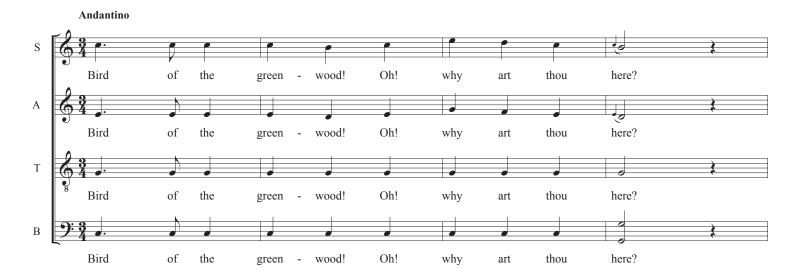
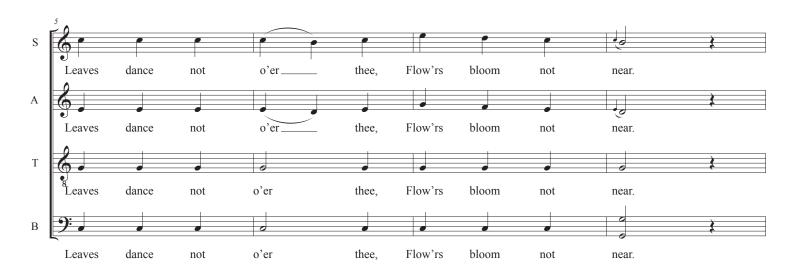




George James Webb (1803-1887)

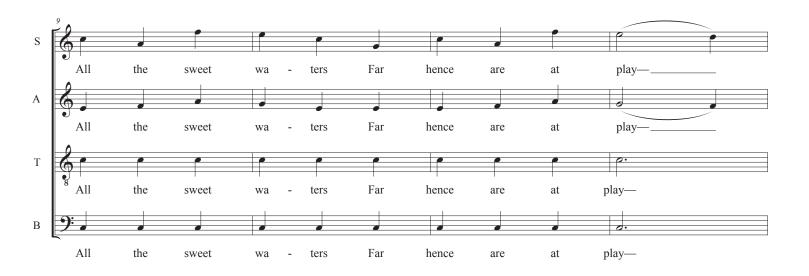
G. J. Webb

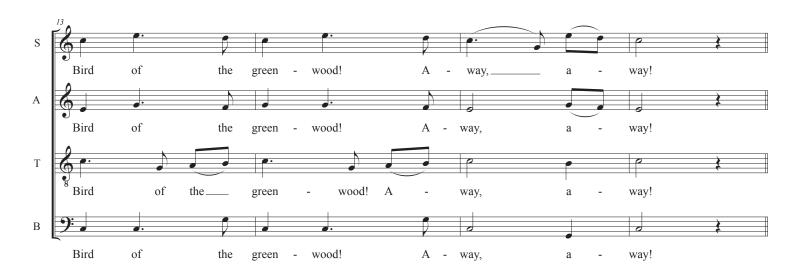


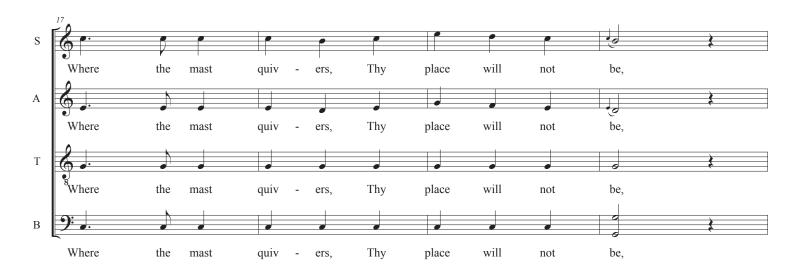


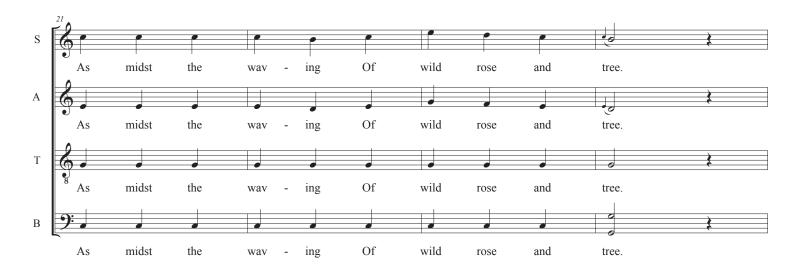


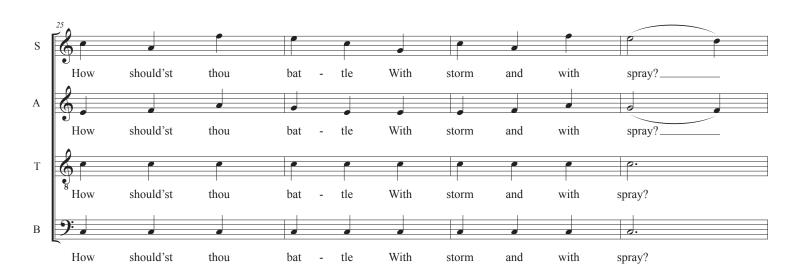
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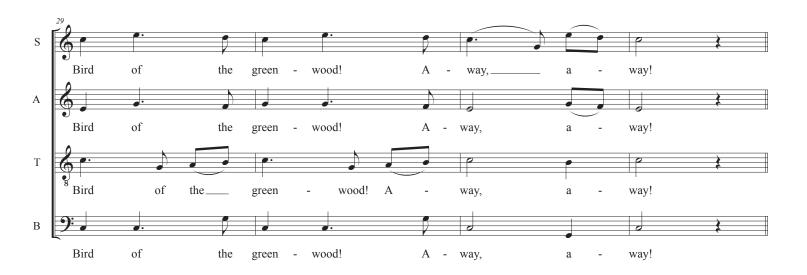


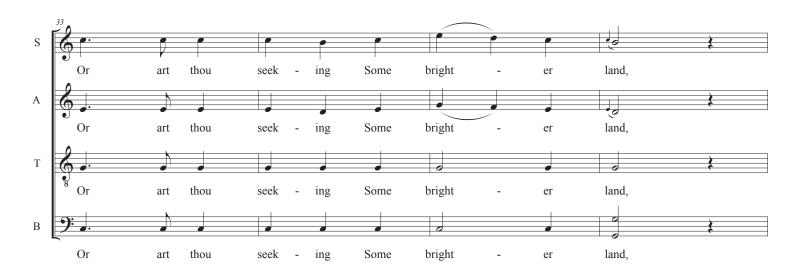


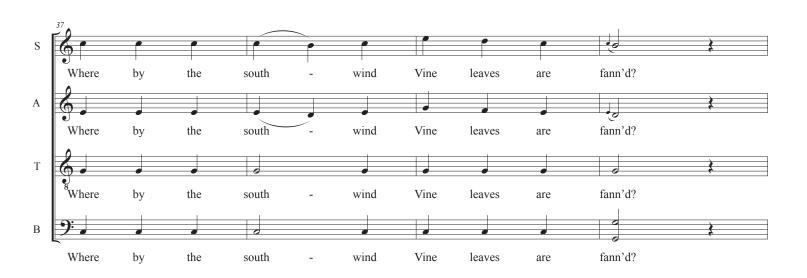


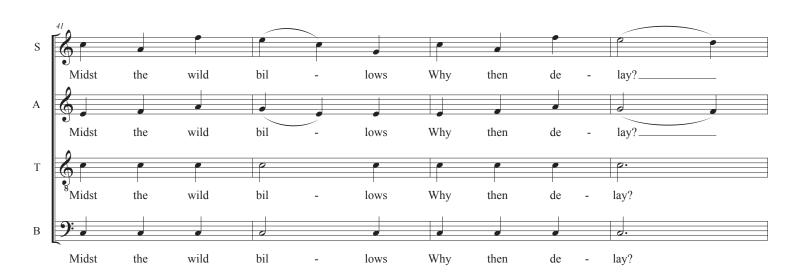


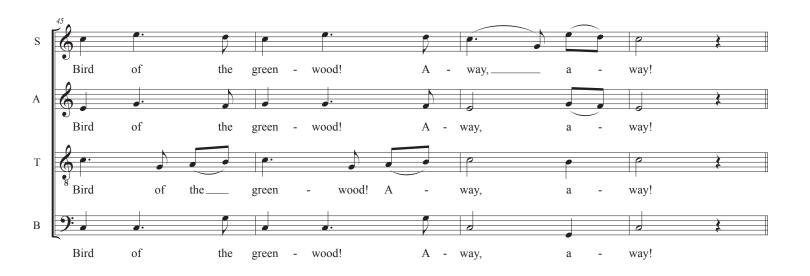


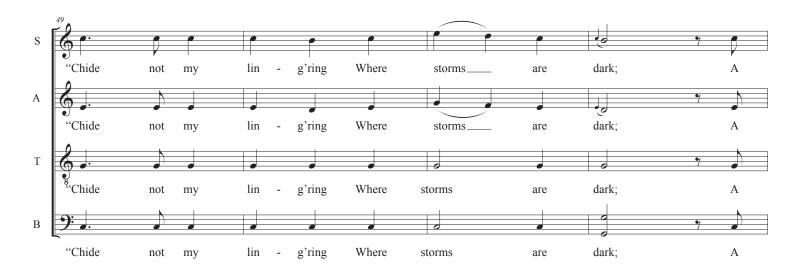


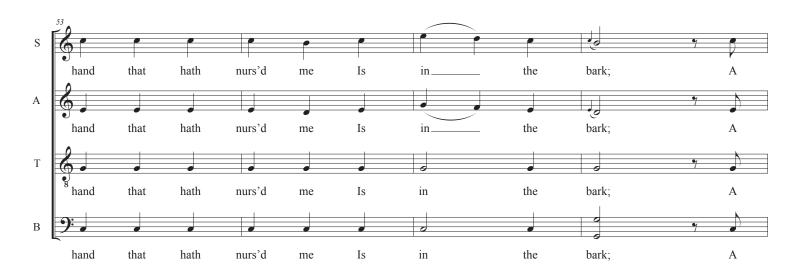


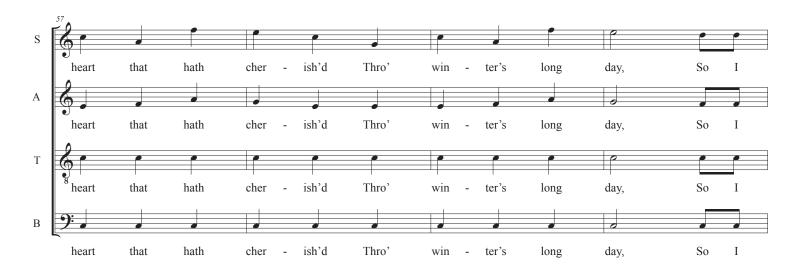


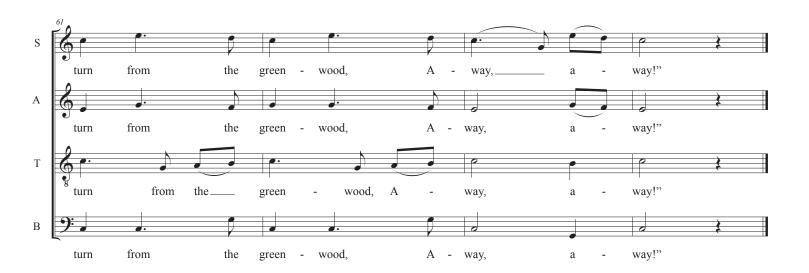












J. H. Wilkins and R. B. Carter (1843)

George James Webb (1803-1887) was born at Rushmore Lodge, near Salisbury in Wiltshire, England. He trained early in England and was an organist in Falmouth, England. He emigrated to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1830. He was organist at the Old South Church in Boston for nearly 40 years and was organist at the Boston Church of the New Jerusalem. With Lowell Mason, he founded the Boston Academy of Music. He was president of the Handel and Haydn Society. In 1871, he left Boston, taught in New York from 1876-1885, and retired to Orange, New Jersey. He was an editor for the journals "The Music Library" and "The Music Cabinet." He published the books "Vocal Techniques" and "Voice Culture," and was editor and arranger of the collections "Young Ladies' Vocal Class Book," "The Glee Hive," "The New Odeon," "The Vocalist," the "Little Songster," and "Cantica Laudis." He composed organ music, choral music, songs, and hymns. His most well-known composition is his part-song "Tis Dawn, the Lark is Singing." The original song was well received and later adapted as a hymn with the addition of sacred words "Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

Bird of the greenwood!

Oh! why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near.

All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play

Bird of the greenwood!

Away, away!

Where the mast quivers,
Thy place will not be,
As midst the waving
Of wild rose and tree.
How should'st thou battle
With storm and with spray?
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south-wind
Vine leaves are fanned?
Midst the wild billows
Why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

"Chide not my lingering
Where storms are dark;
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark;
A heart that hath cherished
Through winter's long day,
So I turn from the greenwood,
Away, away!"

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793-1835)

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