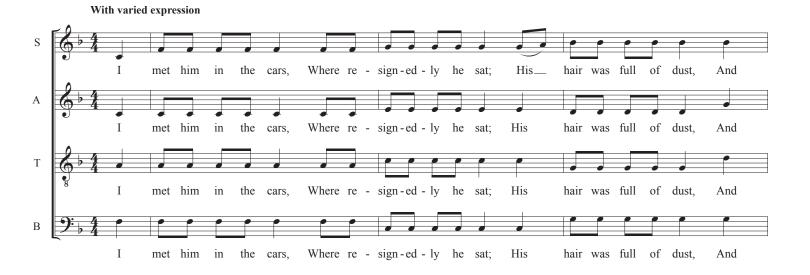
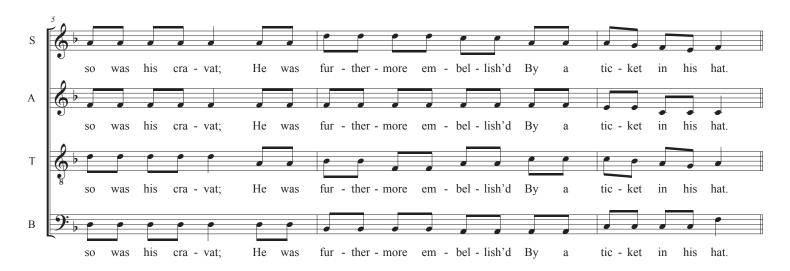




Howard Kingsbury (1842-1878)

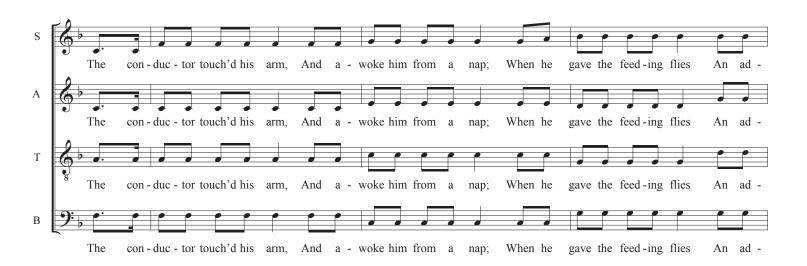
H. Kingsbury

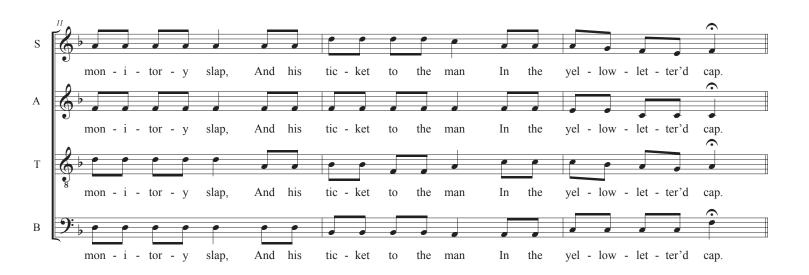


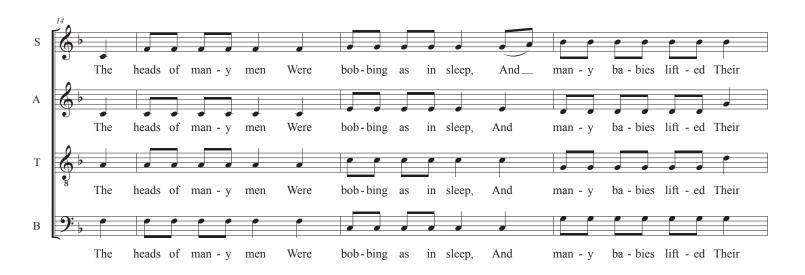


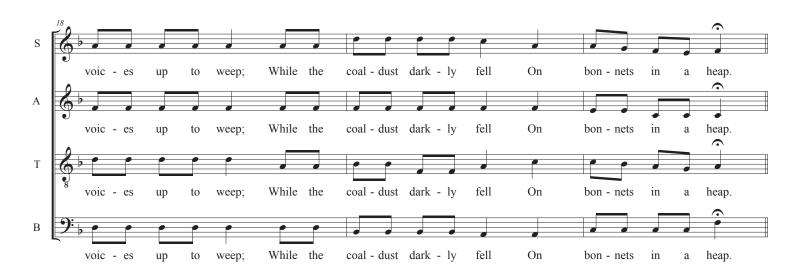


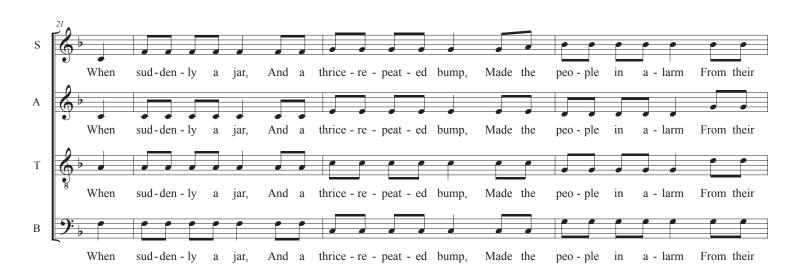
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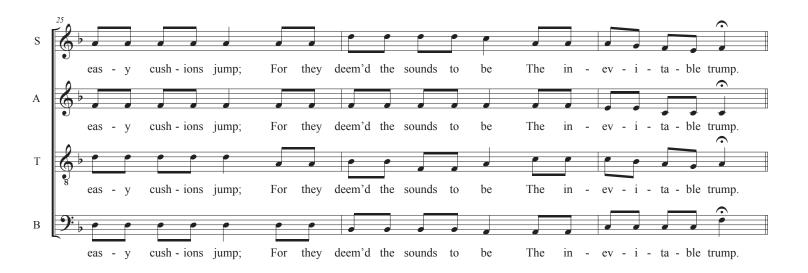


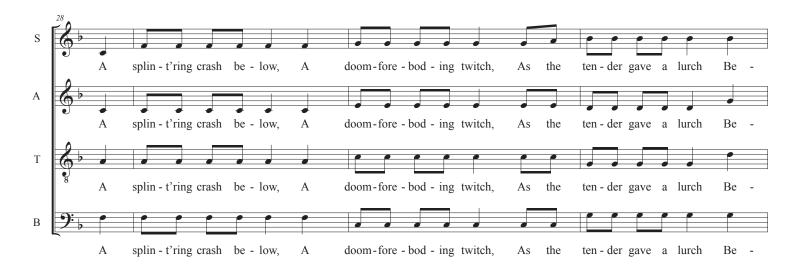


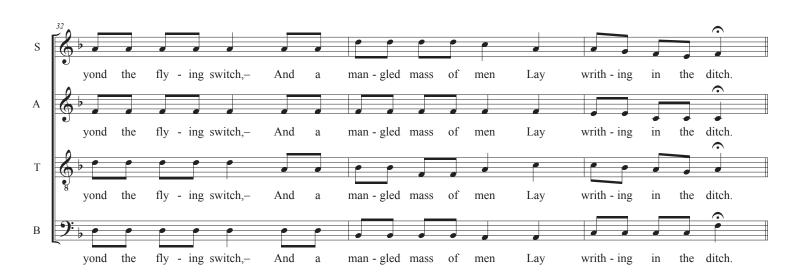


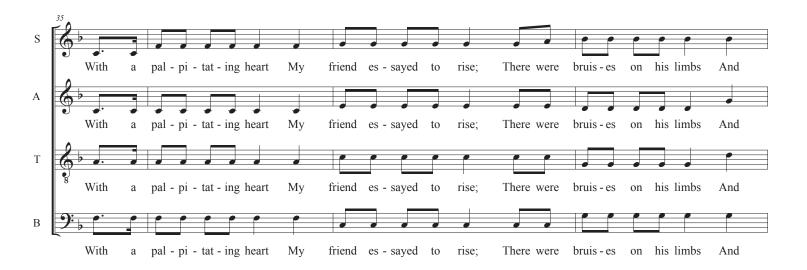


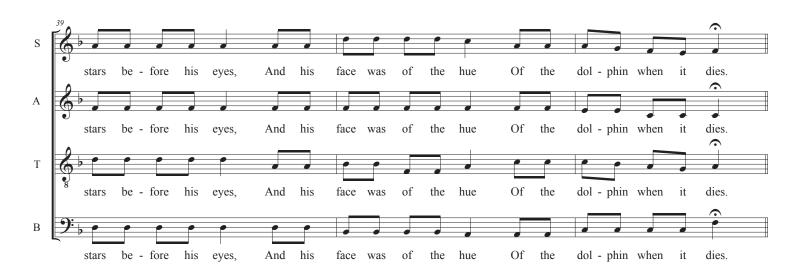


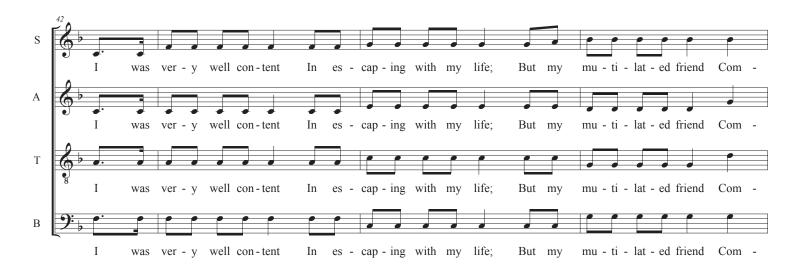




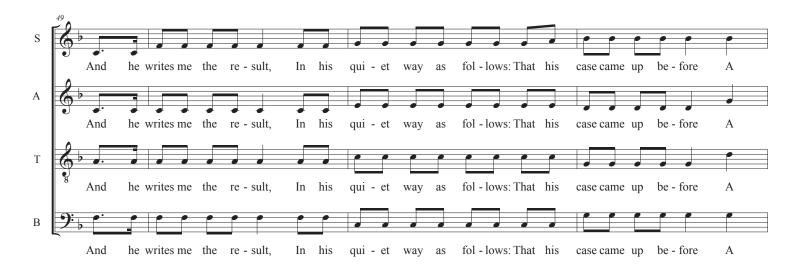


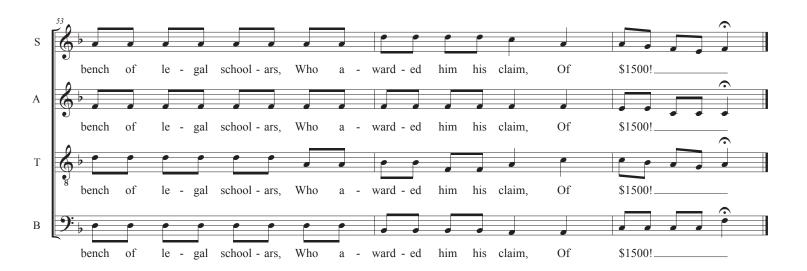












Taintor Brothers (1874)

Alfred Arthur Graley (1813–1905) was born in London, England, and moved to New York as a youth. He worked as a cobbler for several years before deciding to go into the ministry. He studied at the Hamilton Academy and Princeton Seminary. After ordination, he served as pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox, New York; in Pompey Hill, New York; Trinity Presbyterian Church, Manlius, New York; Medina, New York; Knowlesville, New York, and was state supply and mission at Clarkson, New York. After retirement, he eventually moved to Brockport, New York. He died in Brockport. His compositions include words or music for over150 hymns, and part songs for singing schools and conventions.

I met him in the cars, Where resignedly he sat; His hair was full of dust, And so was his cravat; He was furthermore embellished By a ticket in his hat.

The conductor touched his arm, And awoke him from a nap; When he gave the feeding flies An admonitory slap, And his ticket to the man In the yellow-lettered cap.

So, launching into talk,
We rattled on our way,
With allusions to the crops
'That along the meadows lay,
Whereupon his eyes were lit
With a speculative ray.

The heads of many men
Were bobbing as in sleep,
And many babies lifted
Their voices up to weep;
While the coal-dust darkly fell
On bonnets in a heap.

All the while the swaying cars Kept rumbling o'er the rail, And the frequent whistle sent Shrieks of anguish to the gale, And the cinders pattered down On the grimy floor like hail.

When suddenly a jar, And a thrice-repeated bump, Made the people in alarm From their easy cushions jump; For they deemed the sounds to be The inevitable trump.

A splintering crash below, A doom-foreboding twitch, As the tender gave a lurch Beyond the flying switch,— And a mangled mass of men Lay writhing in the ditch.

With a palpitating heart My friend essayed to rise; There were bruises on his limbs And stars before his eyes, And his face was of the hue Of the dolphin when it dies. I was very well content In escaping with my life; But my mutilated friend Commenced a legal strife,— Being thereunto incited By his lawyer and his wife.

And he writes me the result, In his quiet way as follows: That his case came up before A bench of legal scholars, Who awarded him his claim, Of \$1500!

George Hunt Clark (1809–1881)

Italicized stanzas omitted in Kingsbury's musical setting.

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