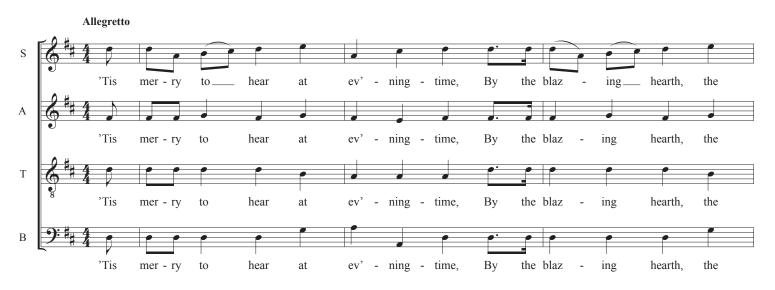


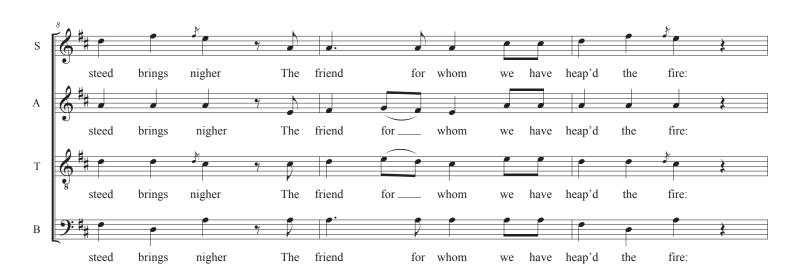


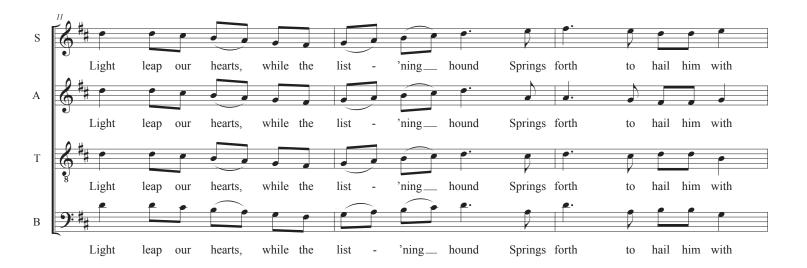
George James Webb (1803-1887)

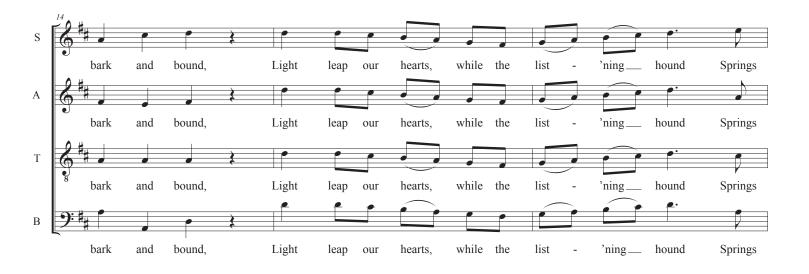


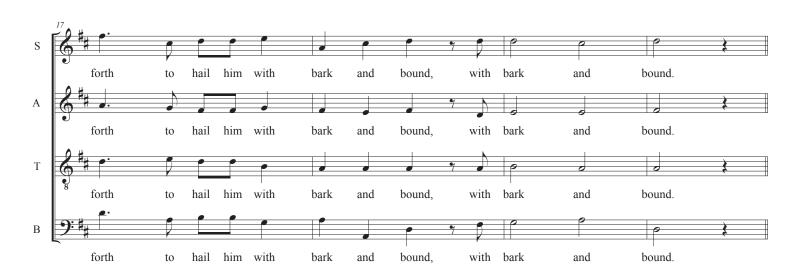


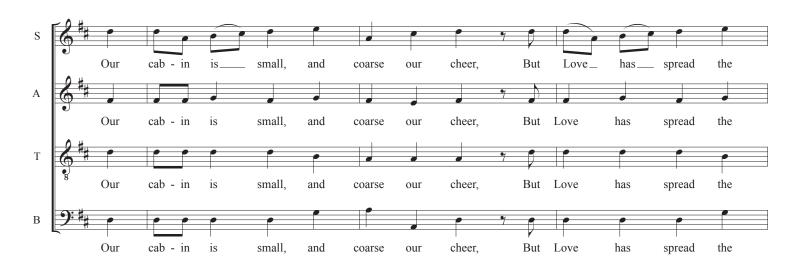


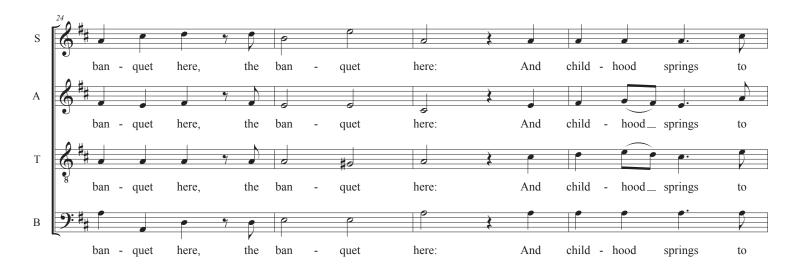


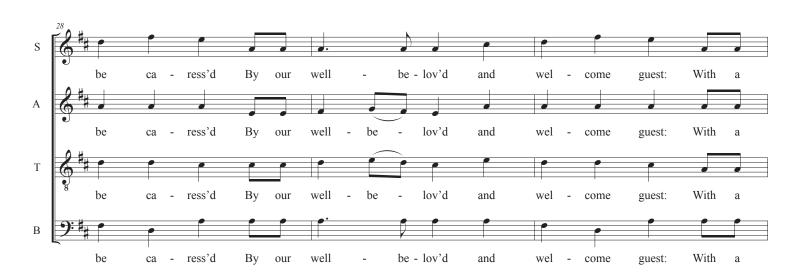


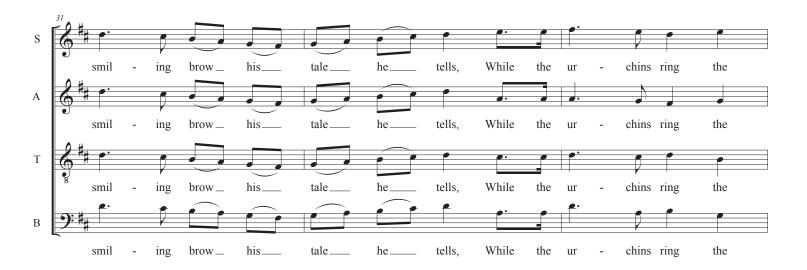


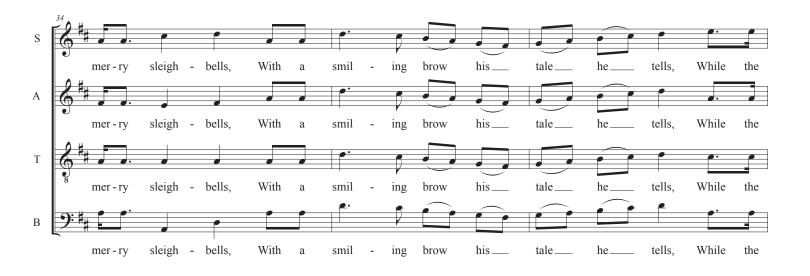




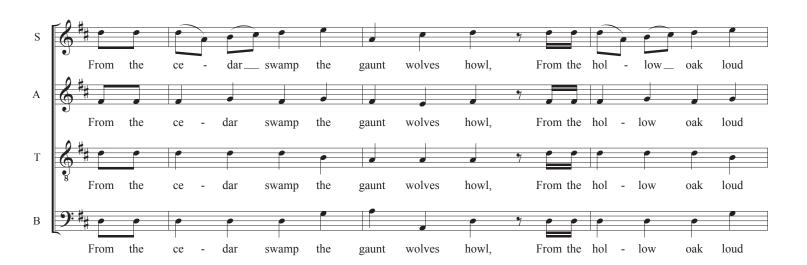




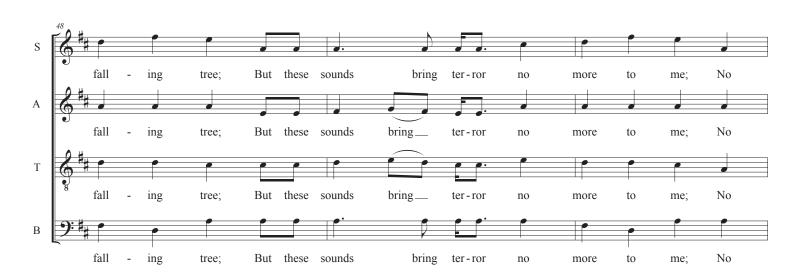


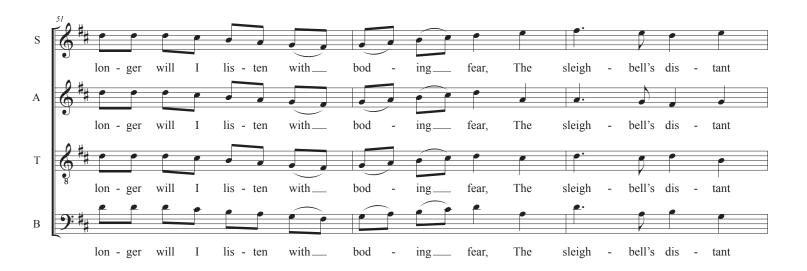
















J. H. Wilkins and R. B. Carter (1843)

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."

'Tis merry to hear at evening-time, By the blazing hearth, the sleigh-bells chime; And to know each bound of the steed brings nigher The friend for whom we have heaped the fire: Light leap our hearts, while the listening hound Springs forth to hail him with bark and bound.

Our cabin is small, and coarse our cheer, But Love has spread the banquet here: And childhood springs to be caressed By our well-beloved and welcome guest: With a smiling brow his tale he tells, While the urchins ring the merry sleigh-bells.

From the cedar swamp the gaunt wolves howl, From the hollow oak loud whoops the owl, Scared by the crash of the falling tree; But these sounds bring terror no more to me; No longer will I listen with boding fear, The sleigh-bell's distant chime to bear.

variation of the poem by Susanna Moodie (1803–1885)

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