

Wisdom Songs

The Wisdom of Proverbs: "Shalom"

Shalom chaverim, shalom chaverim, Shalom, shalom
Le hit ra ot, le hit ra ot, shalom, shalom.
Farewell, dear friends, stay safe, dear friends, have peace, have peace
We'll see you again, we'll see you again, have peace, have peace.

The Wisdom of Proverbs: "Yakety Yak"
The Coasters

From "The Coasters Greatest Hits" peak Billboard position #1 for 1 week in 1958
Word and Music by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Take out the papers and the trash
Or you don't get no spendin' cash
If you don't scrub that kitchen floor
You ain't gonna rock and roll no more
Yakety yak (don't talk back)

Just finish cleanin' up your room
Let's see that dust fly with that broom
Get all that garbage out of sight
Or you don't go out Friday night
Yakety yak (don't talk back)

You just put on your coat and hat
And walk yourself to the Laundromat
And when you finish doin' that
Bring in the dog and put out the cat
Yakety Yak (don't talk back)

Don't you give me no dirty looks
Your father's hip; he knows what cooks
Just tell your hoodlum friends outside
You ain't got time to take a ride
Yakety Yak (don't talk back)

The Wisdom of Ecclesiastes: "Turn Turn Turn"
The Byrds

To everything, turn, turn, turn.
There is a season, turn, turn, turn.
And a time for every purpose under heaven.
A time to be born, a time to die.
A time to plant, a time to reap.
A time to kill, a time to heal.
A time to laugh, a time to weep.

To everything, turn, turn, turn.
There is a season, turn, turn, turn.
And a time to every purpose under heaven.
A time to build up, a time to break down.
A time to dance, a time to mourn.
A time to cast away stones.
A time to gather stones together.

To everything, turn, turn, turn.
There is a season, turn, turn, turn.
And a time to every purpose under heaven.
A time of love, a time of hate.
A time of war, a time of peace.
A time you may embrace.
A time to refrain from embracing.

To everything turn, turn, turn.
There is a season, turn, turn, turn.
And a time to every purpose under heaven.
A time to gain, a time to lose.
A time to rend, a time to sow.
A time for love, a time for hate.
A time for peace, I swear it's not too late.

The Wisdom of Ecclesiastes: "Blowin' in the Wind"
By Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

The Wisdom of Ecclesiastes: "Dust in the Wind"
Kansas

I close my eyes, only for a moment, and the moment's gone
All my dreams, pass before my eyes, a curiosity
Dust in the wind, all they are is dust in the wind
Same old song, just a drop of water in an endless sea
All we do, crumbles to the ground, though we refuse to see
Dust in the wind, All we are is dust in the wind
Don't hang on, nothing lasts forever but the earth and sky
It slips away, all your money won't another minute buy
Dust in the wind, All we are is dust in the wind.

The Wisdom of Job: "We Shall Overcome"
Words and Music: African American Spiritual

We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
We shall overcome someday!
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
We shall overcome someday!

The Wisdom of Job: "Precious Lord, Take My Hand"
Words and Music by Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932

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.

The Wisdom of Job: "Stand By Me"
Words and Music by Charles Albert Tindley, 1906

When the storms of life are raging stand by me
Repeat
When the world is tossing me, like a ship upon the sea,
Thou who rulest wind and water, stand by me.

In the midst of tribulation, stand by me.
Repeat.
When the host of hell assail, and my strength begins to fail,
Thou who never lost a battle, stand by me.

In the midst of faults and failures, stand by me.
Repeat.
When I've done the best I can, and my friends misunderstand,
Though who knowest all about me, stand by me.

In the midst of persecution, stand by me.

Repeat.

When my foes in war array undertake to stop my way,
Though who saved Paul and Silas, stand by me.

When I'm growing old and feeble, stand by me.

Repeat.

When my life becomes a burden, and I'm nearing chilly Jordan,
O thou Lily of the Valley, stand by me.

The Wisdom of Job: "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See"
Words and Music: African American Spiritual

Nobody knows the trouble I see, nobody knows but Jesus;
Oh, nobody knows the trouble I see, glory hallelujah!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down, Oh, yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord! Oh,
Refrain: Nobody knows...

What makes old Satan hate me so? Oh, yes, Lord!
Cause he got me once and let me go, Oh, yes, Lord!
Refrain

The Wisdom of Jesus: "Seek Ye First"
Words and Music by Karen Lafferty, 1972

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness
And all these things shall be added unto you.
Allelu, alleluia!
Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek and ye shall find;
Knock, and the door shall be opened unto you.
Allelu, alleluia!

The Wisdom of Jesus: "Hymn of Promise"
Natalie Sleeth 1986

In the bulb there is a flower, in the seed, an apple tree;
In cocoons a hidden promise; butterflies will soon be free!
In the cold and snow of winter there's a spring that waits to be,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.
There's a song in every silence, seeking word and melody;
There's a dawn in every darkness, bringing hope to you and me.
From the past will come the future; what it holds, a mystery,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.
In our end is our beginning; in our time, infinity;
In our doubt there is believing; in our life, eternity.
In our death, a resurrection; at the last, a victory,
Unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

The Wisdom of Jesus: "Tu Has Venido a la Orilla"
Words and Music by Cesareo Gabarain 1987

O Lord, with your eyes you have searched me,
And while smiling have spoken my name;
Now my boat's left on the shoreline behind me;
By your side I will seek other seas.

Senor, me has mirado a los ojos
Y son riendo has dicho mi nombre
Enla renna hedeja do mibarca
Junot ati buscare otro mar.

Lord, you have come to the lake shore
Looking neither for wealthy nor wise ones;
You only asked me to follow humbly.

Refrain: Espanol

You need my hands, full of caring
Through my labors to give others rest,
And constant love that keeps on loving.

Refrain: English

You who have fished other oceans,
Every longed for by souls who are waiting,
My love friend, as thus you call me
Refrain: Espanol/English

The Bended Knee: "Be Thou My Vision"

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art
Thou my best Thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my battle Shield, Sword for the fight;
Be Thou my Dignity, Thou my Delight;
Thou my soul's Shelter, Thou my high Tower:
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine Inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my Treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O Bright Heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

Words: Attributed to Dallan Forgaill, 8th Century.

Music: "Slane" of Irish folk origin.

Slane Hill is 10 miles from Tara in County Meath. On Slane Hill around 433 AD St. Patrick defied a royal edict by lighting candles on Easter Eve. High King Logaire of Tara had decreed that no one could light a fire before Logaire began the pagan spring festival by lighting a fire on Tara Hill. Logaire was so impressed by Patrick's devotion that, despite his defiance, he let him continue his missionary work.

The Bended Knee: "This is the Day"

Words adapted from Ps 118:24 by Les Garrett; Music by Les Garrett
1967

This is the day, this is the day that the Lord hath made, that the Lord hath made.
Let us rejoice, let us rejoice and be glad in it, and be glad in it.
This is the day that the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.
This is the day, this is the day that the Lord hath made.

The Listening Heart: "The Gift of Love"

Words by Hal Hopson, 1972 Music: Traditional English melody

Though I may speak with bravest fire,
And have the gift to all inspire,
And have not love, my words are vain.
As sounding brass, and hopeless gain.

Though I may give all I possess,
And striving so my love profess,
But not be given by love within
The profit soon turns strangely thin.

Come, Spirit, come, our hearts control,
Our spirits long to be made whole.
Let inward love guide every deed;
By this we worship, and are freed.

"The Cool Spirit: I Want a Principle Within"

Charles Wesley 1749

I want a principle within of watchful, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin, a pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel of pride or wrong desire,
To catch the wandering of my will, and quench the kindling fire.

From thee that I no more may stray, no more thy goodness grieve,
Grant me the filial awe, I pray, the tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye, O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh, and keep it still awake.

The Cool Spirit: "Jesus Calls Us"

Cecil Frances Alexander 1852

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, saying, "Christian, follow me!"

As of old the apostles heard it by the Galilean lake,
turned from home and toil and kindred, leaving all for Jesus' sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us, saying "Christian, love me more!"

In our joys and in our sorrows, days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,"Christian, love me more than these!"

Jesus calls us! By thy mercies, Savior, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thine obedience, serve and love thee best of all.

Subversive Voice
O Young and Fearless Prophet
S. Ralph Harlow, 1931

O young and fearless Prophet of ancient Galilee,
Thy life is still a summons to serve humanity;
To make our thoughts and actions less prone to please the crowd,
To stand with humble courage for truth with hearts uncowed.

We marvel at the purpose that held thee to thy course
While ever on the hilltop before thee loomed the cross;
Thy steadfast face set forward where love and duty shone,
While we betray so quickly and leave thee there alone.

O help us stand unswerving against war's bloody way,
Where hate and lust and falsehood hold back Christ's holy sway;
Forbid false love of country that blinds us to his call,
Who lifts above the nations the unity of all.

Stir up in us a protest against our greed for wealth,
While others starve and hunger and plead for work and health;
Where homes with little children cry out for lack of bread,
Who lives their years sore burdened beneath a gloomy dread.

O young and fearless Prophet, we need thy presence here,
Amid our pride and glory to see thy face appear;
Once more to hear thy challenge above our noisy day,
Again to lead us forward along God's holy way.

S. Ralph Harlow (1885-1972) was a Congregational minister who served as a chaplain and sociology teacher for many at the International College in Smyrna, Turkey (1912-1922) When W.W. I broke out he served as YMCA director of American forces in France. After the war he taught for many years at Smith College as professor of religion and ethics.