

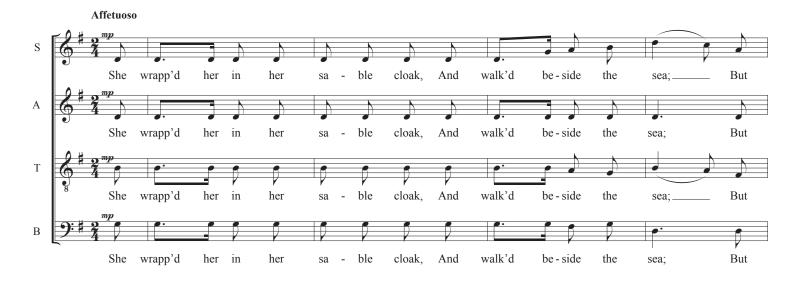


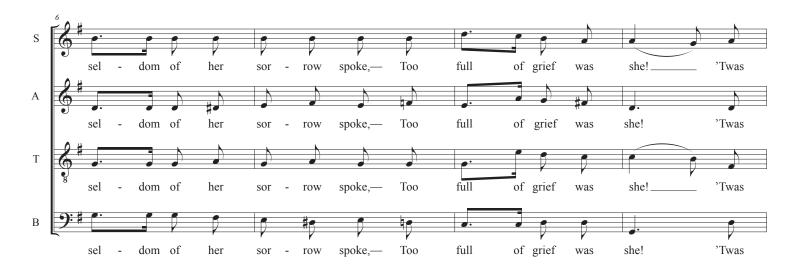
The widow's only son

George James Webb (1803-1887)

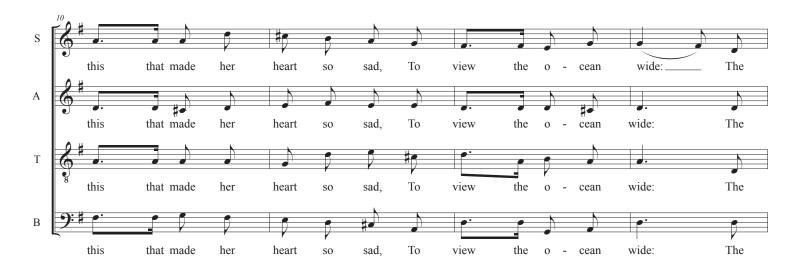
The widow's only son

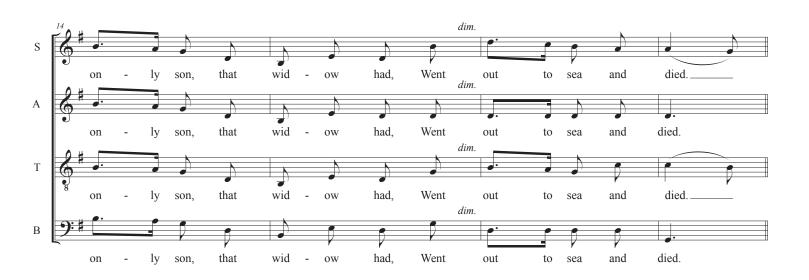
G. J. Webb

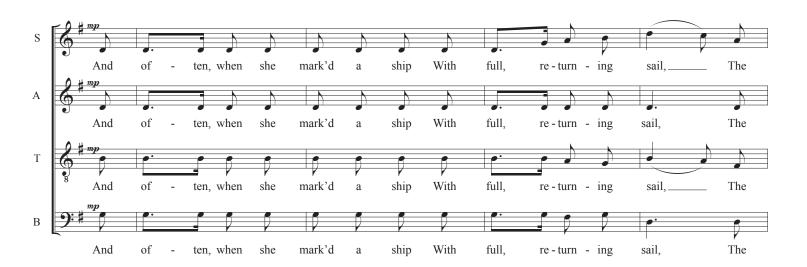


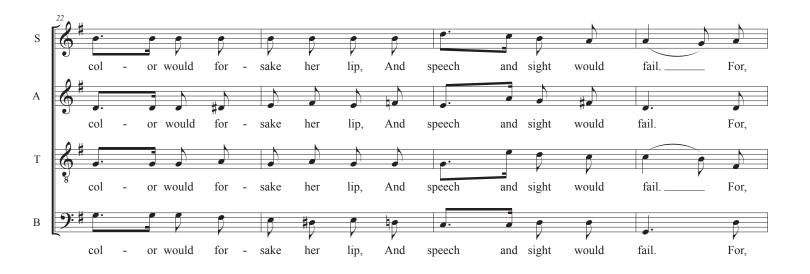


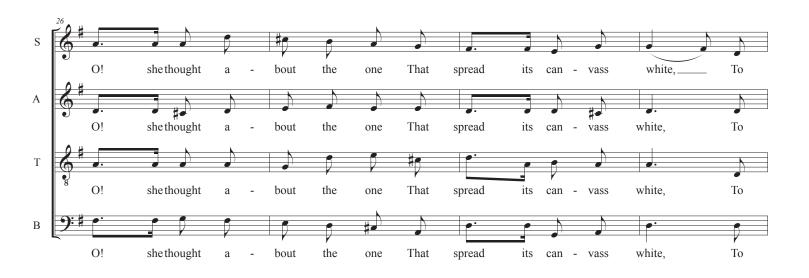


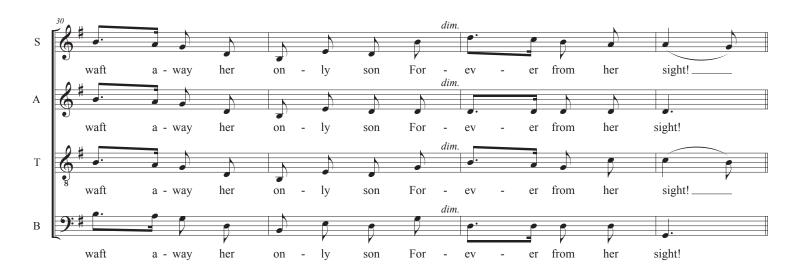


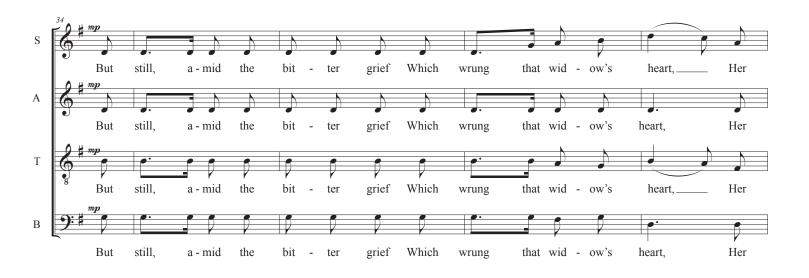


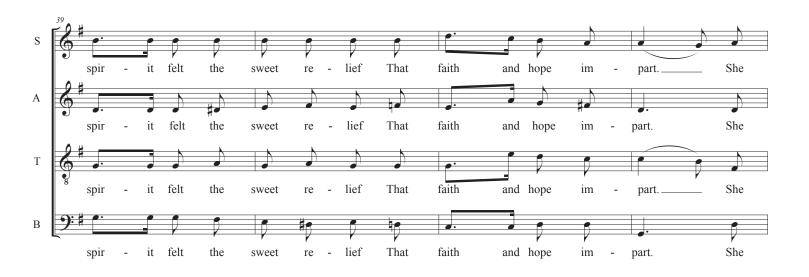


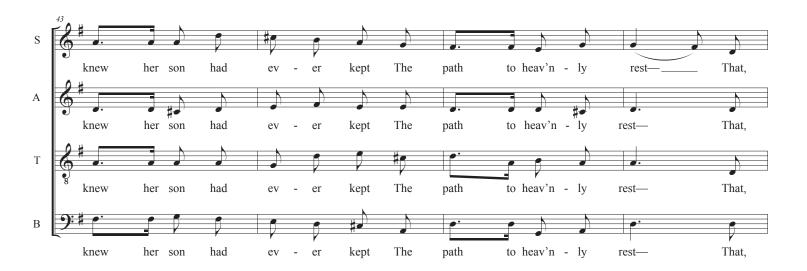


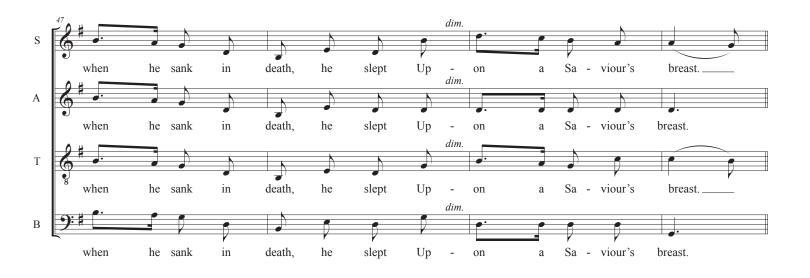


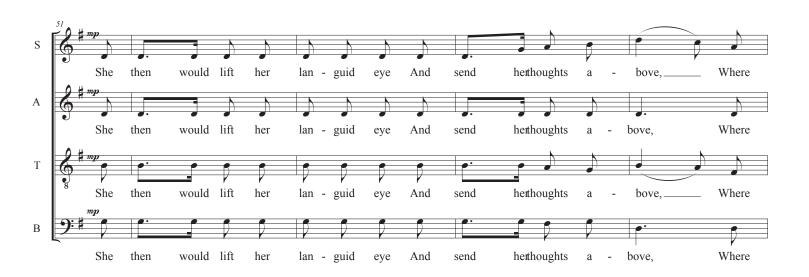


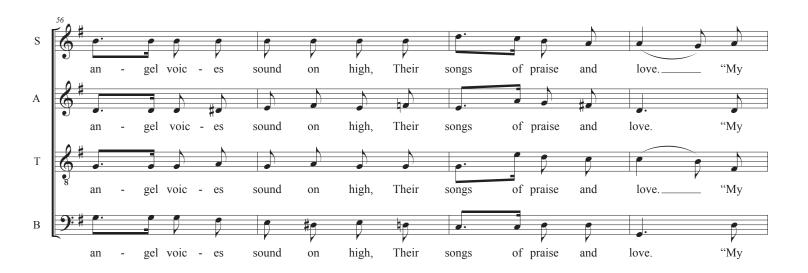


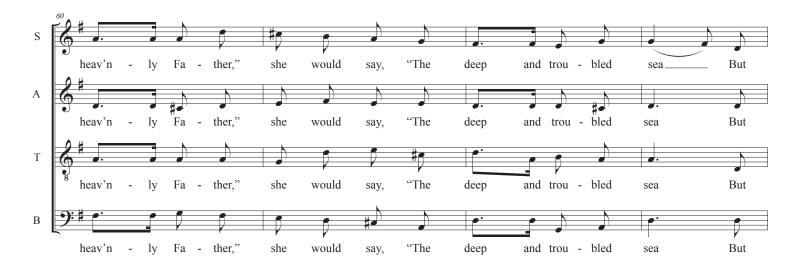


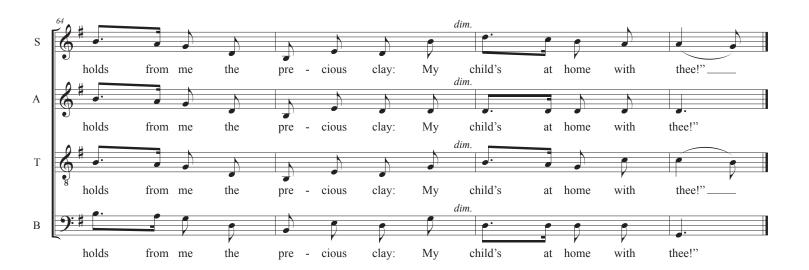












Wilkins, Carter, & Co. (1847)

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."

She wrapped her in her sable cloak, And walked beside the sea; But seldom of her sorrow spoke,— Too full of grief was she!

'Twas this that made her heart so sad, To view the ocean wide: The only son, that widow had, Went out to sea and died.

And often, when she marked a ship With full, returning sail, The color would forsake her lip, And speech and sight would fail.

For, O! she thought about the one That spread its canvass white, To waft away her only son Forever from her sight! But still, amid the bitter grief Which wrung that widow's heart, Her spirit felt the sweet relief That faith and hope impart.

She knew her son had ever kept The path to heavenly rest— That, when he sank in death, he slept Upon a Saviour's breast.

She then would lift her languid eye And send her thoughts above, Where angel voices sound on high, Their songs of praise and love.

"My heavenly Father," she would say, "The deep and troubled sea But holds from me the precious clay: My child's at home with thee!"

Hannah Flagg Gould (1789-1865)

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