

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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From the Editors

We are pleased to note that our publication is entering its third year of bringing new compositions in dispersed harmony to the ever-widening world of fasola singers. That's no small accomplishment since the handful of people that bring it together three times yearly do so for the love of this music and for the fine people who sing it. We have been ably assisted by many volunteers and helpers, and James Gingerich along with Clarissa Fetrow deserve some particular recognition for the work they do in type-setting and proofreading each new volume. We also are very happy to feature an essay by singer Jennie Brown, which will be of lasting interest to readers of *The Trumpet*. Thank you, Jennie.

Now, on to the music. I think it is safe to say that we are entering 2013 with a bang! This issue is full of rich harmony and a diversity of style and approach that will have something for everyone. From Ireland we find Sabhdh O'Flynn's *WALM LANE* to be a fine plain tune with a low-set and resounding bass to it. New to us also is Gabriel Kyne who sends us his rousing tune *BERNAL* (pay careful attention to the different chord in the first and second endings when you sing it, folks, you'll be glad you did). Bruce Randall, whose tune on pg. 474 of *The Sacred Harp* 1991 edition is enjoyed worldwide, sends us *SANDY HOOK*, a song of reflection and memorial to those affected by a recent tragedy in the Northeast.

Lovers of fuging tunes will find much to enjoy in this volume including *WOODPARK* by John Stonell, who appears here for the first time, and others by names who have graced our pages before. Many of these writers may be people you sing with, and many of these songs are dedications to people and places that you might know yourself. Each one of these songs has something special in it, and I know you will enjoy discovering that as you flip through these pages with a few of your singing friends. In short, we hope that these songs are a gift to you and your singing community wherever you may be. It is indeed a great gift to have this fine singing tradition and to see that new songs are being written and sung year in and year out.

Sing on!

– *The Editors* ed@singthetrumpet.com

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A SINGER, BUT NOT A WRITER: WHY ONE NON-COMPOSER SINGS NEW COMPOSITIONS

By Jennie Brown, Oakland, California

Early on, as a new singer with a lot of enthusiasm but without a car, I fell in with Sacred Harp enthusiasts. You know the type: anywhere within driving distance was fair game, and “driving distance” is one of the most subjective terms in the Sacred Harp lexicon. In this excellent company, I enjoyed the travel as much as the destination, and accepted all new experiences — from lively discussions to living room singings — with cheerful abandon. It wasn’t long before I found myself with a photocopied, brand-new song and a real test of my sight-reading. I assumed, as perhaps many new singers do, that someday I’d be writing songs too. First I’d master the shapes, then memorize the book, and then I’d be ready. Right?

Most of my early mentors probably read and sing *The Trumpet* (though if they’re like me, the first time through they skip the essays and dive straight for the songs). A few of them have lent their songs to previous issues, and all of them think and care deeply about the music and practice of Sacred Harp singing. It shows through their dedication to composition “in the style of the Sacred Harp,” with great success and tuneful results. Their commitment gives us more than great songs: the inclusion of new songs in sources like *The Sacred Harp* allows for growth and flexibility while grounding living composers in the constraints and conventions of our tradition. It’s our good fortune to sing these songs, whether scribbled or photocopied or printed and bound, and my good luck to count many composers as my friends.

Today, though, I’m not writing to them.

Instead, I write for those singers who do not compose, no matter how many years and miles they have logged in love of this tradition. I am one of them: aside from one hastily scribbled tenor line, musical composition is outside my ken. Years of lessons didn’t teach me theory, and no matter how many times it’s explained, I can’t see discords without squinting. I may someday harmonize that tenor line, but despite my unflagging enthusiasm for all parts of the Sacred Harp

tradition, I doubt it will ever appear printed here. Nevertheless, non-composers have an important perspective in the ongoing process of exploring, expanding, and defining our shared tradition.

Since our singings are neither rehearsal nor performance, innovation exists in a narrow space between boring and discouragingly difficult. We seek a happy medium, and non-composers have a unique view to what is both fun and “singable.” For example, from the treble bench, I will let you know if your treble line does something uncharacteristic — whether interesting or straight-up impossible. If we stumble over that stubborn interval four verses running, it’s a strong hint that something needs to be adjusted; if we grin and nod over new rhythms and runs, don’t even consider cutting it out.

Singing new compositions is not just a service that we can provide for aspiring composers: it’s an opportunity for our own participation and growth in this tradition. As new tunebooks spring up and shaped notes find their way across oceans, the music itself becomes the most immediate and exciting way to share ideas. New and different material builds confidence and commitment, and fresh songs are a challenge not just to our sight-reading abilities but to our beliefs about what makes Sacred Harp. If the singing requires care, the discussion doubly so — but through this dialogue, both composers and non-composers can reach new understandings of the patterns, mechanics, and conventions we follow. Less obvious but just as important is the kindness and support that we offer each other with energetic voices and sincere feedback. To give voice to a new song is to see carefully, to listen actively, to sing thoughtfully — and bringing these habits into every hollow square can only make our singing stronger.

Since that first photocopy, I’ve found that singing new compositions brings what I love about Sacred Harp into sharper focus. With dedication, deliberation, and great good will, we come together to make a new and joyful noise.

SANDY HOOK. L.M.

G MINOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Bruce Randall, 2012.

1. Death, like an o - ver - flow - ing stream, Sweeps us a - way; our life's a dream,

2. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man; And kind - ly length - en out the span,

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is G minor (one flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The first verse is on the top two staves, and the second verse is on the bottom two staves. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

An emp - ty tale, a morn - ing flow'r, Cut down and with - ered in an hour.

Till a wise care of pi - e - ty Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

The musical score continues with four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is G minor (one flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

AKERMAN. L.P.M.

E^b MINOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2012.

Where-e'er he spreads his beams a - broad, He smiles and speaks his Ma-ker God. All na - ture joins to show thy praise, All

Where-e'er he spreads his beams a - broad, He smiles and speaks his Ma-ker God. All na - ture joins to show thy praise, All

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is E-flat minor (three flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs.

na-ture joins to show thy praise: Thus God in ev-'ry crea-ture shines; Fair is the book of

na-ture joins to show thy praise: Thus God in ev-'ry crea-ture shines; Fair is the book of

Thus God in ev-'ry crea-ture shines; Fair is the book of

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It also consists of four staves. The lyrics are distributed across the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

AKERMAN. Concluded.

na - ture's lines, Thus God in ev-'ry crea-ture shines; Fair is the book of na-ture's lines, But fair - er is thy book of grace. grace.

is the book of na - ture's lines, Fair is the book of na-ture's lines, But fair - er is thy book of grace. grace.

na - ture's lines, Thus God in ev-'ry crea-ture shines; Fair is the book of na-ture's lines, But fair - er is thy book of grace. grace.

na - ture's lines, Fair is the book of na-ture's lines, But fair - er is thy book of grace. grace.

WALM LANE. C.M.

F MAJOR Helen Maria Williams, 1790.

Sadhbh O'Flynn, 2012.

1. While thee I seek, pro-tec-ting Pow'r, Be my vain wish-es stilled, And may this con-se-cra-ted hour With bet-ter, bet-ter hopes be filled.

2. Thy love the pow'r of thought be-stowed, To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer-cy, mer-cy I a-dore.

3. In each e-vent of life, how clear thy ru-ling hand I see! Each bless-ing to my soul more dear, Be-cause, be-cause con-ferred by thee.

4. My lif-ted eye, with-out a tear, The gath-'ring storm shall see: My stead-fast heart shall know no fear; That heart, that heart shall rest on thee.

ARTEMAS. C.M.

G MAJOR Samuel Stennett, 1787.

Dan Velleman, 2012.

On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, and cast a wish - ful eye Oh, the trans - port - ing rap - t'rous
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, where my pos - ses - sions lie.

scene that ris - es to my sight, Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, and riv - ers of de - light.

WILLS CREEK.

F MAJOR Ed E. Thacker, 2010.

"And I saw the holy city coming down from God out of heaven . . ."—Rev. 21:2

Ed E. Thacker, 2010.

Musical score for the first system of "Wills Creek". It consists of four staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two piano accompaniment staves (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Praise ye the Sa-vior, sing of his love, all earth-ly crea-tures, an-gels from a - bove. Join in the cho-rus, with one ac - cord, sing in the"

Musical score for the second system of "Wills Creek". It consists of four staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two piano accompaniment staves (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "spir-it, bless-ings of the Lord. Hap-py are the stars a-bove to see the ci - ty of God's love, come down to earth, shi-ning as the sun." The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

BERNAL. C.M.D.

A MAJOR in Tate and Brady, 1696.

with great thanks to Linnea Sablosky

Gabriel Kyne, 2012.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heat - ed in the chase, So longs my soul, O God for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.

2. Tears are my con - stant food, while thus In - sul - ting foes up - braid: "De - lud - ed wretch! Where's now thy God? And where his prom - ised aid?"

3. Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God; and he'll em - ploy His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thank - ful hymns of joy.

4. One trou - ble calls an - oth - er on; And burst - ing o'er my head, Fall spout - ing down till round my soul, A roar - ing sea is spread.

For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine: Oh! when shall I be - hold thy face, thou Maj - es - ty di - vine? - vine?

God of my strength, how long shall I Like one for - got - ten mourn, For - lorn, for - sak - en, and ex - posed To my op - pres - sor's scorn? scorn?

Why rest - less, why cast down my soul? Hope still; and thou shalt sing The praise of him who is thy God, Thy health'æ - ter - nal spring. spring.

But when thy pres - ence, Lord of life, Has once dis - pelled this storm, To thee I'll mid - night an - thems sing, And all my vows per - form. - form.

WOODPARK. C.M.

C MINOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

John Stonell, 2012.

1. Tis by thy strength the moun-tains stand, God of e - ter-nal pow'r. The sea grows calm at thy com-mand And tem-pests cease to roar.

2. Those wand'ring cis-terns in the sky, Borne by the winds a-round, With wa-t'ry trea-sures well sup-ply The fur-rows of the ground.

And tem-pests cease to roar, and tem - pests cease to roar. 1 2
 The fur-rows of the ground, the fur - rows of the ground. roar. ground.

And tem-pests cease to roar. 1 2
 The fur-rows of the ground. roar. ground.

The sea grows calm at thy com-mand And tem-pests cease to roar. 1 2
 With wa - t'ry trea-sures well sup - ply The fur-rows of the ground. ground. roar.

The sea grows calm at thy com-mand And tem-pests cease to roar. The sea grows calm at thy com-mand And tem-pests cease to roar. roar.
 With wa - t'ry trea-sures well sup - ply The fur-rows of the ground. With wa - t'ry trea-sures well sup - ply The fur-rows of the ground. ground.

NEW YORK. S.P.M.

E MINOR Timothy Dwight, 1800.

Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 2012.

1. When men of mis-chief rise In se-cret 'gainst the skies, Thy hand shall sweep them to the grave.

2. Them-selves their wiles shall snare; The pits their hands pre-pare, Be-fore their feet de-struction spreads.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with lyrics underneath.

And oh, be-yond the tomb, How dread-ful is their doom, How dread-ful
The false plots they de-vise, Their ma-lice and their lies, Their ma-lice

And oh, be-yond the tomb, How dread-ful is their doom, How dread-ful
The false plots they de-vise, Their ma-lice and their lies, Their ma-lice

And oh, be-yond the tomb, How dread-ful is their doom, And oh, be-yond the
The false plots they de-vise, plots they de-vise, Their ma-lice and their lies, The false plots

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features the same four-staff layout with treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are repeated and slightly varied across the staves, with some lines appearing in different parts of the system.

NEW YORK. Concluded.

is and their doom,
and their lies,
tomb, How dread-ful is their doom,
vise, Their ma - lice and their lies,

Where not a hand is reached to save,
Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads,

Where not a hand is reached to save,
Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads.

yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom,
they de - vise, Their ma - lice and their lies,

1 2

OCTAGON CHAPEL. C.M.

G MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

Fynn Titford-Mock, 2012.

1. How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de - vout - ly say, "In Zi - on let us all ap - pear, And keep the sol - emn day!"

2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, a - dorn'd with grace, Stands like a pal - ace built for God, To show his mild - er face.

3. Peace be with - in this sa - cred place, And joy a con - stant guest! With ho - ly gifts and heav'n - ly grace Be her at - ten - dants blest!

4. My soul shall pray for Zi - on still, While life or breath re - mains; There my best friends, my kin - dred dwell, There God my Sa - vior reigns.

ALL GOOD GIFTS.

C MAJOR Matthias Claudius, 1782;
trans. Jane Campbell, 1861.

Duncan Vinson, 2012.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and C major. The lyrics are: "We plow the fields, and scat - ter the good seed on the land, He sends the snow in win - ter, the warmth to swell the
But it is fed and wa - tered by God's al - might - y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, the warmth to swell the"

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of four staves. The lyrics are: "grain, The breez-es and the sun-shine, and soft re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a-round us are
grain, The breez-es and the sun-shine, and soft re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a-round us are
All good gifts a-round us, All good gifts a-round us are"

ALL GOOD GIFTS. Concluded.

sent from heav'n a - bove; Then thank the Lord, then thank the Lord for all His love.

sent from heav'n a - bove; Then thank the Lord for all His love.

sent from heav'n a - bove; Then thank the Lord for all His love.

sent from heav'n a - bove; Then thank the Lord for all His love.

URSINA. C.M.

F MAJOR in *The Southern Harmony*, 1835.

Deidra M. Montgomery, 2012.

1. Our cheer-ful voic - es let us raise, And sing a part - ing song; Al-though I'm with you now my friends, I can't be with you long.

2. For I must go and leave you all; It fills my heart with pain. Al-though we part, per-haps in tears, I hope we'll meet a - gain.

ALASKA. L.M.D.

E^b MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1716.*"Being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed . . ."—Ezekiel 48:7*

Tom Malone, 2011.

Now to the shin-ing realms a - bove I stretch my hands and lift my eyes. Oh, for the pin - ions of a dove To

Now to the shin-ing realms a - bove I stretch my hands and lift my eyes. Oh, for the pin-ions of a dove To

Now to the shin-ing realms a - bove I stretch my hands and lift my eyes. Oh, for the pin-ions of a dove To

Now to the shin-ing realms a - bove I stretch my hands and lift my eyes. Oh, for the pin-ions of a dove To

bear me to the up - per skies. There from the bos-om of my God

bear me to the up - per skies. There from the bos-om of my God O - ceans of end-less

bear me to the up - per skies. There from the bos-om of my God O - ceans of end-less pleas-ures roll.

bear me to the up - per skies. There from the bos-om of my God O - ceans of end-less pleas-ures roll. O - ceans of end-less

ALASKA. Concluded.

O-ceans of end-less pleas-ures roll, roll. O-ceans of end-less pleas-ures roll. There
 pleas-ures roll. O-ceans of end-less pleas-ures roll, roll. There
 O-ceans of end-less pleas-ures roll, roll, and roll. There
 pleas-ures roll, and roll. O-ceans of end-less pleas-ures roll, and roll. There

would I fix my last a-bode And heal the sor-row of my soul, And heal the sor-row of my soul.
 would I fix my last a-bode And heal the sor-row of my soul, And heal the sor-row of my soul.
 would I fix my last a-bode And heal the sor-row of my soul, And heal the sor-row of my soul.
 would I fix my last a-bode And heal the sor-row of my soul, And heal the sor-row of my soul.

LAUDAVERE. 8.7.8.7.D.

G MAJOR Charles Wesley, 1745.

Ian Quinn, 2012.

1. Light of those whose drear-y dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death, Come, and by thy love's re-veal-ing Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath.

2. Save us in thy great com- passion, O thou mild pa-ci-fic Prince, Give the know-ledge of sal-va-tion, Give the par-don of our sins;

The musical score for the first system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics. The second staff is the first alto part, the third is the first tenor part, and the fourth is the bass line. The lyrics are: "1. Light of those whose drear-y dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death, Come, and by thy love's re-veal-ing Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath." and "2. Save us in thy great com- passion, O thou mild pa-ci-fic Prince, Give the know-ledge of sal-va-tion, Give the par-don of our sins;"

The new heav'n and earth's cre-a-tor, In our deep-est dark-ness rise, Scat-t'ring all the night of na-ture, Pour-ing eye-sight on our eyes.

By thine all re-deem-ing mer-it Ev-'ry bur-dened soul re-lease, Ev-'ry wear-y wan-d'ring spir-it Guide us to thy per-fect peace.

The musical score for the second system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics. The second staff is the first alto part, the third is the first tenor part, and the fourth is the bass line. The lyrics are: "The new heav'n and earth's cre-a-tor, In our deep-est dark-ness rise, Scat-t'ring all the night of na-ture, Pour-ing eye-sight on our eyes." and "By thine all re-deem-ing mer-it Ev-'ry bur-dened soul re-lease, Ev-'ry wear-y wan-d'ring spir-it Guide us to thy per-fect peace."

