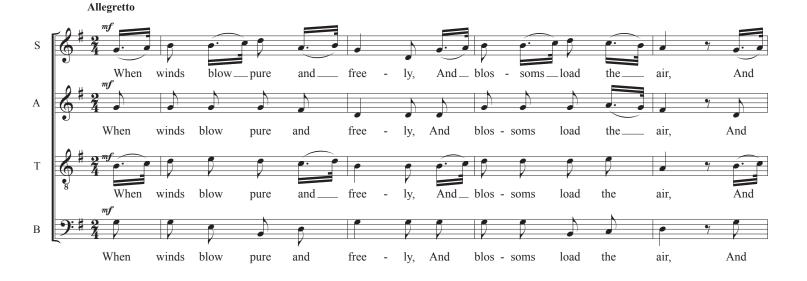
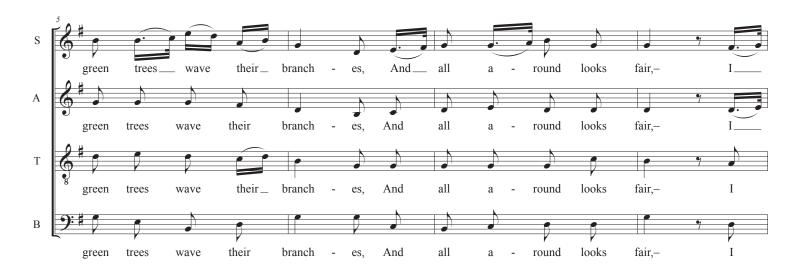




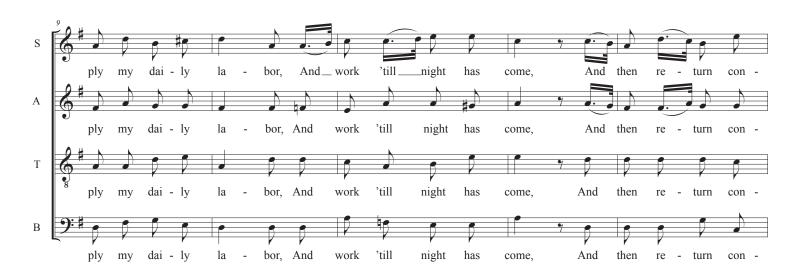
George James Webb (1803-1887)

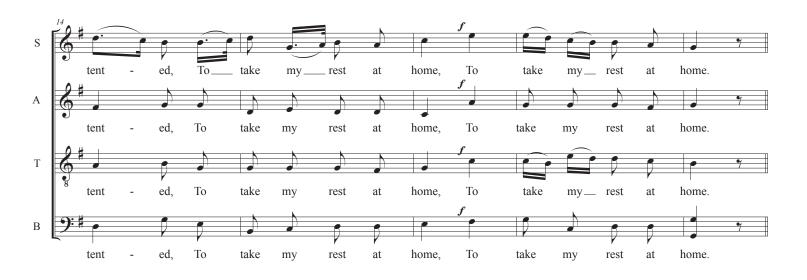


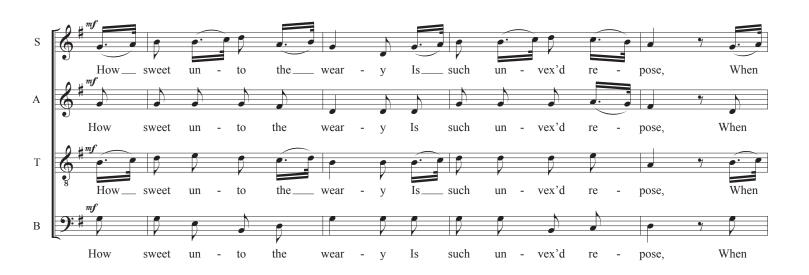


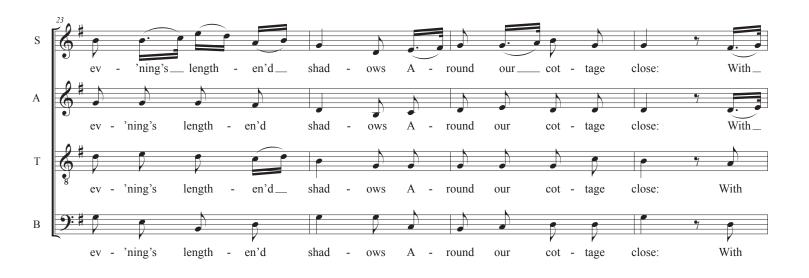


Edition and "engraving" © 2024 SHORCHOR™. May be freely distributed, duplicated, performed and recorded under the TERMS OF USE described elsewhere in this publication. This edition is not a source for a secondary edition.

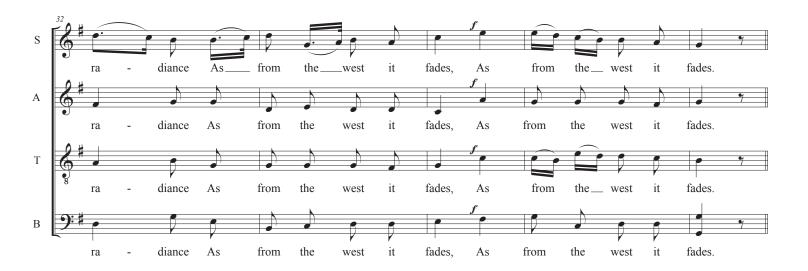


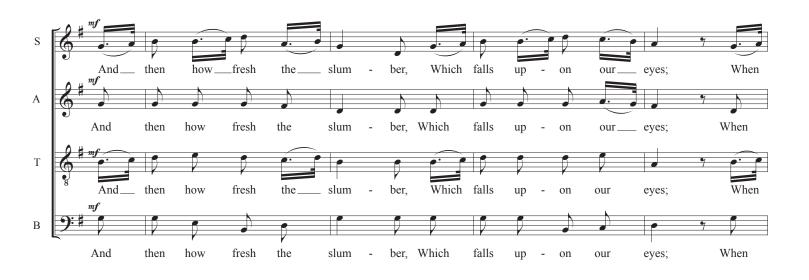


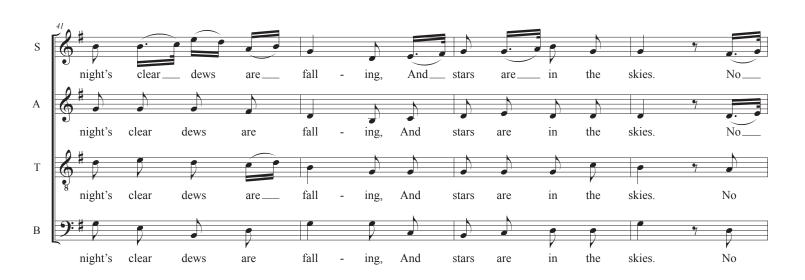




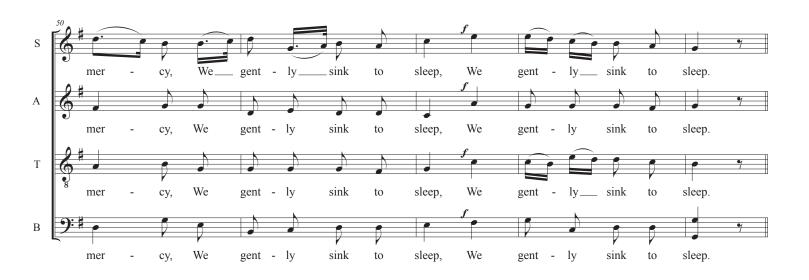


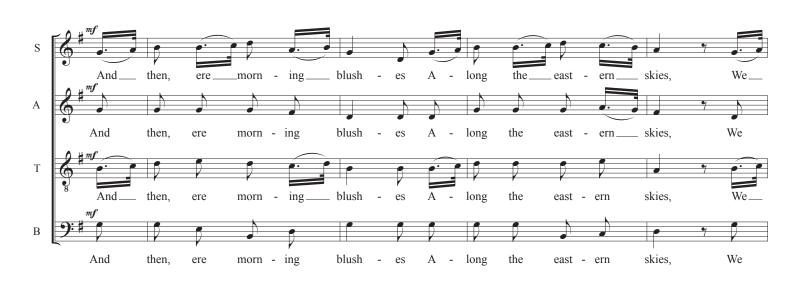


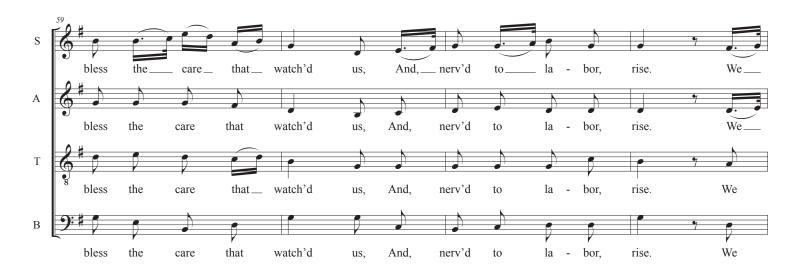


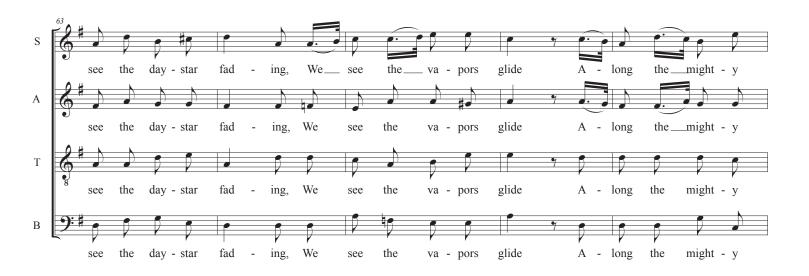


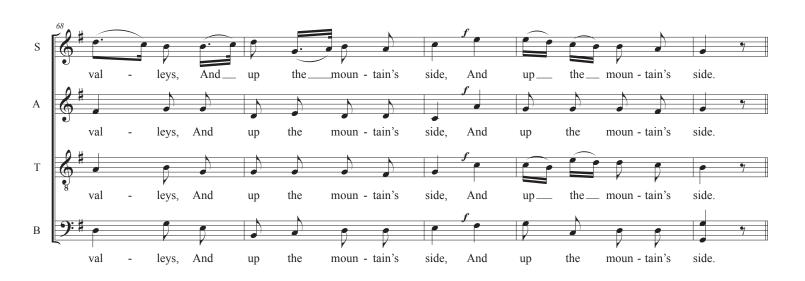


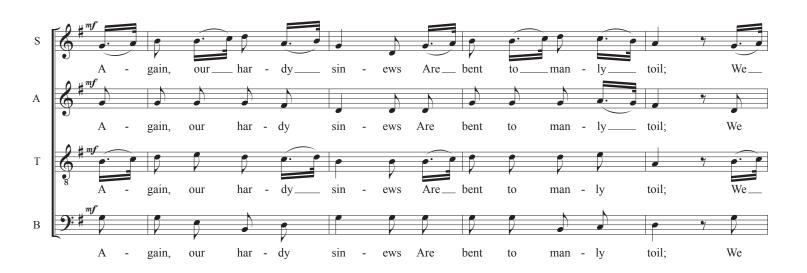


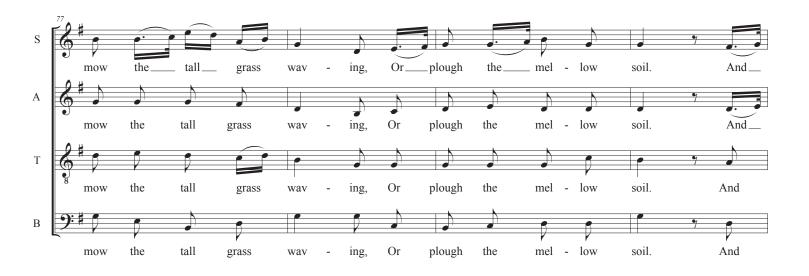


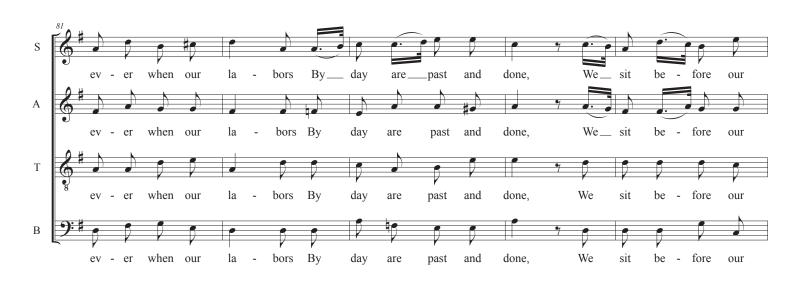


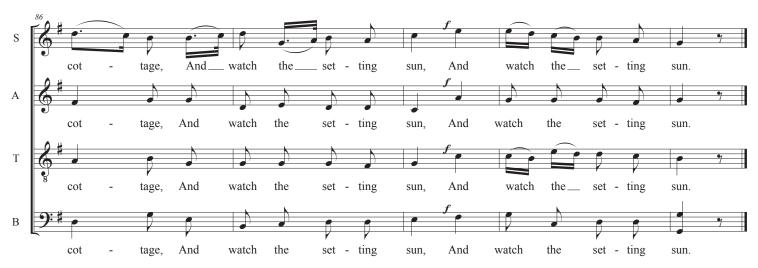












Wilkins, Carter, & Co. (1847)

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."

When winds blow pure and freely, And blossoms load the air, And green trees wave their branches, And all around looks fair,— I ply my daily labor, And work 'till night has come, And then return contented, To take my rest at home.

How sweet unto the weary
Is such unvexed repose,
When evening's lengthened shadows
Around our cottage close:
With quiet in our bosoms,
We sit in twilight shades,
And watch the crimson radiance
As from the west it fades.

And then how fresh the slumber, Which falls upon our eyes; When night's clear dews are falling, And stars are in the skies. No feverish dreams affright us, Or make us start and weep; But trusting in God's mercy, We gently sink to sleep. And then, ere morning blushes
Along the eastern skies,
We bless the care that watched us,
And, nerved to labor, rise.
We see the daystar fading,
We see the vapors glide
Along the mighty valleys,
And up the mountain's side.

Again, our hardy sinews
Are bent to manly toil;
We mow the tall grass waving,
Or plough the mellow soil.
And ever when our labors
By day are past and done,
We sit before our cottage,
And watch the setting sun.

TERMS OF USE

These editions are available as a service to the choral community, offering inexpensive access to public domain literature. Choir resources can purchase other literature still under copyright, especially to support those creating and publishing new compositions and arrangements. These editions have been created using public domain sources under U. S. copyright law. Out of respect to the research, time and effort invested:

please print and issue an edition in its entirety, retaining notices, attributions, and logos. please do not consider this edition a source for creating another edition.

If recorded, notification and attribution would be appropriate professional courtesies.

For a full description of these requests and more scores, visit: www.shorchor.net

