
Shall rise and fill the heavens again.

2. O Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Sweet peace and joy Thy presence brings;
We know the Father loves us well
To rescue thus our souls from hell. ***Chorus***

3. But who can measure all the love
That brought Thee from Thy throne above,
With us to live, for us to die,
That we might reign with Thee on high. ***Chorus***

4. Dear Saviour, Elder, Brother, Friend,
Abide with us till life shall end;
And then, when death shall set us free,
Within the kingdom won by Thee.

Chorus

Earth's ransomed ones shall swell the strain,
"All worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Honour and glory to receive
From all created things that breathe."

Ring Out Oh Christmas Bells

Ring out ring out oh Christmas bells
A tale of joy your music tells
A savior King was born to day
To rule the hearts of men for aye.
Chorus

For this we join to swell the strain
The angel sang Judah's plain
Glory to God good will to men shall
rise and fill the heavens again.

But who can measure all the love
That brought thee from thy throne above
With us to live for us to die
That we might reign with thee on high.

Dear Savior elder brother Friend
Abide with us till life shall end,

Ol Satan is Like a Snake in the Grass

This is from an old African-American spiritual, perhaps even from slave times, often repeated. Oh, **Satan** is like a **snake in de grass**, An' ef you don't mind, he'll git you at last.

