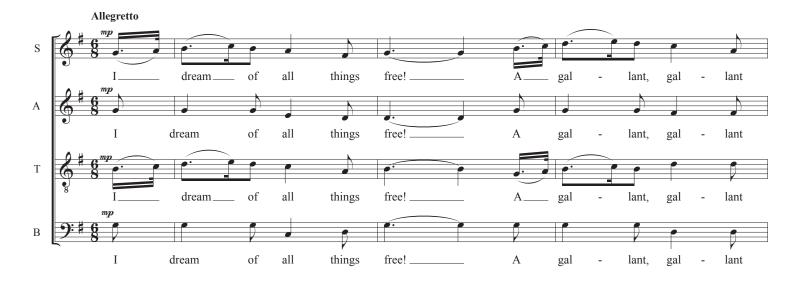
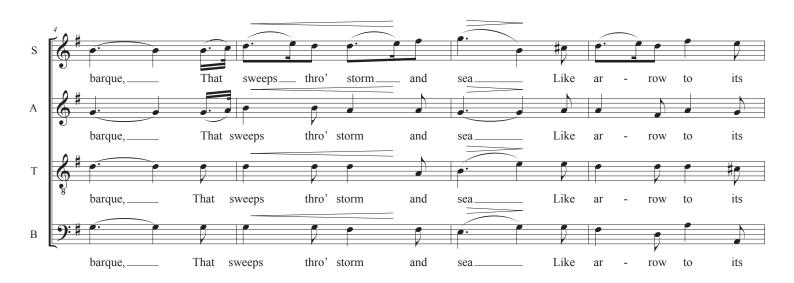




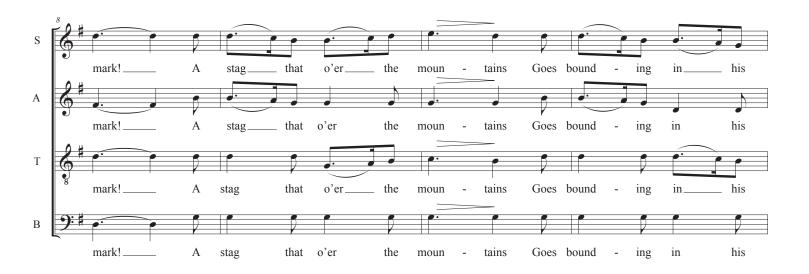
George James Webb (1803-1887)

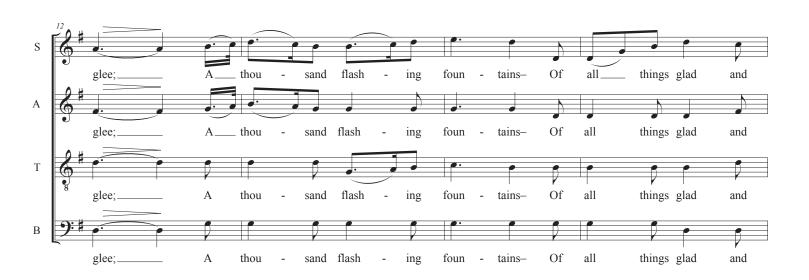
G. J. Webb

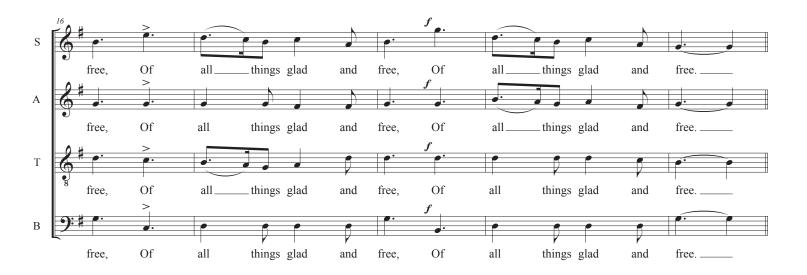


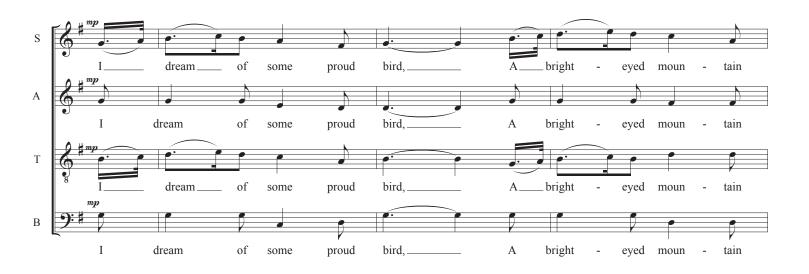


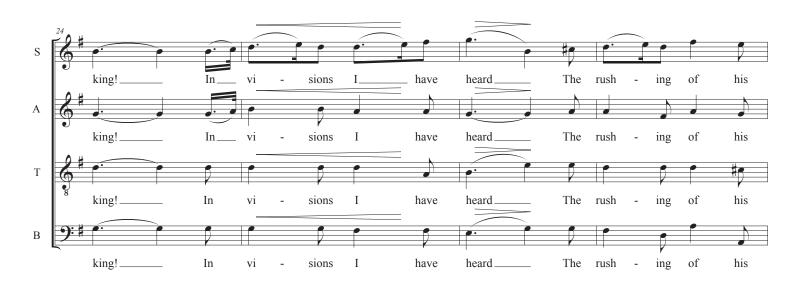


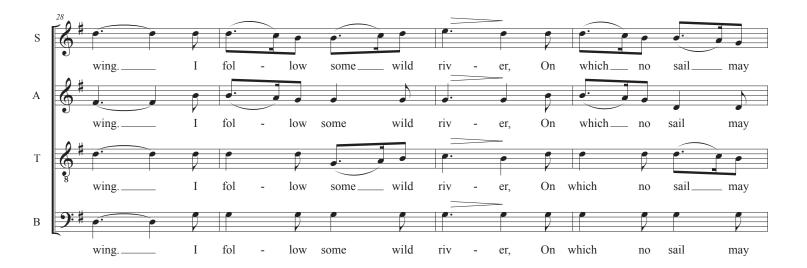


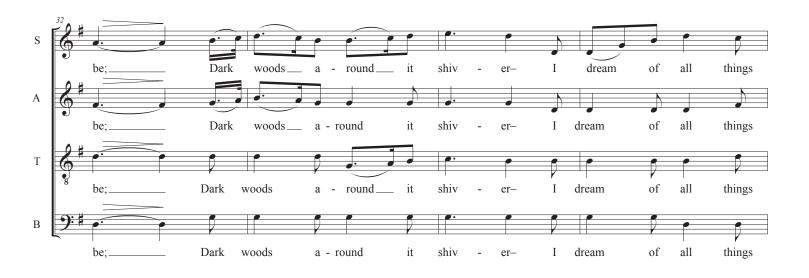


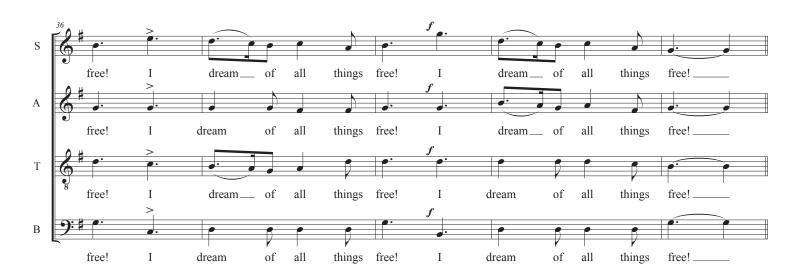


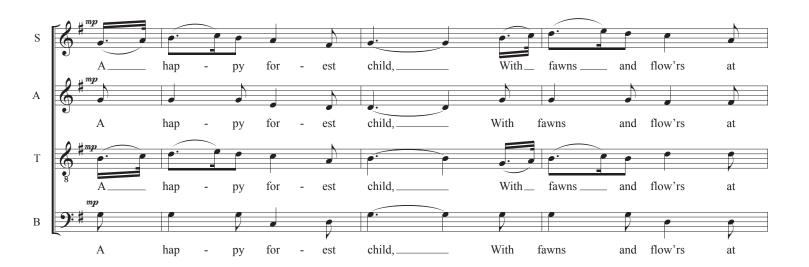


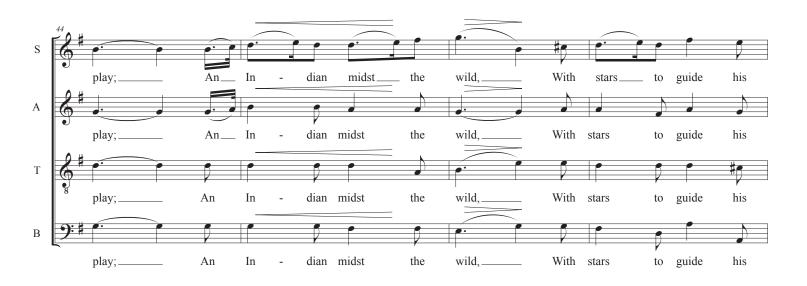


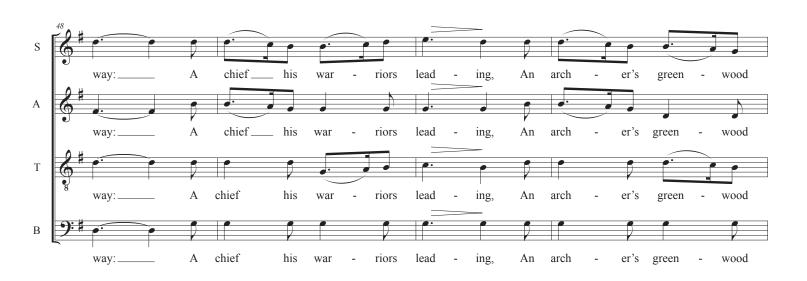


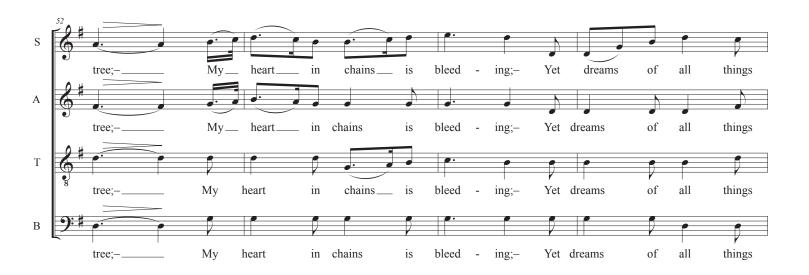














Wilkins, Carter, & Co. (1847)

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."

I dream of all things free!
Of a gallant, gallant barque,
That sweeps through storm and sea
Like an arrow to its mark!
A stag that o'er the moountains
Goes bounding in his glee;
A thousand flashing fountains—
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
A bright-eyed mountain king!
In visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing.
I follow some wild river,
On which no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver—
I dream of all things free!

A happy forest child,
With fawns and flowers at play;
An Indian midst the wild,
With stars to guide his way:
A chief his warriors leading,
An archer's green wood tree;
My heart in chains is bleeding;
Yet dreams of all things free.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793-1835)

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