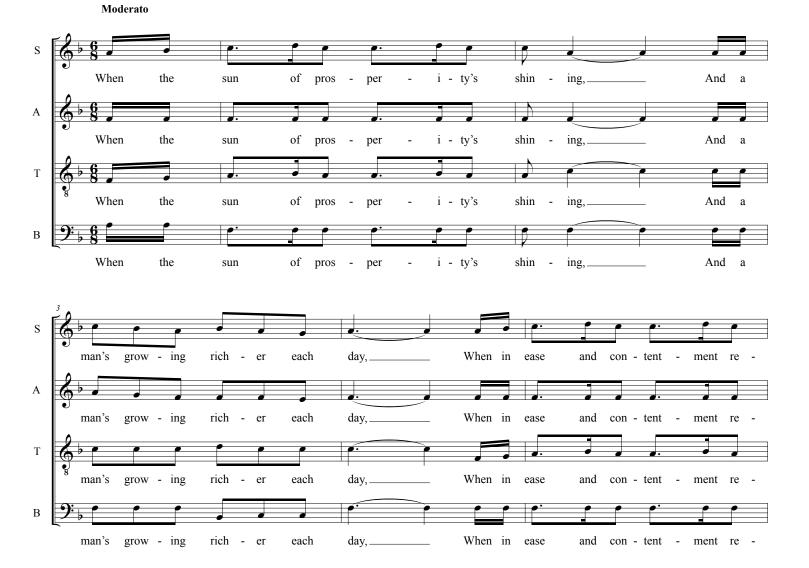


T. Martin Towne (1835-1912)

Thomas Martin Towne (1835-1912) was born in Coleraine, Massachusetts, where he grew up on a farm and attended the district school and the local singing school. He studied music at Willston Seminary and a convention in Shelburne. He moved to Hudson, New York, to study with W. F. Sherwin and then to Albany as a tenor in St. Peter's Church. He moved west and taught in Ypsilanti, Michigan, and in the Detroit public schools. During this time, he also studied with Lowell Mason, George F. Root, and William B. Bradbury at a North Reading, MA, normal school. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he left teaching and sang with the Continental Vocalists, eventually settling in Janesville, Wisconsin. After teaching a year, he enlisted and became musician in the 40th Wisconsin Infantry. After the war, he went to Milwaukee and taught music at the Female College and sang in Plymouth Church. A few years later, he moved to Chicago, Illinois. He led choirs, composed, held music conventions, taught in many normal schools, and was musical editor for the David C. Cook publishing house. He died in Chicago. After his first wife died, he married Isabella Electa Kellogg, who wrote Sunday school books and edited several Sunday school papers besides writing lyrics for some of her husband's songs using the pseudonyms Mrs. Thomas Martin Towne, Mrs. E. S. Kellogg, and Belle Kellogg. They were devout members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He composed hundreds of sheet songs, duets, quartets, part-songs, gospel songs, Sunday school songs, hymns, and anthems.

T. Martin Towne

























When the sun of prosperity's shining, And a man's growing richer each day, When in ease and contentment reclining, And a golden success crowns his way, How friends will then flock round about him, But if fortune should happen to frown O how quickly he'll get the cold shoulder And be kicked just because he is down.

Let a man get position or riches, Matters not if by intrigue or fraud, See! the world nods approvingly at him, And his acts it will loudly applaud, What though he may be a great villain! With the simple, the wise and the clown, While he's up, he's a tip-top good fellow, But they'll kick him if ever he's down.

What's the use of our being so moral, Either upright, or "honest and true;" For unless a man has "lots of money" The whole world's bound to "put him right through." They'll "go for him" certain and surely, From the jockey to priest in his gown, All will stand ever ready to "snub him," And to kick him because he is down.

When, oh! when will mankind be less selfish, Will it ever in future be thus?
That we always will do to each other
As we'd wish them to do unto us.
And if in "adversity's ocean,"
We are sinking and ready to drown,
Ever blest be the friend whose devotion
Loves to help a man up when he's down.

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