

The Trumpet

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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The Trumpet

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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

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From the Editors

We are pleased to present to the singing public a new issue of *The Trumpet*. Its songs have been gathered in from the United Kingdom and the United States, from North and South. We hope that classes of singing friends, in the range of tunes newly on offer here, will find more than the excuse they need to come together with open hearts and ears—in joint service to the warm fellow feeling enabled by the composers’ work and by their own proper work of forming a congregation in “sweet communion” (as Christopher Coughlin reminds us in his essay for this issue, “The Importance of Listening”).

The songs in this issue testify to a growing interest among Sacred Harp singers in sharing new songs and arrangements, introducing seven new composers, along with eight veteran contributors. Composers new to *The Trumpet* run the gamut from long-familiar presences in the hollow square to the two youngest composers yet featured (THE CHRISTIAN’S ENTREATY and CENTRE HALL were authored at the ages of seventeen and nine, respectively). Our new issue’s composers have taken lyrical inspiration from a diversity of interesting sources ranging from *Moby-Dick* (JONAH) to a “new book” song known in bluegrass circles (WHEN I DIE, I’LL LIVE AGAIN) to contemporary verse written by a fellow singer (SOLDIERS’ HOME) to camp meeting lyrics (WE’LL LAND ON SHORE) to a section of Tate and Brady’s Psalm 42 different from the verses we know in CONVERTING GRACE. We also present the first-ever publication of a song from more than two hundred years ago, Truman S. Wetmore’s WASHINGTON, which was previously only available in manuscript form.

“I can shout, and I can sing, / Make His praises gladly ring!”
Enjoy!

– *The Editors* ed@singthetrumpet.com

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OLD PATHS: TRUMAN S. WETMORE

By David Warren Steel, Oxford, Mississippi

Truman Spencer Wetmore (1774-1861) spent nearly all his life in the rural community of Winchester, Connecticut, where he pursued a long career as a physician. Between 1798 and 1807, nine of his compositions were published in tunebooks compiled by Asahel Benham and Stephen Jenks. Two of these, AMERICA and FLORIDA, are still sung from *The Sacred Harp*.

The largest source of Wetmore's music is a manuscript, now in The Newberry Library, Chicago, entitled "Republican Harmony: containing The Rudiments of Psalmody; Together With a Collection of Church Music. By Truman S. Wetmore." The formal title and the promise of a rudiments section (which is absent from the surviving version) suggest that Wetmore intended to publish his collection. The book contains 132 pages of music; each opening consists of a single four-stave system of music, extending across the central fold. In its present state "Republican Harmony" contains 55 compositions and four incomplete tunes, over half of them (25) claimed by Wetmore himself. Most of the remaining tunes appear to be the work of relatively obscure composers from northwestern Connecticut, though there is also a group of eight tunes (by Benham, Morgan, Read, Swan and Brownson) previously published in Benham's *Federal Harmony* (1790).

Wetmore had an abundant gift for melody, often producing tunes reminiscent of folk song, both in modal structure and ornamentation. His melodic imagination frequently outran his ability to control and relate simultaneous melodic lines in a coherent harmonic texture. His unorthodox use of accented dissonance, unisons and heterophonic effects (see *The Makers of the Sacred Harp*, page 43, for an analysis of one of his tunes) shows an uncompromising sense of melodic line that occasionally conflicts with harmonic considerations. His careful setting of texts demonstrates a ready knowledge of and profound affection for sacred and elegiac poetry which Wetmore shared with his contemporaries.

Among Wetmore's most successful efforts are two tunes, FLORIDA and SYLVIA (*Shenandoah Harmony*, page 396), whose origins are associated with biographical anecdotes. The first emerged from a personal

confrontation with almost certain death, while the second was a personal outpouring of grief at the death of his wife less than six months after their marriage, an event that led him toward a career in medicine, as well as his legal adoption of his wife's surname as his own middle name. The association of such tunes with these personal events belies the workaday image that the modern term "tunesmith" conjures up; the compositions of Morgan, Swan, Wetmore and others show how even the most meagerly trained provincial composers sought to achieve the greatest possible range of expression within the bounds of a distinctive but limited musical language.

The death of George Washington on 14 December 1799 prompted a national outpouring of public grief, expressed in countless poetic and musical tributes and in memorial observances in nearly every city and town in the nation. One such poetic tribute was read or sung at a 27 December ceremony in Hartford, and was published on 30 December in the Connecticut Courant. A musical setting of this hymn by Stephen Jenks (MOUNT VERNON, *Sacred Harp*, page 110) soon appeared, which may have been sung at local gatherings. Wetmore's setting, entitled WASHINGTON, may have served a like purpose in his own community. Though never published until now, it appears in "Republican Harmony" and in two manuscript copybooks by Ishmael Spicer, a singing-master active in the Hudson Valley. Like Jenks's setting, the music is a fugal-tune in the "flat key" (minor mode); unlike Jenks's it sets only a single quatrain of the poem. The style is similar to that of Wetmore's AMERICA. The opening six notes of the treble and bass are identical; the fugal section, in typical Connecticut fashion, includes three repeated notes, and the treble, which enters last, continues its text over sustained notes in the other parts. In measure 10, the alto B clashes with C in other parts, but all parts remain melodic.

In "Republican Harmony" an additional quatrain follows the music. This is clearly not part of the original poem: its rhyme scheme is ABAB instead of AABB. It may be the work of Wetmore himself:

Ye pleasant seats on Vernon's mount,
Ye groves and vines that flourish there,
Within your seats will men recount
The deeds of Washington the fair.

OPINION: THE IMPORTANCE OF LISTENING

By Christopher Coughlin, Charles Town, West Virginia

There are a number of pithy sayings that new singers will come across when initially navigating the shape-note community. One I remember hearing quite soon after I began singing was, “If you can hear the person on your left or your right, you’re not singing loud enough!” At the time, as a callow and vivacious singer, this advice felt like a license to dive into this singing headlong. It almost didn’t matter whether I was completely correct in singing or not, as long as I was fully contributing to the general sonic wave created by the class. However, as I began to travel to a greater number of singings across the United States and Europe, and moved from the back bench forward, this adage didn’t seem to hold true. Those occupying the front-most seats in the square were, in fact, listening to their neighbors—and doing so quite actively. The cohesion that I had always felt defined a good singing was established, it seemed, by the thoughtful interactions and careful attention of those talented singers occupying seats in the front of the square.

Listening is a practice that has been enshrined in the rudiments of shape-note tunebooks for well over a century and a half. Writing in the rudiments of the 1860 *Sacred Harp*, B.F. White noted, “It is by no means necessary... that good singers should sing very loud. Each one should sing so soft...as will admit the other parts to be distinctly heard. [If] the singers of any one are so loud that they cannot hear the other parts, the parts are not rightly proportioned and ought to be altered.” Additionally, William Walker noted when writing in the rudiments for the 1866 *Christian Harmony* that singers ought to “[mold] the voices together in each part, so that, when numbers are singing together in concert, there should appear to be in each part one uniform voice.” The purpose of listening in these historical contexts was to accurately render this then-new music in the way intended by the composer, as well as to sing with the utmost beauty to the glory of God. In singing in contemporary contexts, the words of these rudiments still hold true. While technical mastery of such elements as rhythm and pitch is fundamentally important, in order for a singing to coalesce in that way that makes this music so uniquely striking, each singer must be attentive to the overall dynamics of every other singer, to the best of his or her ability.

In communal singing, emphasis is placed on the congregation, rather than the individual. Singing loudly, in competition with those around oneself, is the antithesis of what this music and tradition intended. The practice of “out-singing” others leads dangerously toward making the experience of singing solely about oneself, with little regard to all the rest gathered in mutual love. Being the one that is heard the most clearly isn’t as important as contributing fully and correctly to the singing—keeping the class together and interlocked. From personal experience, I’ve found that the louder one sings, the easier it is to fall off pitch, to lose rhythm (especially by holding notes too long), and to be ignorant of those singing around oneself. Of course, rarely is this blindness intentional—it’s easy to get caught up in the moment, particularly when the class is full of energetic singers. When singing with a full, firm voice one is prone to stay with the class, and can experience the true sense of community that was intended by this music. Shouting and competing with others creates unnecessary noise and changes the dynamic of the singing. The greatest joy should be found in the square, where everyone can see and interact with one another, and the sense of selfish individuality is left behind.

Shape-note music is, as Funk wrote in the rudiments of the *Harmonia Sacra*, “sweetly tuned and performed in rhythmical order... rich, mellifluous, melodious, and harmonious.” As singers, we strive to make singings enjoyable experiences for all in attendance, catering to any who choose to join. Singing, therefore, should be a reflection of this communal experience, and listening, the base. Respect for all who have gathered there to make a joyous noise with one another is most fully achieved by being in sweet communion with each voice present—holding each in regard and love.

Chris Coughlin is an avid shape note singer from near Portland, Maine. Thoroughly enamored with our tradition, Chris has spent much of the past year singing around the United States, Canada, and Europe.

WE'LL LAND ON SHORE. C.M.

G MINOR Traditional camp meeting lyrics.

Arranged by Ben Bath, 2014.

1. Now my friends the meet - ing is o - ver, Fa - thers we must part. And we'll land on shore,
 If I nev - er see you an - y more I'll love you in my heart!

2. Mo - thers now the meet - ing is o - ver, Moth - ers we must part. And we'll land on shore,
 If I nev - er see you an - y more I'll love you in my heart!

3. Bro - thers now the meet - ing is o - ver, Broth - ers we must part. And we'll land on shore,
 If I nev - er see you an - y more I'll love you in my heart!

And we'll land on shore, And we'll land on shore And be safe for - ev - er more!

And we'll land on shore, And we'll land on shore And be safe for - ev - er more!

And we'll land on shore, And we'll land on shore And be safe for - ev - er more!

JONAH.

B^b MAJOR Herman Melville, 1851.

Scott Luscombe, 2014.

1. The ribs and ter - rors in the whale, Arched o - ver me deep - 'ning a dis - mal gloom,
While all God's sun - lit waves rolled by And left me down to doom.

2. I saw the op - 'ning maw of hell, With end - less pains and sor - rows there;
Which none but they that feel of can tell. Oh, I was plung - ing to des - pair.

3. In black dis - tress, I called my God, When I could scarce be - lieve him mine,
He bowed his ear, to my com - plaints — No more the whale did lie con - fine.

4 With speed he flew to my re - lief, As on a ra - diant dol - phin borne;
Aw - ful, yet bright, as light - ning shone The face of my de - liv - 'rer God.

5. My song for - ev - er shall re - cord That ter - ri - ble, that joy - ful hour.
I give the glo - ry to my God, His all the mer - cy and the pow'r.

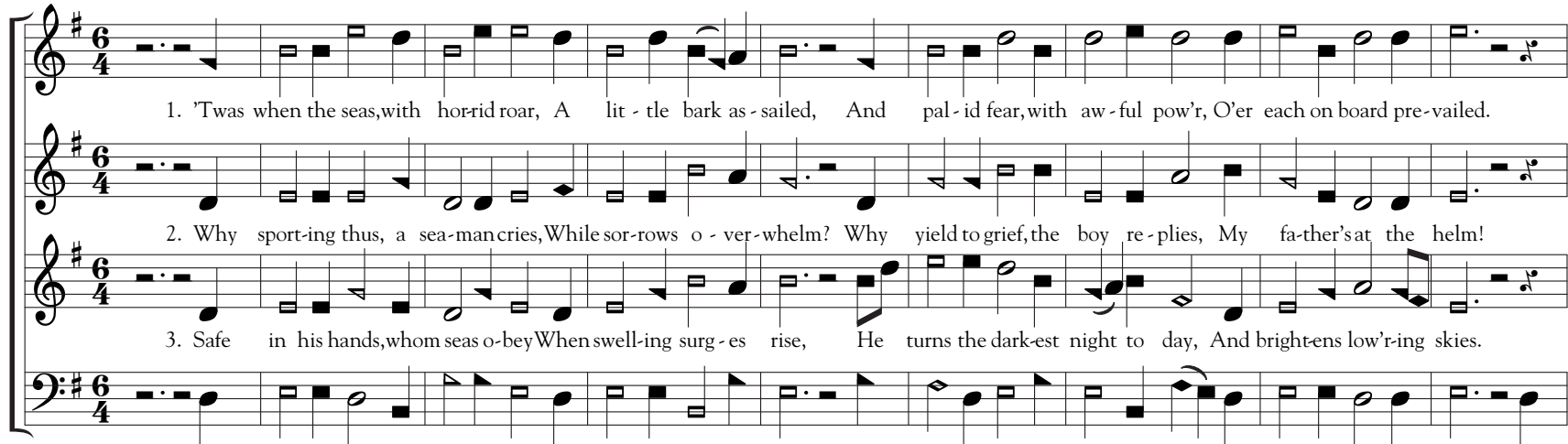
O Jo - nah! Woe Jo - nah! He who wil - ful - ly dis - o - beys. O Jo - nah! So Jo - nah! Preach the truth with songs of praise.

O Jo - nah! Woe Jo - nah! He who wil - ful - ly dis - o - beys. O Jo - nah! So Jo - nah! Preach the truth with songs of praise.

BRIGHTON (TIVEY'S NOTEBOOK). C.M.D.

E MINOR *Evangelical Magazine*, 1801.

Steve Luttinen, 2014.

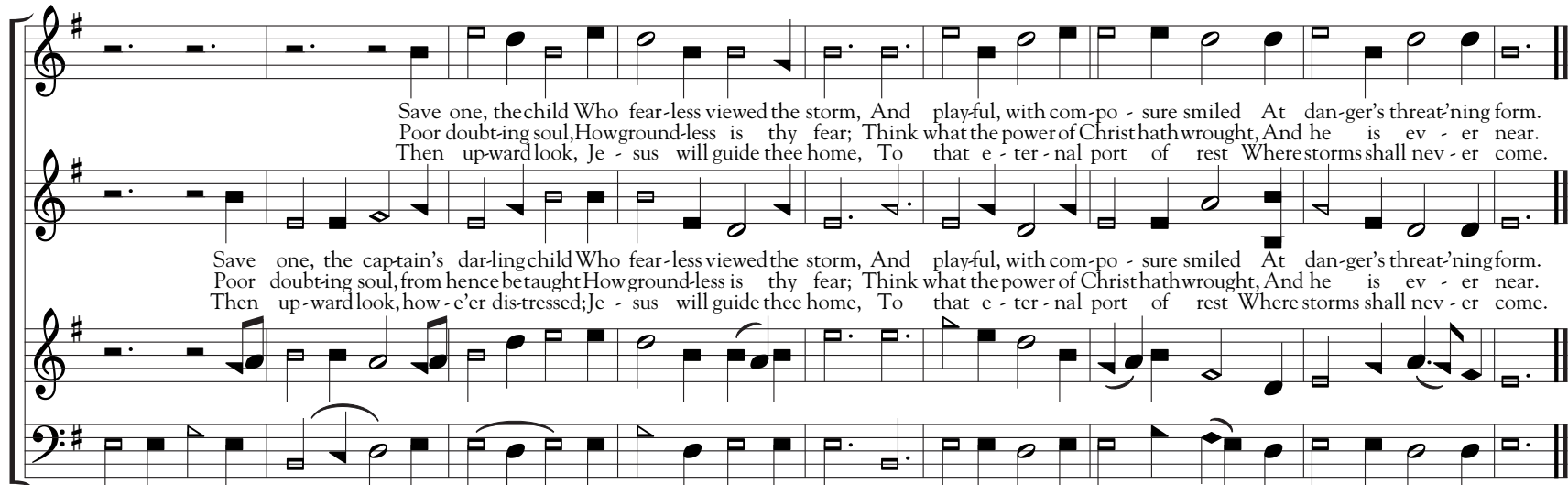


1. 'Twas when the seas, with horrid roar, A lit-tle bark as-sailed, And pal-id fear, with aw-ful pow'r, O'er each on board pre-vailed.

2. Why sport-ing thus, a sea-man cries, While sor-rows o-ver-whelm? Why yield to grief, the boy re-plies, My fa-ther's at the helm!

3. Safe in his hands, whom seas o-bey When swell-ing surg-es rise, He turns the dark-est night to day, And bright-ens low'r-ing skies.

Save
Poor
Then



Save one, the child Who fear-less viewed the storm, And play-ful, with com-po-sure smiled At dan-ger's threat-ning form.
Poor doubt-ing soul, How ground-less is thy fear; Think what the power of Christ hath wrought, And he is ev-er near.
Then up-ward look, Je-sus will guide thee home, To that e-ter-nal port of rest Where storms shall nev-er come.

one, the cap-tain's dar-ling child Who fear-less viewed the storm, And play-ful, with com-po-sure smiled At dan-ger's threat-ning form.
doubt-ing soul, from hence be taught How ground-less is thy fear; Think what the power of Christ hath wrought, And he is ev-er near.
up-ward look, how-e'er dis-tressed; Je-sus will guide thee home, To that e-ter-nal port of rest Where storms shall nev-er come.

DANIEL. C.M.D.

D MINOR Charles Wesley, 1762; Daniel 12:13.

Bill Hollingsworth, 2013.

1. Dis - miss'd, I calm - ly go my way Which leads me to the tomb,
 2. An - end of all these earth - ly things Shall I not wake to see?

1. Dis - miss'd, I calm - ly go my way Which leads me to the tomb,
 2. An - end of all these earth - ly things Shall I not wake to see?

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 D minor (one flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

And rest in hope of that great day When my de - sire shall come:
 And wilt not thou, O King of kings, Ap - point a throne for me?

And rest in hope of that great day When my de - sire shall come:
 And wilt not thou, O King of kings, Ap - point a throne for me?

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 staves.

DANIEL. Concluded.

Hap - py with those that first a - rise, Might I my lot ob - tain, When Christ de - scend - ing from the
 I lay me down at Thy command, But soon to life re - stor'd I trust on the new earth to
 Hap - py with those that first a - rise, Might I my lot ob - tain, When Christ de -
 I lay me down at Thy com - mand, But soon to life re - stor'd I trust on
 Hap - py with those that first a - rise, Might I my lot ob - tain, When Christ de -
 I lay me down at Thy com - mand, But soon to life re - stor'd I trust on
 Hap - py with those that first a - rise, Might I my lot ob - tain, When Christ de -
 I lay me down at Thy com - mand, But soon to life re - stor'd I trust on the new earth to stand

skies stand Be - gins his glo - rious reign, When Christ de - scend - ing from the skies stand Be - gins his glo - rious reign. reign.
 Be - fore my heav - 'nly Lord, I trust on the new earth to stand Be - fore my heav - 'nly Lord. Lord.
 scend - ing from the skies, When Christ de - scend - ing from the skies stand Be - gins his glo - rious reign. reign.
 the new earth to stand, I trust on the new earth to stand Be - fore my heav - 'nly Lord. Lord.
 scend - ing from the skies, When Christ de - scend - ing from the skies stand Be - gins his glo - rious reign. reign.
 the new earth to stand, I trust on the new earth to stand Be - fore my heav - 'nly Lord. Lord.
 Be - gins his glo - rious reign, When Christ de - scend - ing from the skies stand Be - gins his glo - rious reign. reign.
 Be - fore my heav - 'nly Lord, I trust on the new earth to stand Be - fore my heav - 'nly Lord. Lord.

DELUGE. P.M.

E MINOR Tate and Brady, 1696.

Leah Velleman, 2014.

Tears are my con-stant food, while thus in - sul-ting foes up - braid: "De - lud - ed wretch! Where's now thy God, where's now thy
 Tears are my con-stant food, while thus in - sul-ting foes up - braid: Where's now thy God, where's now thy
 Tears are my con-stant food, while thus in - sul - ting foes up - braid: where's now thy
 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-is'd aid?" One trou-ble calls a-noth-er on, And burst-ing o'er my head, Fall spout-ing
 God, and where his prom-is'd aid?" One trou-ble calls a-noth-er on, calls a - noth-er on, And burst-ing o'er my head,
 God, and where his prom-is'd aid?" One trou-ble calls a-noth-er on, And burst-ing o'er my head,
 God, and where his prom-is'd aid?" One trou-ble calls a-noth-er on, And burst-ing o'er my head,

DELUGE. Concluded.

down, till round my soul, Fall spout - ing down, till round my soul A roar - ing sea is spread.

Fall spout - ing down, Fall spout - ing down, till round my soul A roar - ing sea is spread.

Fall spout - ing down, till round my soul, till round my soul A roar - ing sea is spread.

Fall spout - ing down, till round my soul A roar - ing sea is spread.

ROSCOE. C.M.

E MINOR John R. Daily, 1902

*And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself;
that where I am, there ye may be also.*

Linda Sides, 2011.

Fine *D.C.*

1. There is a bliss-ful home on high, From sin and sor-row free,
Be - yond the gaze of mor-tal eye, In love's un-bound-ed sea. There Christ-ians all shall meet ere long, And all their voic-es raise
D.C. To - geth - er in a joy - ful song Of nev - er - end - ing praise.

2. There we shall our re-deem-er greet, And see him as he is,
And dwell for - ev - er at his feet, And know that we are his. There we shall need no lamp by night, For night shall nev-er come;
D.C. Our God is the un-fail - ing light Of that sweet hap - py home.

WHEN I DIE I'LL LIVE AGAIN.

B^b MAJOR James Rowe, 1924.

Ernest Rippetoe, 1924; arr. David Wright, 2014.

1. Be - cause I be - lieve and have found sal - va - tion, When I die I'll live a - gain;

2. The fear of the grave is re - moved for - ev - er, When I die I'll live a - gain;

3. Be - cause in the Lord I have made con - fes - sion, When I die I'll live a - gain;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal lines with lyrics, and the bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in B-flat major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 1. Be - cause I be - lieve and have found sal - va - tion, When I die I'll live a - gain; 2. The fear of the grave is re - moved for - ev - er, When I die I'll live a - gain; 3. Be - cause in the Lord I have made con - fes - sion, When I die I'll live a - gain;

My soul will take part in that ju - bi - la - tion, When I die I'll live a - gain.

My soul will re - joice by that crys - tal riv - er, When I die I'll live a - gain.

And now in my soul there is no trans - gres - sion, When I die I'll live a - gain.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal lines with lyrics, and the bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in B-flat major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: My soul will take part in that ju - bi - la - tion, When I die I'll live a - gain. My soul will re - joice by that crys - tal riv - er, When I die I'll live a - gain. And now in my soul there is no trans - gres - sion, When I die I'll live a - gain.

WHEN I DIE I'LL LIVE AGAIN. Concluded.

When I die I'll live a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll live a - gain! Be -

(I'll live a - gain.)

When I die I'll live a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll live a - gain! Be -

(I'll live a - gain.)

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top two staves are for a vocal line, and the bottom two are for a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'When I die I'll live a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll live a - gain! Be -'. A first ending bracket is placed under the second staff, with the instruction '(I'll live a - gain.)' below it. The same structure is repeated for the third and fourth staves.

cause I'm for - giv - en, my soul will find heav - en, When I die (When I die) I'll live a - gain. (I'll live a - gain.) -gain. (I'll live a - gain.)

1 2

cause I'm for - giv - en, my soul will find heav - en, When I die I'll live a - gain. -gain.

(When I die)

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top two staves are for a vocal line, and the bottom two are for a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'cause I'm for - giv - en, my soul will find heav - en, When I die (When I die) I'll live a - gain. (I'll live a - gain.) -gain. (I'll live a - gain.)'. A first ending bracket is placed over the top two staves, with two endings labeled '1' and '2'. The second ending leads to the final measure of the system. The bottom two staves have the lyrics: 'cause I'm for - giv - en, my soul will find heav - en, When I die I'll live a - gain. -gain.' and '(When I die)' below the final measure.

CHILDREN OF A KING. C.M.D.

A MINOR Maxwell's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1759.

Dan Thoma, 2008.

1 2

What poor de-spis-ed com-pa-ny Of trav-el-ers are these, Ah, they are of a
That walk in yon-der nar-rowway, A - long the rugged maze?

Ah, they are of a roy - al line, All

What poor de-spis-ed com-pa-ny Of trav-el-ers are these, Ah, they are of a roy - al line, All chil-dren of a
That walk in yon-der nar-rowway, A - long the rugged maze?

Ah, they are of a roy - al line, All chil-dren of a King;

1 2

roy-al line, All children of a King; Heirs of im - mor-tal crowns div - ine, And loud for joy they sing. sing.

chil - dren of a King; Heirs of im - mor-tal crowns div - ine, And loud for joy they sing. sing.

King; Heirs of im - mor-tal crowns div - ine, And loud for joy, And loud for joy they sing. sing.

Heirs of im - mor-tal crowns div - ine, And loud for joy, And loud for joy they sing. Ah, sing.

HEARNE. 8,6,8,6,8,8.

F MAJOR Josiah Conder, c. 1818.

*"Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O LORD,
and teachest him out of thy law."—Psalm 94:12*

Mary Huffman, 2014.

1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fear - ful hour, Bow, all re - sign'd, be - neath his rod, And

2. Oh, to be brought to Je - sus' feet, Though sor - rows fix me there, Is still a priv - i - lege, and sweet The

3. Then bless - ed be the hand that gave, Still bless - ed when it takes; Bless - ed be he who smites to save, Who

bless his spar - ing pow'r; A joy springs up a - mid dis - tress, A foun - tain in the wil - der - ness.

en - er - gies of prayer, Though sighs and tears its lan - guage be, If Christ be nigh and smile on me.

heals the heart he breaks; Per - fect and true are all his ways, Whom heav'n a - dores and death o - beys.

CENTRE HALL. S.M.D.

B^b MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Faiz J. Wareh, 2014.

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac -

thus sur - round the throne. The sor - rows of the mind Be ban - ished from the
 thus sur - round the throne. The sor - rows of the mind Be
 thus sur - round the throne. The sor - rows of the mind Be ban - ished from the place! Re -
 cord, And thus sur-round the throne. The sor-rows of the mind Be ban-ished from the place! Re - li - gion nev - er

CENTRE HALL. Concluded.

place! Re - li - gion nev - er was de - signed To make our plea - sures less. less.

ban - ished from the place! Re - li - gion nev - er was de - signed To make our plea - sures less. less.

li - gion nev - er was de - signed To make our plea - sures less. less.

was de - signed To make our plea - sures less. less.

GIPSY HILL. P.M.

G MAJOR John Newton, alt., 1779.

for Erin Johnson-Hill and Ed Paton-Williams

Duane Nasis, 2014.

1. A - ma-zing grace! Howsweet the sound, That saved a wretch, a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, I once was blind but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears, my fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear Up - on the hour I first be - lieved.

3. Through ma - ny dan - gers toils and snares I have, I have al - rea - dy come; 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far And 'twill be grace will lead me home.

4. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, and oh, when mor - tal life shall cease; I shall po - sess with - in the veil A life of joy, of joy and peace.

SIMENA. P.M.

F MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

Myles Louis Dakan, 2014.

1. May peace at-tend thy gate, And joy with-in thee wait To bless the soul of ev - 'ry guest.
 2. My tongue re-peats her vows, "Peace to this sa - cred house!" For there my friends and kin - dred dwell;

1. May peace at-tend thy gate, And joy with-in thee wait To bless the soul of ev - 'ry guest.
 2. My tongue re-peats her vows, "Peace to this sa - cred house!" For there my friends and kin - dred dwell;

The man that seeks thy
 And since my glo - rious

The man that seeks thy peace,
 And since my glo - rious God

And wish - es thine in - crease
 Makes thee his blest a - bode,

A thou - sand bless - ings on him rest.
 My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

The man that seeks thy peace,
 And since my glo - rious God

And wish - es thine in - crease
 Makes thee his blest a - bode,

A thou - sand bless - ings on him rest.
 My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

man that seeks thy peace,
 since my glo - rious God

And wish - es thine in - crease
 Makes thee his blest a - bode,

A thou - sand bless - ings on him rest.
 My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

peace,
 God

And wish - es thine
 Makes thee his blest

in - crease
 a - bode,

A thou - sand,
 My soul,

sand, thou - sand bless - ings on him rest.
 my soul shall ev - er love thee well.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ENTREATY. P.M.

A^b MAJOR Battle's *Collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1814.

C. Woods, 2014.

All you that pro - fess to be go - ing to glo - ry, Be pa - tient a while and to you I'll re - late:
Oft - times I have trod in the paths of trans - gression. I hope you'll not share in my un - hap - py fate. But still my de - si - res to God are a -

All you that pro - fess to be go - ing to glo - ry, Be pa - tient a while and to you I'll re - late:
Oft - times I have trod in the paths of trans - gression. I hope you'll not share in my un - hap - py fate. But still my de - si - res to God are a -

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 A-flat major (three flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

flow - ing and some - times my soul still his love is en - joy - ing: The high - way to heav - en I aim to be go - ing To fol - low the lamb to his glo - ry a - bove.

flow - ing and some - times my soul still his love is en - joy - ing: The high - way to heav - en I aim to be go - ing To fol - low the lamb to his glo - ry a - bove.

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, following the same layout as the first system. The lyrics continue from the first system. The musical notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

SOLDIERS' HOME. C.M.

F# MINOR Barbara Hohenstein, 2012.

G. J. Hoffman, 2012.

1. O wear - y one, come lay you down, Re - leased from ev - 'ry care.

2. It's peace - ful now, your heav - y heart Beats to the drum no more.

3. Come, sol - dier, home, no more to roam From those you loved be - fore.

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 F# minor and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: 1. O wear - y one, come lay you down, Re - leased from ev - 'ry care. 2. It's peace - ful now, your heav - y heart Beats to the drum no more. 3. Come, sol - dier, home, no more to roam From those you loved be - fore.

No more on earth to hear the call, No more to suf - fer here.

Come home to rest 'neath sol - id ground, Far from the strife of war.

Your life on earth com - plete at last, Your bat - tle now is o'er.

The second 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 F# minor and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: No more on earth to hear the call, No more to suf - fer here. Come home to rest 'neath sol - id ground, Far from the strife of war. Your life on earth com - plete at last, Your bat - tle now is o'er.

WASHINGTON. L.M.

A MINOR Anonynous broadside, 1799.

Truman S. Wetmore, c. 1800.

What sol - emn sounds the ear in - vade? What wraps the land in sor - row's shade? From
 From heav'n the aw - ful man - date flies:
 What sol - emn sounds the ear in - vade? What wraps the land in sor - row's shade? From heav'n the aw - ful
 From heav'n the aw - ful man - date flies:

heav'n the aw - ful man - date flies: The fath - er of his coun - try dies, The fath - er of his coun - try dies.
 The fath - er of his coun - try dies, The fath - er of his coun - try dies.
 man - date flies: The fath - er of his coun - try dies, The fath - er of his coun - try dies.
 The fath - er of his coun - try dies, The fath - er of his coun - try dies.

BUCK STREET. C.M.

G MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1709.

Rebecca Wright, 2014.

1. Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And burst in - to a song;

2. God on his thirst - y Zi - on hill Some mer - cy drops has thrown,

3. Why do we then in - dulse our fears, sus - pi - cions and com - plaints?

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom staff is for the bass line. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, each corresponding to a different vocal part. The music features various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and ties.

Al - might - y love in - spires my heart, And pleas - ure tunes my tongue.

And sol - emn oaths have bound his love To show'r sal - va - tion down.

Is he a God, and shall his grace Grow wea - ry of his saints?

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with four staves. It maintains the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, each corresponding to a different vocal part. The music continues with various note values and rests, ending with a double bar line.