

The Serenaders

*Stars Over Stevens 1965*

Conductor- Accompanist Dr. Pauline I. McCready – Superintendent

The World Outside – Green Fields – He – He’s Got The Whole World In His Hands –  
Climb Ev’ry Mountain – How Great Thou Art

Stevens Training Center

Hallowell, Maine

Technical Production WRDO, Inc

RV 2037A

Seventeen singers gathered over forty-five years ago to share their talent in this recording. None of the singers are identified.

*The World Outside*

Writer Unknown

The world outside belongs to me since you are mine.  
I rule the night. I own the moon. I tell the stars when to shine.  
Each time we touch I can’t control the dreams that start.  
The world outside will never know how much you mean to my heart.

The world outside belongs to me since you are mine.  
I rule the night. I own the moon. I tell the stars when to shine.  
Each time we touch I can’t control the dreams that start.  
The world outside will never know how much you mean to my heart.

The World Outside.

*Green Fields*

Songwriters: Richard Dehr, Frank Miller and Terry Gilkyson

Once there were valleys  
Where rivers used to run.  
Once there were blue skies  
with white clouds high above.  
Once they were part of  
An everlasting love.  
We were the lovers who  
Strolled through Green Fields.

Green fields are gone now,  
Parched by the sun.  
Gone from the valleys,  
Where rivers used to run.

Gone with the cold wind,  
That swept into my heart.  
Gone with the lovers,  
Who let their dreams depart.

Where are the green fields,  
That we used to roam?

I'll never know what,  
Made you run away.  
How can I keep searching  
When dark clouds hide the day..

I only know there's,  
Nothing here for me.  
Nothing in this wide world,  
Left for me to see.

Still I'll keep on waiting,  
Until you return.  
I'll keep on waiting,  
Until the day you learn.  
You can't be happy,  
While your heart's on the roam,  
You can't be happy  
Until You bring it home.  
Home to the green fields  
And me once again.

*He*

Made popular by The Righteous Brothers  
Written by Richard Mullan and Jack Richards

He can turn the tides and calm the angry sea  
He alone decides who writes a symphony  
He lights ev'ry star that makes the 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 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 touch a cloud and turn the grays 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."

He forgives.

*He's Got The Whole World In His Hands*

Written by Obie Philpot

He's got the whole world in His hands  
He's got the whole [wide] world in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the little, tiny baby in His hands  
He's got the little, tiny baby in His hands  
He's got the little, tiny baby in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the little, tiny baby in His hands  
He's got the little, tiny baby in His hands  
He's got the little, tiny baby in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got a-you and me brother in His hands  
He's got a-you and me sister in His hands  
He's got a-you and me brother in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the whole world in His hands  
He's got the whole [wide] world in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got everybody here in His hands  
He's got everybody here in His hands  
He's got everybody here in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the whole world in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the whole world in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the whole world in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands  
He's got the whole world in His hands

*Climb Ev'ry Mountain*

Written by Oscar Hammerstein with music by Richard Rodgers

Climb every mountain,  
Search high and low,  
Follow every byway,  
Every path you know.

Climb every mountain,  
Ford every stream,  
Follow every rainbow,  
'Till you find your dream.

A dream that will need  
All the love you can give,  
Every day of your life  
For as long as you live.

Climb every mountain,  
Ford every stream,  
Follow every rainbow,  
Till you find your dream

A dream that will need  
All the love you can give,  
Every day of your life,  
For as long as you live.

Climb every mountain,  
Ford every stream,  
Follow every rainbow,  
Till you find your dream.

*How Great Thou Art*

Based on a Swedish poem written by Carl Gustav Boberg

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder,  
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made;  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.  
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

When through the woods, and forest glades I wander,  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.  
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur  
And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.  
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;  
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.  
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.  
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,  
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"

Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.  
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!