

# 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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As we complete nearly 150 pages of tunes and the third volume of our humble offering, *The Trumpet*, and in a season of Thanksgiving, we are grateful to all the composers and authors who share, and singers who sing, the music we set before you.

We have several newly published composers in this issue. Phil Summerlin's DIDACHE is a communion text taken from an ancient Christian treatise; Phil did both the tune and the poetic translation. Micah John Walter contributes COLD RIVER, a short marching fuge. Micah Sommersmith provides WATTS' PAINS, a meditation on affliction. Scott Luscombe's STANLEY is a setting for "Trav'ler, haste the night comes on." After Cory Winter moved to Austin, he wrote the tune AUSTIN for the group he sings with there.

This issue has two anthems – both GRAY and MEMORIAL ANTHEM have Dan Brittain's name attached to them; the latter was written in collaboration with Bruce Randall. GRAY has delightful poetry and you'll find the four pages of MEMORIAL ANTHEM a good challenge for your sight-singing skills.

In addition, you'll find tunes by people we are starting to consider *Trumpet* "regulars," – Rob Kelley, Linda Sides, Stanley Smith (to whom we wish a speedy recovery), Ed Thacker, Matt Bell, Aldo Ceresa, and Randy Webber. Randy's tune, KYNZIE, has a story that goes with it. Randy heard a young girl named Kynzie (pronounced like "Kinsey") humming a tune. With her mother's permission, Randy transcribed it and wrote fusing parts to go with it.

On the last page, you'll find two plain tunes by Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg. ANNISTON was written right after Jesse heard the news of Jeff Sheppard's death, and FAREWELL BRETHREN seems a fitting song to sing as we say goodbye yet again to a singer we miss deeply, and as a parting song for this year's issue.

We look forward to the new year, though – and your new compositions. Look for news of a compilation of the first three years of tunes from *The Trumpet*, and additions to our editorial staff. But mostly, send us your tunes, and ...

Sing on!

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

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### COOPER. 11s.

D MAJOR Thomas Cleland, 1807.

*“Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together; but exhorting: and so much more, as ye see the day approaching.”—Heb. 10:25*

R. T. Kelley, 2011.

1. Fare - well, my dear breth - ren, The time is at hand When we must be part - ed from this so - cial band;

2. Fare - well, my dear breth - ren, fare - well for a - while. We'll soon meet a - gain if kind prov - i - dence smile,

3. Fare - well, young - er breth - ren, just list - en for war. Sore tri - als a - wait you, but Je - sus is near.

4. Fare - well, my dear breth - ren, fare - well all a - round; Per - haps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound;

Our sev - 'ral en - gage - ments now call us a - way; Our part - ing is need - ful, and we must o - bey.

But when we are part - ed and scat - tered a - broad, We'll pray for each oth - er and trust in the Lord.

Al - though you must trav - el this dark wil - der - ness, Your cap - tain's be - fore you, he'll lead you to rest.

To meet you in glo - ry I give you my hand, The sav - ior to praise in a pure so - cial band.

## NORTH RIDGE. 8s & 7s.

G MAJOR Robert Robinson, 1758.

*In memory of Josie Hyde and Mary Kitchens Gardner*

Linda Sides, 2013.

1. Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. Teach me

2. Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm come; And I hope by thy good pleas-ure Safe-ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus

3. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be; Let that grace, Lord, like a fet - ter Bind my wand'ring heart to thee; Prone to

some me - lo - dious son - net Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.

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

wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love. Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove.



## SPURLOCK. C.M.

E<sup>b</sup> MAJOR in *Lloyd's Primitive Hymns*, no. 76

*In honor of Tommie and Margaret Spurlock*

Stanley Smith, 2009.

Christ is the way to heav'n-ly bliss And Christ the on - ly door; My  
 My soul pur-sue no way but  
 Christ is the way to heav'n-ly bliss And Christ the on - ly door; My soul pur-sue no  
 My soul pur-sue no way but

soul pur-sue no way but this, For this a - lone is sure. My soul pur-sue no way but this, For this a - lone is sure. sure.  
 this, For this a - lone is sure. My soul pur-sue no way but this, For this a - lone is sure. sure.  
 way but this, For this a - lone is sure. My soul pur-sue no way but this, For this a - lone is sure. sure.  
 this, For this a - lone is sure. My soul pur-sue no way but this, For this a - lone is sure. sure.

## GRAY. L.M.

F MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

P. Dan Brittain, 2013.

1. We are a gar - den walled a - round, Cho - sen and made pe - cu - liar ground;

2. A - wake, O heav'n - ly wind and come, Blow on this gar - den of per - fume;

3. Let my be - lov - ed come and taste His pleas - ant fruits at his own feast:

4. Our Lord in - to his gar - den comes, Well pleased to smell our poor per - fumes,

A lit - tle spot en - closed by grace,  
Spir - it di - vine, de - scend and breathe,  
"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,  
And calls us to a feast di - vine,

A lit - tle spot en - closed by grace,  
Spir - it di - vine, de - scend and breathe,  
"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,  
And calls us to a feast di - vine,

A lit - tle spot en - closed by grace,  
Spir - it di - vine, de - scend and breathe,  
"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,  
And calls us to a feast di - vine,

en - closed by grace,  
de - scend and breathe,  
I come, he cries,  
a feast di - vine,

en - closed by grace,  
de - scend and breathe,  
I come, he cries,  
a feast di - vine,

en - closed by grace,  
de - scend and breathe,  
I come, he cries,  
a feast di - vine,

Out  
A  
With  
Sweet

GRAY. Concluded.

en - closed by and grace  
de - scend and he breathe  
I a feast he di vine,  
Out A of the wild er - ness.  
With Sweet - er than milk his or eyes.  
grace, breathe, cries, vine,  
en - closed by and grace  
de - scend and he breathe  
I a feast he di vine,  
Out A of gale the on wild plants - er - ness.  
Sweet - er than milk his or eyes.  
grace breathe cries, vine,  
Out A of the the world's wide wild plants - er - ness.  
Sweet - er than hon ey, milk, his or eyes.  
of gra - the cious world's wide wild - er - ness.  
ce love er and than hon ey, plants in his or eyes.  
er than than hon ey, milk, his or eyes.

A lit - tle spot en - closed by grace Out of the world's wide wild - er - ness. - ness.  
Spir - it of grace de - scend and breathe A gra - cious gale on plants be - neath. - neath.  
"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries, With love and plea - sure in his eyes. eyes.  
And calls us to a feast di - vine, Sweet - er than hon - ey, milk, or wine. wine.

## DAMASCUS.

A MINOR Ed E. Thacker, 2012.

*“Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”—Matt. 4:17*

Ed E. Thacker, 2012.

1. Oh, say will you pray to the fa-ther a-bove, For your an-guish of soul, For your help-less es-tate, For your help-less es-tate.

2. Just call on his name as the weak and the lame, He is right-eous to hear, And is ev-er so near, And is ev-er so near.

3. The par-don is sure, for his word is so pure, He will com-fort and heal, And his love you will feel, And his love you will feel.

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time and A minor. It consists of four staves: three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) and one bass staff. The lyrics are arranged in three numbered lines, each corresponding to a vocal part. The music features a simple, rhythmic melody with a steady bass line.

Oh, glo-ry to the Son of God, oh, glo-ry to the Son of God, Who died up-on the tree, To make us free, to make us free. make us free.

Oh, glo-ry to the Son of God, oh, glo-ry to the Son of God, Who died up-on the tree, To make us free, to make us free. make us free.

Oh, glo-ry to the Son of God, oh, glo-ry to the Son of God, Who died up-on the tree, To make us free, to make us free. make us free.

The second system of the musical score is in 6/8 time and A minor. It consists of four staves: three vocal staves and one bass staff. The lyrics are arranged in three numbered lines, each corresponding to a vocal part. The music features a more complex melody with a steady bass line. There are first and second endings marked at the end of the system.

# COLD RIVER. C.M.

E MINOR Samuel Stennett, 1787.

Micah John Walter, 2013.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - sions lie.

2. Oh, the trans - por-ting rap-t'rous scene, That ris-es to my sight, Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de - light.

3. Filled with de - light, my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay! Though Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

I am

I am bound for the prom - ised land, Oh, who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the promised land! land!

I am bound for the promised land, the prom-ised land, Oh, who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the promised land! land!

I am bound for the promised land, the prom-ised land, Oh, who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the promised land! land!

bound for the promised land, I'm bound for the prom-ised land, Oh, who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the promised land! I am land!

## ABBY. 7s.

F MAJOR John Berridge, 1785.

Matthew Bell, 2012.

1. Je - sus, cast a look on me. Give me sweet sim - pli - ci - ty, Make me poor, and keep me  
 2. All that feeds my bus - y pride, Cast it ev - er - more a - side, Bid my will to thine sub -

3. Make me like a lit - tle child, Of my strength and wis - dom spoiled, See - ing on - ly in thy  
 4. Lean - ing on thy lov - ing breast, Where a wea - ry soul may rest, Feel - ing well the peace of

5. In this pos - ture let me live, And ho - san - nas dai - ly give; In this tem - per let me

low, Seek - ing on - ly thee to know, Seek - ing on - ly thee to know.  
 mit, Lay me hum - bly at thy feet, Lay me hum - bly at thy feet.

light, Walk - ing on - ly in thy might, Walk - ing on - ly in thy might.  
 God Flow - ing from thy pre - cious blood, Flow - ing from thy pre - cious blood.

die, And ho - san - nas ev - er cry, And ho - san - nas ev - er cry.

## DIDACHE. 9.8.9.8.

E MINOR The Didache, sections 9 and 10.

Phil Summerlin, 2013.

1 Fa - ther, from seed you plant with - in us Your ho - ly name in us a - bides.

2. Yours is the power, be yours the glo - ry, We are the bran - ches, Christ our vine.

3. Shep - herd your peo - ple, Lord, de - fend us From all the e - vils that sur - round.

4. Grains once were sown on wide - spread hill - sides, Har - ves - ted, knead - ed, formed as bread,

Thank you for life, for faith and know - ledge Je - sus, your Son, to us pro - vides.

Ho - san - na to the son of Da - vid, Our liv - ing bread, our heav'n - ly wine.

Cleanse us, and may your love per - fect us; Where sin has reigned, let grace a - bound.

So may your scat - tered child - ren gath - er, Wel - comed and nur - tured, loved and fed.

## MEMORIAL ANTHEM.

E MINOR Wisdom 3:1-4; Sirach 44:14, 51:1

P. Dan Brittain and Bruce Randall, 1997.

But the souls of the right-eous are in the hands of God, But the souls of the right - eous are in the hands of God,

But the souls of the right-eous are in the hands of God, But the souls of the right - eous are in the hands of God,

and tor-ments, and tor-ments shall not touch them, shall not touch them. In the eyes of the

and tor-ments, and tor-ments, and tor-ments shall not touch them, shall not touch them.



## MEMORIAL ANTHEM. Continued.

fool, they seem to die. In the eyes of the fool, they seem to die.

In the eyes of the fool, they seem to die. In the eyes of the fool, they seem to die.

In the eyes of the fool, they seem to die. In the eyes of the fool, they seem to die.

They seem to die. In the eyes of the fool, they seem to die.

And their death is thought dis - as - ter, and their death is thought dis - as - ter.

And their death, and their death is thought dis - as - ter, and their death is thought dis - as - ter.

And their death, and their death, and their death is thought dis - as - ter, and their death is thought dis - as - ter.

And their death, and their death is thought dis - as - ter, and their death is thought dis - as - ter.

## MEMORIAL ANTHEM. Continued.

*softly*

Their hope is im - mor - tal - i - ty, their hope is im - mor - tal - i - ty. Their bod - ies are bur - ied in  
 Their hope is im - mor - tal - i - ty, their hope is im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 Their hope is im - mor - tal - i - ty, their hope is im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 Their hope is im - mor - tal - i - ty, their hope is im - mor - tal - i - ty. Their bod - ies are bur - ied in

*full*

peace, and their names live on, and their names live on. I give you thanks, I give you thanks,  
 and their names live on, and their names live on. I give you thanks, I give you thanks,  
 and their names live on, and their names live on. I give you thanks, I give you thanks,  
 peace, and their names live on, and their names live on. I give you thanks, I give you thanks, O

MEMORIAL ANTHEM. Concluded.

O Lord and King, and praise you, and praise you, and praise you, and  
 O Lord, O Lord and King, and praise you, and praise you, and praise you, and  
 O Lord and King, O Lord and King, and praise you, and praise you, and praise you, and  
 Lord and King, O Lord, O Lord and King, and praise, and praise, and praise, and

praise you God my sav - iour, and praise you God my sa - viour.  
 praise you God my sav - iour, and praise you God my sa - viour.  
 praise you God my sav - iour, and praise you God my sa - viour.  
 praise you God my sav - iour, and praise you God my sa - viour.

## WATTS' PAINS. C.M.

A MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1736.

Micah Sommersmith, 2013.

1. Lord, I am pained, but I re-sign To thy su - per - ior will; 'Tis grace, 'tis wis - dom all di - vine, Ap - points the pains I feel.

2. Yet na - ture may have leave to speak, And plead be - fore her God, Lest the o'er - bur - dened heart should break Be - neath thy heav - y rod.

3. Will noth - ing but such dail - y pain Se - cure my soul from hell? Canst thou not make my health at - tain thy kind de - signs as well?

4. Is not some smil - ing hour at hand With peace up - on its wings? Give it, O God, thy swift com - mand, With all the joys it brings.

## SULLIVAN'S ISLAND. C.M.D.

A MAJOR Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, c. 1825.

Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 2012.

*Fine* *D.C.*

1. Sol - dier, go, but not to claim Moul - d'ring spoils of earth - born trea - sure; Dream not that the way is smooth, Hope not that the thorns are ro - ses.  
Not to build a vaunt - ing name, Nor to dwell in tents of plea - sure.  
Turn no wish - ful eye to youth, Where the sun - ny beam re - pos - es.

2. Sol - dier, rest, the war is done; Lo! The hosts of hell are fly - ing! Pass the stream! Be - fore thee lies All the con - quer'd land of glo - ry:  
'Twas thy Lord the bat - tle won: Je - sus van - quish'd them by dy - ing  
Hark! What songs of rap - ture rise To pro - claim the vic - tor's sto - ry.

### STANLEY. 7s.

F MINOR William Bengo Collyer, alt.

Scott Luscombe, 2013.

1. Trav - 'ler haste the night comes on, Man - ya shin - ing hour is gone, Storm is

2. Far from home thy foot - steps stray, Christ the life and Christ the way. Christ the

3. Ris - ing tem - pest sweep the sky; Rain de - scends, the winds are high; Wa - ters

4. Oh, come, trav - 'ler, haste a - way; You must walk while it is day. Oh, come,

gath - 'ring in the west, And you are so far from home, so far from home.

light, yon set - ting sun, 'Ere the moon is scarce be - gun, is scarce be - gun.

swell and death and fear Sets thy path no re - fuge here, no re - fuge here.

trav - 'ler, haste a - way; You will find in Christ the way, in <sup>3</sup> Christ the way.

## AUSTIN. C.M.

A MAJOR John Newton, 1779.

Cory Winter, 2013.

A-mazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost but now I'm found, was blind but now I see.

A-mazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost but now I'm found, was blind but now I see.

The first system of the musical score for 'Austin, C.M.' consists of four staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts, and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The key signature is A major (three sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'A-mazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost but now I'm found, was blind but now I see.'

Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the great I Am. Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the lamb who is the great I Am.

who is the great I Am. Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the lamb who is the great I Am.

Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the lamb who is the great I Am. Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the lamb who is the great I Am.

Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the lamb who is the great I Am. Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the lamb who is the great I Am.

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of four staves. The lyrics are: 'Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the great I Am. Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the lamb who is the great I Am. who is the great I Am. Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the lamb who is the great I Am. Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the lamb who is the great I Am. Sing hal-le-lu-jah to the lamb who is the great I Am.'

KYNZIE. 6s & 8s.

D MINOR John Newton, 1768.

R. C. Webber and Kynzie Stargle, 2013.

1. A - wake, a - wake, a - rise, and hail the glo - rious morn. Hark, how the an - gels sing, To you a sav - ior's born.

2. He mor - tals came to save from sin's ty - ran - nic power. Come, with the an - gels sing at this au - spi - cious hour.

3. The pro - phe - cies and types are all the day ful - filled. With east - ern sa - ges, join to praise this won - drous child.

4. Glo - ry to God on high for our Em - man - uel's birth. To mor - tal men good - will, and peace and joy on earth.

Now let our hearts in con - cert move, in con - cert move, and ev - ry tongue be tuned to love.  
 Let ev - ery heart and tongue com - bine, and tongue com - bine to praise the love, the grace di - vine.  
 God's on - ly son is come to bless, is come to bless the earth with peace and right - eous - ness.  
 With an - gels now we will re - peat, we will re - peat their songs, still new and ev - er sweet.

**ANNISTON. L.M.**

A MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

for Jeff Sheppard and the Sheppard family

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2013.

1. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast, Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of solemn sound.

2. Then shall I see, and hear and know, All I de-sired and wished be-low; And ev-'ry pow'r find sweet employ In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

The musical score for 'ANNISTON. L.M.' is written in A Major (three sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves: a vocal line and three piano accompaniment staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The score includes two verses of lyrics and repeat signs with first and second endings.

**FAREWELL BRETHREN. C.M.**A MAJOR in *Primitive Baptist Hymn Book*, 1887.

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2010.

1. Breth - ren, I bid you all fare-well, And from my ver - y heart, Af - fec-tion - ate - ly I do tell That you and I must part.

2. And if we part to meet no more, While we on earth re - main, Oh, may we meet on Ca-naan's shore, And nev - er part a - gain.

3. There shall we join to sing God's praise, And all his won-ders tell, And tri-umph in his ho - ly ways; So, breth-ren, fare you well.

The musical score for 'FAREWELL BRETHREN. C.M.' is written in A Major (three sharps) and 3/4 time. It consists of four staves: a vocal line and three piano accompaniment staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The score includes three verses of lyrics and repeat signs with first and second endings.





