The Trumpet

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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The Trumpet

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

A thrice-annual periodical for singers and writers of dispersed harmony & fasola music

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In this Issue

The new year of 2012 is upon us, and the singing season is well under way! The All-California singing weekend, Auburn Alabama, the Keystone Convention, and a winter singing School in Cullman County are just a few of the wonderful events that have marked the singing year thus far. There have been losses and tragedies as well, including the death of John Merritt, a loss that will be felt for some time. Maybe you will page back to issue No. 2 and sing the song "Traveler's Rest" on page 30, which he and Timothy Gilmore composed. If you do you will be moved by these lines:

His own soft hand shall dry my tears
And hold me to his breast;
Then take me homeward through the skies,
Unto the trav'ler's rest.

Although we begin each new year focused on new possibilities, there is also a place for reflection as well. In this issue of *The Trumpet* many songs are dedicated to specific singers in the form of a memorial or prayer for healing (Ivey, Melanie). We also find many pieces of greater length, an anthem by Dan Harper, and set-piece by Steve Helwig, as well as a pair of three-line songs for you altos who like to sing on the bass. We welcome the contributions of a trio of Alabama writers, Stanley Smith, Ed Thacker and Linda Sides, and are grateful for their contributions. We are excited to begin our second year with a substantial & heartfelt offering of tunes -- opening with a fanfare (Clinton) and closing with a lullaby (Hans). We trust that you, the singers, will savor each song for the particular poignancy or uplifting power that each author was inspired to note down.We are also very grateful to Mike Hinton for the memories of his Uncle Paine, and Robert Stoddard for his report on the Novermber *Trumpet* singing..

Please continue to download and share back issues of *The Trumpet* from our website -- and keep your recordings coming in — a compilation of songs from year one is in the works which will be much appreciated by the tune-writers themselves.

Sing on! Sincerely,

The Editors ed@singthetrumpet.com

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The Trumpet Sounds

By Robert Stoddard

It's not every singing where you are handed an iPad as you walk in, but then, this wasn't just any singing: it was the first full singing of *The Trumpet*, Volume 1, taking place on Nov. 6, 2011.

Trumpet editor Tom Malone took the lead in organizing the singing and, as in the Watts verse, he:

> Sends His summons forth,
> Calls the south nations and awakes the north; ...
> The Trumpet sounds; hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
> Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

And many heard his summons! About 16 of us gathered on a fine, crisp November Sunday at the music building of the University of Massachusetts at Lowell, where Tom is on the music faculty. While many singers were locals, others came from Rhode Island, Vermont, and even Oregon. We were also fortunate to have several of the composers of works in *The Trumpet* join us: Steve Helwig, Dan Hertzler, Tom Malone and me.

There are many singings that Elizabeth and I have attended over the years where the venue alone was enough to inspire a great singing: a rustic chapel, perhaps, tucked in a quiet pine woods or set in a grassy meadow. UMass Lowell was not such a venue! Its modern concrete, institutional buildings seemed an unlikely place, but the music rehearsal room that Tom had selected was a fine singing space for our small group to match our goal: to produce crisp recordings of all 47 tunes published in Volume 1 of *The Trumpet*.

As befitted the modernity of the space, the singing was more "high tech" than any I have attended. In addition to the aforementioned iPads, Tom provided an ordered list of tunes for each of the three sessions. The list for each session was projected on a screen, on which leaders signed up. One issue of *The Trumpet* was slated for each session, our breaks timed with military precision to complete the singing on schedule. And so, with a couple of MP3 recorders silently documenting our efforts, we began with a few warm-ups from *The Sacred Harp, 1991 Edition*, and then launched into our Trumpetizing.

We learned a great deal from the day. First, shape-notes truly work! Sight-singing 47 tunes, some of which were fairly complex, would be an unthinkably difficult task for almost any choir. Doing so in four hours, with a pick-up group of singers, was possible because of our ability to guide our voices with the shapes.

Second, an afternoon singing unfamiliar tunes is truly taxing. Singing is, as George Seiler put it, "the best exercise you can get sitting down," but this *Trumpet* marathon reminded me of what good mental exercise singing is, as well. Perhaps we should add intensive sight-singing to the list of Sudoku and crossword-puzzles as sovereign wards against Alzheimer's! In a typical Sacred Harp singing, nearly half of the calls are of the 100 most popular tunes, giving even a moderately experienced singer occasions to settle into a comfortable tune. Not so on this day! Even those who had ambitiously practiced the tunes had to pay close attention to unfamiliar harmonies and entrances.

A third take-away for me from the day was a greater appreciation of the high quality and diversity of talent of the composers. There is no one, single "Sacred Harp" style of song, either in *The Sacred Harp* or in *The Trumpet*. New composers are working in a full range of these traditions, ranging across English folk-tunes, West Gallery, New England plain and fuging tunes, camp-meeting revival songs, and Denson-inspired fuges; one tune is even set with Polish words. It is an exciting time to be singing in this tradition!

A less lofty lesson reinforced by the day's singing was the value of redundancy. Although both Tom and I were recording the event, mine failed for the first session, and Tom's for the third. Fortunately, between the two of us, we produced a complete set of recordings, available at http://www.bostonsing.org/recordings/the-trumpet/ .

Many thanks again to Tom Malone for organizing the day, to *Trumpet* editors Tom, Will Fitzgerald and Robert Vaughn for their dedication to producing Volume 1 so successfully, and especially to all the composers of the tunes, which gave us such enjoyment!

A photo of the singers can be found at http://singthetrumpet.com/singing-from-the-trumpet-volume-1/

Memories of my Uncle, Paine Denson

Mike Hinton

Paine Denson was my uncle, as he and my Mother were "half brother and sister." Paine's mother was Amanda Burdette Denson and my grandmother, Lola Akers, married T J Denson after Amanda Burdette died. T J and Lola were married 23 years and had three daughters, Vera, Violet (my Mom) and Tommye (Anne Chalker and Richard Mauldin's Mom). Paine was in his late 30's when my Mother was born. So there was a considerable age difference between the two "sets" of T J Denson's children.

I remember seeing Uncle Paine a number of times when I was young. He died in 1955, age 73, when I was 12. We would see him every summer when we went to Jasper, Alabama to visit relatives. He was a tall, "pear shape" man. He was always dressed in a suit and tie, and when outside, he wore a hat. In the summer he liked to wear seersucker suits and a flat brim white hat. He had a loud voice and a hearty laugh. He practiced law in Birmingham and then moved to Double Springs and continued to practice law in a "relaxed" style. He had a good sense of humor and liked to tease folks. He took me to a store near his Birmingham office and bought a cowboy hat one summer. He said "every boy needed a cowboy hat." He was a typical "Southern gentleman" and graduated from the University of Alabama law school.

I remember the "Henry J" auto that he drove. It was brown and yellow, and it was the last car he owned. He was not a terribly good driver, but he was able to get to Jasper or Cullman from Double Springs and back home. He had heart trouble in his later years and would stay with Aunt Vera Nunn, who would take care of him, and Aunt Tommye Mauldin, an RN who would attend to his medical needs as directed by his physician. Aunt Vera use to tell us that Uncle Paine was not a very good patient and could be rather stubborn and would not want to take his meds or to do other things his doctor told him to do. When he was uncooperative, Aunt Vera would say "OK, I am going to call Tommye to come down here and talk to you." Uncle Paine would say, "Alright, I will do what is needed." He did not want Aunt Tommye to "clean his plow!"

Paine and his younger sister, Ruth Denson Edwards, had a very close relationship, and both worked daily to see that Sacred Harp music and tradition was preserved and perpetuated. They wrote letters to each other weekly. Uncle Paine had an old typewriter and he used it to prepare his letters and Aunt Ruth would send hers in her own neat and distinctive hand writing. I have a few letters that Uncle Paine wrote to Aunt Ruth. He would often tell her some story or something humorous. They frequently went to singings together, and often with their "double first cousin", Robert E. "Bob" Denson. He lived in Addison, not far from Double Springs. He and Paine would pick up Aunt Ruth in Cullman and go to a singing or a convention. They had fun and talked and sang while they rode together. Each of them knew what they would sing and would discuss the tunes they planned to sing and they sometimes practiced as they rode along. Hugh McGraw told me that none of the Densons ever used a book when leading.

Uncle Paine wrote some wonderful Sacred Harp tunes (in my opinion.) PEACE AND JOY is my favorite tune in the 1991 Revision. I love the words and the way the tune emphasizes the words. The harmony is also something that I enjoy and the refrain too. *Peace* and *Joy* have calming and pleasant meanings to me, and I like to lead the tune at a moderate speed. I often say that I do not think we should rush peace or joy.

I have the Bible that belonged to my Aunt Ruth Denson Edwards. In that Bible are notes, letters, articles and a small piece of paper with numbers on it. A note on that piece of paper says: Paine's own selections for his funeral in his own hand. The numbers for tunes selected had "words only" written and the following numbers:

27, 457, 111, 68, 349, 329

Uncle Paine died in 1955, so these would have been tunes in the 1936 Denson Revision. They remain the same tunes in the 1991 Revision as well. Two of these have top and bottom tunes. I suspect that he intended the top tune to be used since he did not indicate 111b, but that is speculation on my part.

He was a lawyer, but his first love was Sacred Harp music. He was proud of his Sacred Harp heritage and worked to see that the music lived on and on.

CLINTON. C.M.

C Major Isaac Watts, 1707. Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2010.

1. Let ev-'ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - 'ry heart re - joice; The trum-pet of the gos - pel sounds With
2. Ho! ye that pant for liv - ing streams, And pine a - way and die, Here you may quench your ra - ging thirst With

1. Let ev-'ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev-'ry heart re - joice; And ev - 'ry heart re - joice; The trum-pet of the
2. Ho! ye that pant for liv - ing streams, And pine a - way and die, And pine a - way and die, Here you may quench your

an in - vi - ting voice, The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With an in - vi - ting voice, With an in - vi - ting voice. voice.
springs that nev - er dry, Here you may quench your ra-ging thirst With springs that nev-er dry,

gos - pel sounds With an in - vi-ting voice, The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With an in - vi-ting voice, With springs that nev - er dry. dry.
ra - ging thirst With springs that nev-er dry, Here you may quench your ra-ging thirst With springs that nev-er dry,

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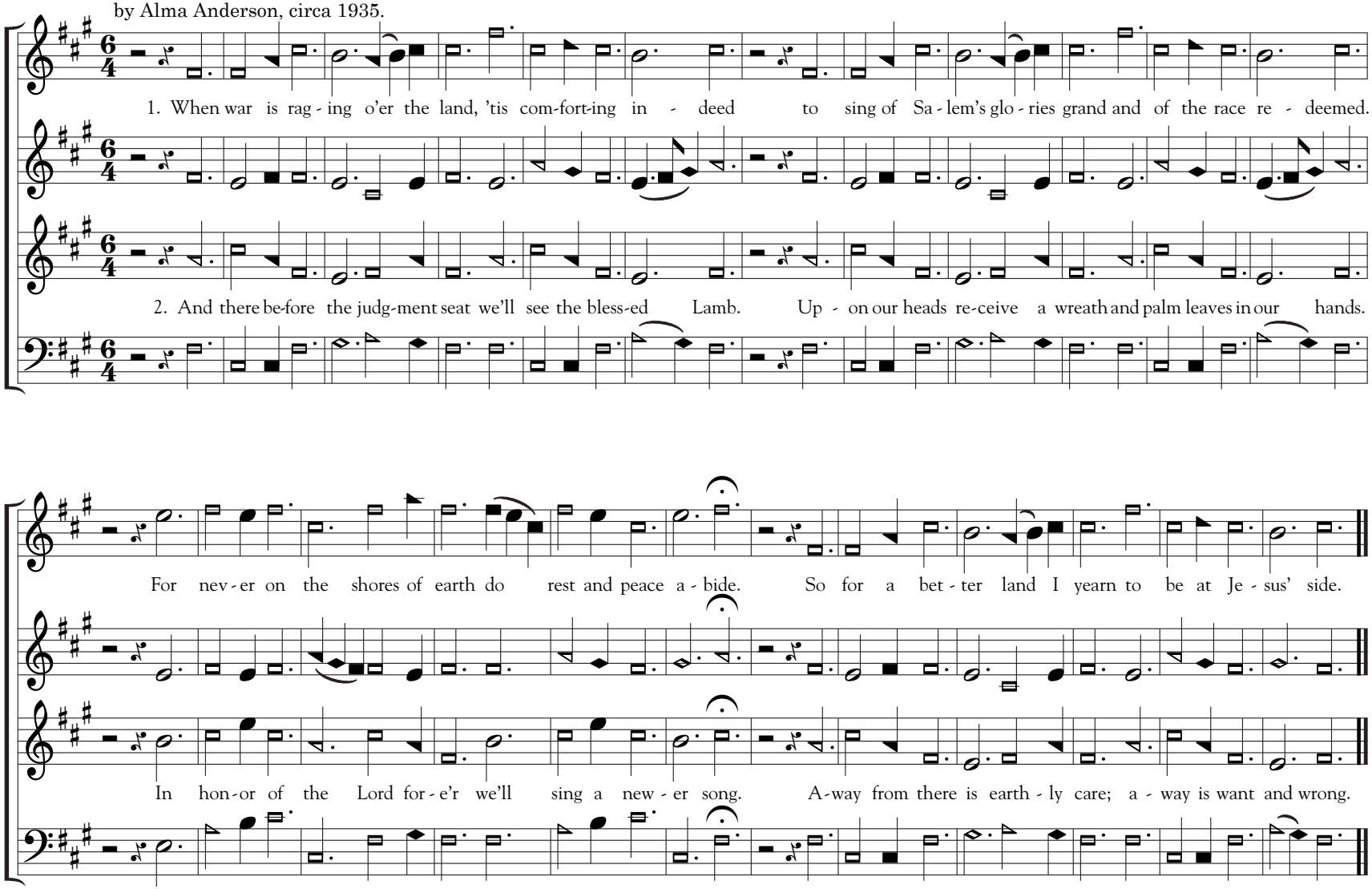
JUMALAN RAUHAAN. C.M.D. (GOD'S PEACE.)

F♯ Minor *Songs of Believers,* translated from the Finnish by Alma Anderson, circa 1935.

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid."—John 14:27.

Steve Luttinen and Kim Bahmer, 2007
In loving memory of Minja Laušević.



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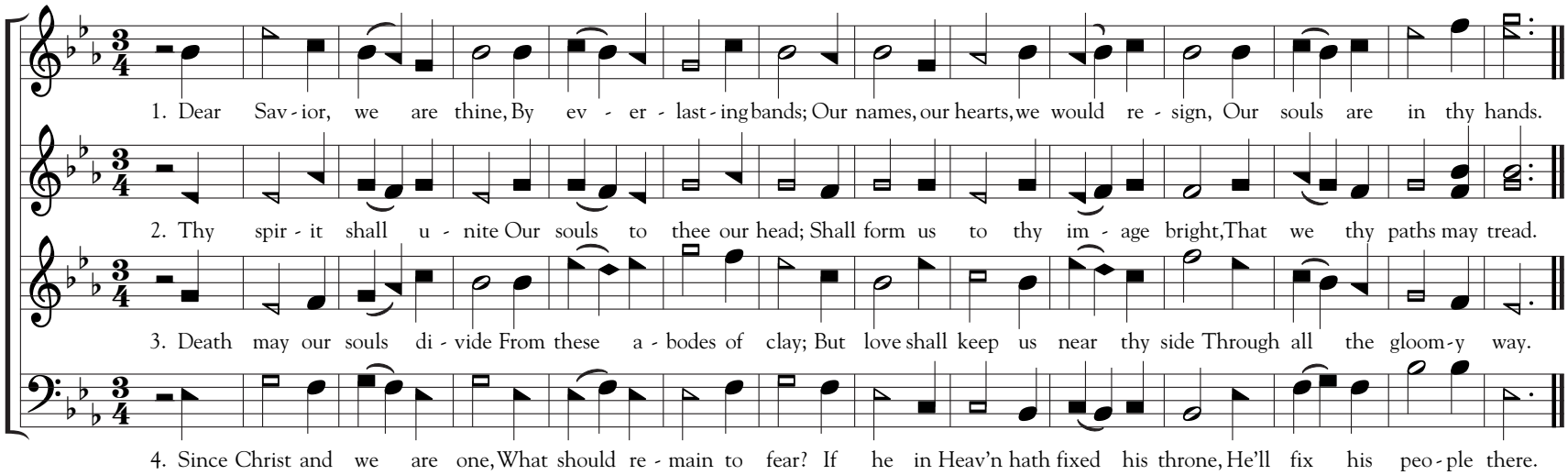
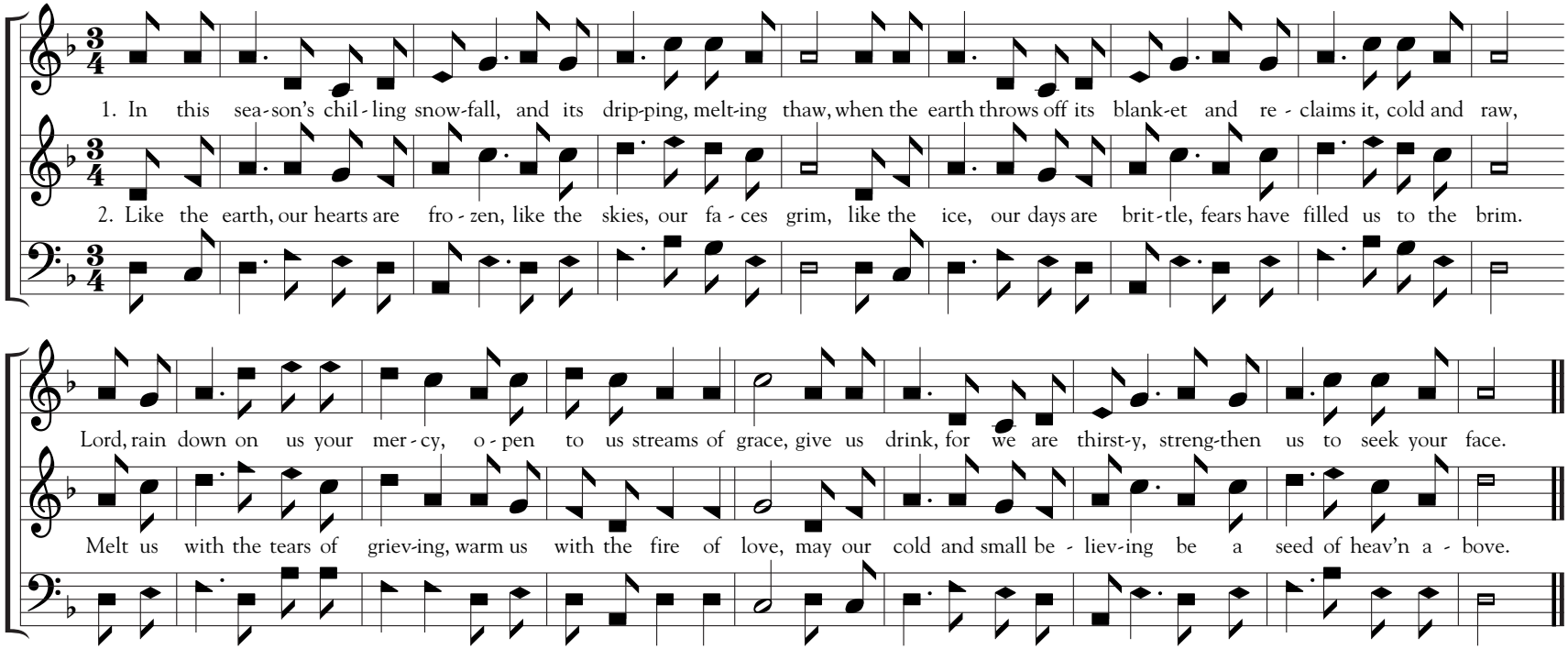
IVEY. S.M.

E♭ Major Philip Doddridge. 1755, alt. *Dedicated to the memory of Marie Ivey* Wade Kotter, 2011.



JANE'S ENCOURAGEMENT. 8.7.8.7.D.

D Minor Rachel Miller Jacobs, 1996. Christine Guth, 1996.



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GOSS. 7s.

F Major John Newton, 1776. Linda Sides, 2011.

1. For a sea-son called to part, Let us now our-selves com-mend To the gra-cious eye and heart Of our ev - er pre-sent Friend.

2. In Thy strength may we be strong; Sweet-en ev - 'ry cross and pain; Spare us, that we may, ere long, Meet and wor-ship Thee a - gain.

3. Then, if Thou Thy - self af - ford, Songs of glad-ness will we raise; And our souls shall bless the Lord, And speak forth His glo-rious praise.

Je-sus, hear our hum-ble prayer: Ten-der Shep-herd of Thy sheep, Let Thy mer - cy and Thy care All our souls in safe-ty keep.

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MELANIE. L.M.

G Major Isaac Watts, 1707–09. Anne Heider, 2009.

1. Is he a star? He breaks the night, Pierc - ing the shades with dawn - ing light;
2. Is he a sun? His beams are grace, His course is joy and right - eous - ness;
3. Is he a foun - tain? There I bathe, and heal the plague of sin and death;
4. Is he a rock? How firm he proves! The rock of a - ges nev - er moves;
5. Is he a vine? His heav'n - ly root Sup - plies the boughs with life and fruit;
6. Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars, Nor heav'n, his full re - sem - blance bears;

I know his glo - ries from a - far, I know the bright, the morn - ing star.
Na - tions re - joice when he ap - pears To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

These wa - ters all my soul re - new, And cleanse my spot - ted gar - ments too.
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow At - tend us all the de - sert through.

O let a last - ing u - nion join My soul the branch to Christ the vine.
His beau - ties we can nev - er trace, Till we be - hold him face to face.

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ST. JAMES. C.M.

A Minor in *Divine Hymns, or Spiritual Songs,* 1800

Robert Stoddard, 2011

1. And let us all in Christ be one, Bound with the cords of love, 'Til
2. De - li-ver'd there from cares and pains, Our spi - rits ne'er shall tire. But

'Til we a - round thy
But in se - ra - phic,

1. And let us all in Christ be one, Bound with the cords of love, 'Til we a - round thy glo-rious throne, 'Til
2. De - li-ver'd there from cares and pains, Our spi - rits ne'ershall tire. But in se - ra - phic, hev'n-ly strains, But

'Til we a-round thy glo-rious throne Shall joy - ful meet a -
But in se - ra - phic, hev'n-ly strains Re - deem-ing love ad -

we a - round thy glo - rious throne Shall joy - ful meet a - bove, Shall joy - ful meet, Shall joy - ful meet a - bove. - bove
in se - ra - phic, hev'n - ly strains Re - deem - ing love ad - mire, Re - deem - ing love, Re - deem - ing love ad - mire. - mire.

glo - rious throne Shall meet a - bove,
hev'n - ly strains Thy love ad - mire,

we a - round thy glo - rious throne Shall joy - ful meet a - bove, Shall joy - ful meet, Shall joy - ful meet a - bove. - bove
in se - ra - phic, hev'n - ly strains Re - deem - ing love ad - mire, Re - deem - ing love, Re - deem - ing love ad - mire. - mire.

bove,
mire,

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ROGERS. C.M.

A♭ Major John Ryland (1753-1825)

In honor of Mr. & Mrs. Lonnie Rogers

Stanley Smith, 2011.

1. In all my Lord's ap - point-ed ways My jour-ney I'll pur - sue; "Hin - der me not," ye much loved saints, For I must go with you.

Through flood and flames, if Je-sus lead,

Through flood and flames, if Je-sus lead, I'll fol-low where He goes: "Hin - der me not" shall be my cry, Though earth and hell op - pose. - pose.

if Je-sus lead,

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CARTERSVILLE. C.M.

E Minor Ed E. Thacker, 2010. *"I will remove the iniquity of that land in one day."—Zech. 3:9.* Ed E. Thacker, 2010.

1. God of mer-cy and cre - a - tor, Save us by thy pow-er, Let all be-low lift up thy name, Un - til that bless-ed hour.

Bless the day sin passed a - way our tri - als now are ov - er And see our sav - ior there. there.

Sin passed a - way O bless the day And see our sav - ior there. there.

Sin passed a - way O bless the day And see our sav - ior there. there.

Bless the day sin passed a - way our tri - als now are ov - er And see our sav - ior there. there.

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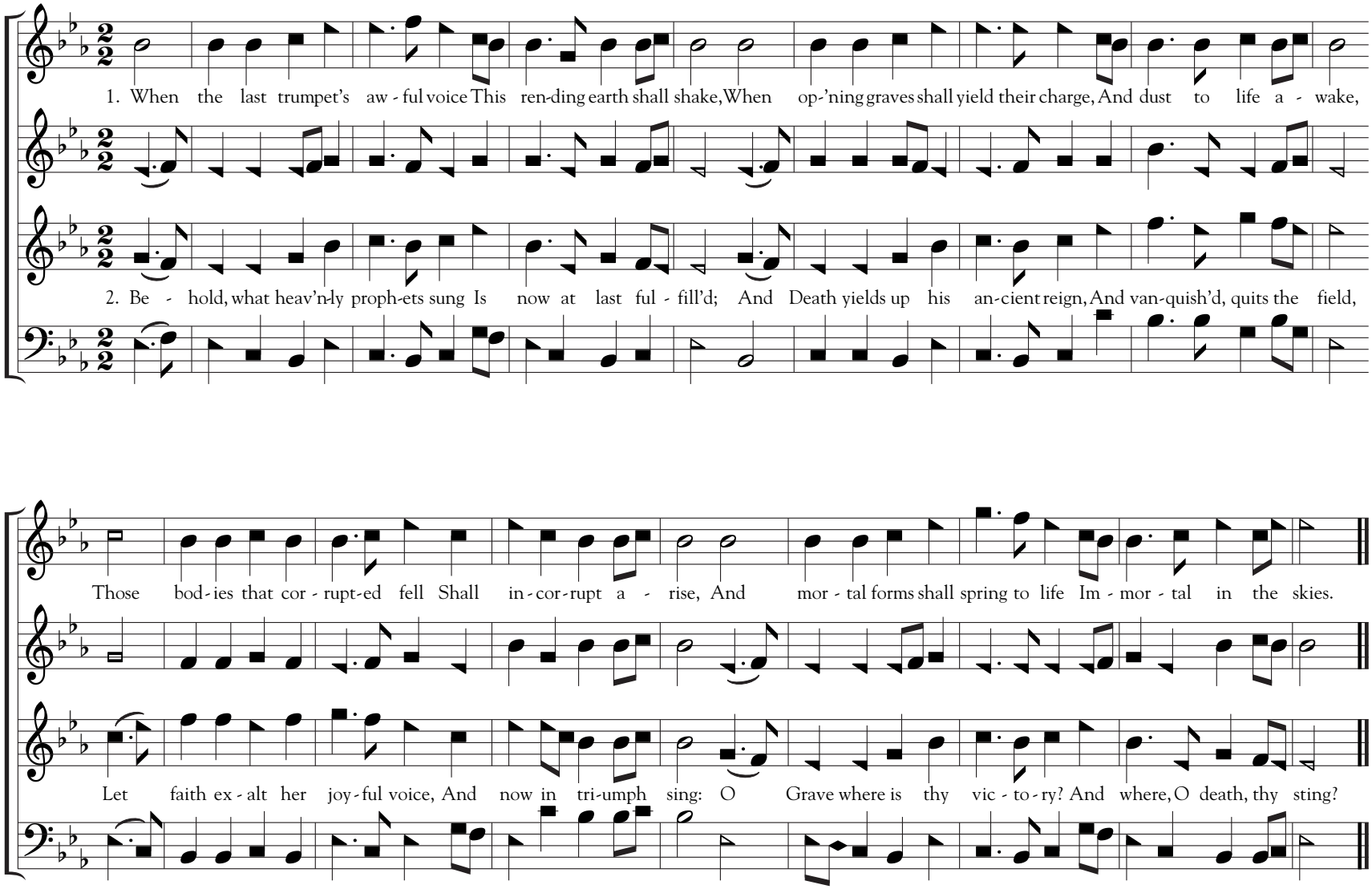
EXULTATION. C.M.D.

E Major Isaac Watts, 1707. Nikos Pappas, rev. 2011.



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CREST.

G Major Martha Sherwood, 2010. Steve Helwig, 2010.

When morn-ing tints the fleet - ing clouds With shades of rose and gold, 'Tis time to think up - on the Lord For all the new day holds; Each

day the good a - new un - folds. Give praise through-out the turn-ing day, To Him whose word com-mands the clime, Brings wa - ter to the thirst - y earth,

Gives

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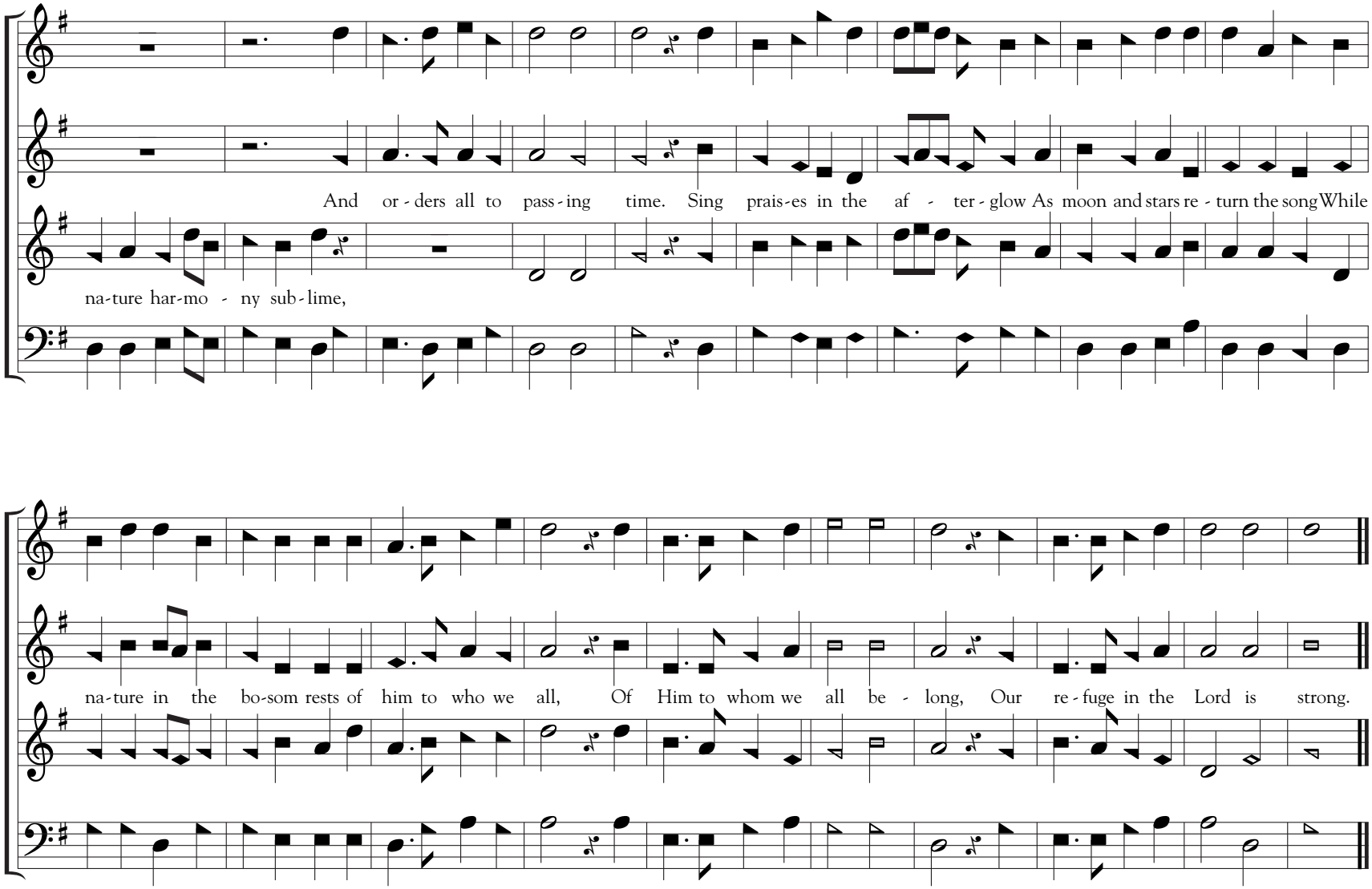
CREST. Concluded.



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ANGELS GATE. C.M.

E Minor Samuel Wesley, Sr. Dan Thoma, 2011.

1. Be - hold the Sav - ior of man - kind Nailed to the shame - ful tree!
2. 'Tis done! the pre - cious ran - som's paid, "Re - ceive my soul," he cries!
3. But soon he'll break death's en - vious chain, And in full glo - ry shine:

How vast the love that him in - clined To bleed and die for thee! thee!
See where he bows his sa - cred head! He bows his head, and dies! dies!
O Lamb of God! was ev - er pain, Was ev - er love, like thine? thine?

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REDDING. 10.11.10.11

F Minor Isaac Watts, 1719. P. Dan Brittain, 1972.

1. The Lord of Glo - ry reigns, he reigns on high; His robes of state are strength and ma - jes - ty.
This wide cre - a - tion rose, at his com - mand, Built by his word and 'stab - lished by his hand.

2. God is th'e - ter - nal King: Thy foes in vain Raise their re - bel - lion to con - found thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods a - rise, And roar and toss their waves a - gainst the skies;

3. Ye tem - pests rage no more; Ye floods be still: And the mad world sub - mis - sive to his will.
Built on his truth, his church must ev - er stand: Firm are his pro - mis - es, and stron his hand;

Long stood his throne ere he be - gan cre - a - tion and his own God - head is the firm foun - da - tion.

Foam - ing at heav'n, they rage with wild com - mo - tion, But heav'n's high arch - es scorn the swell - ing o - cean.

See his own sons, when they ap - pear be - fore him, Bow at his foot - stool, and with fear a - dore him.

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SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.

E Major Mark1:2–3, KJV

Dan Harper, 2010.

As it is writ - ten in the pro - phets, Be - hold, I send my mes - sen - ger Be - fore thy face which

As it is writ - ten in the pro - phets, Be - hold, I send my mes - sen - ger Be - fore thy face which

As it is writ - ten in the pro - phets, Be - hold, I send my mes - sen - ger Be - fore thy face which

As it is writ - ten in the pro - phets, Be - hold, I send my mes - sen - ger Be - fore thy face which

shall pre - pare Thy way be - fore thee. call - ing in the wil - der - ness:

shall pre - pare Thy way be - fore thee. in the wil - der - ness:

shall pre - pare Thy way be - fore thee. in the wil - der - ness:

shall pre - pare Thy way be - fore thee. The voice of one call - ing in the wil - der - ness:

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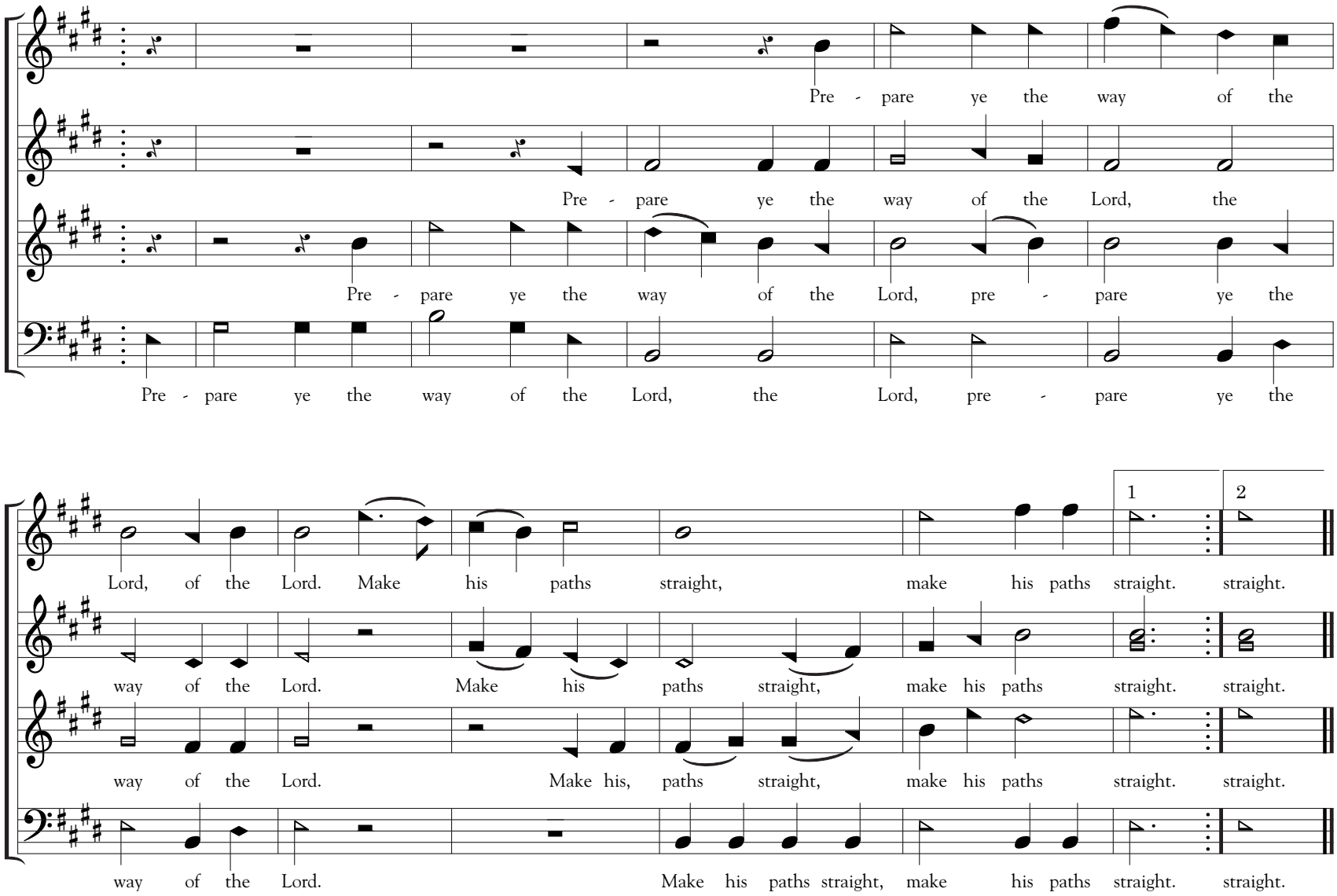
SAN JUAN BAUTISTA. Concluded.



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WEEP NOT FOR ME. P.M.

E Minor Thomas Dale, 1817 — Fynn Titford-Mock, 2011.

1. When the spark of life is wa - ning, Weep not for me;
When the lan - guid eye is strain - ing, Weep not for me;
When the fee - ble pulse is ceas - ing,

2. When the pangs of death as - sail me, Weep not for me;
Christ is mine; He can - not fail me, Weep not for me;
Yes, though sin and doubt en - deav - or

Start not at its swift de - creas - ing; 'Tis the fet - ter'd soul's re - leas - ing; Weep not for me.

From his love my soul to sev - er, Je - sus is my strength for - ev - er; Weep not for me.

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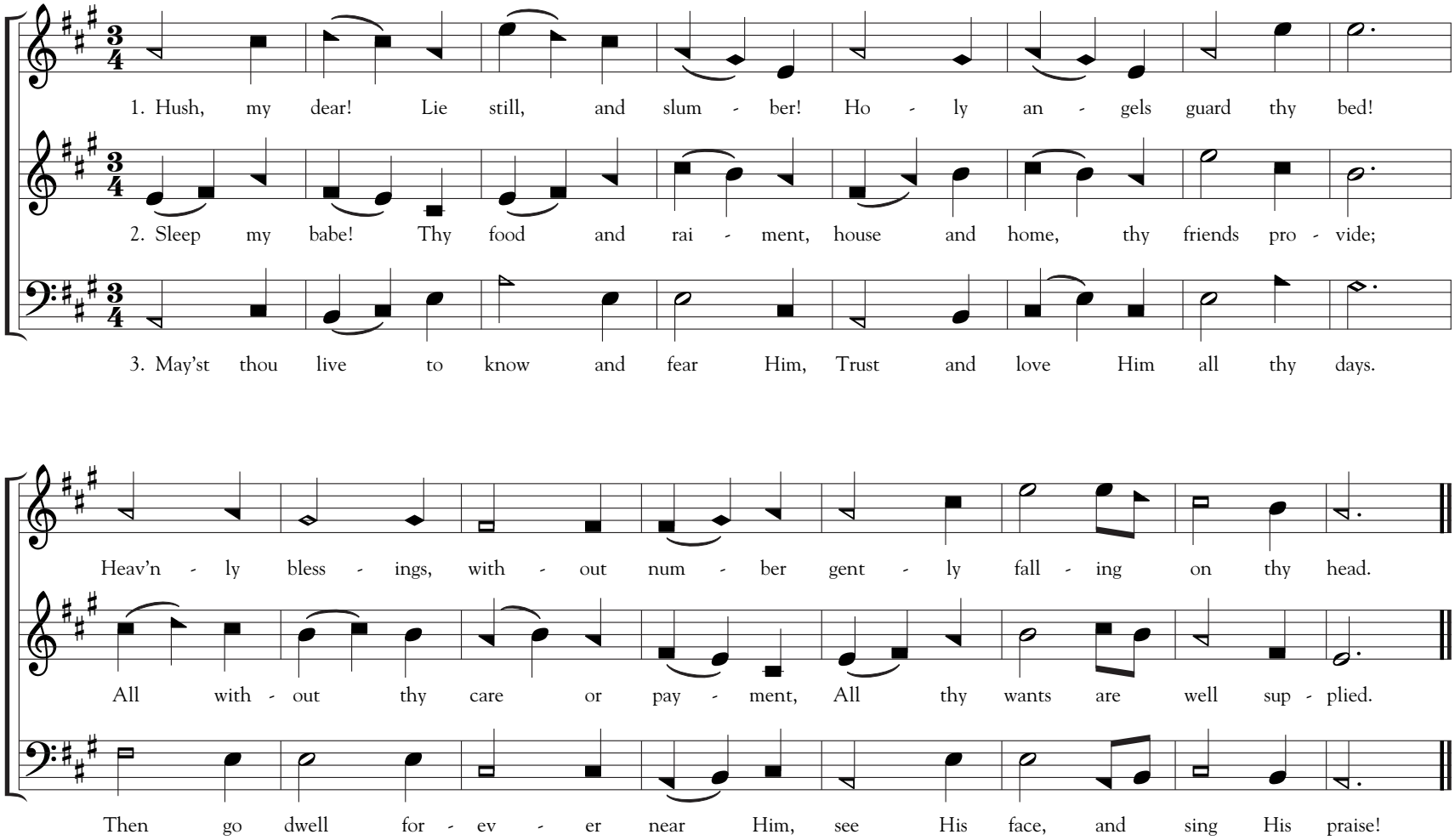
HANS. 8s & 7s.

A Major Isaac Watts, *Songs for Children,* 1715. John Bayer, Jr., Sept. 21, 1994.



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BERRYVILLE. L.M.

E Minor Frederick Lucian Hosmer (1840–1929), alt. James P. Page, 1996.

1. Not al - ways on the mount may we Rapt in the heav'n - ly vi - sion be; The
2. Yet hath one such ex - alt - ed hour Up - on the soul re - deem - ing pow'r, And

shores of thought and feel - ing know The Spi - rit's tid - al ebb and flow.
in its strength through af - ter days We trav - el our ap - point - ed ways.

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