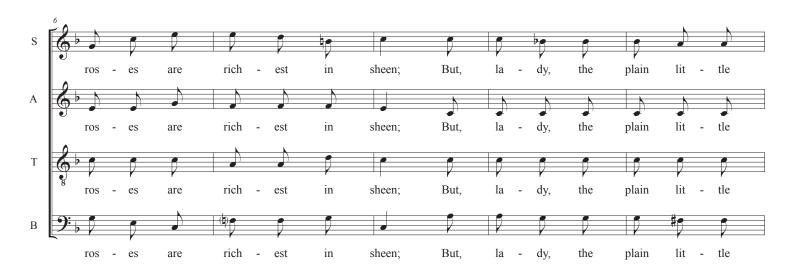




George James Webb (1803-1887)

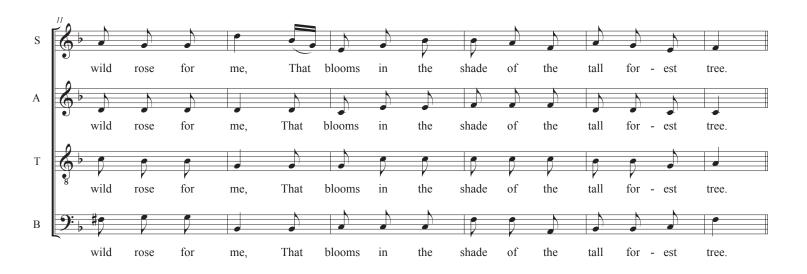
G. J. Webb

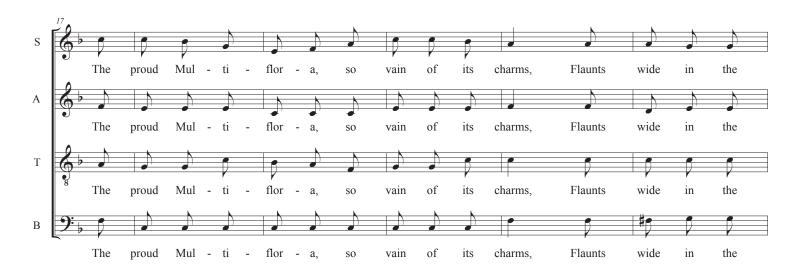


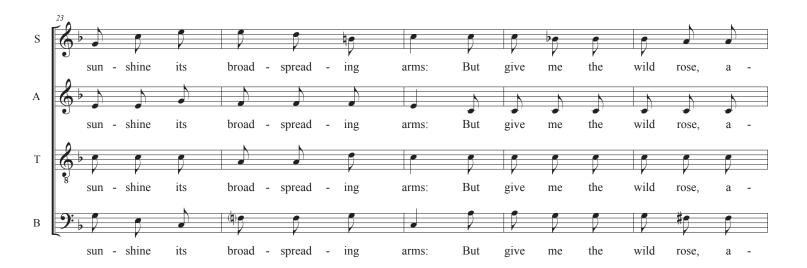


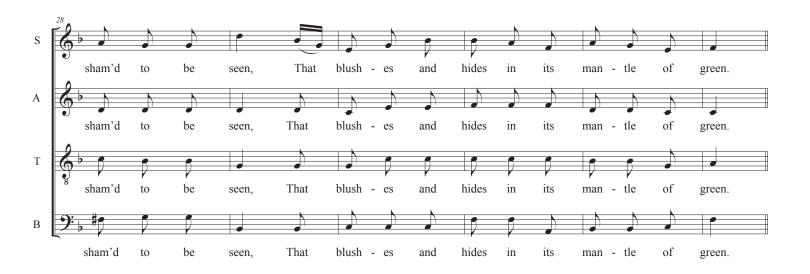


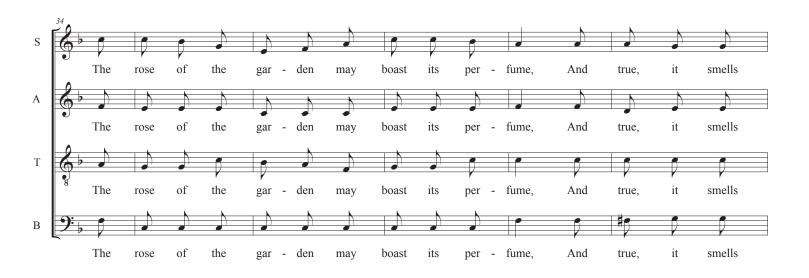
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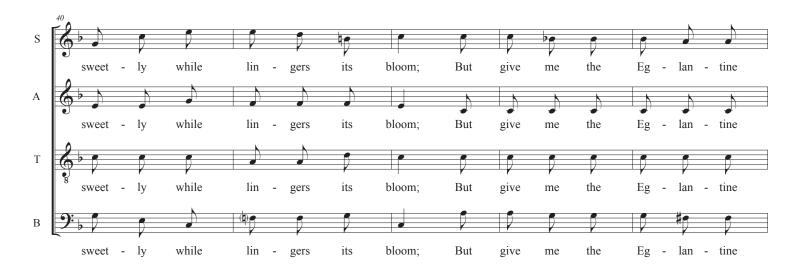


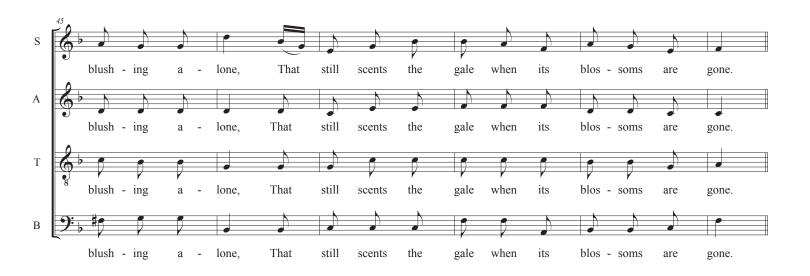


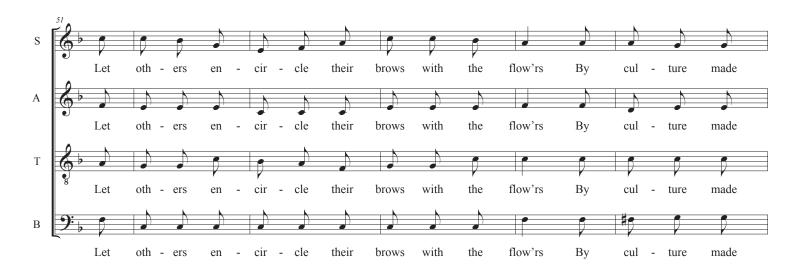


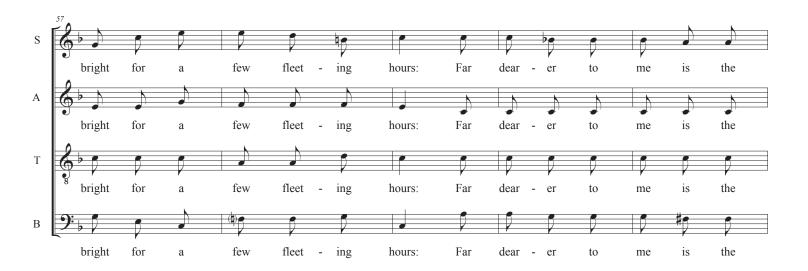


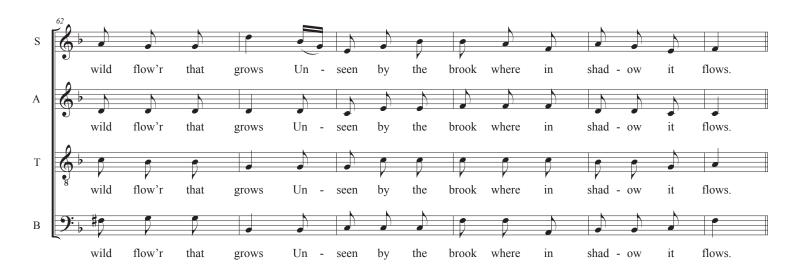


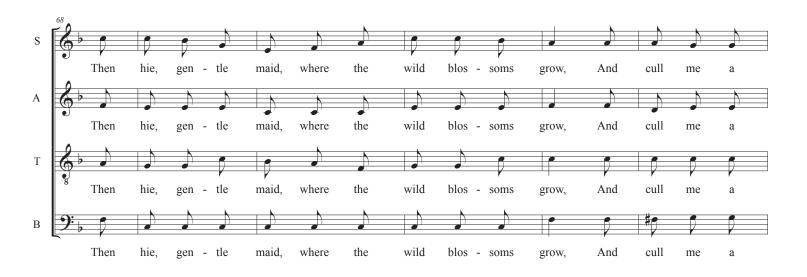


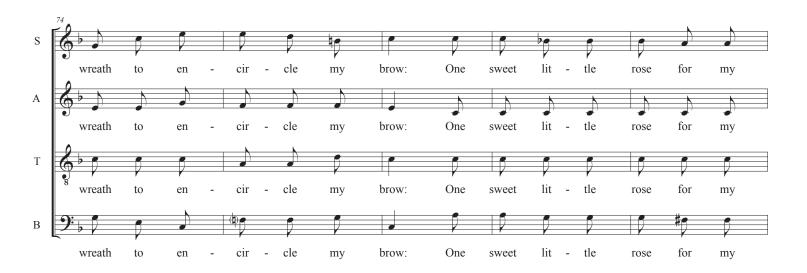


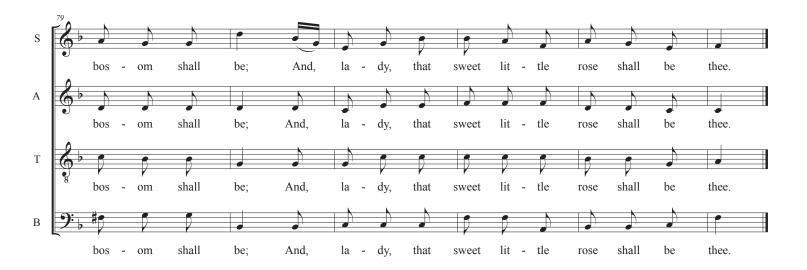












Mason & Law (1850)

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."

Though gorgeous and bright is the garden, I ween, Where thousand-leaved roses are richest in sheen; But, lady, the plain little wild rose for me, That blooms in the shade of the tall forest tree.

The proud Multiflora, so vain of its charms, Flaunts wide in the sunshine its broad-spreading arms: But give me the wild rose, ashamed to be seen, That blushes and hides in its mantle of green.

The rose of the garden may boast its perfume, And true, it smells sweetly while lingers its bloom; But give me the Eglantine blushing alone, That still scents the gale when its blossoms are gone.

Let others encircle their brows with the flowers By culture made bright for a few fleeting hours: Far dearer to me is the wild flower that grows Unseen by the brook where in shadow it flows.

Then hie, gentle maid, where the wild blossoms grow, And cull me a wreath to encircle my brow:

One sweet little rose for my bosom shall be;

And, lady, that sweet little rose shall be thee.

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