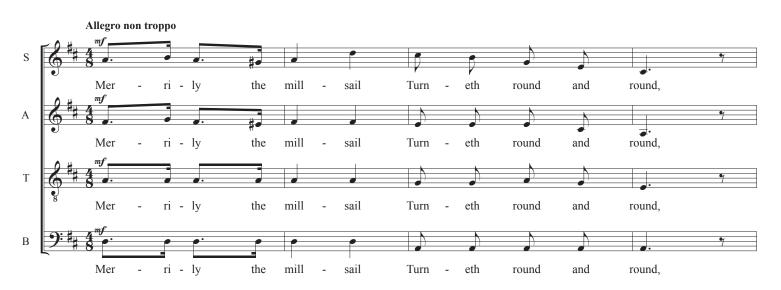
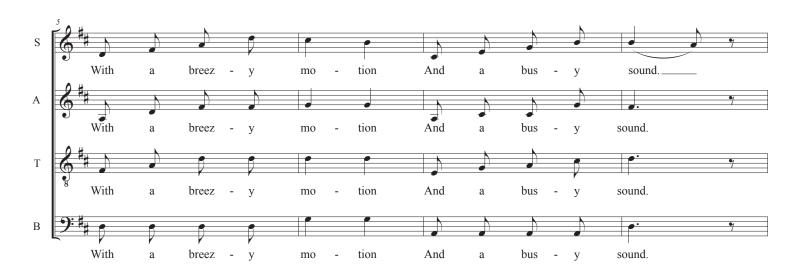


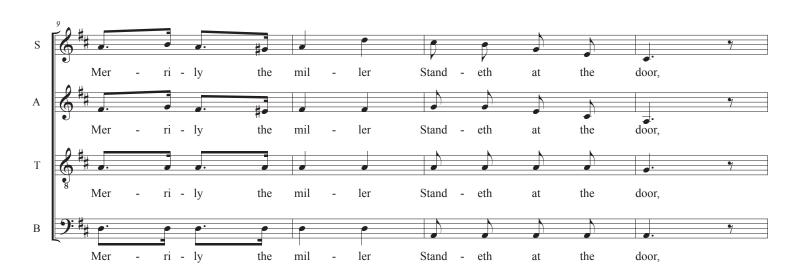


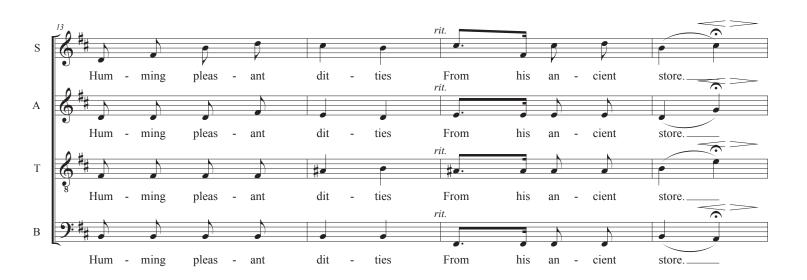
## George James Webb (1803-1887)

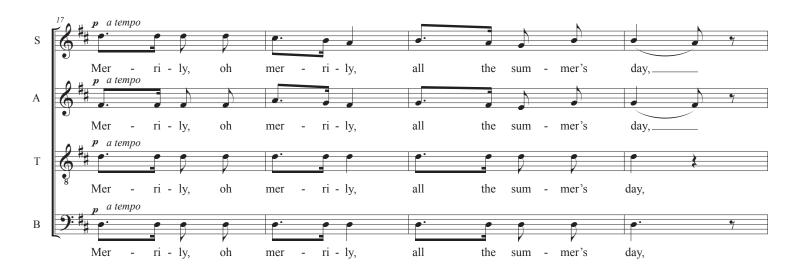


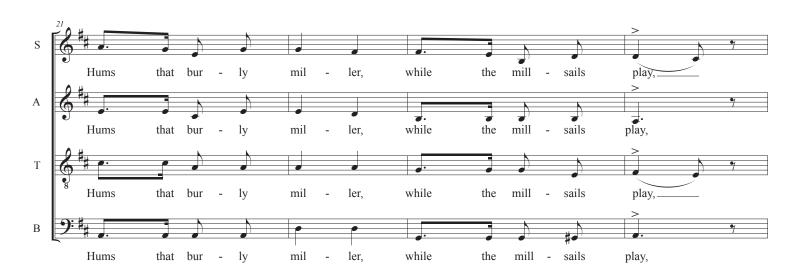


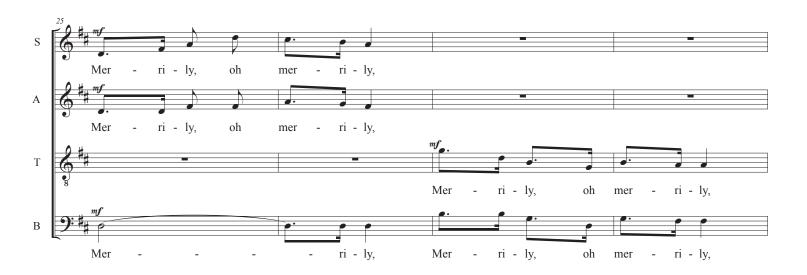


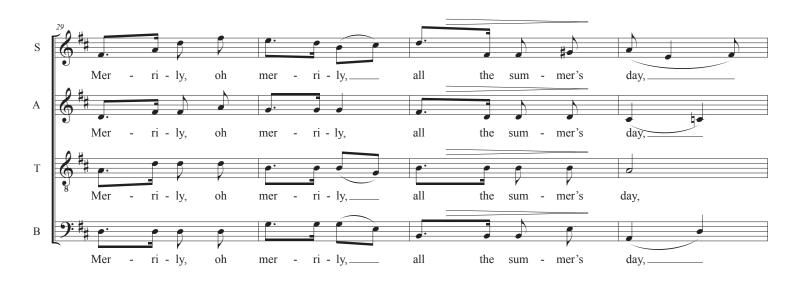


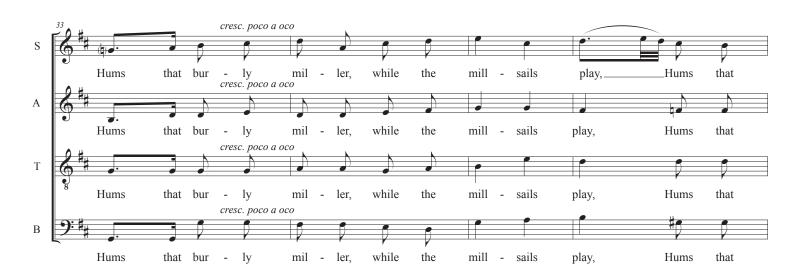


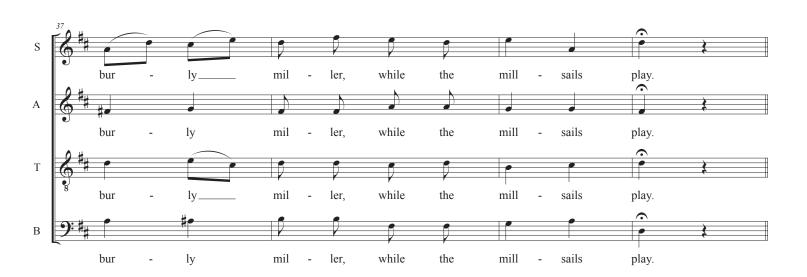


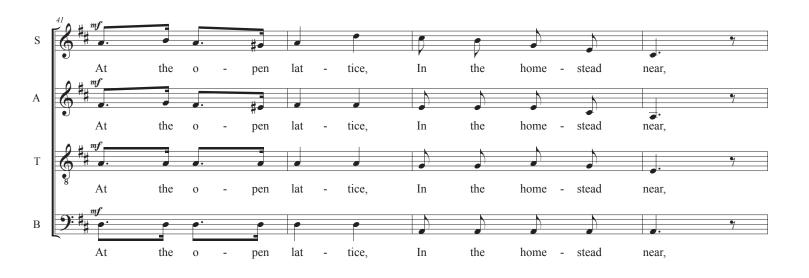


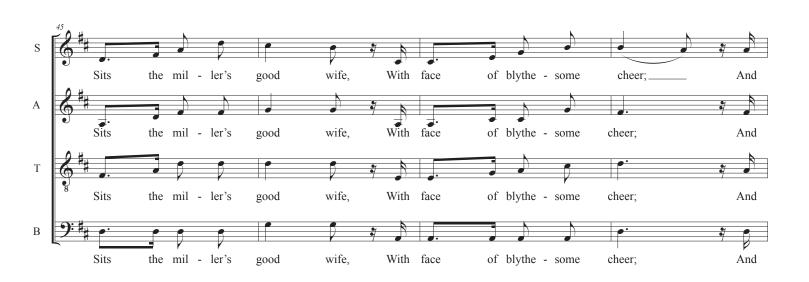


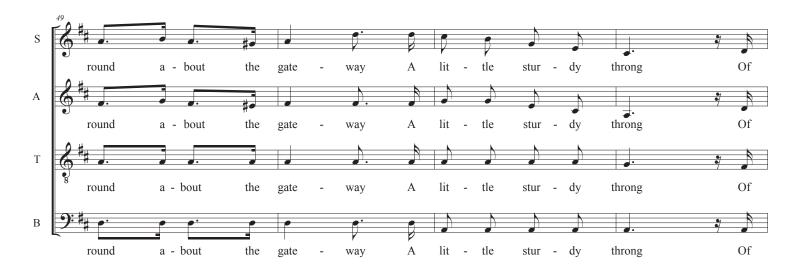


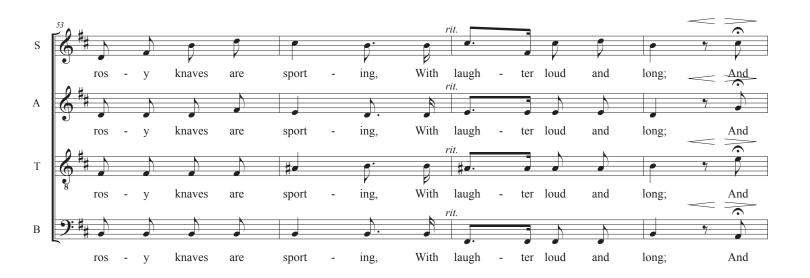


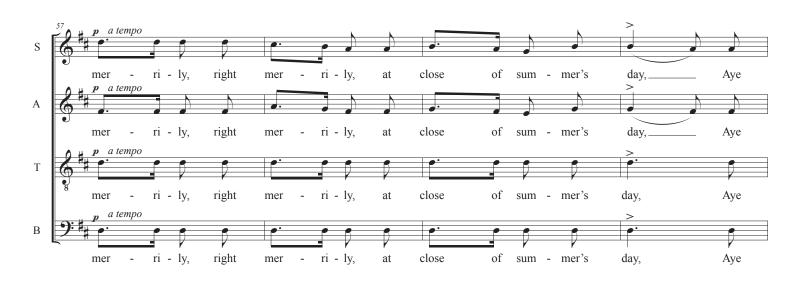


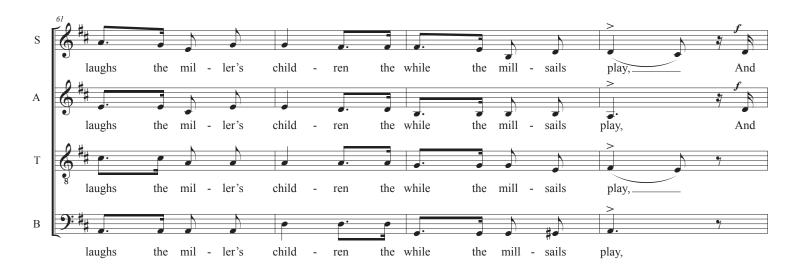


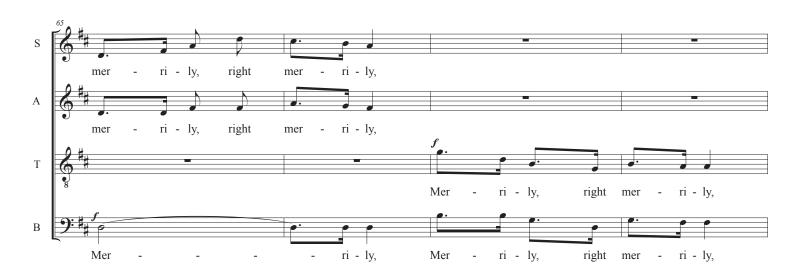


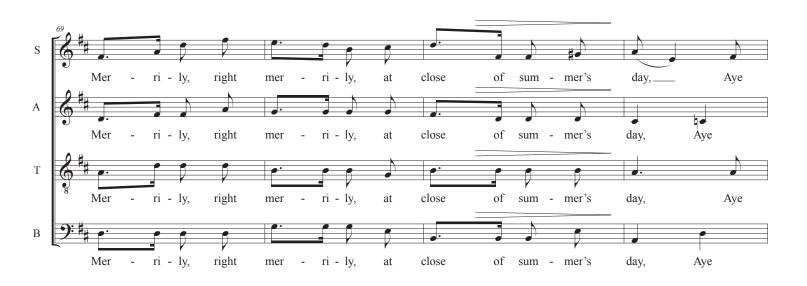


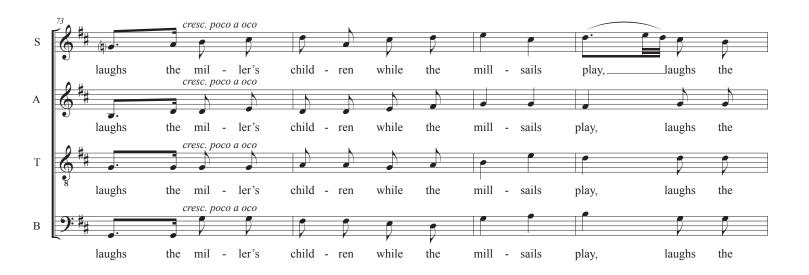


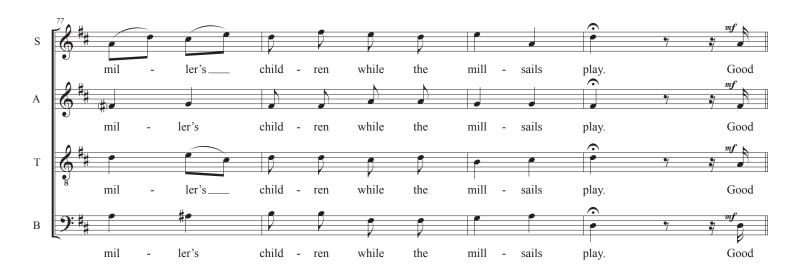


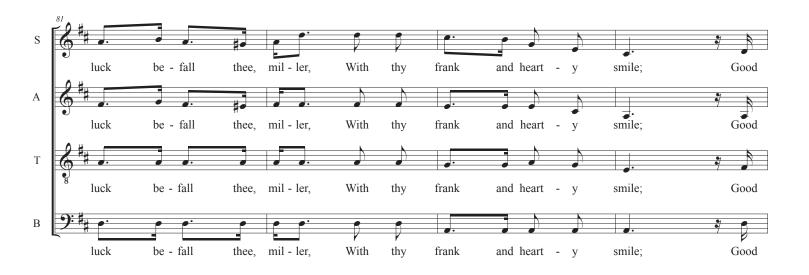




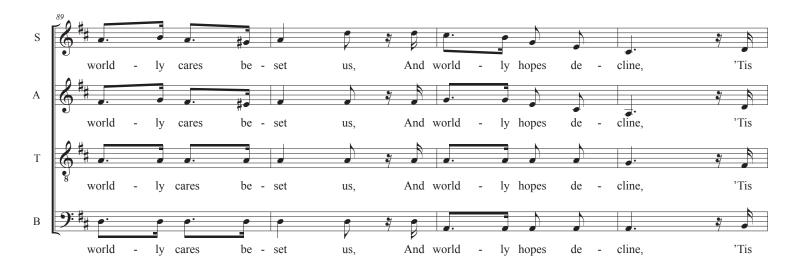


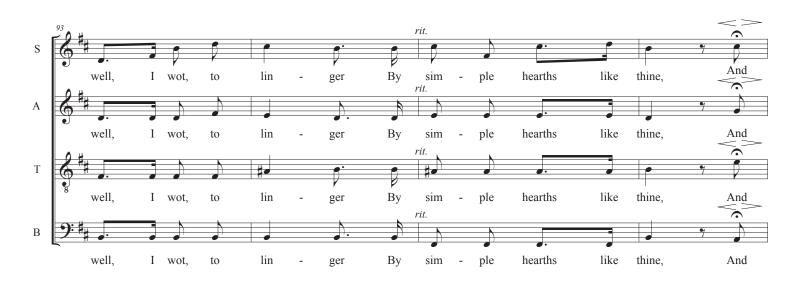


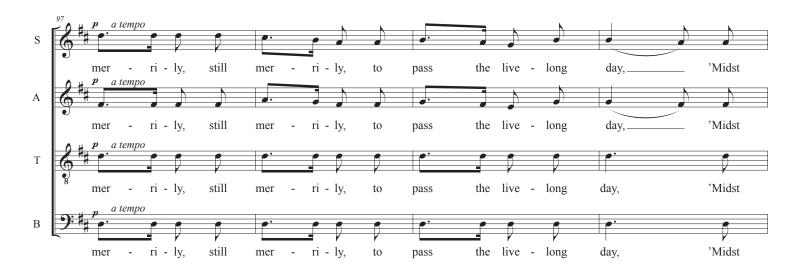


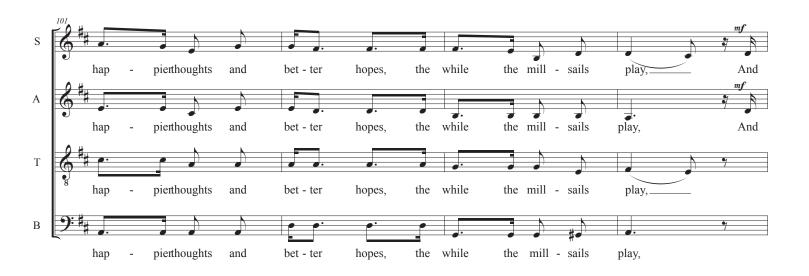


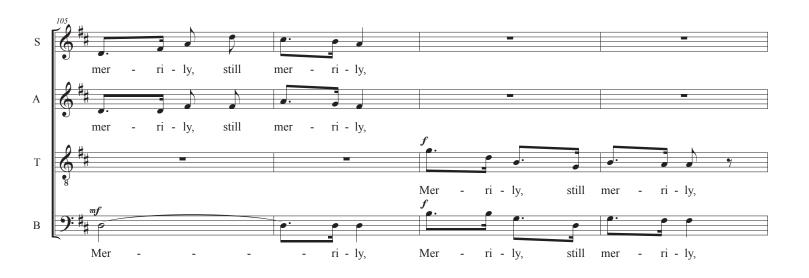


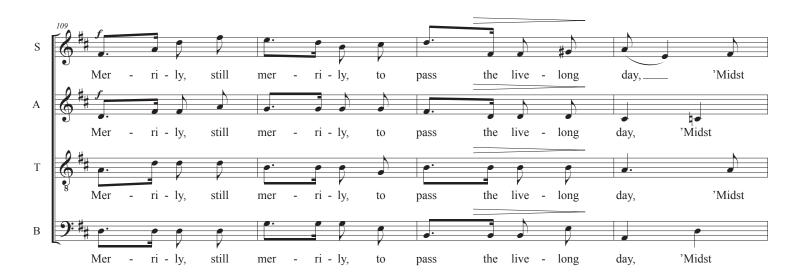


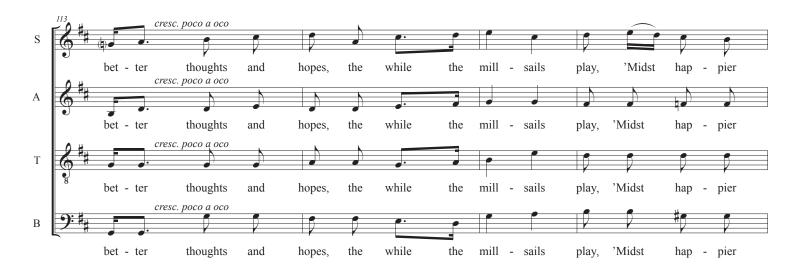


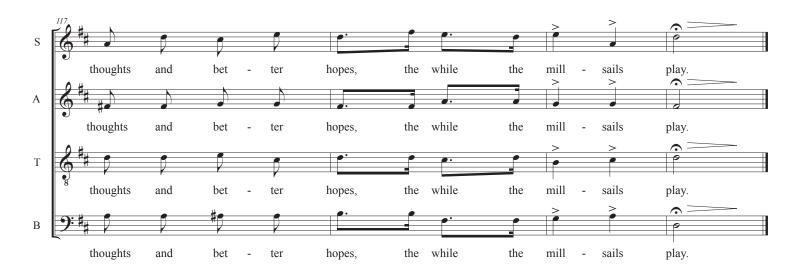












Mason & Law (1850)

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."

Merrily the mill-sail
Turneth round and round,
With a breezy motion
And a busy sound.
Merrily the miller
Standeth at the door,
Humming pleasant ditties
From his ancient store.
Merrily, oh merrily, all the summer's day,
Hums that burly miller, while the mill-sails play.

At the open lattice,
In the homestead near,
Sits the miller's good wife,
With face of blythesome cheer;
And round about the gateway
A little sturdy throng
Of rosy knaves are sporting,
With laughter loud and long;
And merrily, right merrily, at close of summer's day,
Aye laughs the miller's children the while the mill-sails play.

Good luck befall thee, miller,
With thy frank and hearty smile;
Good luck befall thy dear ones all,
That know nor grief nor guile.
When worldly cares beset us,
And worldly hopes decline,
'Tis well, I wot, to linger
By simple hearths like thine,
And merrily, still merrily, to pass the live-long day,
'Midst happier thoughts and better hopes, the while the mill-sails play.

Thomas Westwood (1814?–1888)

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