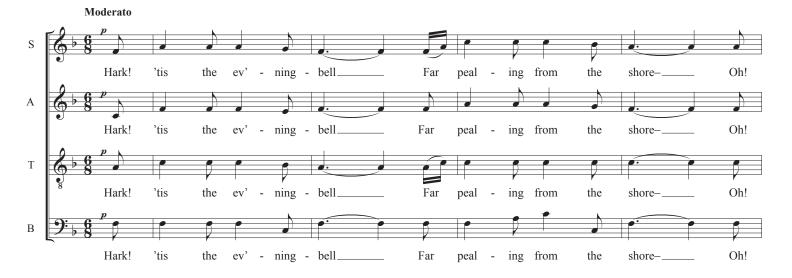
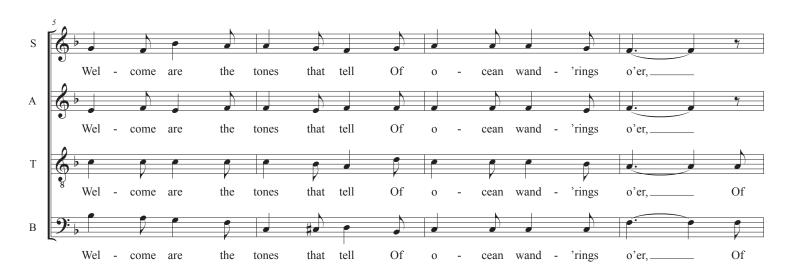
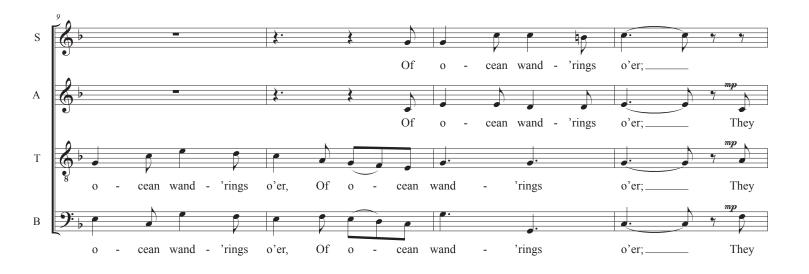


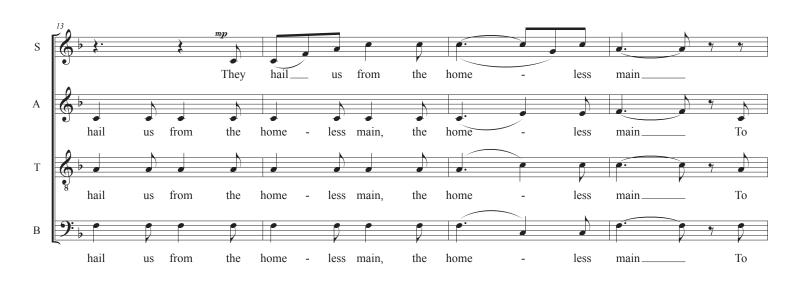
George James Webb (1803-1887)

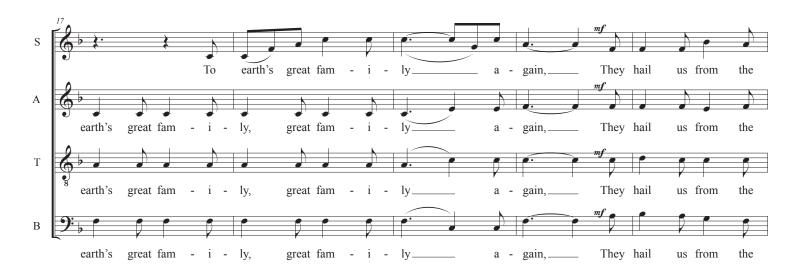




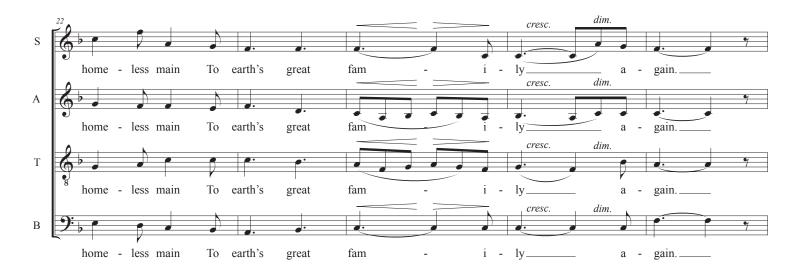


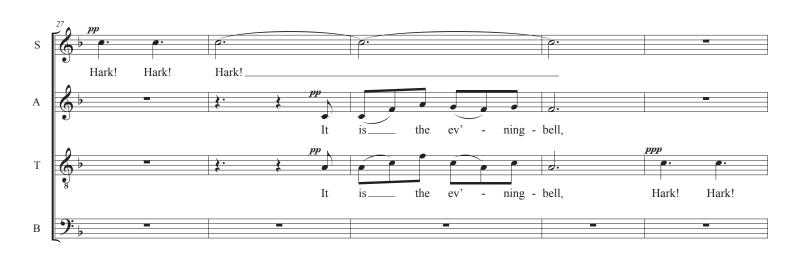


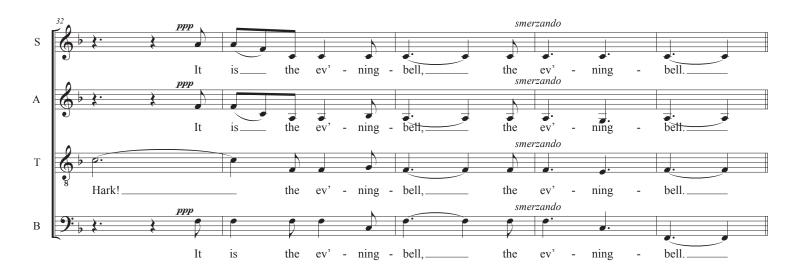




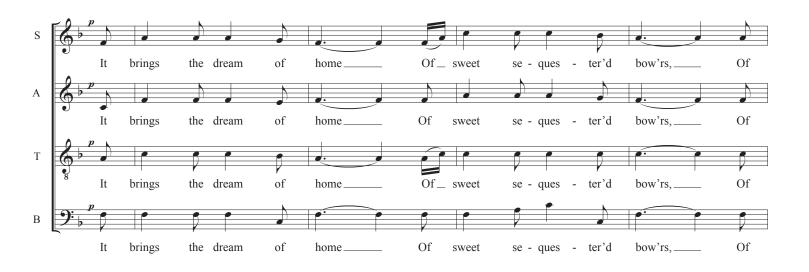
The evening bell

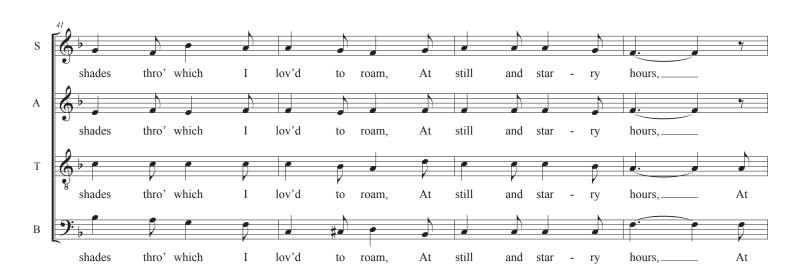


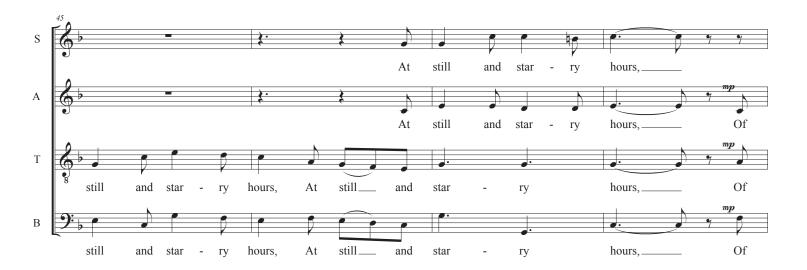


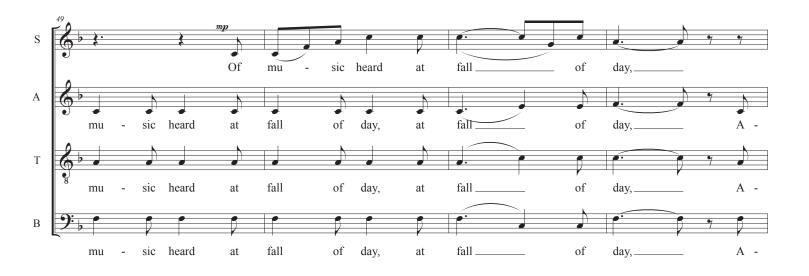


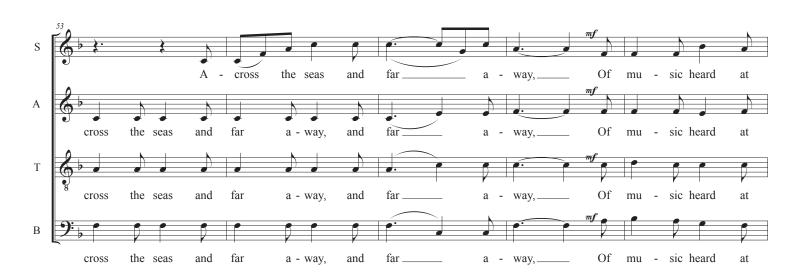
The evening bell

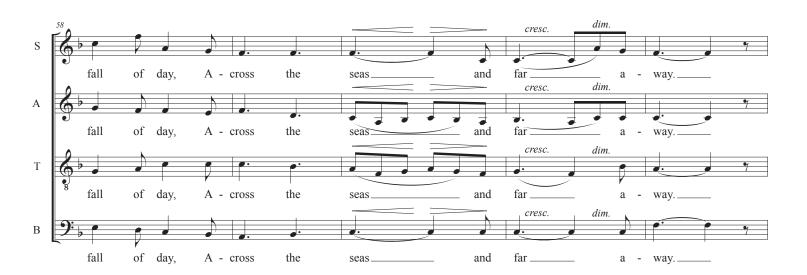


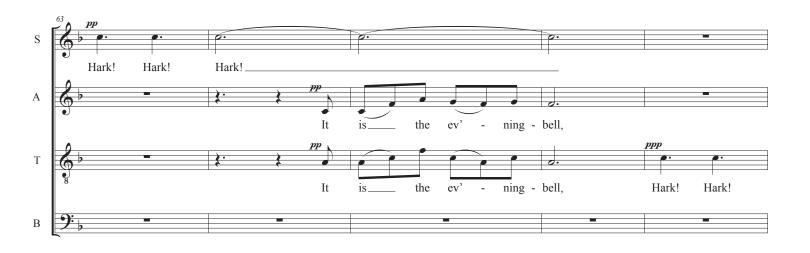


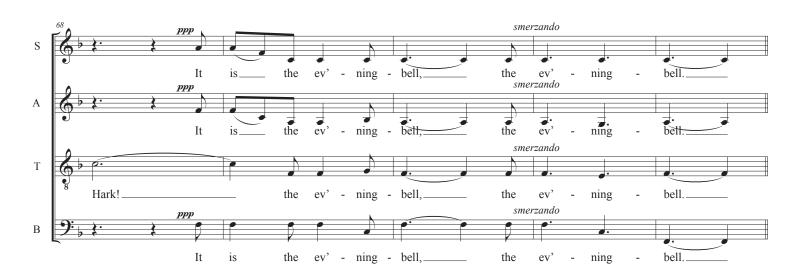


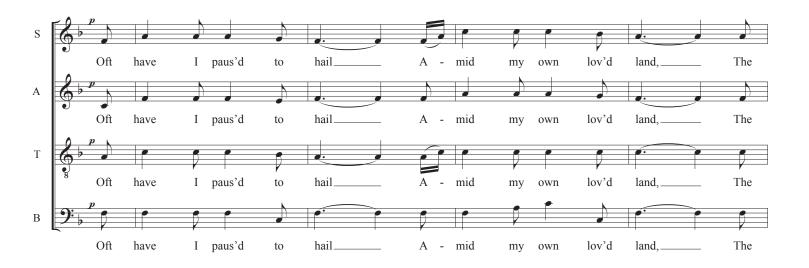


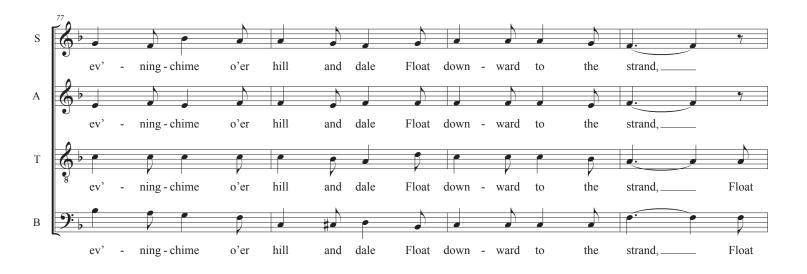


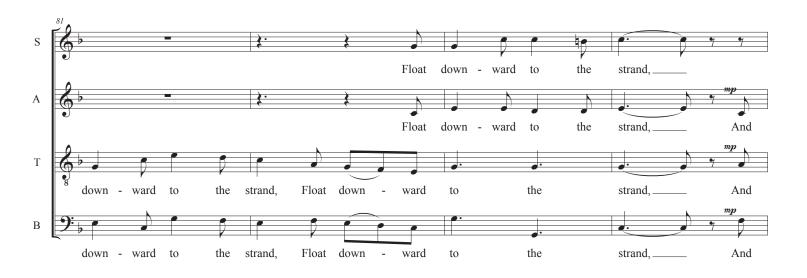


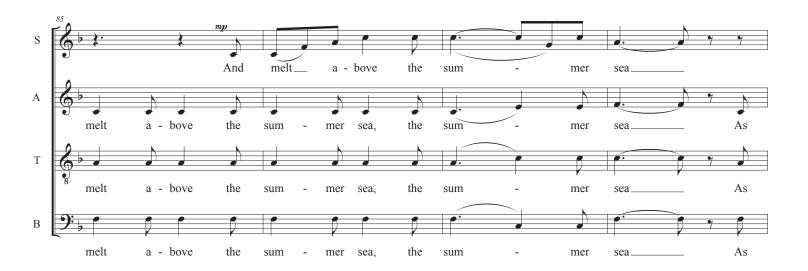


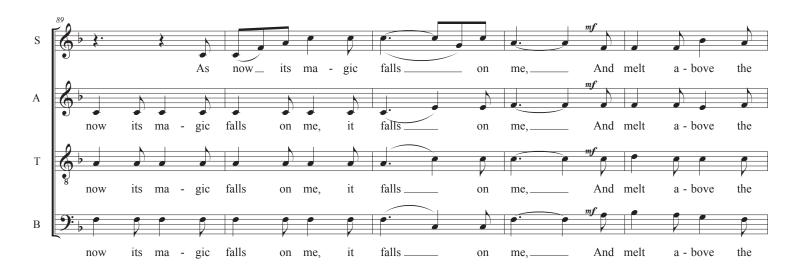


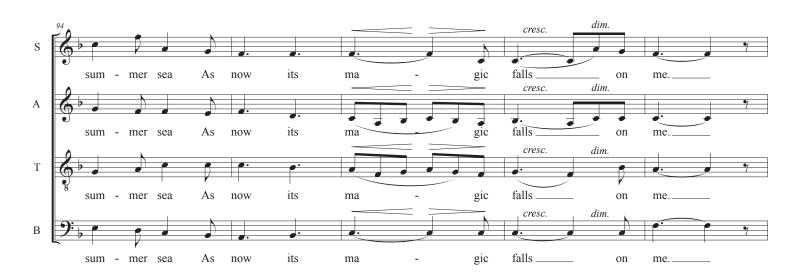


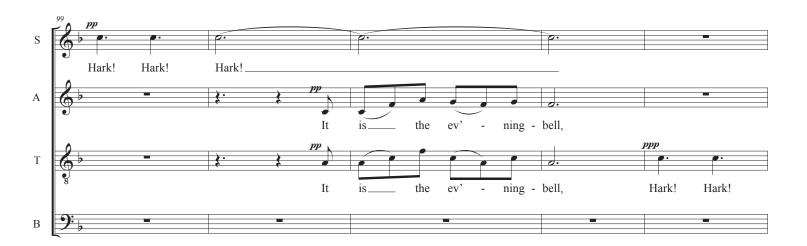




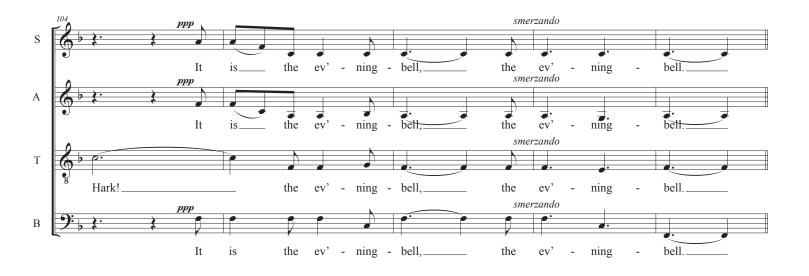


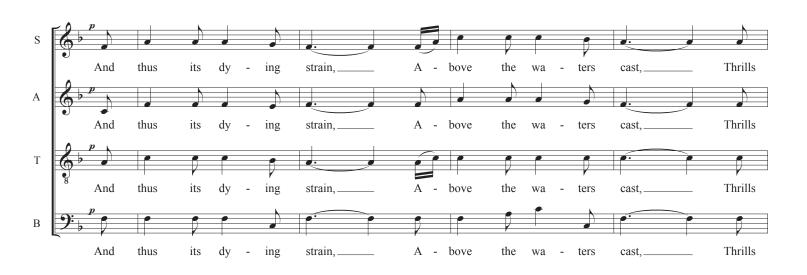


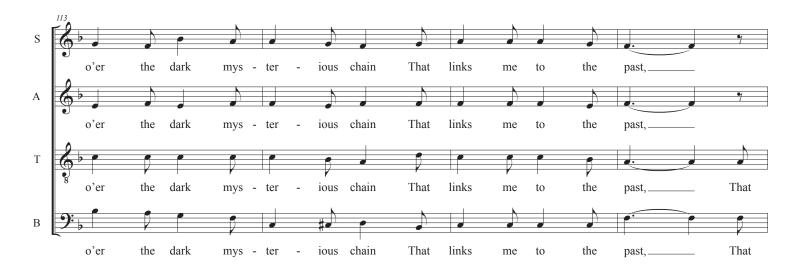


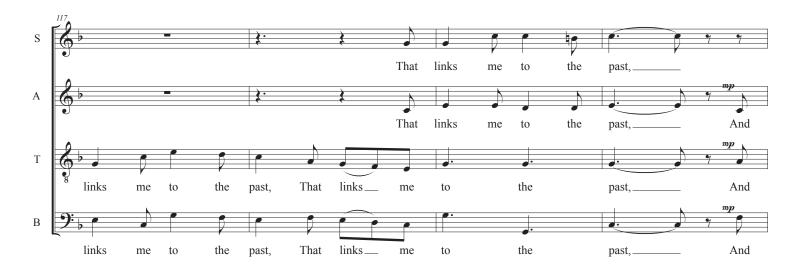


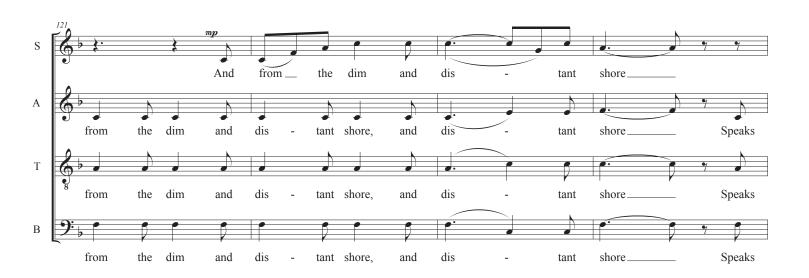
The evening bell

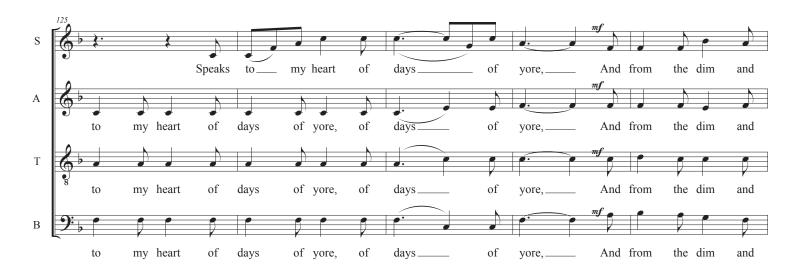


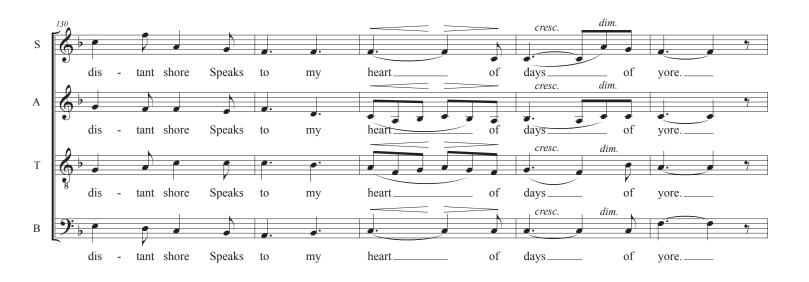


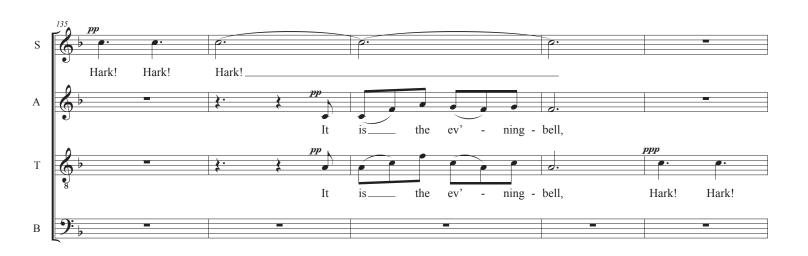


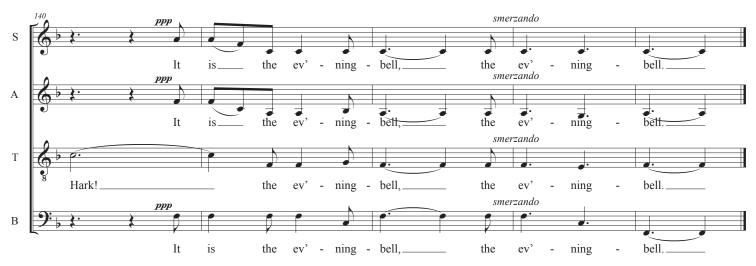












Wilkins, Carter, & Co. (1847)

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."

(originally "The vesper bell)

Hark! 'tis the evening-bell
Far pealing from the shore—
Oh! welcome are the tones that tell
Of ocean wanderings o'er;
They hail us from the homeless main
To earth's great family again.

It brings the dream of home Of sweet sequester'd bowers, Of shades thro' which I loved to roam, At still and starry hours, Of music heard at fall of day, Across the seas and far away.

Oft have I paused to hail Amid my own loved land, The vesper-chime o'er hill and dale Float downward to the strand, And melt above the summer sea As now its magic falls on me.

And thus its dying strain,
Above the waters cast,
Thrills o'er the dark mysterious chain
That links me to the past,
And from the dim and distant shore
Speaks to my heart of days of yore.

John Malcolm (?1795-1835)

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