

# 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*

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The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. – Song of Solomon 2:12

**W**e are all glad to be welcoming the warmer days and the big summer season of Singings that comes with it – Fourth of July Singings, Decoration Day Singings, Camp Fasola, and countless other singings, both large and small, that we look forward to each Spring and Summer. As you travel on your way this year, chances are you might even meet up with one of the authors whose music finds its way into our pages.

A small and humble effort with no monetary obligation, our thrice-yearly publication reaches around the world, and across the united bands of fasola singers. We hope you will enjoy the songs and – “look out!” – because there are beautiful songs being written all around you, and we like to think that we play a part in encouraging those who are writing in solitude to “let their songs abound.”

So take a look at these songs and see what speaks to you; some are by authors whom we are presenting for the first time, though their names might be familiar to you. Ed Thacker’s WALTON and Deidra Montgomery’s LAURELTON are among a group of plain-tunes and hymn tunes that will please and surprise you. Theresa Westmoreland, of Addison, Alabama, wrote the words and music for LAMB OF GOD, and shows a fine ear for dispersed harmony. Don’t overlook PALMER by Kevin Barrans either – sometimes those ‘little songs’ have a lot to say, and we appreciate the writers who keep them coming.

For lovers of fugues and anthems we have something for you as well, K.R. Swenson offers THE TRUMPET SOUNDS (a title we like very much); Logan Green’s EVERGREEN and Micah Sommer’s RUNYAN are fine examples of the fugging style as well. Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg offers an anthem with text by Harriet Tubman – a portion of which will serve to complete our introduction:

“There was such glory over everything, the sun came like gold through the trees, and I felt like I was in heav’n.”

– *The Editors* [ed@singthetrumpet.com](mailto:ed@singthetrumpet.com)

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## *A Peek at the New Revised Cooper Book*

By Karen Willard

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**T**HE SACRED HARP, REVISED COOPER EDITION will be coming out later this year. It began in 2005 when John Etheridge, then president of The Sacred Harp Book Company, asked me to not only re-typeset a limited number of pages for what turned out to be the 2006 edition, but also start a cover-to-cover redo. Shortly after that 2006 edition came out, though, the project went into stasis and didn't resume until 2008. In August of that year I signed a contract with Vice President of the Board of Directors Johnny Lee, to do a total and complete revision of the entire book: every page to be re-typeset, all musical and typographical errors to be discovered and corrected, all remaining uses of "etc." to be replaced with actual lyrics, and to add new lyrics where there was space for more.

Following the Stockholders' vote on May 12, I hope the book can go to the printer later this month for shipping 8-10 weeks after that.

The new edition is ½ inch taller and ½ inch wider than before but it is still smaller in page size than the Denson revision. It retains the blue cloth with silver lettering cover. The new cover will be a little bit less plain than the 2006 cover.

I had to face the insurmountable problem of pages such as 504 with its three squeezed braces of music. Try as I might, it proved impossible to make those pages look good. One solution would have been to drop the songs on the adjacent pages to make room, or to drop the too crowded songs. Another solution, the one chosen by the board, was to add an additional "signature" to the end of the book and move the crowded songs. Big presses don't print single sheets of paper at a time; instead they print multiple "pages" on large sheets of paper, then fold and trim to size. This is called a signature and for this book, a signature holds 16 pages.

The songs that have been moved are ROCK OF AGES to 451, MARTIN to 107, WORCESTER to 588, THE JUDGMENT to 592, I'M ON MY JOURNEY HOME to 207t, (Cooper's arrangement of COME FRIENDS GO WITH ME was discarded in favor of the original, which only needed a single

page), NEARER MY GOD TO THEE to 587, THE GOSPEL FEAST to 585, GOD'S WONDROUS LOVE to 578, I LOVE TO SING OF JESUS to 584, THE GATES OF PARADISE to 580, and LONG AGO COMRADES to 582.

These moves gave MARTIN all of 107 and all its verses, I'M WANDERING TO AND FRO got all of 393, UNITY got all of 488, and THE LIVING STONE got all of 498 (and a 2nd verse).

After moving all the overly crowded songs into their new homes, there was geography left over into which to put new-to-the-book songs, from both living composers and old sources.

Other changes: page 21 of the Rudiments now makes sense; 95 songs got additional verses; 140, 363, 453t, 507t lost verses; new alto parts were found or composed for 184b, 196, 206, and 324; all 5 "duet songs" are displayed with 4 staves per brace; all alto parts are in the treble clef; almost all songs that start on an upbeat have their opening measure completed with rests; a large number of the songs had harmonic errors that are now corrected; some keys were changed to ease the task of fitting largish songs onto the small Cooper book page; the songs with "Carry me home" choruses have been revised to reflect the way they're actually sung; the tunename index was moved to the back of the book and a 1st line index was added there, too; all tunenames starting with "The" are indexed under both "The" and under the 2nd word; all tunes with a second well-known name have that name in parentheses and are indexed under both names; the source of the tune and the text for nearly every song have been found and added; in the tunename index, minor songs have been printed in bold. The new book begins on page i and ends on page 608.

My apologies for the necessity of everyone purchasing a new book: too many changes to the music will prevent classes from using both new and old at the same singing, not to mention all the new-to-the-book songs. The Book Company will be announcing ways to ease this burden. On the bright side, though, let me assure everyone that there will not be another edition for a very long time to come!

## Sacred Harp Takes Root at Bennington College

by Kestrel Slocombe

---

This past Thursday, Bennington College's Sacred Harp Singing School held its "final exam"—a three-hour singing that welcomed singers from the wider Sacred Harp community to come and join us for singing, food, and a contradance. Although the class has been running since the fall of 2009, and has held several public singings in the past, this one felt different: it pulled together in a way none of us could have anticipated, moving with an energy and arc all its own.

I've sung Sacred Harp at Bennington every semester but one since that first class in fall 2009, and this singing marked the end of my time as a Bennington singer, as I graduate this June. It's bittersweet to leave this college, and especially this singing community—although I'm a literature student, Sacred Harp has been part of the soul of my time here. Since 2009, many students have taken Sacred Harp at Bennington, and at this point there's a core community who have fallen in love with it and come back again and again. We've been lucky enough to have Professor Kitty Brazelton standing by us and making sure that the class stays in the curriculum; we've also been lucky enough to have been guided and supported by local singer Joanne Fuller, and to have been taught, at various points, by some of the most talented and passionate singers in the Sacred Harp community: Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, Ben Bath, Tom Malone, Dan Hertzler, and Allison Steel. Of all the music classes taught at Bennington, Sacred Harp is one of the most welcoming and accessible to non-music students, and as such, it's becoming a vital part of the Bennington musical community. It's also started to forge a connection between Bennington and the surrounding community, as we always welcome outside singers in our midst, and are grateful for their wisdom and support.

Leaving this community is hard, but I couldn't feel happier about how far we've come, and the wonderful feeling that's grown up out of this class. As I perhaps should have expected, the innate spirit of Sacred Harp transcended the boundaries of academia, and made this experience so much more than just a class—it is a community, and it is part of a lineage. This feeling of lineage has been an essential

part of Sacred Harp for me—suffering from the classically American condition of cultural confusion and unrootedness, I found in Sacred Harp a sense of the earth. When we sing, we sing in the moment, but we sing as Americans have sung for centuries, singing the music into this land of ours. And so, although graduation nears and soon I must uproot myself once again, it doesn't feel like a total uprooting. Bennington has become a part of me, and Sacred Harp has been an absolutely essential part of that. Although I must leave the Bennington singing community, it's not really leaving, as we've all become a part of something bigger—we all belong to this band.

---

Upward I lift mine eyes,  
From God is all my aid;  
The God that built the skies,  
And earth and nature made:  
God is the tower to which I fly;  
His grace is nigh in every hour.  
My feet shall never slide  
And fall in fatal snares,  
Since God, my guard and guide,  
Defends me from my fears:  
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep  
Shall Isr'el keep when dangers rise.  
No burning heats by day  
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there:  
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,  
To guard my head by night or noon.  
Hast thou not giv'n thy word  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath:  
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,  
Till from on high thou call me home. — *Isaac Watts, Psalm 121*





## LAURELTON. L.M.

F# MINOR Isaac Watts, 1707–09.

Deidra M. Montgomery, 2011–12.

1. I send the joys of earth a - way; A - way, ye temp - ters of the mind,  
 2. Your waves were float - ing me a - long, Down to the gulf of dark des - pair;  
 3. Lord, I a - dore Thy match - less grace, That warned me of that dark a - byss!

1. I send the joys of earth a - way; A - way, ye temp - ters of the mind,  
 2. Your waves were float - ing me a - long, Down to the gulf of dark des - pair;  
 3. Lord, I a - dore Thy match - less grace, That warned me of that dark a - byss!

False as the smooth, de - ceit - ful sea, And emp - ty as the whist - ling wind.  
 And while I list - ened to your song, Your streams had e'en con - veyed me there.  
 That drew me from those treach - rous seas, And bade me seek su - per - ior bliss.

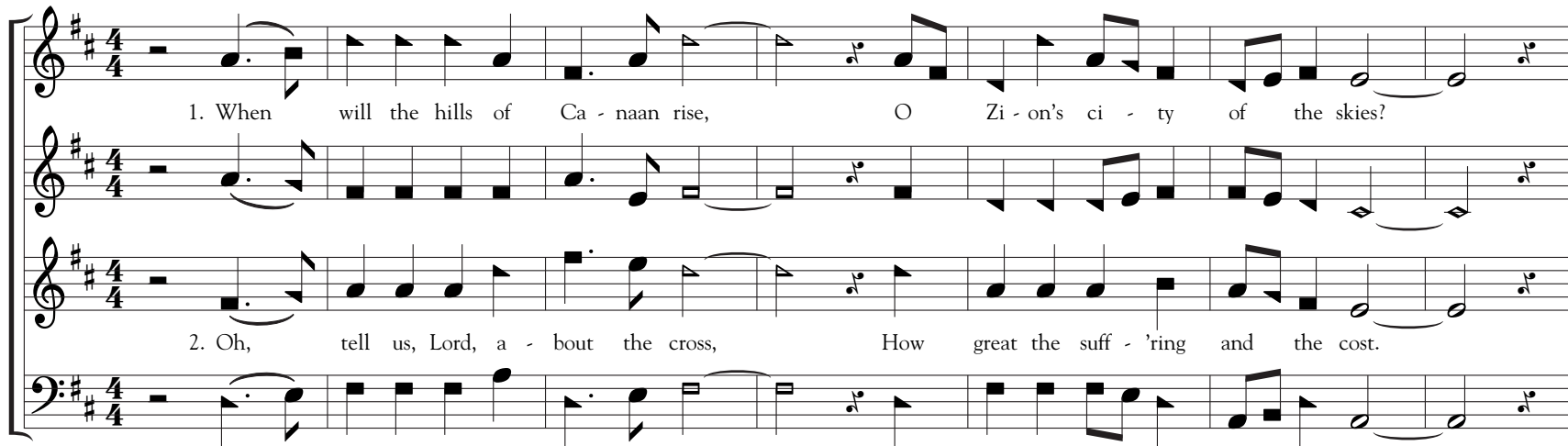
False as the smooth, de - ceit - ful sea, And emp - ty as the whist - ling wind.  
 And while I list - ened to your song, Your streams had e'en con - veyed me there.  
 That drew me from those treach - rous seas, And bade me seek su - per - ior bliss.

## WALTON. L.M.

D MAJOR Ed E. Thacker, 2009.

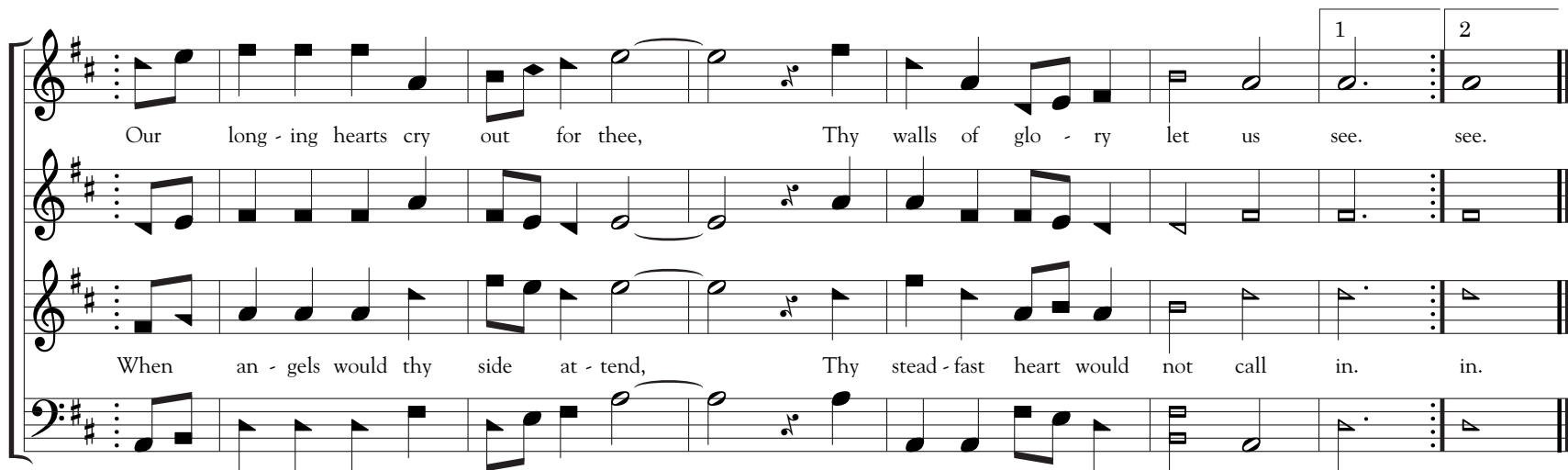
*"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"—Psalm 137:4.*

Ed E. Thacker, 2009.



1. When will the hills of Ca - naan rise, O Zi - on's ci - ty of the skies?

2. Oh, tell us, Lord, a - bout the cross, How great the suff - 'ring and the cost.



Our long - ing hearts cry out for thee, Thy walls of glo - ry let us see. see.

When an - gels would thy side at - tend, Thy stead - fast heart would not call in. in.

## JOSHUA.

G MAJOR Lisa Ballinger Geist, 2004.

*“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son”—John 3:16*

Glenn Keeton, 1993.  
Chris Ballinger, 2005

*Fine*

1. To God we lift our voices high, to praise His name above.  
 We give our doubts and fears to Him. He strengthens us each day.  
*D.C.* Guide us O Lord, for this we pray, both humbly night and day.

2. Sing of God's grace, born of His love, His blessings from above;  
 His graciousness, our sins forgiven, We sing to praise our God.  
*D.C.* Both night and day, we lift our prayers, Some day to meet you there.

*D.C. al Fine*

Je - sus, our Lord, He reigns on high, to bless us with His sov - ereign grace.  
 He guides us with a gen - tle hand, He hears each prayer and knows our needs;

## FLAMING TONGUES. 8.7.8.7.D.

F# MINOR Robert Robinson, 1758.

Gabrielle Fulmer, 2008.

1. Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy praise! Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net,  
Sreams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.

2. Here I'll raise my Eb - e - ne - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come; Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger,  
And I hope by Thy good pleas - ure Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.

3. Oh! to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it;  
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.

Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove: Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

Wan - d'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.

Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, Oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

## OLIVE TREE. 7s.

A MINOR Shaker hymn (anon.), 19th cent.

Arr. Carol Medicott and R. C. Webber, 2012.

1. More pure love I want to feel. More o - be - di - ence and zeal.

2. Ev - 'ry branch must fill its place, free from ev - 'ry - thing that's base.

3. Sa - tan can - not touch one brand, nor change the form in which it stands.

4. Now de - part, dis - cord and strife. We have found the tree of life.

5. U - nion is the gold - en bowl, Free - ly one in heart and soul,

More u - ni - ted we must be to the love - ly o - live tree.

Then the sap will free - ly flow, and in u - nion we will go.

Hev'n - ly love and pu - ri - ty to the sub - stance of the tree.

Let our u - nion free - ly flow, that this love - ly tree may grow.

We re - ceive the oil of love, that Free - ly flow - ing from a - bove.

## EVERGREEN. L.M.

G MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

*Solomon's Song ii, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13*

Logan Green, 2010.

1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed sounds O - ver the rocks and ris - ing grounds; O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief, He

2. "Th'im - mor - tal vine of heav'n - ly root Blos - soms, and buds, and gives her fruit." Lo! we are come to taste the wine; Our

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 2/2. The music is divided into two measures by a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

leaps, he flies to my re - lief. Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of my

And when we hear our Je - sus say, "Rise up, my

Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of love he

And when we hear our Je - sus say, "Rise up, my love, rise

souls re - joice and bless the vine. Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of love he looks at me, With

And when we hear our Je - sus say, "Rise up, my love, make haste a-way, My

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with four staves. It features the same vocal and piano parts as the first system. The lyrics are split across the staves, with some lines appearing above and some below the vocal line. The music concludes with a final cadence.

## EVERGREEN. Concluded.

love he looks at me; Now in the gos - pel's clear - est glass He shows the beau - ties of his face. face.  
 love, make haste a - way!" Our hearts would fain out - fly the wind, And leave all earth - ly loves be - hind. - hind.

eyes of love he looks at me; Now in the gos - pel's clear - est glass He shows the beau - ties of his face. face.  
 up, my love, make haste a - way!" Our hearts would fain out - fly the wind, And leave all earth - ly loves be - hind. - hind.

looks, he looks at me; Now in the gos - pel's clear - est glass He shows the beau - ties of his face. face.  
 up, make haste a - way!" Our hearts would fain out - fly the wind, And leave all earth - ly loves be - hind. - hind.

love he looks at me; Now in the gos - pel's clear - est glass He shows the beau - ties of his face. face.  
 love, make haste a - way!" Our hearts would fain out - fly the wind, And leave all earth - ly loves be - hind. - hind.

## PALMER.

F MAJOR Samson Occom (1723–92), in *The Social Harp*, 1855.

Kevin Barrans, 2012.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye for why will ye die? When God in great mer - cy is com - ing so nigh?  
 2. Now Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says come! And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.

3. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay Your hearts may grow bet - ter, your chains melt a - way!  
 4. Come guilt - y, come wretch - ed, come just as you are; All help - less and dy - ing, to Je - sus re - pair.

5. The con - trite in heart he will free - ly re - ceive, Oh, why will you not the glad mes - sage be - lieve?  
 6. If sin be your bur - den, why will you not come? 'Tis you He makes wel - come, He bids you come home.

## THE TRUMPET SOUNDS. C.M.D.

B<sup>b</sup> MAJOR Charles Wesley,  
adapted by Comet Bowen, 2011.

*"And we shall all be changed."—1 Cor. 15:51*

K. R. Swenson, 2011.

1. Come, let us who in Christ be - lieve Our com - mon sa - vior praise with joy - ful voic - es give The  
 2. Come O thou all - vic - to - rious lord, Thy pow'r to us make known. the ham - mer of thy word And

1. Come, let us who in Christ be - lieve Our com - mon sa - vior praise To him with joy - ful voic - es  
 2. Come O thou all - vic - to - rious lord, Thy pow'r to us make known. Strike with the ham - mer of thy

1. Come, let us who in Christ be - lieve Our com - mon sa - vior praise To him with joy - ful voic - es give The  
 2. Come O thou all - vic - to - rious lord, Thy pow'r to us make known. Strike with the ham - mer of thy word And

1. Come, let us who in Christ be - lieve Our com - mon sa - vior praise To him with joy - ful voic - es give The  
 2. Come O thou all - vic - to - rious lord, Thy pow'r to us make known. Strike with the ham - mer of thy word And

glo - ry of his grace. The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds In  
 break these hearts of stone. The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds, Our

give The glo - ry of his grace. The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds In ev - 'ry sin - ner's  
 word And break these hearts of stone. The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds, Our fool - ish - ness we

glo - ry of his grace. The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds In ev - 'ry sin - ner's  
 break these hearts of stone. The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds, Our fool - ish - ness we mourn.

glo - ry of his grace. The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds In ev - 'ry  
 break these hearts of stone. The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds, Our fool - ish -



## THE TRUMPET SOUNDS. Concluded.

ev - 'ry sin - ner's heart. The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds. sounds.  
 fool - ish - ness we mourn. The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds. sounds.

heart. Keep him out no more nor force him to de - part. The - part.  
 mourn. Turn from ev - 'ry sin And to our sa - vior turn. The - part.

heart. The world need keep him out no more Nor force him to de - part. The - part.  
 The And turn at once from ev - 'ry sin And to our sa - vior turn. The - part.

sin - ner's heart. The world need at keep him out no more Nor force him to de - part. The trum - pet - part.  
 ness we mourn. And turn at once from ev - 'ry sin And to our sa - vior turn. The trum - pet turn.

3. Ten thousand to their endless home  
 This solemn moment fly  
 And we are to the margin come  
 And we expect to die.

The trumpet sounds, the trumpet sounds  
 With wishful looks we stand  
 And long to see the happy coast  
 And reach the heav'nly land.

## KYRKJEBØBAKKEN.

F# MINOR Isaac Watts, 1709.

James Solheim, 1995.

1. Long have I sat be - neath the sound Of Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, And still how,

2. Show my for - get - ful feet the way That leads to joys on high, Where know - ledge,

And still how, And still how weak my faith is found, And know - ledge of Thy Word.

Where know - ledge, Where know - ledge grows with - out de - cay And love shall nev - er die.

## FOREST ROSE. 8s & 7s.

D MAJOR Robert Robinson, 1758, alt.

Thurlow Weed, 2008.

1. Come Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net sung by  
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing call for songs of loud - est praise.

2. Here I'll raise my E - be - ne - zer, Hith - er by thy help I'm come. Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, Wan - d'ring  
And I hope, by thy good pleas - ure safe - ly to ar - rive at home.

flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the mount I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love!

from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.

## LAMB OF GOD.

F# MINOR Theresa Hamrick Westmoreland, 2012.

Theresa Hamrick Westmoreland, 2012.

1. I love Thee pre-cious Je - sus, Thou per-fect Lamb of God. Thy pre-sence lights the dark-ness, Re - veal-ing pard'ning blood.

2. O Lord, be-stow Thy good-ness Up - on this mor-tal frame. For I will sure - ly pe - rish With - out th'E-ter - nal Flame.

3. O Lamb of God I beg Thee To in - ter - vene for me, That I may in Thy King-dom Find peace and dwell with Thee.

## ALLEGHENY. S.M.

E MINOR Philip Doddridge.

G. J. Hoffman, 2010.

1. How swift the tor-rent rolls That bears us to the sea; The tide that hur-ries thought-less souls To vast e - ter - ni - ty.

2. Our fa-thers, where are they, With all they called their own? Their joys and griefs and hopes and cares, And wealth and ho-nor, gone.

3. With all the pi - ous dead, May we Thy foot-steps trace, Till with them in the land of light, We dwell be-fore Thy face.

## RUNYAN. L.M.

G MAJOR Tate and Brady, 1696; Micah Sommer, 2011.

Micah Sommer, 2011.

1. Oh, come, loud an-thems let us sing, Loud praise to our al-might-y king. For we our voic-es  
My voice shall be re-

2. My song it can-not be con-tained With - in this ti-ny hu-man frame. For we our voic-es  
My voice shall be re-

For we our voic-es high should  
My voice shall be re-leased and

high should raise  
leased and fly

When our sal - va - tion's rock in we praise.  
To join the cho - rus in the sky.

we our voic - es high should raise  
voice shall be re - leased and fly

When our sal - va - tion's rock in we praise.  
To join the cho - rus in the sky.

high should raise  
leased and fly

When our join sal the - va cho - tion's rus rock in we praise.  
To join the cho - rus in the sky.

raise  
flv

When our sal - va cho - tion's rus rock in we praise.  
To join the cho - rus in the sky.

## NOW I WAS FREE.

C MAJOR Harriet Tubman, 1849.

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2005–09.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves: three treble clefs and one bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "I looked at my hand to see if I was the same person now I was free." The melody is primarily in the upper staves, with the bass line providing a steady accompaniment.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves: three treble clefs and one bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "There was such glo-ry o-ver ev - 'ry - thing, There was such glo-ry o-ver ev - 'ry - thing, - thing." The melody is primarily in the upper staves, with the bass line providing a steady accompaniment. There are first and second endings marked at the end of the system.

## NOW I WAS FREE. Concluded.

through the trees, through the trees, The sun came like  
 (through the trees) (through the trees)

The sun came like gold through the trees,  
 through the trees, through the trees, The sun came like  
 (through the trees) (through the trees)

gold, came like gold through the trees,

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The lyrics are: 'through the trees, through the trees, The sun came like (through the trees) (through the trees)'. The second vocal line has lyrics: 'The sun came like gold through the trees, through the trees, through the trees, The sun came like (through the trees) (through the trees)'. The bass line has lyrics: 'gold, came like gold through the trees,'.

gold through the trees, And o-ver the fields, And I felt like I was in heav'n. In heav'n, And I felt like I was in heav'n.

gold through the trees, And o-ver the fields, And I felt like I was in heav'n. In heav'n, in heav'n, And I felt like I was in heav'n.

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The lyrics are: 'gold through the trees, And o-ver the fields, And I felt like I was in heav'n. In heav'n, And I felt like I was in heav'n.'. The second vocal line has lyrics: 'gold through the trees, And o-ver the fields, And I felt like I was in heav'n. In heav'n, in heav'n, And I felt like I was in heav'n.'. The bottom staff has lyrics: 'gold through the trees, And o-ver the fields, And I felt like I was in heav'n. In heav'n, in heav'n, And I felt like I was in heav'n.'. The system ends with double bar lines and repeat dots.

**NEEDFUL. L.M.D.**

E MINOR Samuel Medley, 1789.

*"And my God will meet all your needs  
according to His glorious riches in Christ Jesus."—Phil. 4:19*

Janie Short, 2010.

Je-sus, en-grave it on my heart, That Thou the one thing need-ful art. I could from all things part-ed be, But nev-er, nev-er, Lord, from Thee.

Je-sus, en-grave it on my heart, That Thou the one thing need-ful art. I could from all things part-ed be, But nev-er, nev-er, Lord, from Thee.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Need-ful art Thou to make me live; Need-ful art Thou all grace to give. Need-ful to guard me lest I stray; Need-ful to help me ev-'ry day.

Need-ful art Thou to make me live; Need-ful art Thou all grace to give. Need-ful to guard me lest I stray; Need-ful to help me ev-'ry day.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same layout as the first system. It continues the vocal and piano parts with the same lyrics. The system concludes with double bar lines and repeat dots.





