



# **The light of home**

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

# The light of home

G. J. Webb

S My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair, And thy spir - it will sigh to \_\_\_\_\_

A My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair, And thy spir - it will sigh to \_\_\_\_\_

T My boy, thou wilt dream the world \_\_\_\_\_ is fair, And thy spir - it will sigh to \_\_\_\_\_

B My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair, And thy spir - it will sigh to \_\_\_\_\_

5  
S roam: And thou must go; but nev - er, when there, For - get the light of \_\_\_\_\_

A roam: And thou must go; but nev - er, when there, For - get \_\_\_\_\_ the light \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_

T roam: And thou must go; but nev - er, when there, For - get \_\_\_\_\_ the light \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_

B roam: And thou must go; but nev - er, when there, For - get the light of \_\_\_\_\_



# The light of home

9

S home. Tho' pleas - ure may smile with a ray mor**ð**bright, It daz - zles to lead a -

A home. Tho' pleas - ure may smile with a ray more bright, It daz - zles to lead a -

T home. Tho' pleas - ure may smile with a ray more bright, It daz - zles to lead a -

B home. Tho' pleas - ure may smile with a ray more bright, It daz - zles to lead a -

13

S stray: Like the me - teor's flash, 'twill deep - en the night When thou tread'st the lone - ly

A stray: Like the me - teor's flash, 'twill deep - en the night When thou tread'st the lone - ly

T stray: Like the me - teor's flash, 'twill deep - en the night When thou tread'st the lone - ly

B stray: Like the me - teor's flash, 'twill deep - en the night When thou tread'st the lone - ly

17

S way. But the hearth of home has a con - stant flame, And pure as ves - tal

A way. But the hearth of home has a con - stant flame, And pure as ves - tal

T way. But the hearth of home has a con - stant flame, And pure as ves - tal

B way. But the hearth of home has a con - stant flame, And pure as ves - tal

## The light of home

21

S  
fire: 'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ev - er the same, For na - ture feeds the \_\_\_

A  
fire: 'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ev - er the same, For na - ture feeds the \_\_\_

T  
8  
fire: 'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ev - er the same, For na - ture feeds the

B  
fire: 'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ev - er the same, For na - ture feeds the

25

S  
pyre, for na - ture feeds the pyre, — for na - ture feeds the pyre, — 'Twill

A  
pyre, for na - ture feeds the pyre, — for na - ture feeds the pyre, 'Twill

T  
8  
pyre, for na - ture feeds the pyre, for na - ture feeds the pyre, — 'Twill

B  
pyre, for na - ture feeds the pyre, for na - ture feeds the pyre, 'Twill

30

S  
burn, 'twill burn, for ev - er the same, For na - ture feeds the pyre.

A  
burn, 'twill burn, for ev - er the same, For na - ture \_\_\_ feeds the pyre.

T  
8  
burn, 'twill burn, for ev - er the same, For na - ture \_\_\_ feeds the pyre.

B  
burn, 'twill burn, for ev - er the same, For na - ture feeds the pyre.

# The light of home

S The sea of am - bi - tion is tem - pest - tost, And thy hopes may \_\_\_ van - ish like \_\_\_

A The sea of am - bi - tion is tem - pest - tost, And thy hopes may \_\_\_ van - ish like \_\_\_

T The sea of am - bi - tion is tem - pest - tost, And thy hopes may van - ish like

B The sea of am - bi - tion is tem - pest - tost, And thy hopes may van - ish like

37  
S foam; But when sails are shiv - er'd, and rud - der \_\_\_ lost, Then look to the light of \_\_\_

A foam; But when sails are shiv - er'd, and rud - der \_\_\_ lost, Then look to the light of \_\_\_

T foam; But when sails are shiv - er'd, and rud - der \_\_\_ lost, Then look to the light of

B foam; But when sails are shiv - er'd, and rud - der \_\_\_ lost, Then look to the light of

41  
S home; The sun \_\_\_ of fame, 'twill gild the name; But the heart ne'er \_\_\_ felt its

A home; The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name; But the heart ne'er felt its

T home; The sun \_\_\_ of fame, 'twill gild the name; But the heart ne'er felt its

B home; The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name; But the heart ne'er felt its

## The light of home

45

S ray; And fash - ion's smiles, that rich ones claim, Are but beams of a win - try.

A ray, And fash - ion's smiles, that rich ones claim, Are but beams of a win - try

T ray; And fash - ion's smiles, that rich ones claim, Are but beams of a win - try

B ray; And fash - ion's smiles, that rich ones claim, Are but beams of a win - try

49

S day. And how cold and dim those beams must be, To him that is doom'd to

A day. And how cold and dim those beams must be, To him that is doom'd to

T day. And how cold and dim those beams must be, To him that is doom'd to

B day. And how cold and dim those beams must be, To him that is doom'd to

53

S roam; But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee, Then turn to the light of

A roam; But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee, Then turn to the light of

T roam; But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee, Then turn to the light of

B roam; But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee, Then turn to the light of

# The light of home

57

S home, Then turn to the light of home, Then turn to the light of home, But, my

A home, Then turn to the light of home, Then turn to the light of home, But, my

T home, Then turn to the light of home, Then turn to the light of home, But, my

B home, Then turn to the light of home, Then turn to the light of home, But, my

62

S boy, when the world is dark \_\_\_\_\_ to thee, Then turn to the light of \_\_\_\_\_ home.

A boy, when the world is dark \_\_\_\_\_ to thee, Then turn to the light of \_\_\_\_\_ home.

T boy, when the world is dark \_\_\_\_\_ to thee, Then turn to the light of \_\_\_\_\_ home.

B boy, when the world is dark \_\_\_\_\_ to thee, Then turn to the light of \_\_\_\_\_ home.

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."

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,  
And thy spirit will sigh to roam:  
And thou must go; but never, when there,  
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,  
It dazzles to lead astray:  
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night  
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,  
And pure as vestal fire:  
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,  
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,  
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;  
But when sails are shiver'd, and rudder lost,  
Then look to the light of home;

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name;  
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;  
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,  
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,  
To him that is doomed to roam;  
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,  
Then turn to the light of home.

Sarah Josepha Buell Hale (1788–1879)

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