

# 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*

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**W**e are delighted to bring before you another set of tunes composed in the tradition of dispersed harmony. Although these tunes will arrive to you a little later than usual – such are the pécadillos of the volunteer workforce involved – we think you’ll find these tunes “tunable and sound.”

You may be glad to know where some of the more unusual names come from. CHMIELNO by P. Dan Brittain was written for Camp Fasola Europe, held in that Polish city, and PLAC UNII LUBLESKIEJ, by Steve Helwig, is named for Lubin Union Square in Warsaw – so we are keeping up our Poland connections.

Matt Cartmill’s arrangement of CONDESCENSION found in the *Southern Harmony* may require special attention. It is in Mixolydian mode – it begins and ends on sol! – not the norm for Sacred Harp music. Matt wrote that he thought the tune “cried out” to be sung in Mixolydian. Give it a try.

We have one composer that we have not previously published – Christina Wallin’s sweet G# minor tune, HAVEN, can be found on page 116. We’ve enjoyed singing Kevin Barran’s tune, SHORELINE, very slowly (as indicated); it’s a majestic plain tune doxology that will bring a class together, if the class is willing. Of course, we are also represented by other fine tunesmiths, including more plain tunes than usual. We like plain tunes, and are glad to publish them!

We do have two fine anthems. Nikos Pappas’s BISHKEK is a fine setting of Perronet’s “All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name.” BISHKEK is named for the capital of Kyrgyzstan, where Nikos was sent as a cultural emissary of the U.S. State Department to celebrate 20 years of peaceful relations between these two countries. Anne Heider’s ADVENT arrives in plenty of time to prepare for the Advent season – a good pairing with Linda Sides’s advent text for GOOD TIDINGS.

As we go to press, news comes to us of the death of our friend and mentor, Jeff Sheppard. We hope you’ll enjoy Tom Malone’s little tale of the Rocking Chair Convention, and we are grateful to Ginnie Ely for allowing us to publish her poem.

Sing on!

*Dedicated to the memory of Jeff Sheppard.*

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

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## MR. JEFF SHEPPARD AND A BRIEF UNTRUE HISTORY OF THE ROCKING CHAIR CONVENTION

By Thomas B. Malone, Boston Massachusetts

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Now if you know Mr. Jeff Sheppard you know he can be a joker, and he has been known to tell a tale or two. Still I feel I must share a story that he told me once late one night about the most confounded Sacred Harp singing you have ever not seen. Now I am not saying it was real, and I certainly never attended this singing, but I'll tell you the story on it just like Mr. Jeff told it to me.

They call it the Rocking Chair Convention, and no one is really sure how far back it goes, most people are careful not to try and find out.

Some say as far back as '09 but we're not sure whether that's 1909 or 1709 but suffice it to say its origins are shrouded in mystery. Which is probably best for all involved.

The first thing you got to know is that it is a "no-book" convention. That means that no books are used of any kind, not in the square or among the many gawkers, which makes it all the more important that you know your 'pagination' because when the arranging table calls you, they also give you your number to sing. And if you don't know that number they'll either change it or make you sing it anyway. So you'd best have a head full of numbers. For this and many other reasons, only the willingest leaders from various regions (known as *delegates*) are called.

Unlike most All-Day singings, this one is held at night. The location is out of doors usually on a moonlit porch and the singers and offis-eers are all arrayed splendidly in large rocking chairs in a broad oblong rectangle with rounded corners.

Suffice it to say when they get that secondary accent in the second mode of common time the whole house gets a-rocking to a peculiar jog-a-trot rhythm that will sweep you off your feet. But I am not trying to teach a singing school here, just paint you a picture of this most peculiar singing I never went to.

Now, before you accuse me of pulling your leg, or being out in the sun too long myself, I want to assure you that I am in a perfect state

of sobriety as I write this, and so were the singers at this event. Many have drinks in their hands, but they only drink watered-down sweet tea or Cokes ... might be Sprite coke, orange coke, grape coke, or root beer coke, but I can assure you no spirituous liquors were imbibed by this august assembly – although it sure looks that way by how they carry on.

Anyway, they have a key-man who uses a fork. Not a tuning fork, mind you, just a regular fork. He beats it on the ground, sticks it beside his head, shuts his eyes, mumbles a secret prayer, then makes a brief sound like a dyspeptic tomcat, and then croaks out his "Fa-r" or "La-r" accordingly. They been using that same fork (and that same man) since long before there was altos, and that's a mighty long time.

Now, at this convention, the tradition is to sing the *words only*, and anybody who sets in on the notes will be chastised by the front bench for *showing out*. Same goes for folks who don't pat their foot LOUD enough. I don't know why, it's just a tradition with these folks.

And now the *dancing*. Well, they don't call it dancing, but each leader is expected to not only direct the song assigned to them by arranging committee, but also required to emphasize the 'edifying nature of the poetry' by moving around the various sides of the square and expressing their lesson with the full vigor of their God-given frames. Facial expressions and *pant-o-mime* are important too.

This most-worshipful tradition is so cherished by the singing community that the arranging committee tends to select a song mostly on the basis of how much a fool they can make of the leader in question. Biblical support for this part of the tradition (as noted in their extensive Bye-and-by-laws) is found in 2nd Samuel 6, and 1st Corinthians 4:10. Look it up and you will see that it is all quite doctrinally sound, and so don't worry ~ under-regulated Baptists & over-Devout vegetarians can join right in and enjoy this kind of fellowship together. By now you probably think I am putting you on, but I'll share just a few favorite lessons that are still talked about today by the fine folks at this singing.

One leader, from Denmark I believe, who beautified the song on page 84 explained the beauty of her movements as follows, "First chop wood, and then fly like a bird." Can anyone deny the truth and simplicity of that claim? One delegate from Tennessee rendered

“The Dying Boy” so poignantly (acting out both parts of course) that the entire assembly was in tears and unable to speak for a good 15 seconds and a brief recess was called. A famous visiting lady-director from Rhode Island was called to lead 254 and she brought the music to life before our eyes – appletrees, spicy mountains, and all. And when she got to the part where the *rain was over and gone*, one young feller on the front bench got up and waltzed her right off her feet! – might have been a two-step – but they danced all the way through the mandatory unwritten *threepeat*.

You know, come to think about it, when Jeff was telling me that part of the story, the part about dancing with the girl, I got the distinct impression from a particular glint in his eye that HE may have been that upstart tenor long-time ago, but don’t tell his wife, ok?

Well, if you have read this far then you probably have a sense of what a first rate cut-up and consummate confabulist Mr. Jeff Shepard can be – if you catch him at the right moment, which is basically any old time, by night or noon.

And if you ask him about the Rocking Chair Convention he might say I made the whole thing up, but take it from me...the whole thing was *his* idea. I think he got to remembering on this long lost and venerable tradition when we were singing from Lloyd’s one day and we came upon this verse.

Men in their own eyes, were children again;  
And children were wise and solid as men.

So, Jeff may be a joker and a cut-up, but he’s as solid a man as I have ever known. If he **said it happened** like I told you, then that’s good enough for me.

I almost feel like *I was there* somehow, but Mr. Jeff has a way with a story and a way with people too. You ought to ask him yourself sometime...but careful, he might just be putting you on – that’s if you’re lucky.

For Jeff and Shelbie  
By Ginnie Ely, 2013

Sunset glows on Mountain Tops.  
We stop to take a breath.  
As night draws near upon the earth  
We feel the cusp ‘tween life and death.

Colors sing among the clouds  
And slowly change from bright to pale.  
There’s parallel ‘tween youth and age,  
And each of us must walk that trail.

Sing loud the joy for those who leave  
And loud again for we who stay.  
Our bond is strong mid family ties  
We sing again for love each day.





## SABAOTH. S.M.

A MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707

*"I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts. . ."*—I Samuel 17:45

K. R. Swenson, 2012.

adapted by Comet Bowen, 2012.

1. Je - ho - vah's strong - est will, It keeps the world in awe. A - midst the smoke on Si - nai's hill Breaks out the fier - y law, Breaks out the fier - y law.

2. Our God re - veals a face, That, beaming from a - bove, Sends down the word of gos - pel grace, E - pis - tles filled with love, E - pis - tles filled with love.

3. In vain shall Sa - tan rage A - gainst a book di - vine, Where wrath and light - ning guard the page, Where jew'ls of wisdom shine, Where jew'ls of wis - dom shine.

4. These sa - cred words im - part Our ma - ker's just com - mands, The mer - cy from God's mel - ting heart, And jus - tice for all lands, And jus - tice for all lands.

## SHORELINE. 7s.

B<sup>b</sup> MAJOR Charles Wesley, 1740.

Kevin Barrans, 2012.

*very slow*

1. Sing we to our God a - bove, Praise e - ter - nal as his love; love;

2. Praise him, all ye heav'n - ly host, Fath - er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. Ghost.

**HAVEN. L.M.**

G MINOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

*for the New Haven singers*

Christina Wallin, 2013.

1. My spir - it looks to God a - lone, My rock and ref - uge is his throne,

2. Trust him ye saints in all your ways, Pour out your hearts be - fore his face;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts, and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The key signature is G minor (one flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his sal - va - tion waits.

When help - ers fail and foes in - vade, God is our all - suf - fi - cient aid.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves. It includes a first ending (marked '1') and a second ending (marked '2') for the vocal parts. The piano accompaniment continues throughout. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

## CHAUTAUQUA. C.M.D.

F MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

*“ . . . Who laid the cornerstone thereof when the morning stars sang together,  
and all the sons of God shouted for joy?” Job 38:6-7.*

G. J. Hoffman, 2010.

1. From thee, my God, my joys shall rise, And run e - ter - nal rounds Be - yond the lim - its of the skies, And all cre - a - ted bounds.

2. Sweet Je - sus ev - 'ry smile of thine Shall fresh en - dear - ments bring. And thou - sand tastes of new de - light From all thy gra - ces spring.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, followed by three instrumental staves (likely piano accompaniment). The music is in F major and 3/2 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

The ho - ly tri - umphs of my soul Shall death it - self out - brave, Leave dull mor - ta - li - ty be - hind, And fly be - yond the grave.

Haste, my Be - lov - ed, fetch my soul Up to thy blest a - bode; Fly, for my spir - it longs to see My Sa - vior and my God.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same layout as the first system. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

## PLAC UNII LUBELSKIEJ. S.M.

A MINOR Charles Wesley, 1763.

Steve Helwig, 2011.

And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down? And

And must my trem - bling

Detailed description: This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The top staff is the treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The second staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is the treble clef accompaniment. The bottom staff is the bass clef accompaniment. The music features a key signature of one flat (A minor) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down? And" followed by "And must my trem - bling" on the next line.

Fly In - to a world un - known.

must my trem - bling spir - it fly In - to a world un - known.

And must my trem - bling spir - it fly In - to a world un - known.

spir - it fly In - to a world un - known, In - to a world un - known.

Detailed description: This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The top staff is the treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The second staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is the treble clef accompaniment. The bottom staff is the bass clef accompaniment. The lyrics continue: "Fly In - to a world un - known." followed by "must my trem - bling spir - it fly In - to a world un - known." and "And must my trem - bling spir - it fly In - to a world un - known." and finally "spir - it fly In - to a world un - known, In - to a world un - known." on the bottom staff.

## WILSON. 12s &amp; 11s.

A MAJOR John Adam Granade, 1804.

David Wright, 2012.

1. Cheer up, ye dear pil-grims, for Ca-naan's be-fore you, We'll scale the bright moun-tains still shout-ing free grace; On

2. My soul's full of glo-ry, I'll not stay much lon-ger, The plea-sures of earth I have seen fade a-way; My

3. This mo-ment the an-gels are hov-er-ing round us, And join-ing with mor-tals to praise their sweet king, And

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with three numbered lines of text corresponding to the three vocal parts.

Zi-on's fair bor-ders we'll sing hal-le-lu-jah, And sit in the smi-les of Je-sus-'s face.

spi-rit in Je-sus grows strong-er and strong-er, Bright sun-shine bursts in-to this pris-on of clay.

wait-ing for Je-sus to call and to crown us, To make the bright arch-es of heav-en to ring.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with three lines of text corresponding to the three vocal parts.

## CONDESCENSION. C.M.

B<sup>b</sup> MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

*Southern Harmony*, 1854,  
arr. Matt Cartmill, 2004.

1. How con - de - scen - ding and how kind Was God's e - ter - nal Son! Our

2. When jus - tice, by our sins pro - vok'd, Drew forth its dread - ful sword, He

3. Here we be - hold his bow - els roll, As kind as when he died, And

4. Here let our hearts be - gin to melt While we his death re - cord, And

mis - 'ry reach'd his heav'n - ly mind, And pi - ty brought him down.

gave his soul up to the stroke With - out a mur - m'ring word.

see the sor - rows of his soul Bleed through his wound - ed side.

with our joy for par - don'd guilt, Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## SOLITUDE. 8s & 7s.

F# MINOR Dan Hertzler, 2012.

Dan Hertzler, 2012.

1. Oft to the woods have I re-tired for qui-et con-tem-plation. To spend an hour a-lone with God has been my in-spir-a-tion.

2. The world has changed, we live too long in gloom-y con-ster-nation, While, one by one, friends dis-ap-pear, an end-less sep-a-ra-tion.

3. The world we know will slip a-way, and all as-so-ci-a-tion, Till, in the end, a-lone with God, we face the rev-el-a-tion:

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The music is in F# minor, 6/4 time, and consists of three verses of lyrics. The lyrics are: 1. Oft to the woods have I re-tired for qui-et con-tem-plation. To spend an hour a-lone with God has been my in-spir-a-tion. 2. The world has changed, we live too long in gloom-y con-ster-nation, While, one by one, friends dis-ap-pear, an end-less sep-a-ra-tion. 3. The world we know will slip a-way, and all as-so-ci-a-tion, Till, in the end, a-lone with God, we face the rev-el-a-tion:

All of the lone-li-ness we en-dure, the pain and a-li-en-a-tion Will be re-deemed on that great day when we find con-so-la-tion.

Thru the dark night of the soul we wait, in grief and la-men-ta-tion, Till in the hour of death we face di-vine e-val-u-a-tion.

All of the lone-li-ness we've en-dured has been a prep-a-ra-tion, For through the sol-i-tude of death we re-cog-nize sal-va-tion.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The music is in F# minor, 6/4 time, and consists of three verses of lyrics. The lyrics are: All of the lone-li-ness we en-dure, the pain and a-li-en-a-tion Will be re-deemed on that great day when we find con-so-la-tion. Thru the dark night of the soul we wait, in grief and la-men-ta-tion, Till in the hour of death we face di-vine e-val-u-a-tion. All of the lone-li-ness we've en-dured has been a prep-a-ra-tion, For through the sol-i-tude of death we re-cog-nize sal-va-tion.

## MOREL. C.M.

E MINOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Dan Thoma, 2007.

1. Ho - san-na to the Prince of Light, that clothes him-self in clay

1. En -  
2. With

1. En - tered the i - ron  
2. With scars of hon-or

2. Be - hold the con-q'ror mounts a - loft, And to his Fa-ther flies. 1. En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a -  
2. With scars of hon-or in his flesh and tri-umph in his

1. En - tered the i - ron gates of death and  
2. With scars of hon-or in his flesh and

tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - way, En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - way. way.  
scars of hon - or in his flesh and tri-umph in his eyes, With scars of hon-or in his flesh and tri - umph in his eyes. eyes.

gates of death and tore the bars a - way, En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - way. way.  
in his flesh and tri-umph in his eyes, With scars of hon-or in his flesh and tri umph in his eyes. eyes.

way, And tore the bars a - way, En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - way. way.  
eyes, And tri-umph in his eyes, With scars of hon-or in his flesh and tri umph in his eyes. eyes.

tore the bars a - way, En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - way. way.  
tri-umph in his eyes, With scars of hon-or in his flesh and tri umph in his eyes. eyes.



## CHMIELNO. C.M.

E MINOR Psalm 117, Isaac Watts, 1719.

P. Dan Brittain, 2012.

1. O all ye na-tions, praise the Lord, Each with a diff-'rent tongue; In ev-'ry lan-guage learn his word, stand,  
2. His mer-cy reigns through ev-'ry land; Pro-claim his grace a-broad; For ev-er firm his truth shall stand,

word,  
stand, And let his name be sung, Praise ye the faith-ful God, And let his name be sung. God.

learn his word, And let his name be sung, And let his name be sung.  
truth shall stand, Praise ye the faith-ful God, Praise ye the faith-ful God.

In ev-'ry lan-guage learn his word, And let his name be sung, And let his name be sung.  
For ev-er firm his truth shall stand, Praise ye the faith-ful God, Praise ye the faith-ful God.

lan-guage learn his word, And let his name be sung, And let his name be sung.  
firm his truth shall stand, Praise ye the faith-ful God, Praise ye the faith-ful God.

## ADVENT. L.M.

A Minor/A Major Isaac Watts, 1707.

Anne Heider, 1998.

Not to con - demn the sons of men Did Christ the son of God ap-pear, No weap-ons in his hands are seen, No flam-ing sword nor

Not to con - demn the sons of men Did Christ the son of God ap-pear, No weap-ons in his hands are seen, No flam-ing sword nor

Not to con - demn the sons of men Did Christ the son of God ap-pear, No weap-ons in his hands are seen, No flam-ing sword nor

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and the bottom staff is the bass line. The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple, hymn-like melody with lyrics printed below each staff.

thun-der there. Such was the pit - y of our God, He lov'd the race of man so well, He sent his Son to bear our

thun-der there. Such was the pit - y of our God, He lov'd the race of man so well, He sent his Son to bear our

thun-der there. Such was the pit - y of our God, He lov'd the race of man so well, He sent his Son to bear our

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass). It continues the melody and lyrics from the first system. The lyrics are: "thun-der there. Such was the pit - y of our God, He lov'd the race of man so well, He sent his Son to bear our".

### ADVENT. Continued.

load Of sins and save our souls from Hell. Sin - ners, be - lieve, be - lieve the Sav - ior's word: Trust in his

load Of sins and save our souls from Hell. Sin - ners, be - lieve, be - lieve the Sav - ior's word: Trust in his

load Of sins and save our souls from Hell. Sin - ners, be - lieve the Sav - ior's word: Trust in his might - y name and

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in a key with two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: 'load Of sins and save our souls from Hell. Sin - ners, be - lieve, be - lieve the Sav - ior's word: Trust in his'.

might - y name and live! A thou - sand joys his lips af - ford, A thou - sand joys his lips af - ford, A

might - y name and live! A thou - sand joys his lips af - ford, A thou - sand joys his lips af - ford, A

live! A thou - sand joys his lips af - ford, A thou - sand joys his

A thou - sand joys his lips af - ford, A

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music continues in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are: 'might - y name and live! A thou - sand joys his lips af - ford, A thou - sand joys his lips af - ford, A'.

## ADVENT. Concluded.

thou - sand joys his lips af - ford: His hands a thou - sand bless - ings give. give.

thou - sand joys his lips af - ford: His hands his hands a thou - sand bless - ings give. give.

lips af - ford, A thou - sand joys his lips af - ford: His hands a thou - sand bless - ings give. give.

thou - sand, thou - sand joys his lips af - ford: His hands, his hands a thou - sand bless - ings give. give.

## BISHKEK. C.M.

C MAJOR Edward Perronet, 1779.

Nikos Pappas, 2012.

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him,

## BISHKEK. Concluded.

crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, crown him Lord of  
 crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di-a - dem, And crown him Lord of  
 crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,  
 Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of

all, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di-a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. all.  
 all, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di-a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. all.  
 all, crown, crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di-a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. all.  
 all, And crown him, crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di-a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. all.

## WONDERFUL STRANGER. P.M.

G MAJOR Anon., in *Richard Allen Collection*, 1801, alt.

Wade Kotter, 2012.

1. From re-gions of love, Lo! an an-gel de-scended! "Go shep-herds and vis - it this won-der - ful stran-ger, See yon-der bright star, there's your  
And told the strange news, how the babe was at-tend-ed!

2. "Glad ti-dings I bring, un - to you and each na-tion, Then loud-ly a mul - ti-tude rais'd their glad voic-es, And cried the Re - deem-er, While  
Glad ti-dings of joy, now be - hold your sal - va-tion:"

3. Now glo-ry to God in the high-est is giv-en, A-round the whole earth let us tell the glad sto-ry, And sing of his love, his sal -  
Now glo-ry to God, is re - ech-o'd thro' heav-en.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three verses. The music features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs. The first line of music ends with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

God in a man-ger!" Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Who has pur-chas'd our par-don, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

heav-en re-joic-ed. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Who has pur-chas'd our par-don, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

va-tion, his glo-ry. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Who has pur-chas'd our par-don, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o-ver Jor-dan.

The second system of the musical score continues the four-staff format. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three verses. The music continues with similar notation to the first system, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, rests, and phrasing slurs. The system concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note of the bass line.

## GOOD TIDINGS. S.M.

G MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Linda Sides, 2012.

1. Be - hold the grace ap - pears, The bless - ing prom - ised long; An - gels an - nounce the Sav - ior near in this tri - um - phant song:

2. In wor - ship so di - vine Let men em - ploy their tongues; With the ce - les - tial host we join, And loud re - peat their songs:

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 key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

"Glo - ry to God on high, And heav'n - ly peace on earth; Good will to men, to an - gels joy, At our Re - deem - er's birth."

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

## MINNEHAHA. C.M.

F MINOR Anne Steele, 1760.

Steve Luttinen, 2012.

1. When bloom - ing youth is snatched a - way By death's re - sist - less hand,

2. Let this vain world en - gage no more; Be - hold the ga - ping tomb.

3. O let us fly, to Je - sus fly; Whose pow'r - ful arm can save,

Our hearts with mourn - ful tri - bute pay Which pit - y must de - mand.

It bids us seize the pre - sent hour; To - mor - row death may come.

Then shall our hopes as - cend on high, And tri - umph o'er the grave.





