

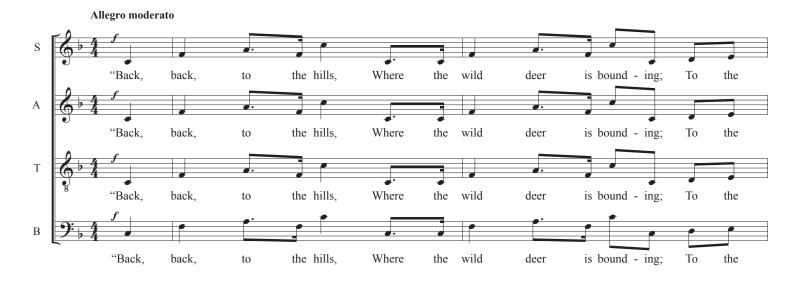


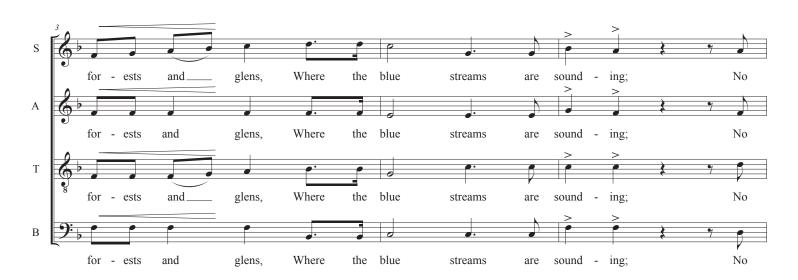
The mountaineer's return

George James Webb (1803-1887)

The mountaineer's return

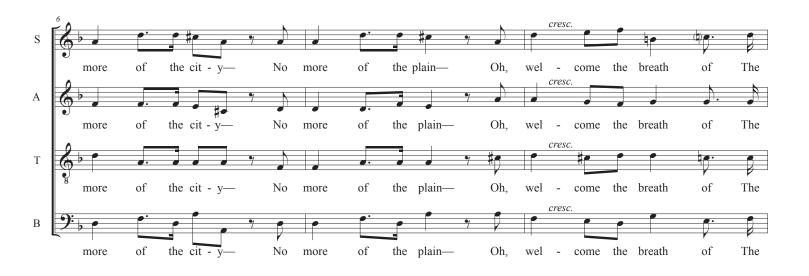
G. J. Webb

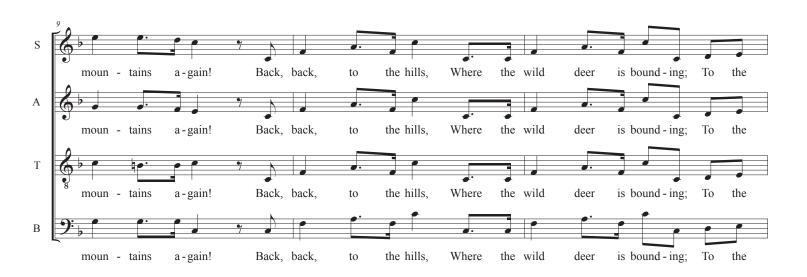


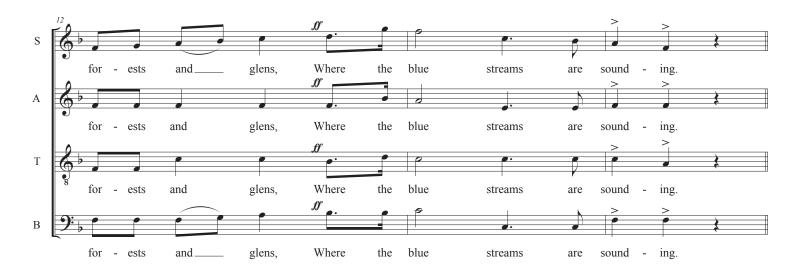


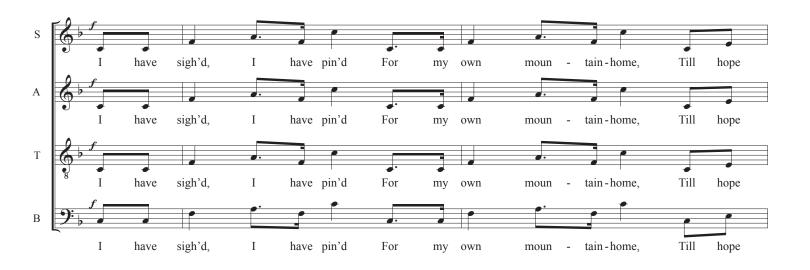


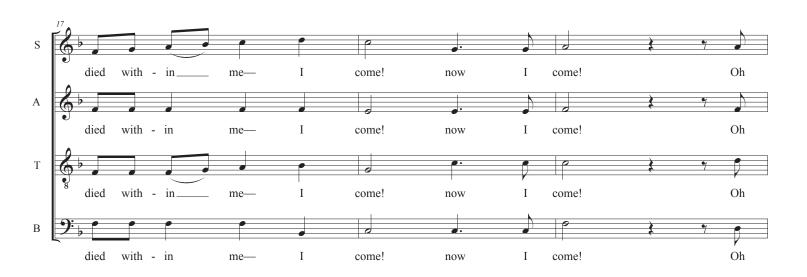
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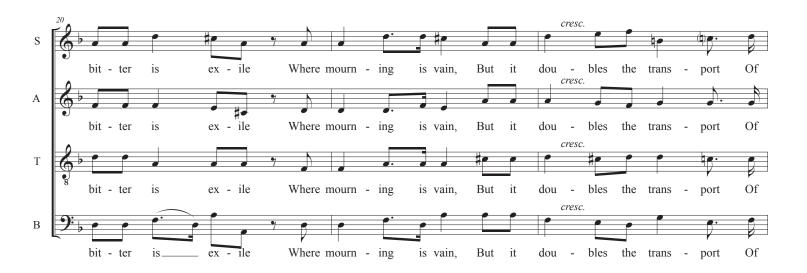


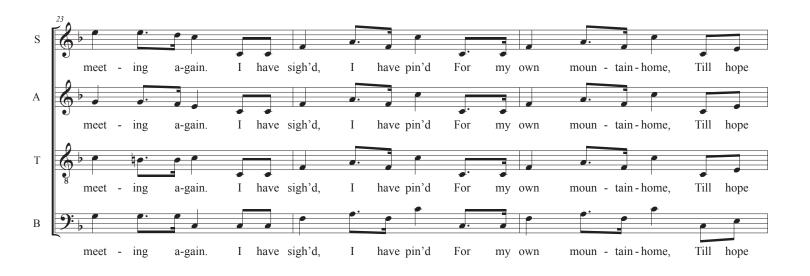


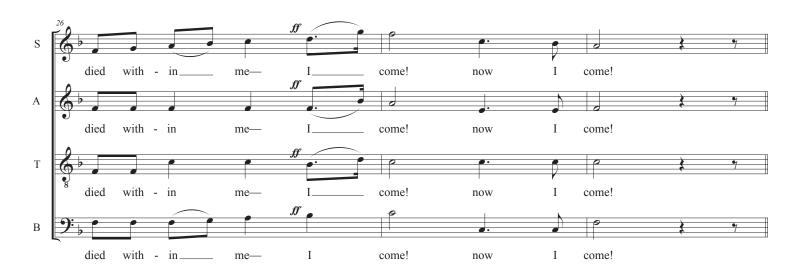


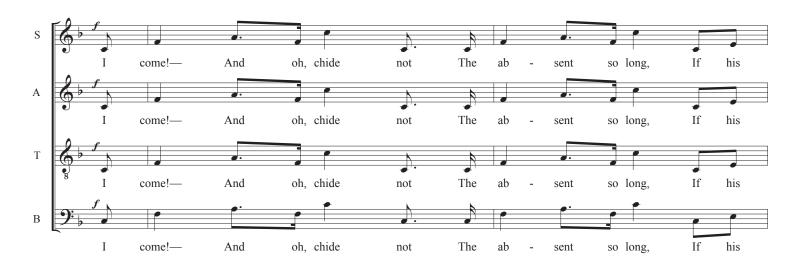


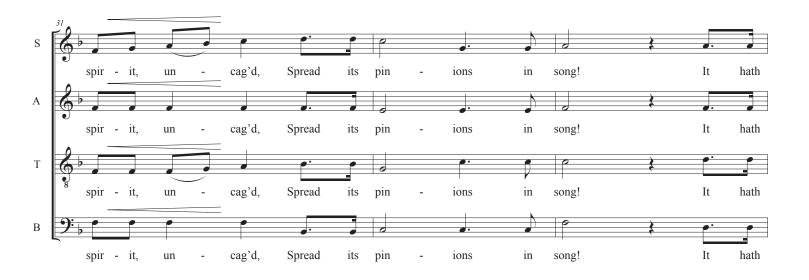


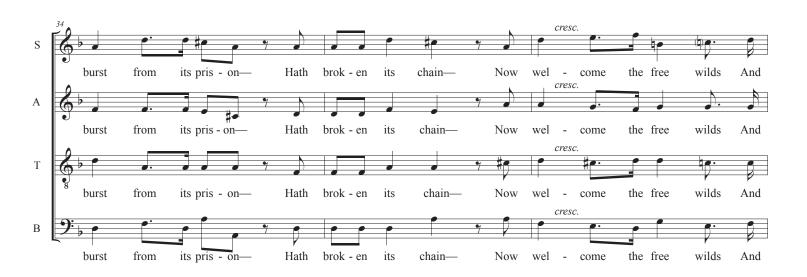


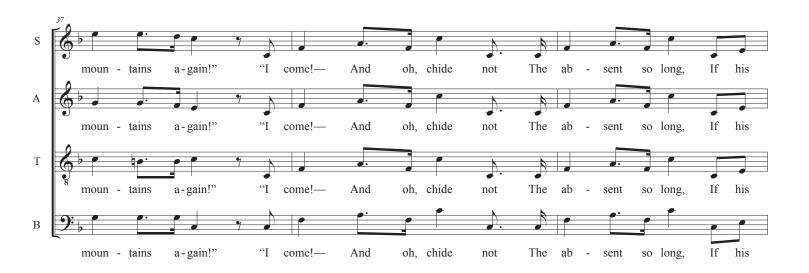


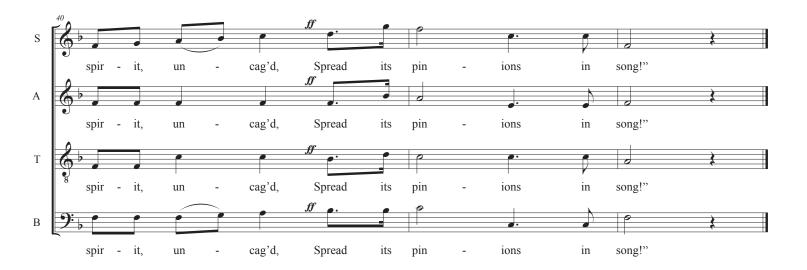












J. H. Wilkins and R. B. Carter (1843)

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."

"Back, back, to the hills,
Where the wild deer is bounding;
To the forests and glens,
Where the blue streams are sounding;
No more of the city—
No more of the plain—
Oh, welcome the breath of
The mountains again!

I have sighed, I have pined For my own mountain-home, Till hope died within me—I come! now I come! Oh bitter is exile Where mourning is vain, But it doubles the transport Of meeting again.

I come!—And oh, chide not The absent so long, If his spirit, uncaged, Spread its pinions in song! It hath burst from its prison— Hath broken its chain— Now welcome the free wilds And mountains again!"

Basil Bruce

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