



Down on my Uncle Dwight's farm.



I recall the day our first
Chevrolet pulled up the lane . . .



Where, oh where in the halls of fame
is the place to find a workin' man's name?



As we sing along with G.T.A. — making
happy memories all the way.



Sunset to sunset — time to remember
how and why and when . . .



" . . . part of one big happy family" TOP: Aunt Shirley, Uncle Tad, Sandy Gordon, Jennifer Stokes, Steve Hart, Carol Galloway, Ross Jotum, Tom Crabbe, MIDDLE: Valerie Bratham, Phil Greenwood, Sue Woodham, Ruth Kneis, Jeannise Severson, BOTTOM: Paul Shadler, Lori Richardson, Tammy White, Dave Cox, Kathy Braden, Nancy Dickinson
YOUNG AMBASSADORS NOT SHOWN: Jeb Egbert, Mike Hale, Mike Lord, Dave Myers, Liz Meredith, Barb Quillen, Michelle Rossmussen, Marty Yale.

FAMILY NIGHT

Side One

1. HEY LOOK AROUND

John Zahody/BMI 2:42

arr. Gary Briggs

vocals: The Young Ambassadors

"Hey Look Around!" was performed earlier this year by the Young Ambassadors on the Burl Ives television special and also used as background music for the half-hour TV special on Ambassador College. John Zahody, Ambassador's Student Body President in 1975, has written many fine songs including "Where I Belong", recorded by the Young Philadelphians on their album "Song World Singin'".

2. MISTER PIANO PLAYER

Ross Jutsum/BMI 3:07

arr. Bruce Clausen

vocals: The Young Ambassadors

"Mister Piano Player" is an audience-participation number conceived in an English restaurant by Ross Jutsum, the music director of the Young Ambassadors. The idea was spawned when three members of a British rock group, the Kinks, continued to request song after song out of their musical past. Often, they were unable to recall the song titles or other identifying clues. Out of desperation and self-defense, Ross wrote this song in an attempt to curb their nightly barrage of requests. Unfortunately, instead of tempering their enthusiasm, it caused them to search for even more obscure requests—hence, the distressing dilemma of Mr. Piano Player!

3. IT'S GOT TO BE FOREVER

Gamer Ted Armstrong/BMI 3:12

arr. Bruce Clausen

lead vocal: Gamer Ted Armstrong

Gamer Ted Armstrong, President of Ambassador College, and Vice-President of the Worldwide Church of God, enjoys using his many artistic talents. Not the least of these talents is his talent for writing and performing music. At odd moments in many strange places (like the cockpit of an airplane), he will begin to scribble lyrics on

a scrap of paper. Who knows how many songs are tucked away here and there later to emerge on records or to be performed at some musical social gathering?

"It's Got to Be Forever" was designed as a protest song against that fleeting arrangement painfully experienced by so many. It expresses the pain and hurt of a passing relationship and the deep desire in us for a genuine, permanent, loving attachment to one mate. Written in the natural beauty of the north woods of Minnesota, the song was first performed in 1975 for the young people attending Y.O.U.'s Summer Educational Program.

4. SINCE 21

Terry Miller/BMI 3:37

horns arr. Gary Briggs

strings arr. Tom Crabb

vocals: Jim Thornhill

Terry Miller, a 1974 graduate from Ambassador College, Big Sandy, Texas, has written numerous songs performed and recorded by the New World Singers and enjoyed by thousands across the United States and Canada in attendance at Gamer Ted Armstrong's Personal Appearances. Terry's works have been a special inspiration to aspiring Ambassador songwriters with numbers like "Isn't It Just Like a Loving Father" at the top of the list of favorites. Terry's soon-to-be-released album is eagerly awaited by all familiar with his tradition of moving music.

"Since 21" is another beautiful ballad of nostalgia and reminiscence as the aging grandfather recounts his life's pains and triumphs for the young ears of another generation sitting at his feet.

5. A SONG WITH ALL THE COUNTRY IN

lyrics by Gamer Ted Armstrong
music by Ross Jutsum/BMI 2:56

arr. Bruce Clausen

lead vocal: Gamer Ted Armstrong

Have you ever found yourself grimacing at the mournful lyrics of a honky-tonk, juke-box country song? Did the "gloom, despair, and agony" become "excessive misery" for you? Well, here at last is a song where "nobody does nobody wrong"—would you believe, a "happy" country song? Here's a collaboration from the

summer of '76 by Gamer Ted Armstrong and Ross Jutsum.

6. FAMILY NIGHT

Ross Jutsum/BMI 3:00

arr. Tom Crabb

vocals: The Young Ambassadors

All the doodlings some kids come up with during church services may not always be in vain! In Seattle on March 12, 1977, during Mr. Ted Armstrong's sermon instituting the weekly "Family Night", Ross Jutsum borrowed some paper from a nearby friend and began scratching out the words and music to this title track "Family Night" which embodies the fun and fellowship that is part and parcel of a good, old-fashioned get-together with the whole family. It was first performed that same evening in Seattle after a lyric brainstorming on the way back to the hotel, and subsequently became the theme for this album and the Young Ambassadors 1977 Festival Show.

Side Two

1. WELCOME TO AMBASSADOR

Ross Jutsum/BMI 4:01

arr. Gary Briggs and Tom Crabb

vocals: The Young Ambassadors

This theme song from the Ambassador College TV special of the same name, was also featured on "Burl Ives at Ambassador College" as the Ambassador students hosted America's Father of Folk Music.

In this song, Ross has endeavored to paint a picture of the busy and varied college life of the typical Ambassador student—and, as the Young Ambassadors emphatically put it, they are indeed "proud to be part of the family."

2. DREAMIN' ON

lyrics by Gamer Ted Armstrong

music by Ross Jutsum/BMI 5:28

arr. and orch. Tom Crabb

vocals: Gamer Ted Armstrong and Jennifer Stokes

Many a young boy dreams of the day when he'll be a sailing ship's captain, and

many a girl of being rescued by her Prince Charming. Dreaming is something we have all enjoyed doing—it certainly beats those grown-up worries. In this song the arranger, Tom Crabb, has cleverly woven the efforts of lyricist and composer into a reflection of the past and the pleasant memories of our childhood dreams.

3. S.E.P. CAMP SONG

Ross Jutsum (with a lot of help from the '76 campers)/BMI 2:23

arr. Tom Crabb

vocals: The Young Ambassadors

One rainy morning at S.E.P., some twenty-odd campers certainly did not allow their spirits to be dampened. Instead they joined Ross around a piano and helped him describe just some of the memorable activities they experience during their summer stay in the woods of northern Minnesota.

4. WORKIN' MAN'S NAME

lyrics by Gamer Ted Armstrong

music by Terry Miller/BMI 2:42

strings arr. Tom Crabb

vocals: Gamer Ted Armstrong

If you're a "Hee-Haw" fan, no doubt you've seen Gamer Ted Armstrong perform this song with Buck Owens. The plainly truthful lyrics were set to music by Terry Miller in the spring of 1975. We dedicate this song to the unrecognized, but much appreciated American laborer!

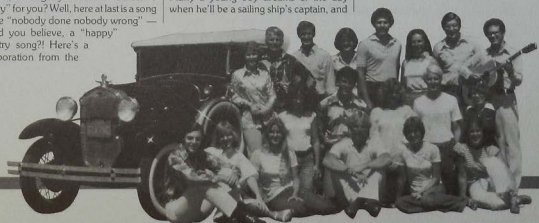
5. SUNSET TO SUNSET

Ross Jutsum/BMI 5:33

arr. and orch. Tom Crabb

lead vocal: Mike Lord

After six days of hustle and bustle, what better time to get together with the family than the Sabbath day—a time to appreciate our loved ones, as well as a time of spiritual nourishment for God's children. Against the backdrop of a beautiful Friday afternoon sunset, "Sunset to Sunset" gives a panoramic view of this special day and its profound meaning in God's plan for the human family.



HEY LOOK AROUND

Hey look around — it's a brand new morning,
The sun brings us all a new day;
Get up, get out, get yourself together,
Cause a smile to come your way!

Don't sit around — there's a job worth doin',
Take to the sky with a song,
People are waitin' to hear the answer,
Don't you make them wait too long!

Chorus:

I said a-hey look around,
Don't let the good life pass you by;
You know there's love all around,
But you can't win if you don't try;
You've got to try!

Hey look around — it's time for living,
Take to the sky with a lovin' song;
Yeah, the world's lookin' out, it's a time for giving,
Don't you make them wait too long!

MISTER PIANO PLAYER

Chorus:

Mister Piano Player, play me a song,
Please play it loud, we've got a crowd,
And we'd like to sing along:
I don't know the name, I don't know the tune,
If you do I'll eat my hat;
Dah dat dah dat dah dah, it goes like that

Play the Beatles' "Yesterday", play Sinatra's "Did It My Way",
Play the Grieg Concerto all the way through,
Throw in a Chopin waltz or two;
Then there's a tune that's in the Top Ten,
Don't quite know how it begins or ends;
Dah dat dah dat dah dah, it goes like that

Play the "Waltzing Matilda" song, play the French song that
goes "ding dong",

Play the Gershwin "Rhapsody in Blue",
Throw in a Scott Joplin rag or two;
A little samba from Mexico, have no idea in the world how
it goes;
Dah dat dah dat dah dah, it goes like that

Play the Bach toccata and fugue, play a little "boogie woog",
Play "The Sound of Music" all the way through,
Throw in a Brahms lullaby or two;
A song from nineteen hundred and ten; please play the song
sounding like Big Ben,
Dah dat dah dat dah dah, it goes like that

IT'S GOT TO BE FOREVER

Don't say you'll be my friend,
Don't say let's just pretend,
Cause I'm not ready to play at just living for today,
With you and me it's got to be forever.

Don't touch my life,
Don't brush against my life,
But if you love me walk in, step right on in,
And be a part of me forever.

I'm tired of those who say:
"Let's laugh all our pain away,
Let's think about today,
Let's never get in each other's way."

So say you'll be my friend,
Please say we won't pretend,
Because I'm ready to say "I love you" today,
With you and me it's got to be forever.

So if you love me walk in, step right on in,
And be a part of me forever — forever more.

SINCE 21

There once was a time when life was a never-ending game;
Running free on the sand; winter was a time that never came.
Sundays in the park, the things we used to do that we called fun;
Oh, I remember 21.

I recall the day when our first Chevrolet pulled up the lane;
We felt rich as a king, but we barely had a penny to our name.
Those were the days when love was enough to keep us young;
Oh, yes, I remember 21.

And the radio is playing all the songs of yesterday,
The old, familiar tunes we used to call the Hit Parade;
Some will say there's really nothing new under the sun,
But look how things have changed since I was 21.

If I could control the hands of time and relive fifty years,
Would the second time around promise me no wrinkles or less tears?
The battle scars of life I bear proudly because I know I've won:
Mmm, it's been a good life since 21.
Mmm, it's been a good life since 21.

A SONG WITH ALL THE COUNTRY IN

Don't it make you wonder, when they'll sing a new country song,
A song with all the lovin' in, but without "he done her wrong."
We could sing about our mother, 'bout the family on the farm,
Could sing about dogs and children, slidin' on haystacks in the barn.

Chorus:

So won't you play for me a song about being happy,
With country verse that says he done her right;
A country song with friend and kin, a song with all the country in,
It makes you want to sing along, without "he done her wrong".

We could talk some while we're singing, we could polish up on
speaking CB,
Could yack about the smokies there, singing "come on, let it be"
With some tired and lonesome truckers, around a lonely honky tonk;
But please don't sing that song again, about how he done her wrong.

Doin' wrong was not enough, that is how the lyrics go,
He left her for another rose, from San Antonio,
When will someone write that happy song, with all the country in,
But leaving out that heartbreak part, where losers never win.

FAMILY NIGHT

Chorus:

Family night — time for spendin' time together,
Feels so right — it's designed to be that way;
Come along — yes, no matter what the weather,
Join our song — we're growin' closer day by day.

Home from school and work and play,
To join our family team;
Together at the end of day,
it's more than just a dream,
Cause we're shapin' our tomorrow,
lovin' life right now:
No more room for sorrow,
it's comin' true somehow —

We're throwin' out the welcome mat,
and lettin' down our hair;
Bring on in the dog and cat,
it's a family affair,
Cause we're bound to have a good time,
joinin' in the fun;
Forget about the sad times,
the evening's just begun —

Mother, father, sister, brother;
Time to get to know each other —

Picture all the world at last
As one big family team;
Together at that brand new day,
It's more than just a dream,
Cause we're tumblin' to our fathers,
And fathers to our sons;
Family together,
When the day is done —

WELCOME TO AMBASSADOR

Come from all over this country,
Anchorage to Bangor, Maine;
Even from far away places,
On mountain top or down upon the plain;
Seekin' a message of goodwill,
Workin' very hard every day;
Stop for a while and we'll bring you a smile,
As you listen to what we say.

Chorus:

Welcome to Ambassador,
You'll have a great time here we're sure,
We're so glad you came our way,
And helped to brighten up our day.

Seenin' new friends and new faces,
Forgettin' all your worries and woes;
Singin' with tenors and basses,
Rehearsin' brand new songs for T.V. shows;
Studyin' hard for the finals,
Tryin' to help each other along;
Proud to be part of the family,
That's the reason why we're singin' this song:

Ridin' on over to classes,
Workin' hard down at the gym;
Hustle and bustle on campus,
Every day is filled to the brim;
Cheerin' our team at the ball-game,
Lots of ways to serve and give,
Fly so high, try to reach the sky,
Cause we're leamin' 'bout a great way to live!

Tryin' to recapture true values,
Lookin' out for peace, not war,
Seekin' a brighter tomorrow,
Excitement's always knockin' at the door;
So glad to make your acquaintance,
Join us soon and don't delay,
One last thing that we'd like to sing:
"May God be with you every day!"

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome — to Ambassador!!

DREAMIN' ON

When I was just a little boy,
Down on my Uncle Dwight's farm,
I'd think about the day when I'd grow up to be a man,
Lyin' in the summer sun so calm,
I would rest my head on our old dog Shep,
Pretending I'm the captain of a sailin' ship,
Just a little boy dreamin', dreamin' on,
Yes, a little boy dreamin', no, that can't be wrong.

The old oak tree was my riggerin',
And the white clouds were my sail,
The motion of the summer breeze was slowly blowin' up a gale;
And then I'd sink a pirate ship and swing 'em from the yardarm
On a sunny, summer's day,
Down on Uncle Dwight's farm.

When I was just a little girl,
Down on my Aunt Sue's farm,
I'd think about the day when I'd grow up to be a lady,
Lyn' in the summer sun so calm;
I would rest my head on our old dog Shep,
Pretending he's the captain of a sailin' ship,
Just a little girl dreamin', dreamin' on,
Yes, a little girl dreamin', no, that can't be wrong.

The old oak tree was my rigin',
And the white clouds were my sail,
The motion of the summer breeze was slowly blowin' up a gale;
And then he'd sink a pirate ship and hold me in his strong arms
On a sunny, summer's day,
Down on Aunt Sue's farm.

All of the dreams of the boys and girls —
Seldom do they ever come true,
But don't you think that dreamin's so much better by far
Than worries that we share at thirty-two?
So remember now all your childhood dreams,
And think about that sunny, summer's day —
Just a little boy dreamin', dreamin' on,
Yes, a little girl dreamin', no, that can't be wrong.
Dreamin', dreamin' on, dreamin', no, that can't be wrong . . .

S.E.P. CAMP SONG

Y.O.U. S.E.P. — summertime fun for you and me,
Lots to do, things to see, making new friends, we're feelin' free
As we learn the key, what it's like to be — a part of one big
happy family.

Climbing rocks, swimming docks, hand out your clothes now,
scrub those socks;
Football games, campfire flames, tryin' so hard to remember names
As we swamp canoes, and pitch those shoes — ain't no time for you to
catch the blues.

Chorus:
Lots of good times waitin' for you there,
Happy memories with mom and dad to share.

Pushing brooms, scrubbing floors, racin' around and slamming doors,
Diligence and hard work pay, we'll win the trophy one of these days
As we listen to what the counsellors say — growing so much closer day
by day.

Water ski, volleyball, munching away in the dining hall,
Fishing poles, dragon flies, shooting for goals under sunny skies
As we sing along with G.T.A. — making happy memories all the way.

Y.O.U. S.E.P. — summertime fun for you and me,
Lots to do, things to see, making new friends, we're feelin' free
As we learn the key, what it's like to be — a part of one big
happy family,
Part of one big happy family — Y.O.U. S.E.P. — oh yeah!!

WORKIN' MAN'S NAME

Chorus:
Where, oh where in the halls of fame is the place to find a workin'
man's name?
A picture, a badge, or a medal, that praises the hard workin' fellow?
Where do you go to find a workin' man's name?

There were no crowds to cheer him,
There were no fans to thrill,
While this man was laboring with careful patient skill;
No sports page ever praised him, no TV interviews —
A workin' for your family is never front page news!

While he worked both day and night to make the old farm pay,
There were those more gifted, paid thousands just to play,
He listened to the radio, and the fans would yell for more,
But no one's ever paid to see a man bale hay before!

The pictures hang in rows to tell the story of them all —
The shoes they wore, the words they swore, still echo through the hall,
And smilin' down to passers-by who paid their way to fame —
Remembered by those ageless words: "He played a great game!"

Now, wouldn't it be funny —
Sort of a strange quirk —
If someone hung up a picture that said, "He worked a great work?"

SUNSET TO SUNSET

A hard-workin' man spends all of his life
Tryin' to make his daily bread,
He toils through the day for his family and wife
Does his best to keep ahead;
Six days to work and do all his labor —
One other day is a blessing and favor:

Chorus:
Sunset to sunset — time to remember how and why and when;
Sunset to sunset — time to reflect on creation once again;
Longing for a day to call a delight,
Yearning to think about what's right,
Hoping for a time to love and be blessed —
A day of rest.

Now God looks upon His creation on earth
At His children here below,
It must seem a little bit funny to Him
To see us running to and fro,
Passing the time just doing our own thing —
Getting so busy, just hear all the sounds ring —