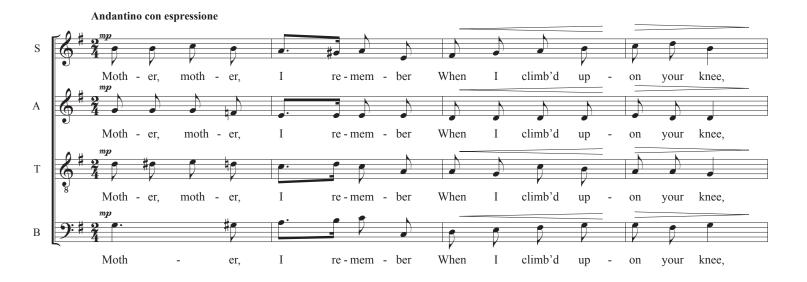
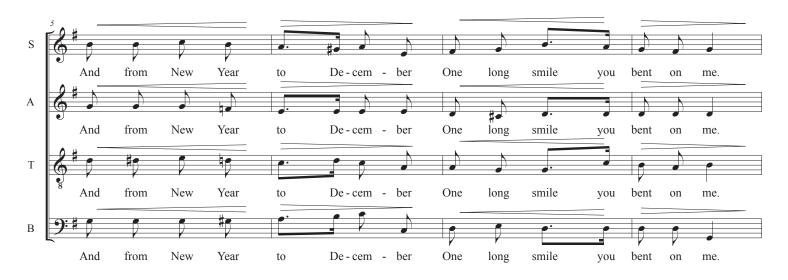


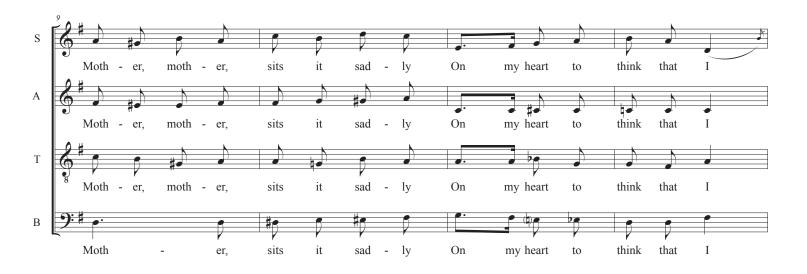


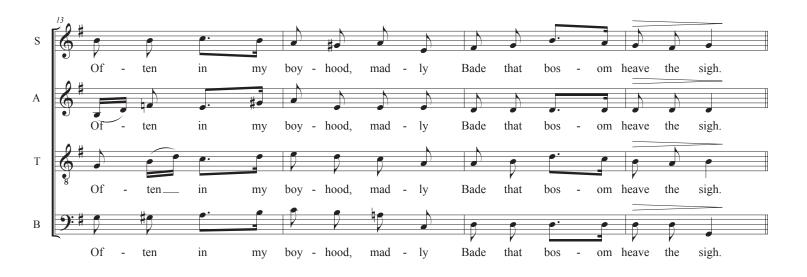
George James Webb (1803-1887)

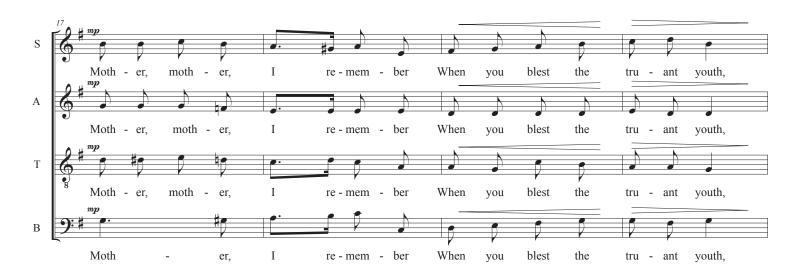


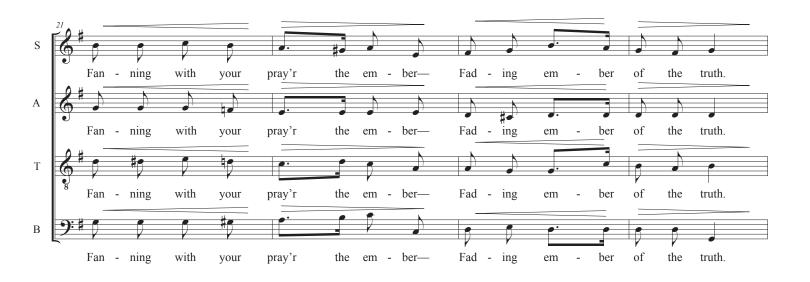


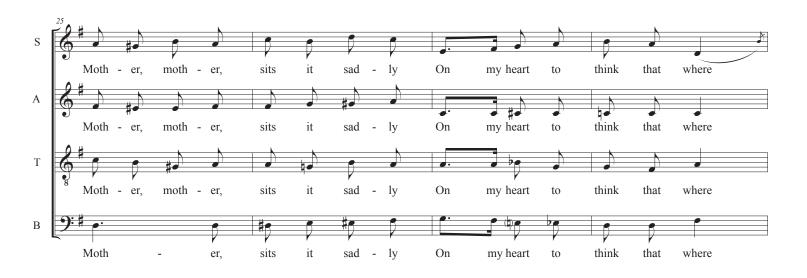


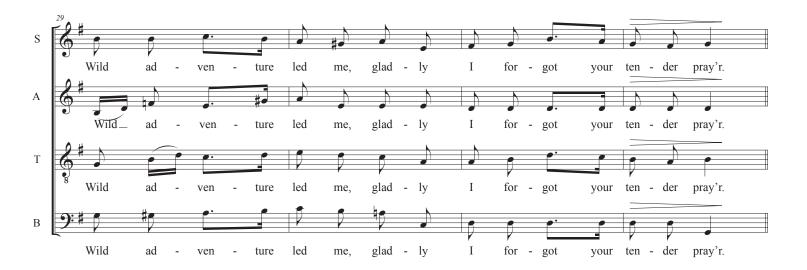


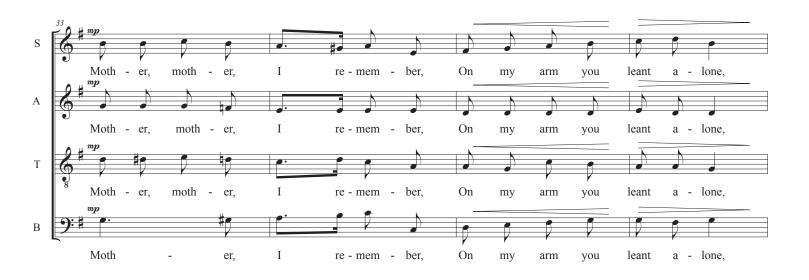


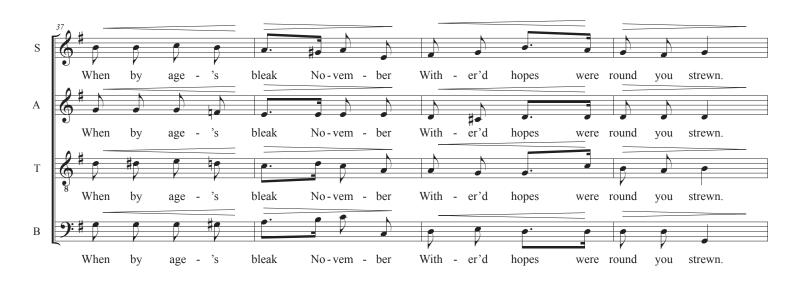


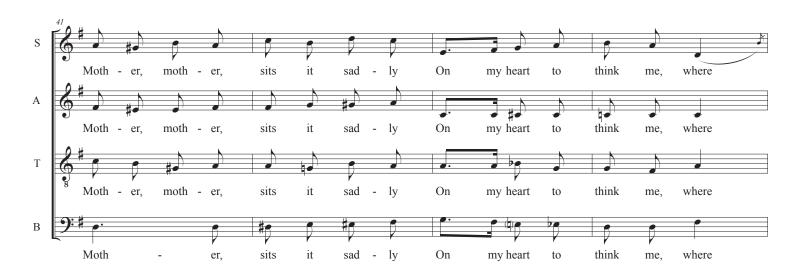


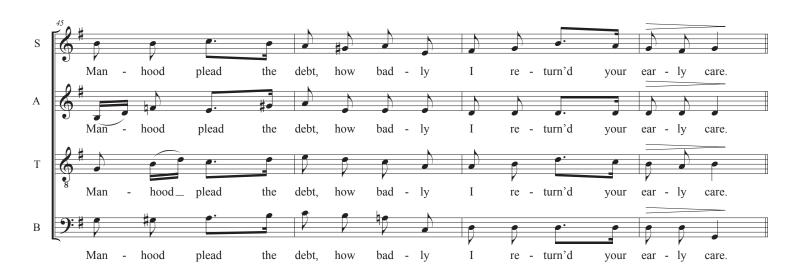


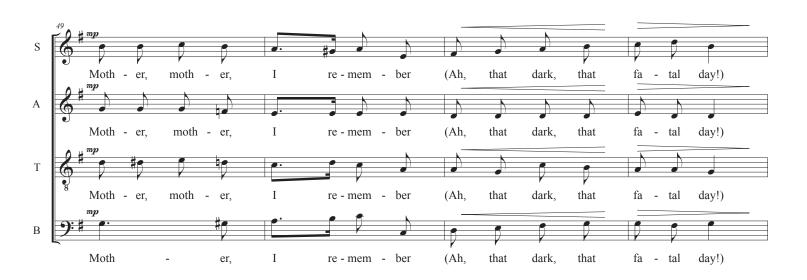


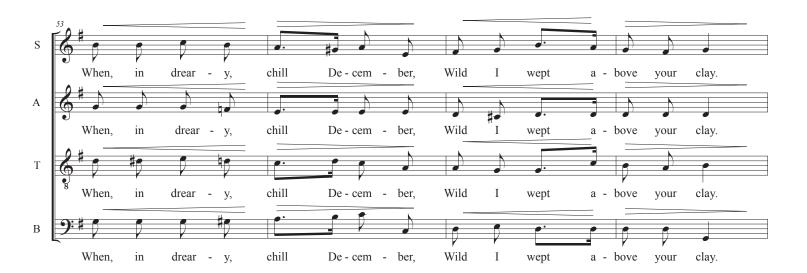


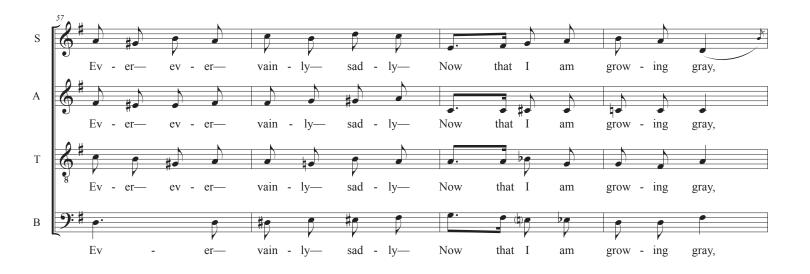


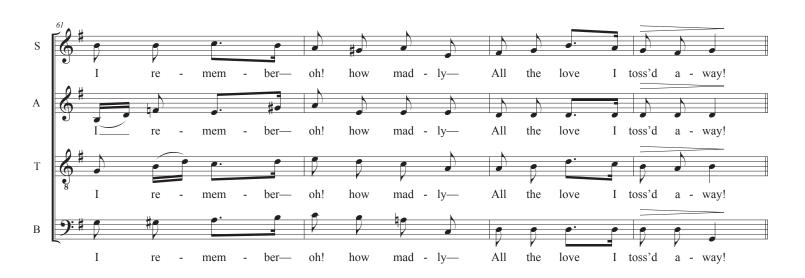


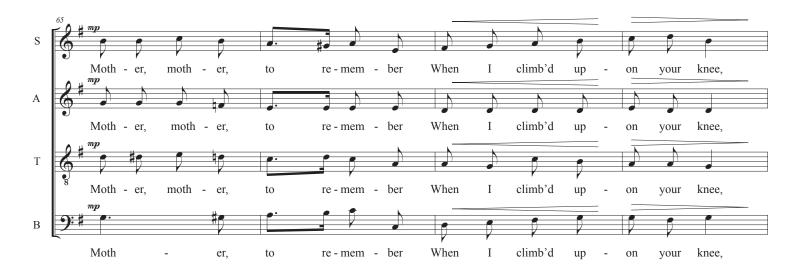


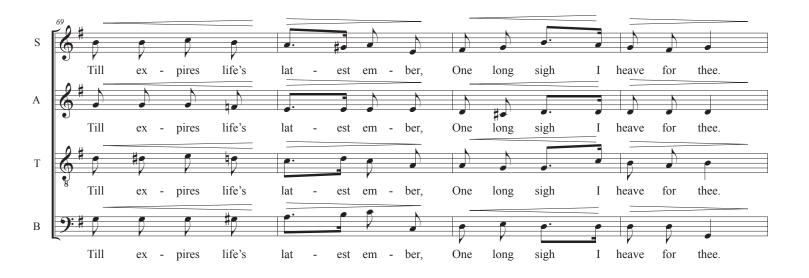


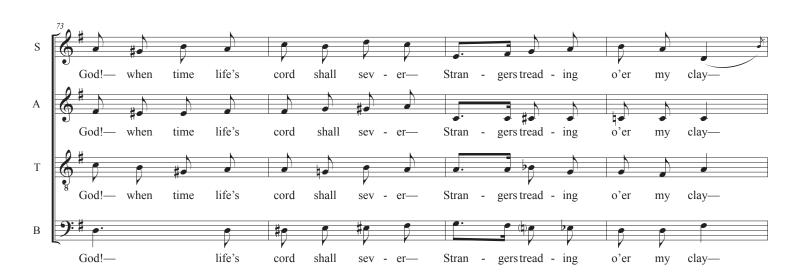


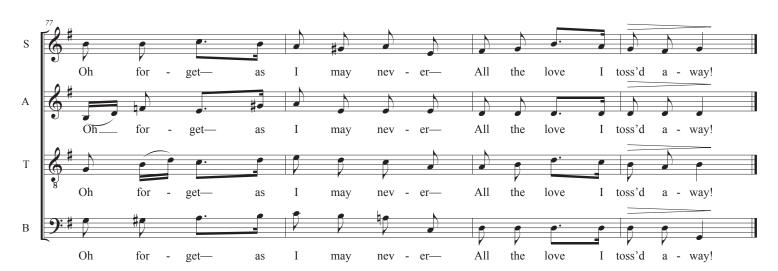












Mason & Law (1850)

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."

Mother, mother, I remember When I climbed upon your knee, And from New Year to December One long smile you bent on me.

Mother, mother, sits it sadly
On my heart to think that I
Often in my boyhood, madly
Bade that bosom heave the sigh.

Mother, mother, I remember
When you blest the truant youth,
Fanning with your prayer the ember—
Fading ember of the truth.

Mother, mother, sits it sadly
On my heart to think that where
Wild adventure led me, gladly
I forgot your tender prayer.

Mother, mother, I remember, On my arm you leant alone, When by age's bleak November Withered hopes were round you strewn. Mother, mother, sits it sadly
On my heart to think me, where
Manhood plead the debt, how badly
I returned your early care.

Mother, mother, I remember (Ah, that dark, that fatal day!) When, in dreary, chill December, Wild I wept above your clay.

Ever—ever—vainly—sadly— Now that I am growing gray, I remember—oh! how madly— All the love I tossed away!

Mother, mother, to remember When I climbed upon your knee, Till expires life's latest ember, One long sigh I heave for thee.

God!—when time life's cord shall sever— Strangers treading o'er my clay— Oh forget—as I may never— All the love I tossed away!

Reynell Coates, M. D. (1802–1886)

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