

Music with Which to Follow The Nonviolent Jesus of the Gospel and His Way of Nonviolent Love of Friends and Enemies

The Impossible Dream

To dream the impossible dream
To fight the unbeatable foe
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run where the brave dare not go
To right the unrightable wrong
To love pure and chaste from afar
To try when your arms are too weary
To reach the unreachable star
This is my quest
To follow that star
No matter how hopeless
No matter how far
To fight for the right
Without question or pause
To be willing to march into Hell
For a heavenly cause
And I know if I'll only be true
To this glorious quest
That my heart will lie peaceful and calm
When I'm laid to my rest
And the world will be better for this
That one man, scorned and covered with scars
Still strove with his last ounce of courage
To reach the unreachable star

In the Garden

I come to the garden alone
While the dew is still on the roses
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear
The Son of God discloses.

And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known.

He speaks and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing

And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing

And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known

I'd stay in the garden with Him though the
night around me be falling
But He bids me go
Through the voice of woe
His voice to me is calling

And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known.

Tramp on the Street

Only a tramp was Lazarus who begged
He who lay down by the rich man's gate
And he begged for the crumbs from the rich man to eat
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street

He was some mother's darling, he was some mother's son
Once he was fair, once he was young
Some mother rocked him, her little darling, to sleep
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

Jesus who died on Calvary's tree
Shed his life's blood for you and me
They pierced his side, his hands, and his feet
Then they left him to die like a tramp on the street.
He was Mary's own darling, God's chosen son
Once he was fair, once he was young
Mary, she rocked him, her little darling to sleep
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

When the battles are over and the victory won
Everyone mourns for the poor man's son,
Red, white and blue, and victory's sweet,
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

He was some mother's darling, he was some mother's son,
Once he was fair, once he was young,
Some mother rocked him, her little darling, to sleep,
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street
Yes, they left him to die like a tramp on the street

Lead Kindly Light

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home; lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will.
Remember not past years!
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

I Believe

I believe for every drop of rain that falls
A flower grows,
I believe that somewhere in the darkest night
A candle glows,
I believe for everyone who goes astray,
Someone will come to show the way,
I believe, I believe.

I believe above the storm a smallest prayer
Will still be heard,
I believe that someone in the great somewhere
Hears every word,
Every time I hear a newborn baby cry,
Or touch a leaf, or see the sky,
Then I know why,
I believe.

Every time I hear a newborn baby cry,
Or touch a leaf, or see the sky,
Then I know why,
I believe.

Precious Lord Take my Hand

Precious Lord, take my hand, Lead me on, let me stand, I am tired, I am weak, I am worn; Through the storm, through the night, Lead me on to the light: Take my hand, precious Lord, Lead me home.

When my way grows drear, Precious Lord, linger near, When my life is almost gone, Hear my cry, hear my call, Hold my hand lest I fall: Take my hand, precious Lord, Lead me home.

When the darkness appears And the night draws near, And the day is past and gone, At the river I stand, Guide my feet, hold my hand: Take my hand, precious Lord, Lead me home.

NOTE: “Martin called down to Ben Branch the saxophonist and song leader for the evening. *‘Ben make sure you play **Precious Lord Take my Hand** in the meeting tonight. Play it real pretty.’*”

“Okay, Doc, I will.”

“There was no reply. Time on the balcony had turned lethal. Martin Luther King's sojourn on earth was finished.”

He

He can turn the tide
And calm the angry sea
He alone decides
Who writes a symphony
He lights every star
That makes our darkness bright
He keeps watch all through
Each long and lonely night

He still finds a way
To hear a child's first prayer
Saint or sinner calls
And always finds him there
Though it makes him sad
To see the way we live
He'll always say—I forgive

He still finds a way
To hear a child's first prayer
Saint or sinner calls
And always finds him there
Though it makes him sad

To see the way we live
He'll always say—I forgive

He can grant a wish
Or make a dream come true
He can paint the clouds
And turn the grey to blue
He alone knows where
To find the rainbows end
He alone can see
What lies beyond the bend

He can touch a tree
And turn the leaves to gold
He knows every lie
That you and I have told
Though it makes him sad
To see the way we live
He'll always say—I forgive.

Charity

Although I speak with the tongues
Of men and of angels,
Although I prophesy
And understand all,
Although I have all faith
That mountains could be removed.
Although I feed the poor
And give of my life.

CHORUS:
If I have not charity
If love does not flow through me
I am nothing,
Jesus reduce me to love.

Love is patient, love is kind,
Love is not envious;
Not proud but gentle and meek
Seeks not its own way.
Love sings when Jesus prevails,
Believes and endures all things,
Love hopes and bears every wrong
And love never fails.

CHORUS:

If I have not charity
If love does not flow through me
I am nothing
Jesus reduce me to love

One season I was a child I spoke and thought as a child
But when I turned to the Christ
Such things put away.
And now we see through a glass
But then we shall see face to face
Though now abide faith and hope
The greatest is love

CHORUS:
If I have not charity
If love does not flow through me
I am nothing
Jesus reduce me to love.
Jesus reduce us to love.

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM (WORDS AS ABOVE, DIFFERENT ARTIST)