



**I love the free ridge  
of the mountain**

**George James Webb  
(1803-1887)**

# I love the free ridge of the mountain

G. J. Webb

Moderato

S *f* I love the free ridge of the moun - tain, When dawn lifts her fresh dew - y

A *f* I love the free ridge of the moun - tain, When dawn lifts her fresh dew - y

T *f* I love the free ridge of the moun - tain, When dawn lifts her fresh dew - y

B *f* I love the free ridge of the moun - tain, When dawn lifts her fresh dew - y

<sup>4</sup>  
S eye; I love the old ash by the foun - tain, When noon's sum-mer fer - vours are

A eye; I love the old ash by the foun - tain, When noon's sum-mer fer - vours are

T eye; I love the old ash by the foun - tain, When noon's sum-mer fer - vours are

B eye; I love the old ash by the foun - tain, When noon's sum-mer fer - vours are



# I love the free ridge of the mountain

8

S high: And dear - ly I love when the gray - man - tled gloam - ing A -

A high: And dear - ly I love when the gray - man - tled gloam - ing A -

T high: And dear - ly I love when the gray - man - tled gloam - ing A -

B high: And dear - ly I love when the gray - man - tled gloam - ing A -

11

S down the dim val - ley glides slow - ly a-long, And finds me a - far

A down the dim val - ley glides slow - ly a-long, And finds me a - far

T down the dim val - ley glides slow - ly a-long, by the

B down the dim val - ley glides slow - ly a-long, by the

14

S A - list - 'ning the close of the gray lin - net's song.

A A - list - 'ning the close of the gray lin - net's song.

T pine - for - est roam - ing, A - list - 'ning the close of the gray lin - net's song.

B pine - for - est roam - ing, A - list - 'ning the close of the gray lin - net's song.

## I love the free ridge of the mountain

S  
A  
T  
B

When the moon from her fleec - y cloud scat - ters O - ver o - cean her sil - ver - y

When the moon from her fleec - y cloud scat - ters O - ver o - cean her sil - ver - y

When the moon from her fleec - y cloud scat - ters O - ver o - cean her sil - ver - y

When the moon from her fleec - y cloud scat - ters O - ver o - cean her sil - ver - y

20

S  
A  
T  
B

light, And the whis - per of wood - lands and wa - ters Comes soft thro' the si - lence of

light, And the whis - per of wood - lands and wa - ters Comes soft thro' the si - lence of

light, And the whis - per of wood - lands and wa - ters Comes soft thro' the si - lence of

light, And the whis - per of wood - lands and wa - ters Comes soft thro' the si - lence of

24

S  
A  
T  
B

night— I love by the ru - in'd tow'r lone - ly to lin - ger, A -

night— I love by the ru - in'd tow'r lone - ly to lin - ger, A -

night— I love by the ru - in'd tow'r lone - ly to lin - ger, A -

night— I love by the ru - in'd tow'r lone - ly to lin - ger, A -

# I love the free ridge of the mountain

27

S dream - ing to fan - cy's wild witch - 'ry giv - en, And hear, as if swept

A dream - ing to fan - cy's wild witch - 'ry giv - en, And hear, as if swept

T dream - ing to fan - cy's wild witch - 'ry giv - en, by some

B dream - ing to fan - cy's wild witch - 'ry giv - en, by some

30

S The harp of the winds breath - ing ac - cents of heav'n.

A The harp of the winds breath - ing ac - cents of heav'n.

T ser - aph's pure fin - ger, The harp of the winds breath - ing ac - cents of heav'n.

B ser - aph's pure fin - ger, The harp of the winds breath - ing ac - cents of heav'n.

33

S Yet still, 'mid sweet fan - cies o'er-flow - ing, Oft bursts from my lone breast the

A Yet still, 'mid sweet fan - cies o'er-flow - ing, Oft bursts from my lone breast the

T Yet still, 'mid sweet fan - cies o'er-flow - ing, Oft bursts from my lone breast the

B Yet still, 'mid sweet fan - cies o'er-flow - ing, Oft bursts from my lone breast the

## I love the free ridge of the mountain

37

S  
sigh— I yearn for the sym - path - ies glow - ing, When hearts to each oth - er re -

A  
sigh— I yearn for the sym - path - ies glow - ing, When hearts to each oth - er re -

T  
sigh— I yearn for the sym - path - ies glow - ing, When hearts to each oth - er re -

B  
sigh— I yearn for the sym - path - ies glow - ing, When hearts to each oth - er re -

41

S  
ply! Come, friend of my bos - om! with kin - dred de - vo - tion, To

A  
ply! Come, friend of my bos - om! with kin - dred de - vo - tion, To

T  
ply! Come, friend of my bos - om! with kin - dred de - vo - tion, To

B  
ply! Come, friend of my bos - om! with kin - dred de - vo - tion, To

44

S  
wor - ship with me by wild moun - tain and grove; O come, my E - li - za,

A  
wor - ship with me by wild moun - tain and grove; O come, my E - li - za,

T  
wor - ship with me by wild moun - tain and grove; with

B  
wor - ship with me by wild moun - tain and grove; with

# I love the free ridge of the mountain

47

S  
With rap - ture to hal - low the chaste home of love!

A  
With rap - ture to hal - low the chaste home of love!

T  
8  
dear - er e - mo - tion, With rap - ture to hal - low the chaste home of love!

B  
dear - er e - mo - tion, With rap - ture to hal - low the chaste home of love!

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."

## LOVE AND SOLITUDE

I love the free ridge of the mountain,  
When dawn lifts her fresh dewy eye;  
I love the old ash by the fountain,  
When noon's summer fervours are high:  
And dearly I love when the gray-mantled gloaming  
Adown the dim valley glides slowly along,  
And finds me afar by the pine-forest roaming,  
A-list'ning the close of the gray linnet's song.

When the moon from her fleecy cloud scatters  
Over ocean her silvery light,  
And the whisper of woodlands and waters  
Comes soft through the silence of night—  
I love by the ruin'd tower lonely to linger,  
A-dreaming to fancy's wild witchery given,  
And hear, as if swept by some seraph's pure finger,  
The harp of the winds breathing accents of heaven.

Yet still, 'mid sweet fancies o'erflowing,  
Oft bursts from my lone breast the sigh—  
I yearn for the sympathies glowing,  
When hearts to each other reply!  
Come, friend of my bosom! with kindred devotion,  
To worship with me by wild mountain and grove;  
O come, my Eliza, with dearer emotion,  
With rapture to hallow the chaste home of love!

Thomas Pringle (1789–1834)

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