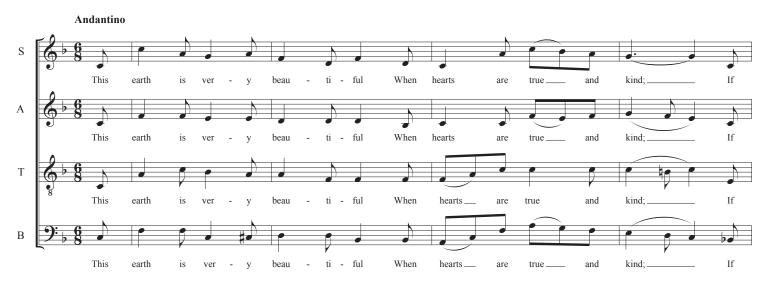
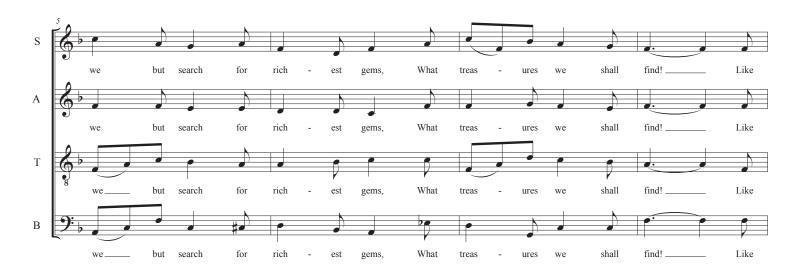




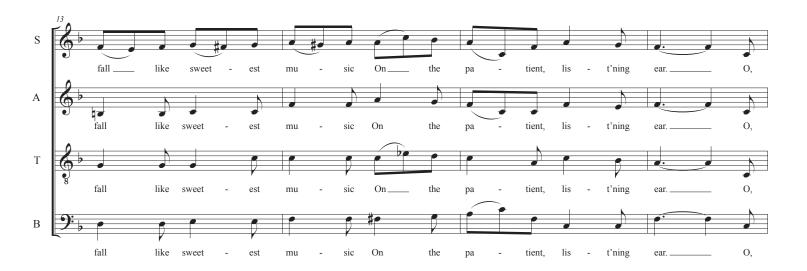
William H. Clarke (1840-1913)

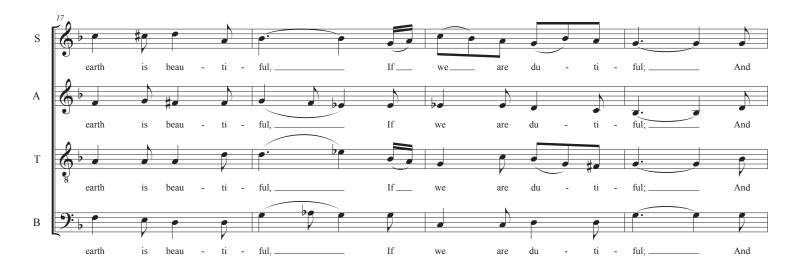


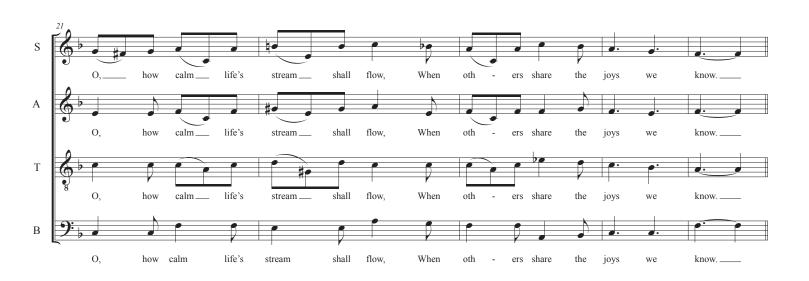


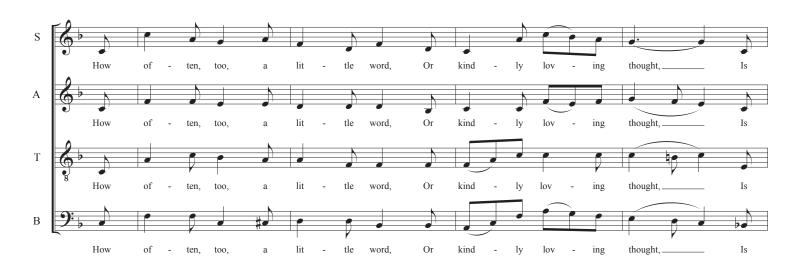


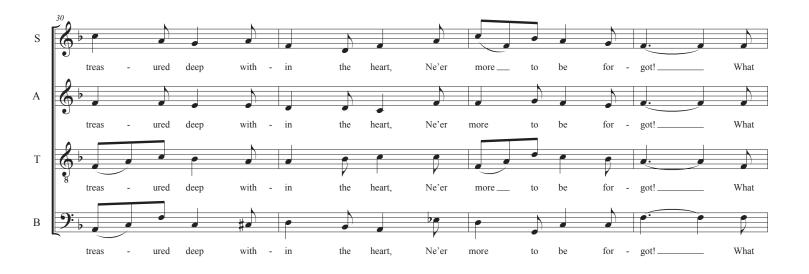


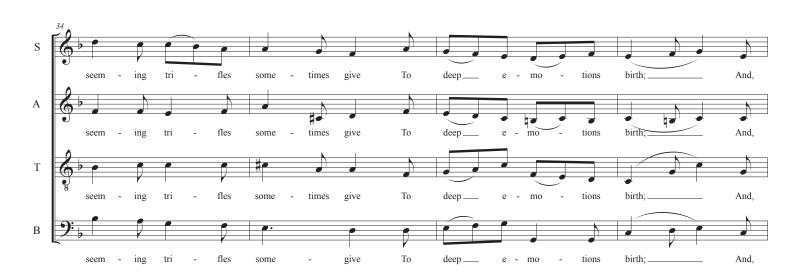


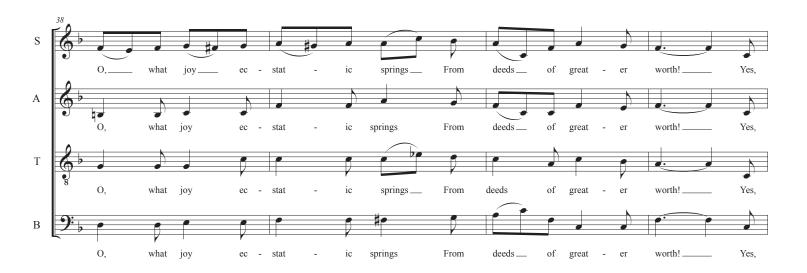


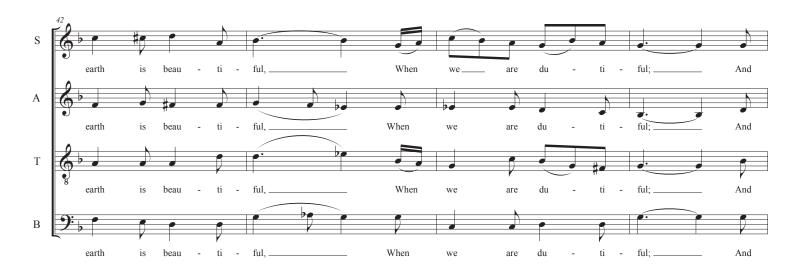


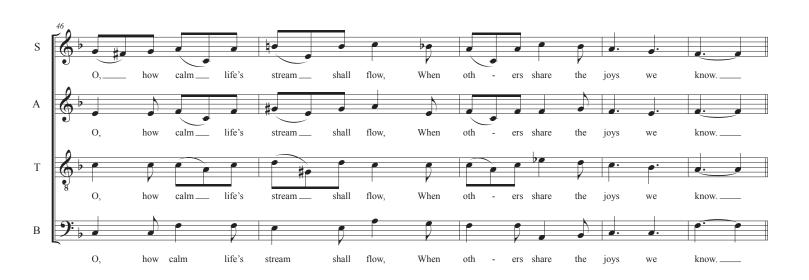


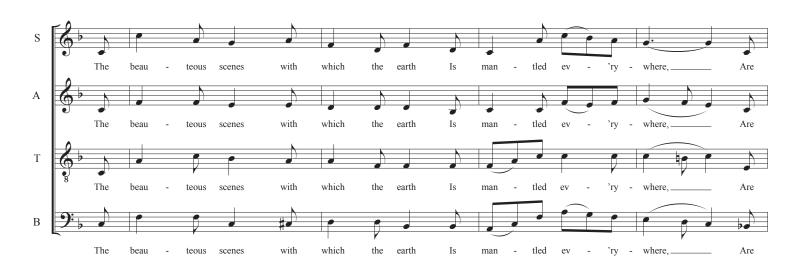


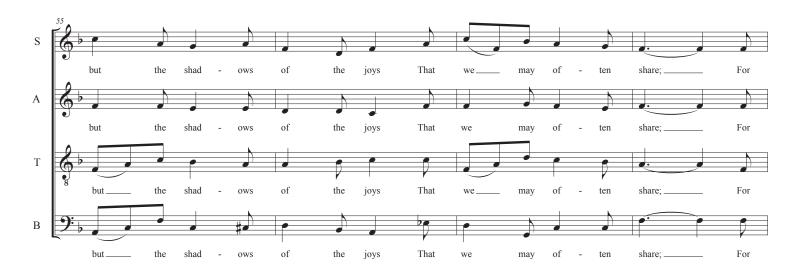


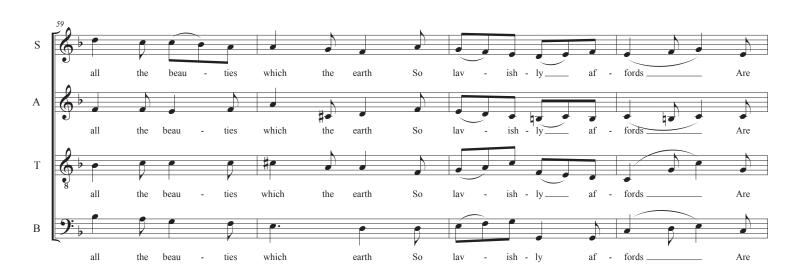


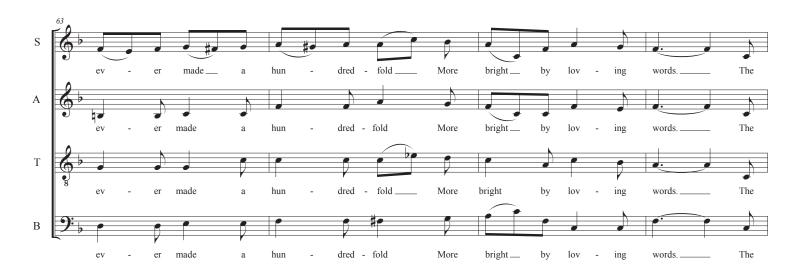


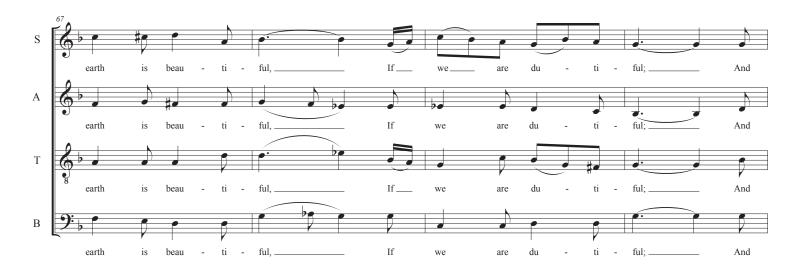


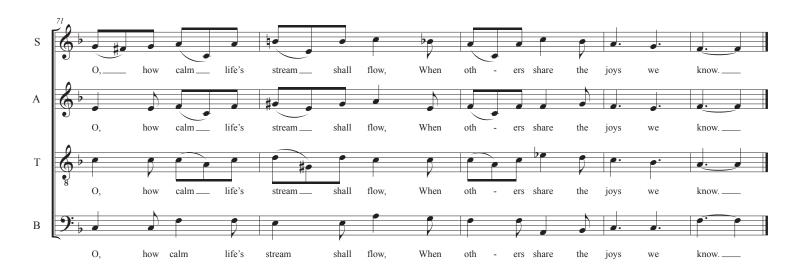












Ivison, Blakeman and Co. (1879)

William Horatio Clarke (1840-1913) was born in Newton, Massachusetts, and was educated in public and high schools of Dedham. In his training, he became a fine organist and could play almost every stringed and wind instrument. In his career, he was a church organist and music director of the public schools in Dayton, Ohio; organist at Roberts Park Methodist Church in Indianapolis, Indiana; a church organist in Rochester, New York; organist at the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, Canada; and organist at the Tremont Temple in Boston, Massachusetts. He also served as Bandmaster of the Naval Brigade Band of Massachusetts. He was an expert on organs and their construction. In Indianapolis, he operated an organ-building firm specializing in building large pipe organs with from twenty to sixty stops. The company also repaired and tuned existing organs and made pitch pipes for use in school music classes. He authored many books on organ construction and on organ techniques. He was a contributor to magazines on musical and metaphysical subjects and editor of the organ department of the periodical "The Musician." His compositions are mainly organ pieces for church use. He died in Reading, Massachusetts. His son Herbert Lincoln Clarke (1867-1945) is considered one of the finest cornet players in history.

This earth is very beautiful
When hearts are true and kind;
If we but search for richest gems,
What treasures we shall find!
Like springtime flowers in winter
Are the words of loving cheer,
That fall like sweetest music
On the patient, listening ear.
O, earth is beautiful,
If we are dutiful;
And O, how calm life's stream shall flow,
When others share the joys we know.

How often, too, a little word,
Or kindly loving thought,
Is treasured deep within the heart,
Ne'er more to be forgot!
What seeming trifles sometimes give
To deep emotions birth;
And, O, what joy ecstatic springs
From deeds of greater worth!
Yes, earth is beautiful,
When we are dutiful;
And O, how calm life's stream shall flow,
When others share the joys we know.

The beauteous scenes with which the earth Is mantled everywhere, Are but the shadows of the joys That we may often share; For all the beauties which the earth So lavishly affords Are ever made a hundredfold More bright by loving words. The earth is beautiful, If we are dutiful; And O, how calm life's stream shall flow, When others share the joys we know.

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