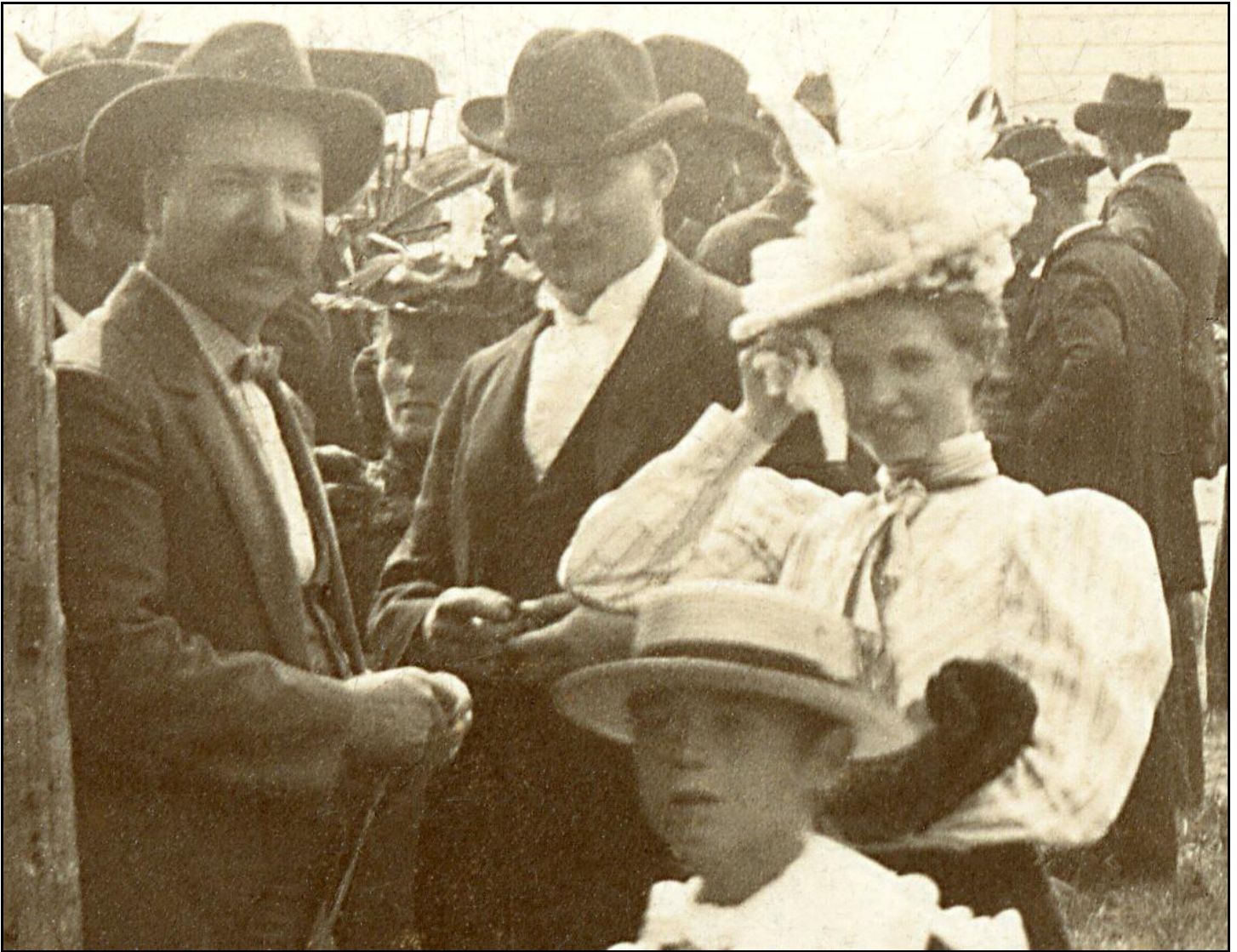


*Celebrating Nora UU Church's Gathering Day – 1881  
With Music of the late 1800s  
Nora UU Church  
2:00 pm, August 21, 2011*

*The combined choirs of  
Nora UU Church & the Mankato UU Fellowship*



*Directed by Gil Hanson  
Sally Hanson – Piano  
Nancy Cramblit & Jerry Burkhart – Keyboard  
Angie Becker Kudelka – Double Bass  
the Rev. Lisa Doege – Narration  
Mike Powell – Slide Show*

**Query? Shall Women Vote?** (1881) Nita Gilbert, Michelle Sturm,  
Nancy Cramblit, Jeanie Hinsman, Connie Rovney, Beverly Wellman & Choir

Song & Chorus Words by Joseph D. Payne; Music arranged by Frank Boylen

1. Shall women vote, we answer, yes,  
How could we answer no,  
And boast of freedom in our midst  
Without entailing woe.  
Why should they not plug ugly, tell,  
What rights have you to claim,  
That they have not with right, as well,  
To ask, demand the same.

CHORUS [sung after each verse]  
For the love pow'r is the strongest  
In earth, or heav'n above,  
With harmony surrounded,  
Its author, God is love!

2. Does might make right, is this your plea,  
If so please stand aside,  
The elephant will take the front,  
Our ship of state to guide.  
Is it because that you can drink  
More whiskey, beer, and wine,  
And not get drunk, and seem to think  
Your majesty divine?

3. The past and present all combine,  
To prove this pow'r of love,  
And show its origin divine,  
Descending from above.  
Then wield your pow'r angelic choir,  
'Till earth and heav'n combine  
To place your rights beyond dispute,  
And prove the pow'r divine.

**Little Mollie Brown** (1881) Pat Kunerth & Choir  
Words by Arthur W. French and Music by W. S. Milton

1. Bands of bright hair gently twining  
'Round a sweet and winsome face,  
Eyes the dewy stars outshining,  
Linked with form of fairy grace.  
Sweeter than the blushing roses,  
Queen enough to wear a crown,  
Not a thought of guile reposes,  
In the heart of Mollie Brown.

CHORUS [sung after each verse]  
Dearest, Mollie, sweetest Mollie,  
Always smile and never frown,  
Do you know how well we love you,  
Pretty little Mollie Brown?

2. From the angels as a blessing  
Was our little Mollie sent,  
Just for kisses and caressing,  
Just for summer sunshine lent.  
May her life be one of pleasure,  
Darken'd by no tear or frown,  
While our hearts will fondly treasure  
Pretty little Mollie Brown.

**Slowly and Sadly** (1881) Michelle Sturm & Choir  
Words and Music by Miss Arabella [M.] Root (Madame De L'Armitage)

Memorial Tribute with deep sympathy most respectfully dedicated to  
The bereaved Family & Friends of the "Late" President Garfield.

1. Slowly and sadly borne to the tomb,  
Him whom we loved so well,  
Pride of the Nation veiled in deep gloom,  
By the dread fun'ral knell;  
Silently, tearfully, with sacred tread,  
Borne to his rest, the brave hero now dead.  
Tenderly, lovingly, wept o're the bier,  
Many true friends, of our loved Ruler dear;
2. Grand, noble chieftain, great and good man,  
Fond tender husband too.  
Kind loving father, righteous his plan,  
Loyal to all good and true;  
Peacefully sleeping his long and last sleep,  
Nation and family sorrow and weep,  
Free now from suff'ring, and resting from care,  
May we all meet him, in heaven "o'r there;"

CHORUS [sung after each verse]  
Slowly and sadly borne to the tomb,  
Him who we loved so well,  
Pride of the Nation veiled in deep gloom.  
By the dread fun'ral knell.

**I'll Marry the Man I Love** (1897) Nita Gilbert  
Words & Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld

1. One day a rich man called his pretty daughter to his side,  
And said: "A wealthy friend of mine wants you to be his bride;  
Last night he spoke to me and I have promised him your hand,  
So when he calls, say you'll be his-- remember my command!"  
The maiden said, "Why father, dear, I cannot be his wife,  
Because I love another, yes, far dearer than my life!"  
And when he sternly told her she must wed his choice, instead,  
Or else disinherit her, she wept but staunchly said:

CHORUS [sung after each verse]

"I'll marry the man I love...	Remember that gold can't buy
No other my hand shall claim...	Or conquer a woman's heart.
For I've given my heart to him, dad,	And I'll marry the man I love, dad,
And someday I'll bear his name.	Tho' from you I part!"

2. In anger proud he stormed and raged, then pointing to the door,  
Said: "Go! I cast you off, and let me see your face no more!  
You've dared to disobey me but your folly you'll repent!  
For out of all my millions you shall never have a cent!"  
She sadly turned to go but stopped beside the door to say:  
"Tis you, who will regret your cruel words this day!"  
And when he said, "Well I'll forgive if you will only wed  
The man I've chosen for you dear," once more she bravely said:

**Hang Up the Baby's Stocking** (1870) JoAnn Huss, Nita Gilbert & Choir

Music by Hiram Murray Higgins

Words from "The Little Corporal" by Emily Huntington Miller

1. Hang up the baby's stocking  
Be sure you don't forget!  
The dear little dimpled darling,  
She never saw Christmas yet!  
But I've told her all about it,  
And she opened her big blue eyes;  
And I'm sure she understood it-  
She looked so funny and wise.

2. I know what I will do for the baby.  
I've thought of the very best plan.  
I'll borrow a stocking of Grandma's,  
The longest that ever I can.  
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
Right here in the corner so!  
And leave a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it in the toe.

CHORUS [sung after each verse]  
Hang up the baby's stocking,  
Be sure you don't forget!  
The dear little dimpled darling,  
She ne'er saw Christmas yet.

**Lost** (1881) Michelle Sturm & Choir

Music by Marion

Words by C. B. Lewis

Respectfully Dedicated to Miss Anna B. Carpenter, Chicago, IL

1. He kiss'd my cheek and said goodbye  
As he sail'd for the Southern sea.  
And the white wing'd bark sped fast away  
And has never come back to me.  
The sailors sail in and the sailors sail out.  
The ships sail to and fro.  
And my eyes are dim with watching for him  
Who sail'd in the long ago.

2. His heart was brave and mine was sad  
As we walk'd by the moonlit shore.  
And I promised to wait and watch for him.  
And I'm waiting for evermore.  
The sailors sail out and the sailors return.  
The ships sail to and fro.  
And I watch again and I wait in vain  
For the barque of long ago.

3. The white sea gulls fly far and near.  
But they never bring word to me.  
And the breeze brings other ships to port  
But never a ship to me.  
Oh!  
The winds blow safe  
and the winds blow strong  
And the white caps come and go.  
But never in tears thro' long sad years  
I've watch'd for the long ago.

**The Old Kitchen Door** (1881) Jerry Burkhart, Pat Kunerth, Christopher Olson,  
Nita Gilbert, JoAnn Huss, Michelle Sturm & Choir  
Words and Music by Eddie Fox (To J. J. Kelly, Esq.)

1. Yes, it swingeth on its hinges  
As it did in days of yore,  
And the very same old creaking you will hear,  
And the rattle of the latch,  
As it drops upon the catch,  
Yet is sweetest music to my longing ear.  
The dear ones that have gone,  
O'er its threshold thin and worn,  
Have pass'd for ever one by one away;  
And the children that once play'd  
Hide and seek within its shade,  
Now are old and wrinkled, weary worn and grey.

2. At midnight when 'tis still  
And the wind rests on the hill—  
Feet patter on the bare old kitchen floor;  
And the tinkle of the latch,  
As it falls upon the catch,  
And the gentle closing of the open door,  
Tells to me in words so dear,  
That the lost ones once so dear,  
Love to leave the golden starry plain,  
Just to walk upon the floor,  
And ope' and shut the door,  
That swings in that old kitchen once again.

CHORUS [sung after each verse]

But the click of the latch,  
As it falls upon the catch,  
Sounds the same year after year;  
And the rattle and the squeak,  
Is the same week after week,  
Of that old kitchen door so dear.

**The Old Kitchen Clock** (1898) Choir  
Words and Music by G. B. Brigham

1. There's an old kitchen clock on the shelf near the  
door,  
That has been there since I was born.  
It has ticked off a story of a life full of care,  
All the day thro' the night and morn.  
It was placed there by mother, who now is gone,  
And father use to wind it every night.  
The children went to school at the stroke of its  
chime,  
And it made the old home cheerful and bright.

2. It awoke me in the morn at the early hour of six  
And it gathered all the folks for lunch at noon.  
It timed the golden sunset in the far, far west  
And it told us of our bedtime too soon.  
When mother passed away it struck its last.  
It seemed that its usefulness was o'er.  
We all miss the tick of the old kitchen clock  
That stood upon the shelf near the door.

CHORUS [sung after each verse]

The old kitchen clock with its tick, tick, tock,  
As it stood on the shelf near the door.  
It's as dear now to me as the child on my knee,  
And I'll love it forevermore.