



# The sea-shore

George James Webb  
(1803-1887)

Andante

S *mp* There is free - dom in the o - cean, There is spir - it in the breeze, There is

A *mp* There is free - dom in the o - cean, There is spir - it in the breeze, There is

T *mp* There is free - dom in the o - cean, There is spir - it in the breeze, There is

B *mp* There is free - dom in the o - cean, There is spir - it in the breeze, There is

S <sup>5</sup> *cresc.* life in ev - 'ry mo - tion Of the ev - er rest - less seas. *mf* With the

A *cresc.* life in ev - 'ry mo - tion Of the ev - er rest - less seas. *mf* With the

T *cresc.* life in ev - 'ry mo - tion Of the ev - er rest - less seas. *mf* With the

B *cresc.* life in ev - 'ry mo - tion Of the ev - er rest - less seas. *mf* With the

## The sea-shore

9

S bend - ing crest of foam In the sun - ny ra - diance glanc - ing; And the

A bend - ing crest of foam In the sun - ny ra - diance glanc - ing; And the

T bend - ing crest of foam In the sun - ny ra - diance glanc - ing; And the

B bend - ing crest of foam In the sun - ny ra - diance glanc - ing; And the

13

S rip - pling sounds that come Still dy - ing, still ad - vanc - ing.

A rip - pling sounds that come Still dy - ing, still ad - vanc - ing.

T rip - pling sounds that come Still dy - ing, still ad - vanc - ing.

B rip - pling sounds that come Still dy - ing, still ad - vanc - ing.

17

S And will it not be joy - ous, When this mor - tal coil is o'er, And its

A And will it not be joy - ous, When this mor - tal coil is o'er, And its

T And will it not be joy - ous, When this mor - tal coil is o'er, And its

B And will it not be joy - ous, When this mor - tal coil is o'er, And its

# The sea-shore

22

S cares no more an - noy us, To meet up - on that shore, Where the

A cares no more an - noy us, To meet up - on that shore, Where the

T cares no more an - noy us, To meet up - on that shore, Where the

B cares no more an - noy us, To meet up - on that shore, Where the

26

S waves of life are spar - kling In the re - gions of the blest; Where the

A waves of life are spar - kling In the re - gions of the blest; Where the

T waves of life are spar - kling In the re - gions of the blest; Where the

B waves of life are spar - kling In the re - gions of the blest; Where the

30

S heart is no more dar - kling, But the spir - it is at rest. \_\_\_\_\_

A heart is no more dar - kling, But the spir - it is at rest. \_\_\_\_\_

T heart is no more dar - kling, But the spir - it is at rest. \_\_\_\_\_

B heart is no more dar - kling, But the spir - it is at rest. \_\_\_\_\_

**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."

There is freedom in the ocean,  
There is spirit in the breeze,  
There is life in every motion  
Of the ever restless seas.

With the bending crest of foam  
In the sunny radiance glancing;  
And the rippling sounds that come  
Still dying, still advancing.

And will it not be joyous,  
When this mortal coil is o'er,  
And its cares no more annoy us,  
To meet upon that shore,

Where the waves of life are sparkling  
In the regions of the blest;  
Where the heart is no more darkling,  
But the spirit is at rest.

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