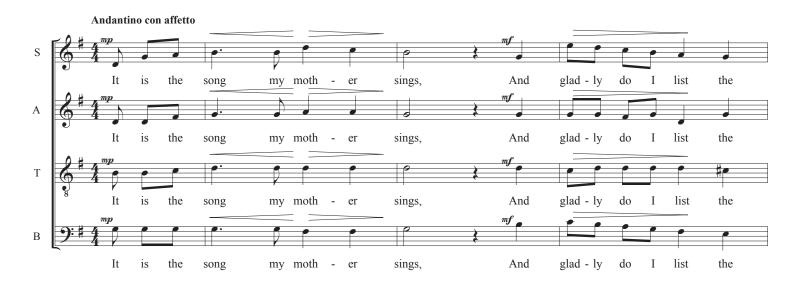
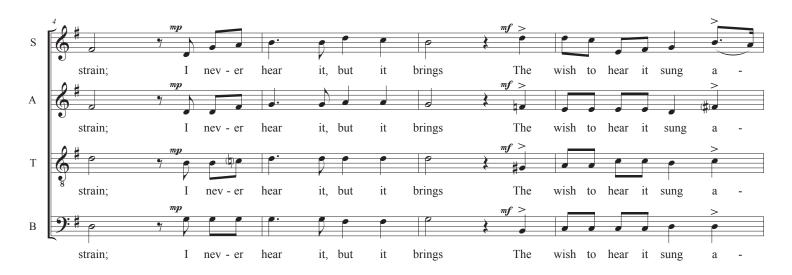


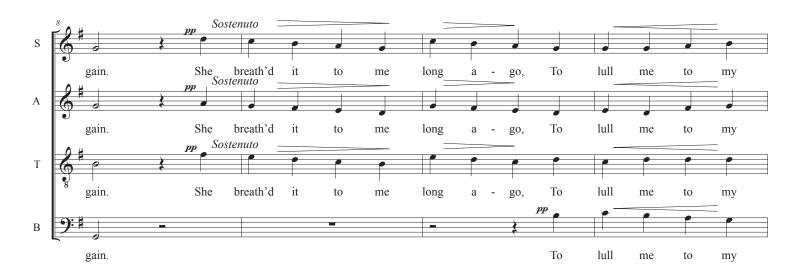
George James Webb (1803-1887)

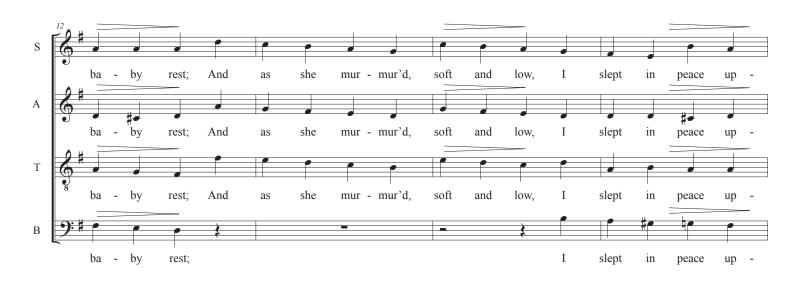
G. J. Webb

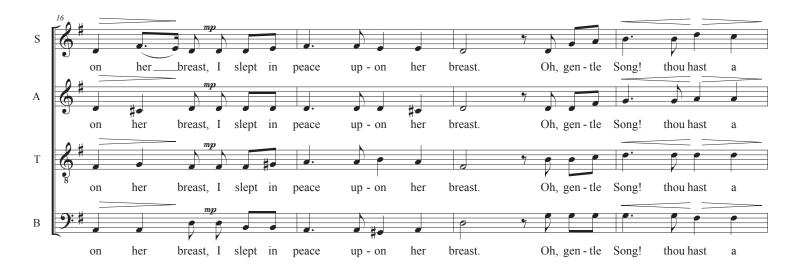


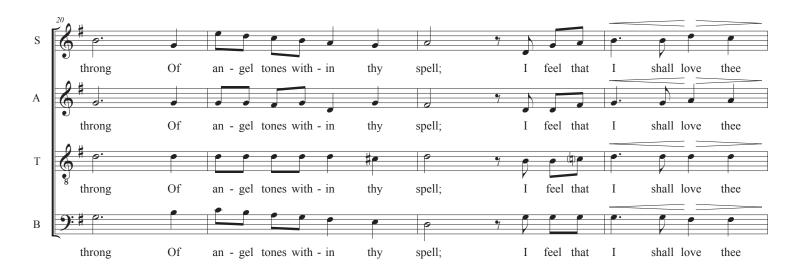


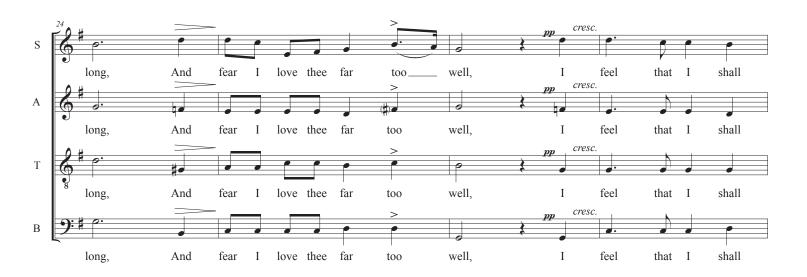


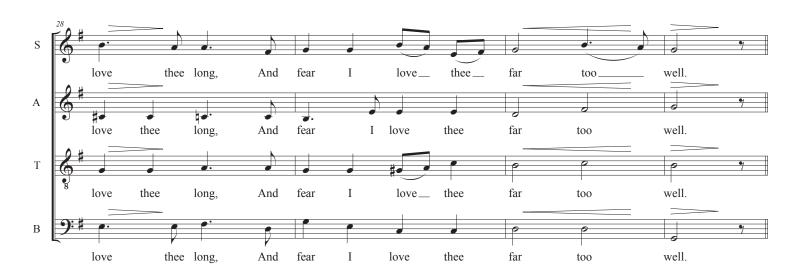


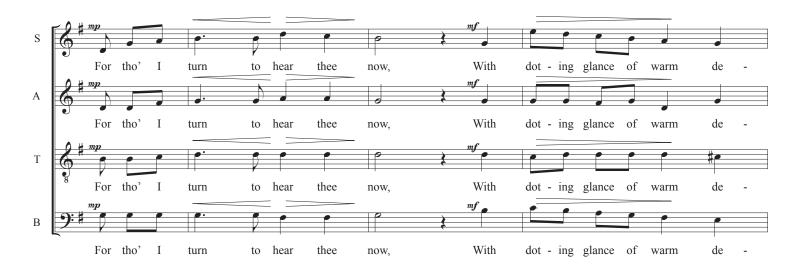


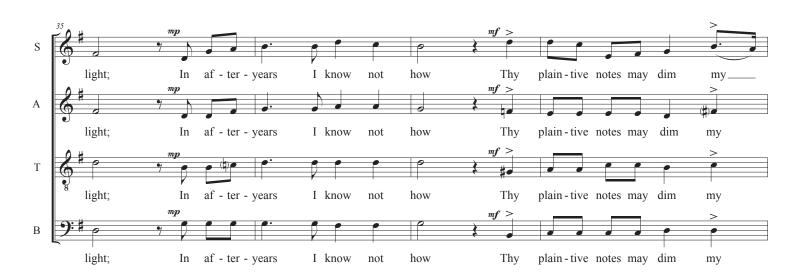


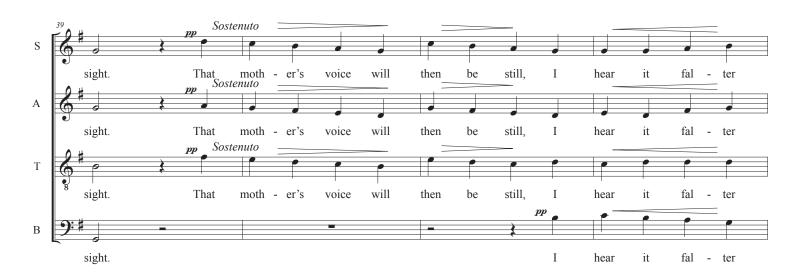


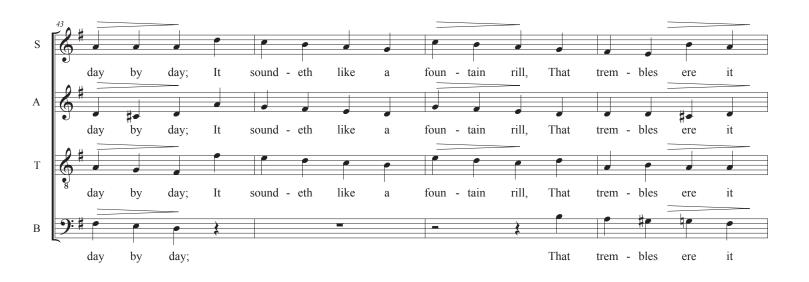


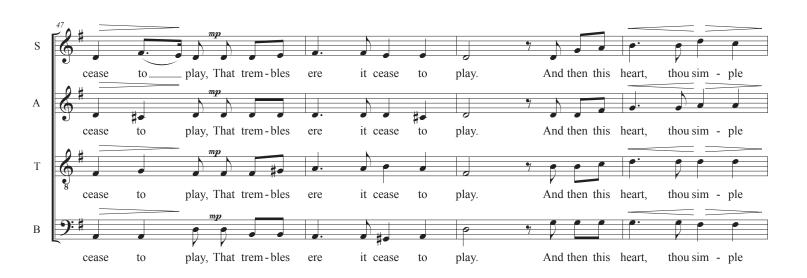


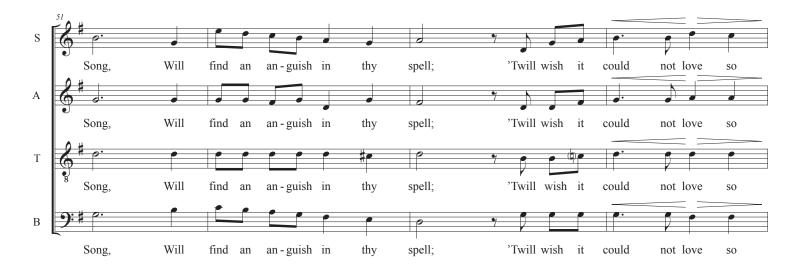


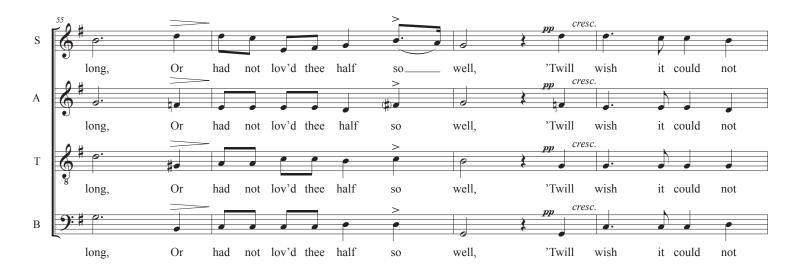


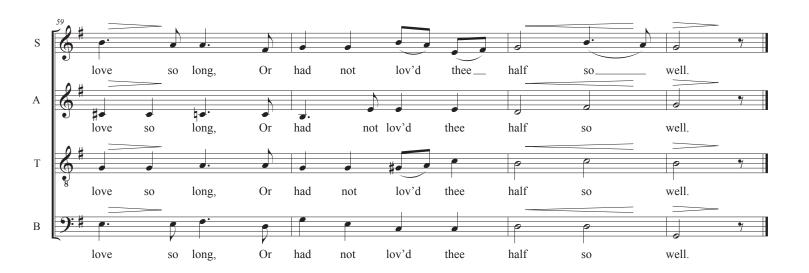












Mason & Law (1850)

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."

It is the song my mother sings,
And gladly do I list the strain;
I never hear it, but it brings
The wish to hear it sung again.
She breathed it to me long ago,
To lull me to my baby rest;
And as she murmured, soft and low,
I slept in peace upon her breast.
Oh, gentle Song! thou hast a throng
Of angel tones within thy spell;
I feel that I shall love thee long,
And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now, With doting glance of warm delight; In after-years I know not how Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight. That mother's voice will then be still, I hear it falter day by day; It soundeth like a fountain rill, That trembles ere it cease to play. And then this heart, thou simple Song, Will find an anguish in thy spell; 'Twill wish it could not love so long, Or had not loved thee half so well.

Eliza Cook (1818–1889)

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