

M. Popular

M1

The Holy City

Sheet

1) Last night I lay asleeping, There came a dream so
 fair, I stood in old Jerusalem Beside the temple there.
 I heard the children singing, And ever as they sang,
 Me-thought the voice of Angels From Heav'n in answer
 rang, Me-thought the voice....

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Lift up your gates and sing,
 Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King.

2) And then me-thought the scene was changed, the
 streets no longer (~~no longer rang~~) Hushed were the glad
 Hosannas the little children sang. The sun grew dark
 with mystery, Themorn was cold and chill, As the sha-
 dow of a Cross arose Upon a lonely Hill. As the shadow...

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Lift up your gates and

3) And once again the scene was changed, New earth there
 seemed to be I saw the holy city Beside the tideless sea;
 The light of God was on its streets, The gates were
 opened wide, And all who would might enter, And no one
 was denied. No need of moon or stars by night, Or sun to
 shine by day, It was the new Jerusalem That would not
 pass away. It was the new Jerusalem....

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Sing for the night is o'er,
 Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna for evermore! Hosanna in
 the highest, Hosanna for evermore.

M2

The Village of St. Bernadette

Sheet

1) I've travelled far by land and by sea, Beautiful
 places I happened to be; One little town I'll never for-
 get is Lourdes, the Village of St. Bernadette.

Chorus: Ave, Ave, Ave Maria. Ave, Ave, Ave Maria.

2) Down to the Grotto I followed in song Pilgrims
all weary from journeys so long, Rich and the poor
the strong and the lame, Thousands all praising
the sweet Lady's name. Chorus:

3) There like a dream this wonderful night, I gazed
at the Grotto aglow in the night. A feeling divine
swept over me there, I fell to my knees as I whispered
the prayer Chorus:

4) Now I am home, I'm happy to be, Telling of places
I've travelled to see. One little town I'll never for-
get is Lourdes, The Village of St. Bernadette.
Chorus:

Sheet

An Army of Youth

M3

Chorus: An army of youth, flying the standards of
truth, We're fighting for Christ the Lord, Heads
lifted high, Catholic action our cry, And the Cross
our only sword. On earth's battlefield, Never a
vantage we'll yield, As dauntlessly on we sing.
Comrades true, dare and do, Neath the Queen's white
and blue. For our flag, for our Faith, for Christ
the King.

1) Christ lifts His Hands, the King commands, His
challenge, "Come and follow me." From every side,
with eager stride, We form in the lines of victory.
Let foemen lurk, and laggards shirk, We throw our
fortunes with the Lord. Mary's Son til the world is
won. We have pledged you our loyal word. Chorus:

2) Our hearts are pure, Our minds are sure. No sin
our gleaming helmet taints. No forman fierce, Our
shield shall pierce. We're captivated by God's un-
conquered saints, yet peace we bring, and a gentle
King. Whose law is light and life and love. Mary's
Son, may Thy will be done, Here on earth as it is
above. Chorus:

M4

He

Sheet

1) He can turn the tides and calm the angry sea.
He alone decides who writes a symphony.
He lights ev'ry star that makes our darkness bright.
He keeps watch all through each long and lonely night.
He still finds the time to hear a child's first prayer.
Saint or sinner call and always find Him there.
Though it makes Him sad to see the way we live,
He'll always say I forgive.

2) He can grant a wish or make a dream come true.
He can paint the clouds and turn the gray to blue.
He alone knows where to find the rainbow's end.
He alone can see what lies beyond the bend.
He can touch a tree and turn the leaves to gold.
He knows ev'ry lie that you and I have told.
Though it makes Him sad to see the way we live,
He'll always say I forgive.

M5

I Believe

Sheet

1) 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 that goes astray,
Someone will come to show the way.
I believe, I believe.

2) I believe above the storms the smallest prayer,
will still be heard.
I believe that someone in the great somewhere,
hears every word.
Everytime I hear a newborn baby cry,
or touch a leaf,
or see the sky,
Then I know why
I believe.