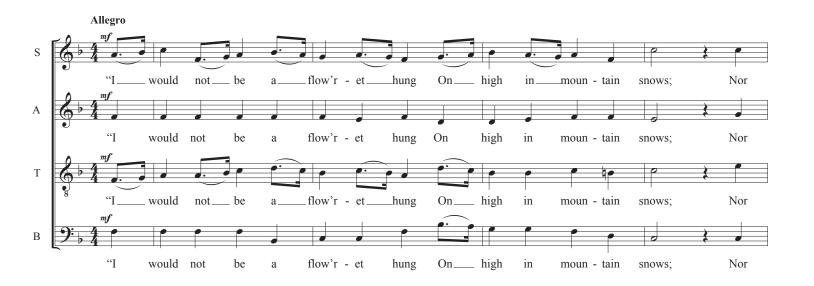
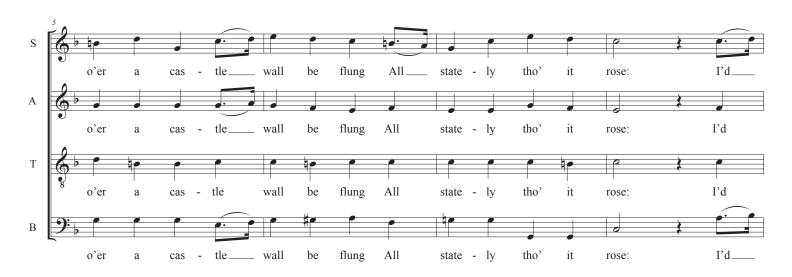




George James Webb (1803-1887)

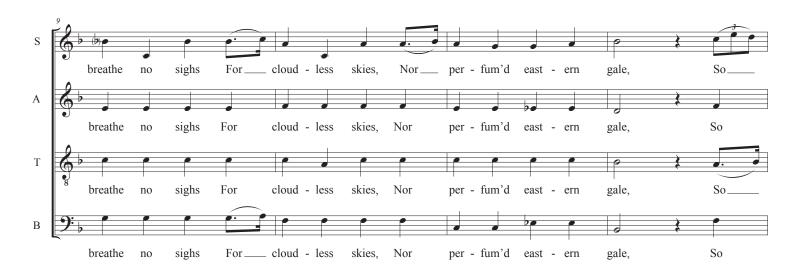
G. J. Webb

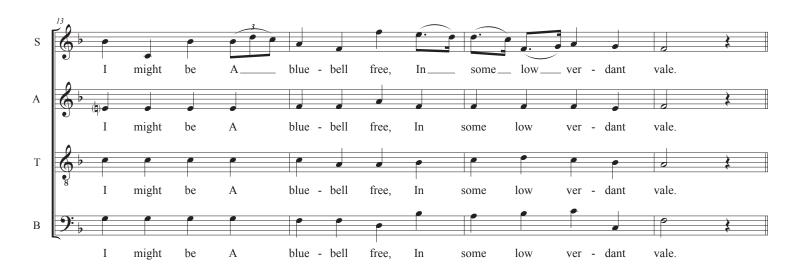


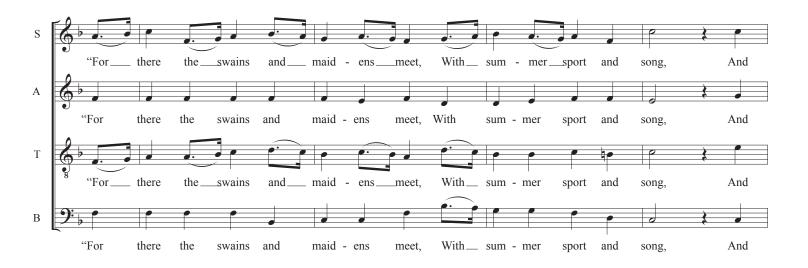


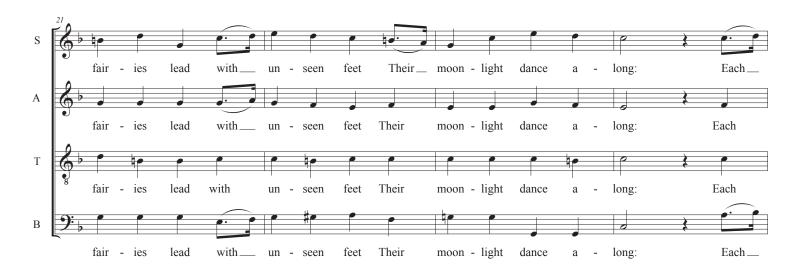


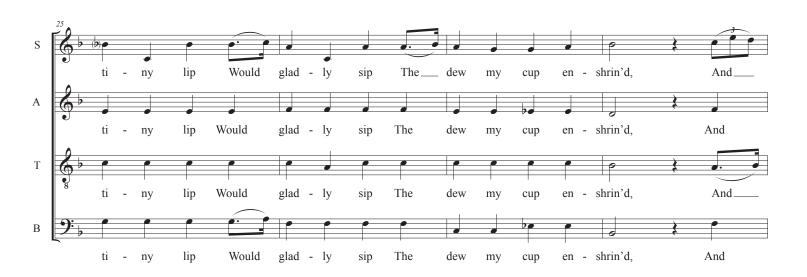
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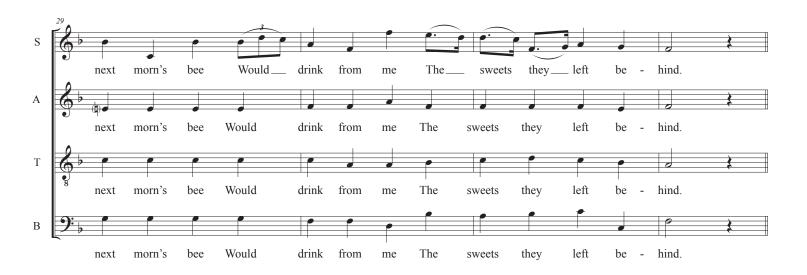


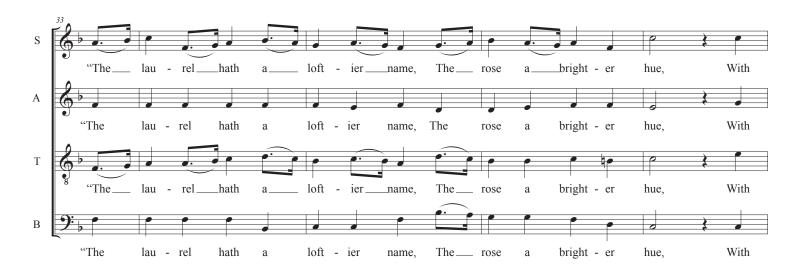


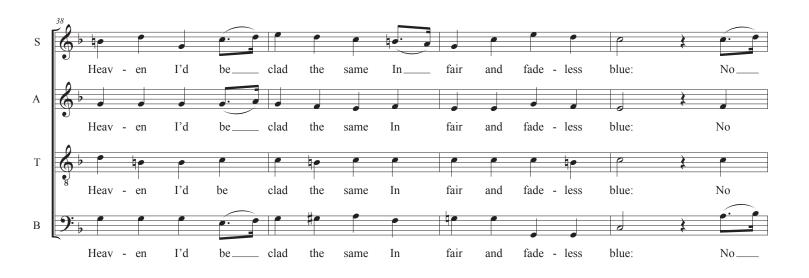




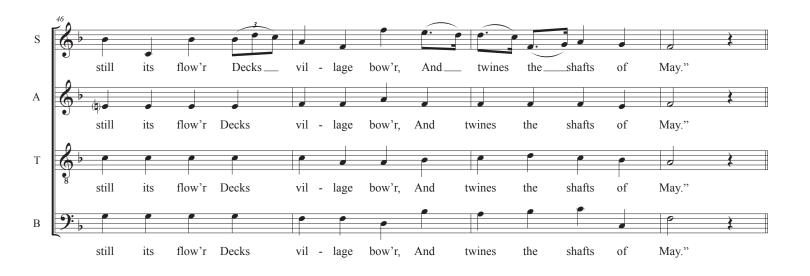


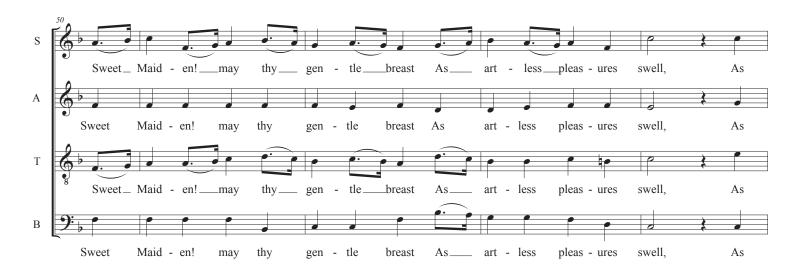


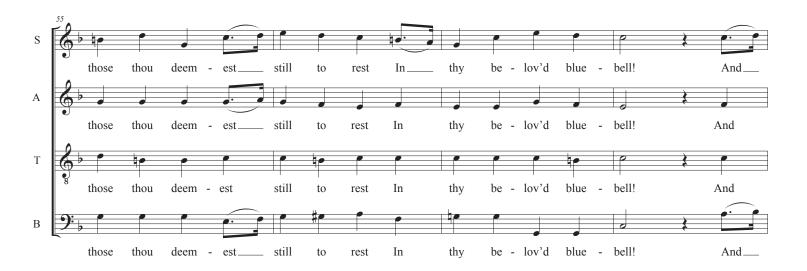


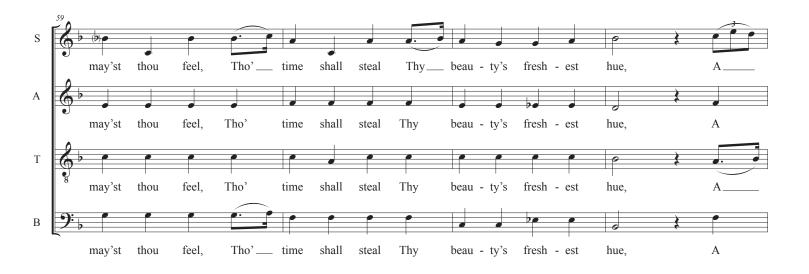


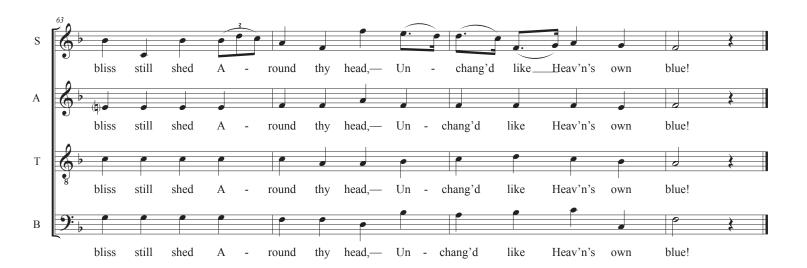












Mason & Law (1850)

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."

"I would not be a floweret hung
On high in mountain snows;
Nor o'er a castle wall be flung
All stately though it rose:
I'd breathe no sighs
For cloudless skies,
Nor perfumed eastern gale,
So I might be
A blue-bell free,
In some low verdant vale.

"For there the swains and maidens meet,
With summer sport and song,
And fairies lead with unseen feet
Their moonlight dance along:
Each tiny lip
Would gladly sip
The dew my cup enshrined,
And next morn's bee
Would drink from me
The sweets they left behind.

"The laurel hath a loftier name,
The rose a brighter hue,
With Heaven I'd be clad the same
In fair and fadeless blue:
No blood-stain'd chief
Ere plucks this leaf,
To make his wreath more gay!
Though still its flower
Decks village bower,
And twines the shafts of May."

Sweet Maiden! may thy gentle breast
As artless pleasures swell,
As those thou deemest still to rest
In thy beloved blue- bell!
And may'st thou feel,
Though time shall steal
Thy beauty's freshest hue,
A bliss still shed
Around thy head,—
Unchanged like Heaven's own blue!

R. T.

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