I'm on My Own, but not Alone.

"I love it here. I have made so many new friends. There are always activities to join."
Eunice Ahrendsen
Resident of The Meadows

SERVICES OFFERED:

* 24 hour emergency pull cords
* Secure Environment
* Beauty/Barber Shop
* Noon meals served in an elegant dining room
* Weekly cleaning of kitchen and bathroom
* Broad range of social activities
* All Utilities Paid (except phone and cable)

The Meadows Independent Senior Community
1200 2nd St. SW, Clarion, IA 50525
(515) 532-3923

SINGING TIME

America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates — Samuel A. Ward

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain; A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern im - pas - sioned stress A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness; A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib-er - ty in law
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife, Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life; A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine, Till all suc - cess be no - ble-ness And ev-'ry gain di- vine.
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man tears; A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.

47329-8

AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION SERVICE---IOWA STATE COLLEGE

SEPTEMBER, 1942 AMES, IOWA

The Star-Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key

1. O___ say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
3. O___ thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their loved

hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
home and wild war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the

per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-
heav'n-res-cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a

stream-ing? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave_
clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
na-tion! Then_ con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And_

CHORUS

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O___ say, does that star-span-gled
glo-ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star spangled ban-ner: O
this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star spangled ban-ner in

cresc. *ff*

ban-ner yet_ wave O'er the land_ of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it___ wave O'er the land_ of the free and the home of the brave!
tri-umph shall wave O'er the land_ of the free and the home of the brave.

47329

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe — Composer Unknown

March time

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. He has sound - ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er blow re - treat; He is
3. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tram-pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored, He hath
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat, Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - som that that trans-figures you and me, As He

loos'd the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword, His truth is march-ing on.
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS

Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

America

Samuel Francis Smith — Composer Unknown

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring thro' all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Let mor-tal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa-thers died, Land of the Pil-grim's pride, From ev'-ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

L. L. — Louis Lambert

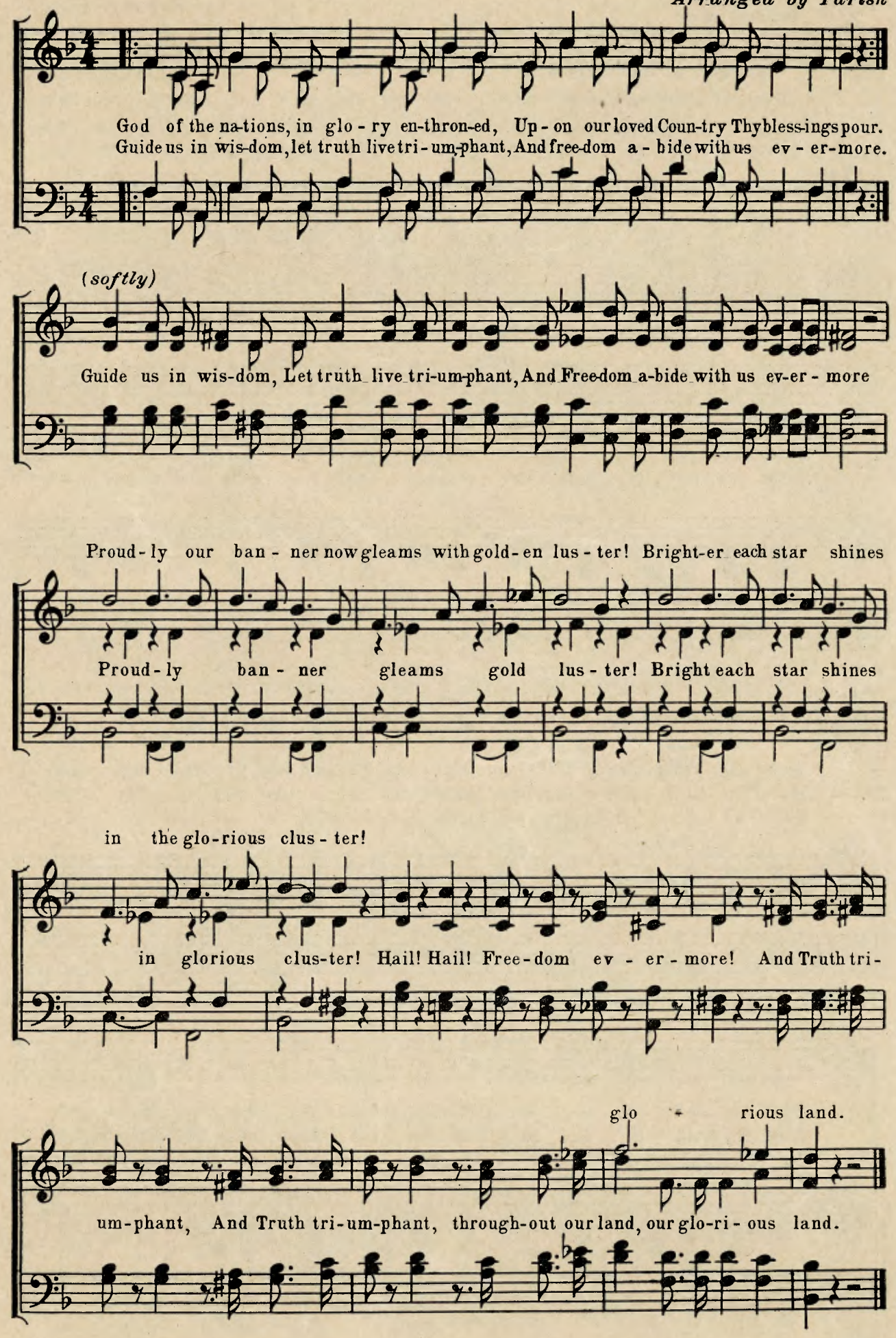
1. When John-ny comes marching home a-gain, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! We'll give him a heart-y
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! To wel-come home our
3. Get read-y for the ju-bi-lee, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! We'll give the he-roes

wel-come then, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar-ling boy Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The vil-lage lads and las-sies gay With
three times three, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The lau-rel wreath is read-y now To

: la-dies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay When John-ny comes marching home!
ros-es they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay When John-ny comes marching home!
place up-on his loy-al brow, And we'll all feel gay When John-ny comes marching home!

God of The Nations

G. Verdi
Arranged by Parish



Hymn for All Peoples

Elizabeth Hoyt

Powell - Chase

Not too slow

1. King of Kings, and Lord of vis - ion, Ma - ny na - tions cry to Thee,
2. Bar - ri - ers of birth have bound us, We have boast - ed in our pride,
3. Faint-ly thru un - num - bered ag - es We have glimps'd a clear - er day,

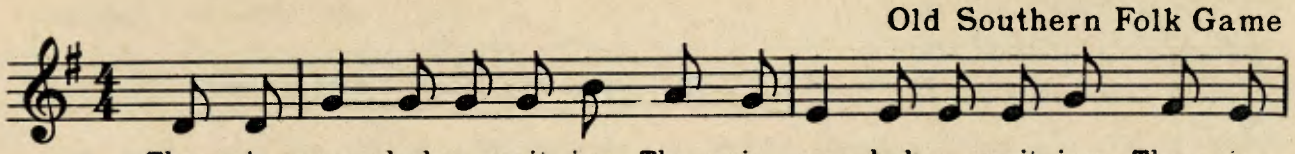
Ma - ny voi - ces, one pe - ti - tion, Ma - ny tongues, a sin - gle plea;
From the needs of those a - bout us, Blind - ly we have turned a - side;
Slow we rise by pain - ful stag-es Cast - ing child - ish things a-way;

Seek - ing, strug-gling, fail - ing, thriv - ing, Far and wide Thy chil - dren call,
But Thy lov - ing kind-ness hold - eth All a - like with - in Thy care,
So we gain that great com - mun - ion Long foretold, at last to be,

Pi - ty, Lord, our sel - fish striv - ing, Send Thy mer - cy on us all.
And Thy truth to all un - fold - eth, All Thy sons Thy wit-ness bear.
In Thy Spir - it find - ing Un - ion, Each with all and all with Thee.

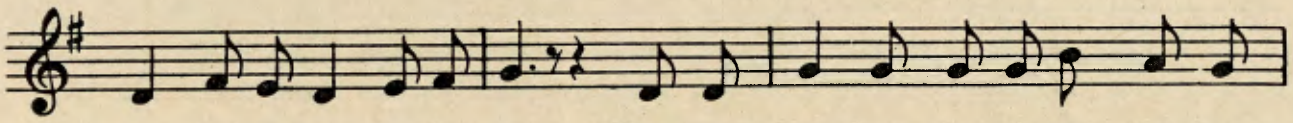
There Is Somebody Waiting

Old Southern Folk Game



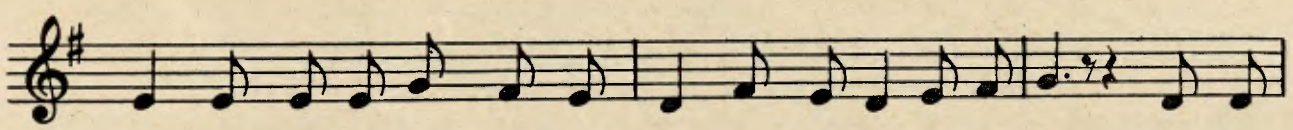
There is some-bod-y wait-ing, There is some-bod-y wait-ing, There is

Dir· Couples in single circle, hands joined, move counter-clockwise. Three odd



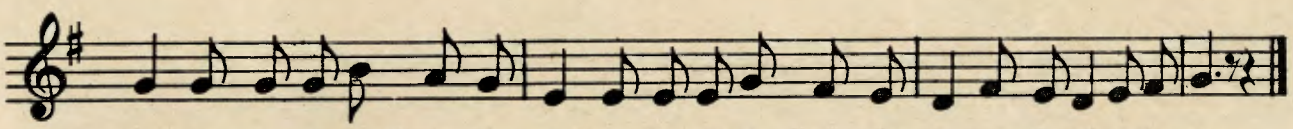
some-bod-y wait-ing for me. Now choose one, leave the oth-ers, Now choose

girls in center. Each odd girl chooses a couple and three hands



one, leave the oth-ers, Now choose one, leave the oth-ers for me. Swing the

round clockwise in center Odd girl



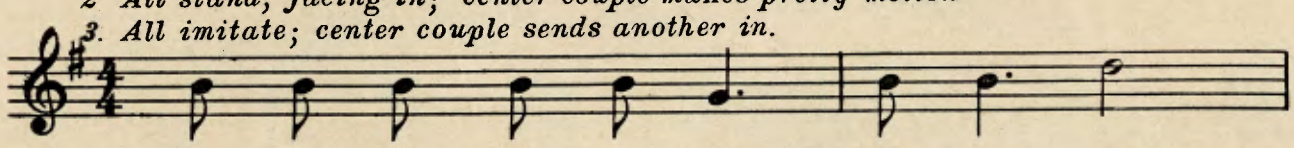
one, leave the oth-er, Swing the one, leave the oth-er, Swing the one, leave the oth-er for me

swings with the boy of the couple back into circle, leaving the other girl in center.

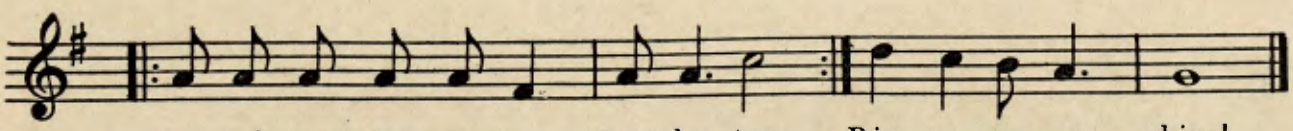
Round The Mountain

Southern Folk

Dir. 1 Couples walk in circle, hands joined. One couple in center
2 All stand, facing in; center couple makes pretty motion
3. All imitate; center couple sends another in.



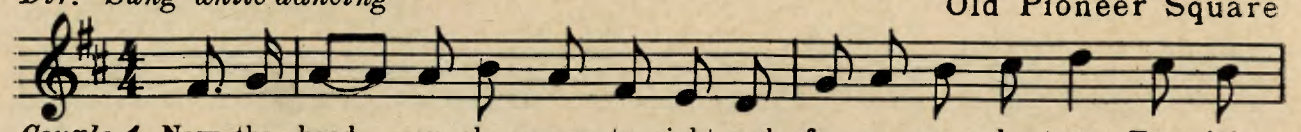
1. Go - in' round the moun - tain two by two,
2. Show a pret - ty mo - tion two by two,
3. Might y fine mo - tion two by two,



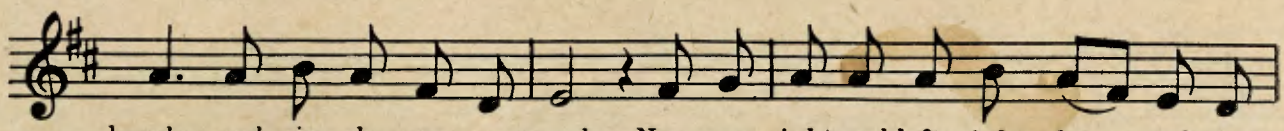
Go - in' round the moun-tain two by two, Rise up, sug-ar, shine!
Show a pret - ty mo - tion two by two, Rise up, sug-ar, shine!
Might-y fine mo - tion two by two, Rise up, sug-ar, shine!

Darlin' Nelly Gray

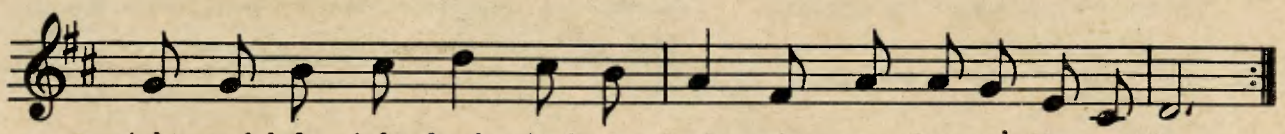
Dir: Sung while dancing Old Pioneer Square



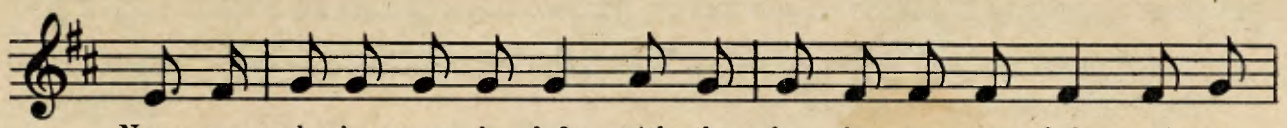
Couple 1 Now the head cou-ple moves to right and fa-ces cou-ple two, Four join
Couple 2 Now you lead up to the right and you cir-cle four hands round, To the
(Same for couples 3 and 4)



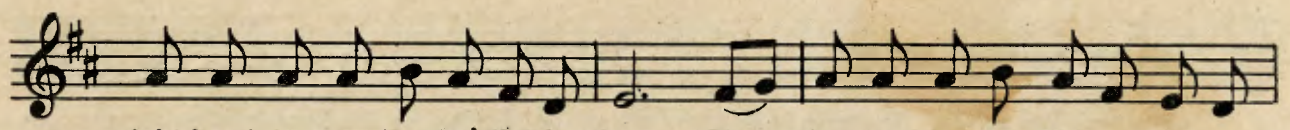
hands and cir-cle once a-round; Now you right and left right thru and you
tune of Dar-lin' Nel-ly Gray; Then you right and left right thru and you



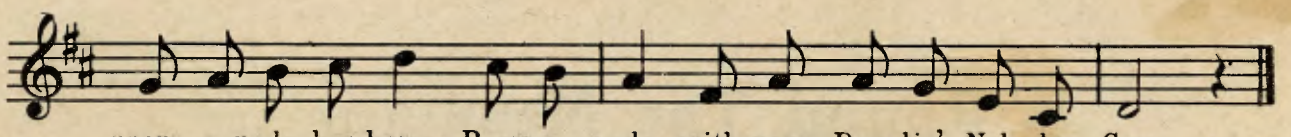
right and left right back And you both swing your Dar-lin' Nel-ly Gray.
right and left right back And you all swing your Dar-lin' Nel-ly Gray.



Now you al-le-man-de left with the la-dy on your left and your



right hand to your Dar-lin' Nel-ly Gray, Now when you meet your Nel-ly, why you

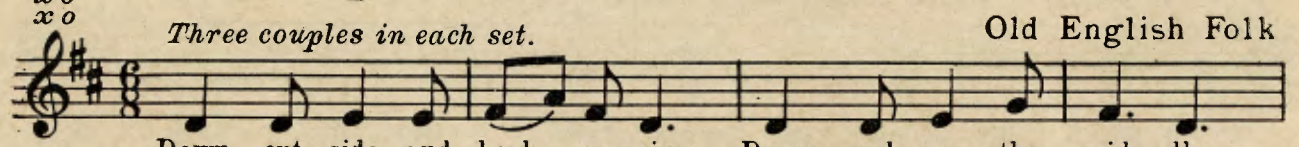


prom-e-nade her home; Prom-e-nade with your Dar-lin' Nel-ly Gray.

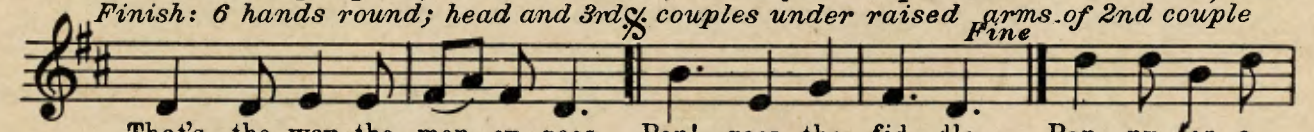
Pop! Goes The Weasel!

x o
x o
x o

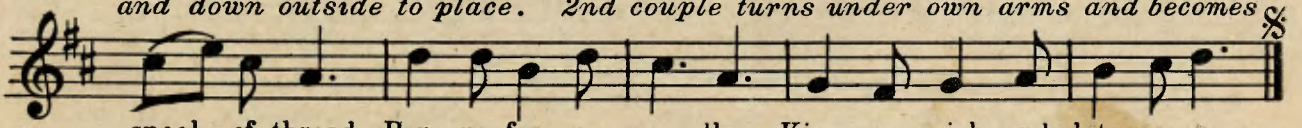
Three couples in each set. Old English Folk



Down out-side and back a-gain, Down and up the mid-dle;
Dir: Head couple part, each turns out, walks four steps down set and back; Join
Finish: 6 hands round; head and 3rd couples under raised arms of 2nd couple



That's the way the mon-ey goes, Pop! goes the fid-dle. Pen-ny for a
hands, down inside and back Three hands round with each player. On words
and down outside to place. 2nd couple turns under own arms and becomes %



spool of thread, Pen-ny for a nee-dle; Kiss me quick and let me go.
"Pop goes" etc. "pop" guest under raised arms
head couple.

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