



# The trumphet

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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*A thrice-annual periodical for singers and writers  
of dispersed harmony & fasola music*

### 2011 Editorial Board

Will Fitzgerald  
Thomas A Malone  
Robert L Vaughn

### Submission & Subscription information:

<http://www.SingTheTrumpet.org>

The Trumpet Society is a non-profit organization founded in 2010 to promote the writing and promulgation of dispersed harmony composition in the shape note tradition.

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## *In This Issue*

By The Editors

Well, this is the very first one: Vol. 1, No. 1... and the offerings from singers started rolling in as soon as the call went out. In fact, by the end of December we had started filling up issue No. 2. So we are excited to proceed, with the goal that each issue will provide you an abundance of music of a high quality from the widest variety of authors possible.

In this first issue you will find a number of songs ranging from plain tunes, spirituals songs with choruses, fusing tunes, and a couple of more demanding pieces for you to work up to. In fact, if there is a theme to this first issue it is the theme of "dedication." Notice how many songs are named for, or dedicated to, other singers! This is nothing new for our music (pg. 288 & 418 in both the Cooper and Denson books), but we were pleased to see that our first issue shows this tradition is charging ahead full steam in the 21<sup>st</sup> century. So even if you don't know some of the writers, you probably know some of the people to whom the songs are dedicated. Dan Hertzler's LINCOLN STREET is a dedication to the singers of Springfield, Vermont, and Blake Sizemore and Drew Smith's LONGVIEW is named for the road where Blake's Grandfather lived. One of these pieces was written by a young person of less than 15 years of age; we are very impressed by her work. Remember that these writers want to hear from you, so if you like their song, or have suggestions, let them know. And if you have a song that you have been tinkering with, think about sending it in for consideration to appear in a future issue. For now, let's let the music speak. Sing on!

*Dedicated to the Memory of Bob Meek.*

## *Articles*

In This Issue, iii

Dear Sacred Harp Singers, iv

Why Write? RL Vaughn, v

Regional Report: Pennsylvania, Dan Hunter, vi

Singing and Remembering: Remus A Canant,  
Robert Kelley, vi

## *Tunes*

LONGVIEW, Blake Sisemore & Drew Smith, 1

STUART, Robert Stoddard, 2

BOWEN, John Bayer, Jr., 2

MEEK, Nikos Pappas, 4

BUCKLEY, Steve Helwig, 6

HEADRICK'S CHAPEL, Caleb Dillehay, 7

CREEL, Randy Weber, 8

GRAY COURT, RT Kelley, 9

COWLING, P Dan Brittain, 10

LINCOLN STREET, Dan Hetzler, 12

CEDAR STREET, Charles Wells, 14

BROKKE, Jenny Solheim, 14

GIRARD, Gerald Hoffman, 16

WRIGHT, Janie Short, 16

## *Dear Sacred Harp Singers*

We come to you with a new idea that is actually quite old. As you may know BF White had a newspaper called “The Organ” in which many new songs appeared. Well we have been noticing such an outpouring of new and heartfelt Sacred Harp song writing that it felt that that idea could be put into use today. Imagine—with email and PDF files, a small pamphlet of new songs could be produced quite easily, one that could be sung at practice singings all over this country. Such a publication, containing 12-14 new songs, called *The Trumpet* could appear three times a year, in January, May, and September providing new music throughout the year. Each year the total of nearly forty new songs would form the digest of that year’s offerings. It is a simple idea, but we believe that, if put forward in a spirit of sincerity to the Sacred Harp community, it can provide a valuable service to singers and songwriters alike.

*The Trumpet* will not own any rights to the songs that appear there. As its name suggests, it is merely the instrument by which these new tunes will be “sounded out” to the singing public. The decision to include only 12-14 songs per issue places some weight on the shoulders of those on the editorial board, those very voices who address you now. Therefore the following criteria are put forth that shall guide the editorial board in making their selection.

- 1) Balance of Major and Minor Keys.
- 2) Balance of regions and styles
- 3) Including plain tunes, fuges, and folk hymns in an agreeable proportion
- 4) Including one Anthem or ode when possible.
- 5) Basing all selections on the musical merits of each piece and their contribution to the songs thus selected.

Furthermore, editorial board members are exempt from placing their own music up for consideration during the year that they serve in that capacity. We feel that these criteria, proclaimed openly, and followed faithfully, should remove any sense of self-promotion, favoritism, or undue regional preference that an endeavor of this type might evoke.

*The Trumpet* will be available three times a year as a PDF file, or it can be sent to you directly in the mail. We would like to have regional singings contact us directly, and we can work with your community to get the music to you in a way that works for your singing schedule. These songs will be enjoyed best at practice singings, house/kitchen/porch singings, or night singings where people gather to enjoy hearing new music. All-day Singings and Conventions have their own bylaws regarding new music, and this publication respects those protocols. At the year’s end a “Digest Edition” containing all the songs and a CD of recordings uploaded by the singing public will be available at a cost of \$10.00. The money raised will pay for supplies and printing costs only, since the publication itself is a volunteer effort.

The website <http://www.SingTheTrumpet.com> will have files and information, as well as places to give feedback to the composers, and to upload audio files of your favorite songs. We are excited about this new project, and hope that it will meet with the approval and good will of singers through out the Sacred Harp Singing community—“through all the world the echo bounds!”

Finally, we would like to express our sincere thanks to this issue’s authors; to Carolyn Deacy for her excellent book design tips; to Robert Stoddard for help on music typesetting; and, of course, to all those composers who submitted works to *The Trumpet*.

Sincerely,

The Editors

ed@singtherumpet.org

## Why Write?

By RL Vaughn

We live in a period of flourishing four-shape tune-writing activity. Why do we write tunes in the four-shape tradition of the Sacred Harp? Why should we? Let me first simply speak for myself. Why do I?

Beginning around 1980, with no training, little knowledge and less encouragement, I first tried the art of Sacred Harp composition. My oldest surviving works were centonizations and arrangements of other songs. Nothing to write home about, but it did help me learn a little about putting harmony together. My only published work is "Sweet Thought", residing on 468 of the Cooper Book through the grace and kindness of the 1992 revision committee. I dabbled with composing off and on through the intervening years until 2009, when it struck through my soul with an obsession.

First and foremost, I write tunes in the four-shape tradition of the Sacred Harp because I love Sacred Harp! Though raised in and among the tradition and even fond of the music as a kid, I didn't take any active part until about 1978 or 1979 when I began my personal trek to local East Texas singings. For a while I remained a singer, not a leader. At a singing at old Hopewell Church in Nacogdoches County, my uncle convinced me to lead with him standing in the square with me. From there I never turned back any more. I love this music above any music on earth, and I want to compose songs that might be recognized as the *kind* of music I love.

I would describe writing songs as entertaining, pleasant and cathartic. Some composers may find the process frustrating as they *work* to get it just right. But in my blissful ignorance I find it relaxing. My world is busy and chaotic; a stop with pencil and paper is a time standing still, a release from what troubles me, and a figurative crossing into the Promised Land. What a great way to wind down the day!

Writing shape-note tunes is a great learning experience. We learn about how songs fit together—poetic meter, accent, harmony, parts dropping in and out, etc. In a sense, writing shape note tunes is to learning rudiments what working on a motor is to attending a mechanic's class. It is a putting into practice some of what we learned. I recommend it as an exercise to those studying the rudiments of our shape-note tradition, even to those who do not expect to continue the songwriting process.

Writing tunes in the four-shape tradition honors our musical ancestors. It says we care enough to not only sing what you wrote, but also to imitate your style of composition. It declares that Sacred Harp is not a relic of the past. We don't just sing to recreate the history of early American music. The music is in our minds, hearts and souls. What is in our hearts will come out of our mouths—and sometimes find its way on to paper.

Finally, I would say I write because I am inspired to write. I attribute that inspiration to God—though I would not blame Him with some of the musical results! A dramatic testimony is seldom associated with the kind of inspiration I feel. It is a still, small voice that no one can hear, or a few notes stuck in some section of my brain that I can only get out by writing, or merely an idea of "what would happen if I..." Praise God for great testimonies of those moved in unusual ways to write songs. But if He only moves you in an ordinary way, write anyway.

These are some reasons I write tunes in the four-shape tradition of the Sacred Harp. They are only *my* reasons. My reasons may intersect with some of the reasons others are writing such tunes. My reasons may give some reasons YOU ought to be writing such tunes. Perhaps you should try it; see if you can find your own reasons.

Come, let us raise our voices high  
And form a sacred song...  
May His rich grace the theme prolong  
Of His eternal praise.

## *Regional Report: Pennsylvania*

By Dan Hunter

I remember as I got more involved with singing in Southern PA, if I missed a night of singing in Reading, West Philadelphia, Lancaster, or West Chester PA, I would always hear the same phrase: "That's fine Dan, there's always more singing!" And I quickly found it was true!

Over the last 20 years a renewed interest in fasola singing has spread across the state, reaching from Philadelphia all the way up to Erie. Singers in the Reading area and in Havertown were the first participants in this re-establishment of PA shape-note singing, and today there are regular singings in Brandywine, Edenboro, Pittsburgh, State College, Somerset County, the Lehigh Valley, Philadelphia, Lancaster, Wilkes-Barre, and Swarthmore, with a thick smattering of regional "All-days" as well.

Just within an hour radius of Reading you find a practice singing 2 to 3 nights a week, each with their own peculiar space, flavor, and customs. If you come and visit, you'll find that the singers here are adventuresome, lively and extremely welcoming—people who have taken the time to find great singing spaces, and attendance is GROWING.

Our annual Keystone Convention is January 29<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> this year in Lancaster County at the Midway Mennonite Reception Center, 210 East Lexington Road in Lititz. We'd love to have you there! Contact: Tom Tucker ([tom@tbasso.us](mailto:tom@tbasso.us)) for general questions, and Ruth Wampler ([beatifulfriend05@gmail.com](mailto:beatifulfriend05@gmail.com)) for housing and hospitality.

In short, you'll find that PA folk will happily attempt to sing any fasola song, any way, any time. We are a chipper, hospitable bunch of singing addicts.

Website: <http://mysite.verizon.net/vzer5hxc/links.html>

## *Singing and Remembering: Remus A Canant*

By Robert Kelley

During the most recent National Sacred Harp Convention, a small group of singers took the opportunity to visit Elmwood Cemetery in Birmingham Alabama. Despite rush-hour traffic we arrived in time to inquire about the location of Mr RA Canant's grave within the vast cemetery. Luckily for us the grave was near the edge of one of the cemetery sections, because they were about to lock the front gate of the cemetery, and if we were still hunting when this happened we wouldn't be able to get out! We had just enough time to snap a few photographs and sing the song on p. 521, "Parting Friends," and escape before the gate was closed.

The song on p. 521 is Mr Canant's only composition appearing in *The Sacred Harp*, and although less familiar for some, it is among my favorites. In addition to the heartfelt poetry, the harmonies in the song sound in my ear in a way that few other songs do. I'm particularly struck by the unusual half-note chords that appear near the mid-point of the top brace and the chord that is sung on the word "all" on the bottom brace. Maybe you'll try it at your next local red-book singing and see if you like it, too.

I recently enjoyed learning more about Mr Canant in Warren Steel and Richard Hulan's new book, *The Makers of the Sacred Harp*. I found that Mr Canant and I both count 378b "Never Turn Back" among our favorite songs. You will also read a cute story about Mr Canant's 100th birthday. Dr. Steel's new book can be purchased through the Beasley Foundation or The Sacred Harp Publishing Co. and I highly recommend it to all readers of *The Trumpet*.

Mr. Canant also has a song on p. 5 of *The Christian Harmony* (1958 and 2010 revisions) – another book I'd recommend to all.

# Longview. S.M.

Isaac Watts, 1719

*"The heavens declare the glory of God..." -- Psalm 19:1*

Blake Sisemore & Drew Smith, 2010

Let ev' - ry crea-ture join, to praise the e'ter -nal God, Ye heav'n-ly hosts the song be - gin, and sound his name a-broad.

Let ev' - ry crea-ture join, to praise the e'ter -nal God, Ye heav'n-ly hosts the song be - gin, and sound his name a-broad.

Thou sun with gol-den beams,

Thou sun with gol - den beams, And moon with pal-er rays; Ye star-ry lights, ye twink-ling flames, shine to your ma - ker's praise

Thou sun with gol - den beams, And moon with pal-er rays; Ye star-ry lights, ye twink-ling flames, shine to your ma - ker's praise

Thou sun with gol-den beams, And moon with pal-er rays

Ye star-ry lights, ye twink-ling flames, shine to your ma - ker's praise

And moon with pal - er rays

**STUART. C.M.****A Minor** Isaac Watts, 1719.

Robert Stoddard, 2010.

1. My God, how ma - ny are my fears! How fast my foes in - crease! Con - spi - ring my e - ter - nal death, They break my pre - sent peace.

2. But Thou, my glo - ry and my strength, Shalt on the tempter tread, Shalt si - lence all my threat'ning guilt, And raise my drooping head.

3. A - rise, O Lord, ful - fill Thy grace, While I Thy glo - ry sing; My God has broke the ser - pent's teeth, And death has lost his sting.

**BOWEN. L.M.D.****C Major** Sweet Songster, 1854

John Bayer, Jr., July, 1994

1. I long to see the sea - sons come, When sin - ners shall come flock - ing home, To taste the sweets of

2. At - tend poor sin - ners, to his word, Trust him, yea, own him for your Lord, He'll wash you in a -

3. Come then, dear sin - ners, coun - sel take, And all your sin - ful ways for - sake; The world give o'er, leave

4. Thus when the day of Christ shall come, And he col - lects his child-ren home, On Zi - on's mount you

## BOWEN. Concluded.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are as follows:

Je - sus' love, And seek the joys that are a - bove. Hark! How the glo - rious gos - pel sounds, In - vit - ing  
 ton - ing blood, And seal you heirs, and sons of God. A few more days, and you must go, To realms of  
 friends be - hind, In Christ you shall re - demption find. Take your com - pan - ion by the hand, And all your  
 then shall stand, And join the bright an - gel - ic band. O! What a glo - rious com - pan - y, May I be

sin - ners all a - round Be - hold! your lov - ing Sav - ior stands, And spreads for you his bleed - ing hands.  
 joy or end - less woe; In worlds of light, with Christ to dwell, Or sink be - neath his frowns to hell.  
 child - ren in a band, And give them up at Je - sus' call To par - don, bless, and save them all.

there that sight to see And join in praise to Je - sus' name, All glo - rious in Je - ru - sa - lem.

# Meek 11s

Adapted by Edward Billups (?)  
from *The Sweet Songster* (1854)

Nikos Pappas  
November, 2009

1.I'm happy, — I'm happy, O! won - drous ac - count, My joys — are im - mor - tal, I  
 2.O! Je - sus, my Sav - iour, — in thee I am blest, My life and my — trea - sure, my  
 3.Oh who is — like Je - sus, he's Sa - lem's bright king, He smiles — and he loves me, he  
 4.Thou world of de - lu - sion, for - ev - er a - dieu! Thy phan - toms, un - hal - lowed, re -

stand on the— mount; I gaze on— my trea - sure, and long — to be there With  
 joy — and my — rest; Thy grace be — my theme, — and thy name be my song, The  
 taught me to— sing; I'll praise him,— I'll praise him, and bow — to his will, While  
 cede from my view; New worlds and— new won - ders, my pas - sion — in - vite, And

## Meek Concluded

### Chorus

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are written in soprano, alto, tenor, and bass clefs. The lyrics are as follows:

Jesus, my Saviour, the king - dom to share!  
The king - dom to share, O! the  
love doth in - spi - re, my heart and my tongue.  
My heart and my tongue, O! my  
riv - ers of plea - sure, my spi - rit do fill.  
My spir - it do fill, O! my  
glo - ri - fied mil - lions, ap - pear in my sight.  
Ap - pear in my sight, O! ap -

The musical score continues with four staves of music. The lyrics are as follows:

king - dom to share, Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, that king - dom to share.  
heart and my tongue, O! Lord, now ins - pi - re, my heart and my tongue.  
spir - it do fill, While riv - ers of plea - sure, my spir - it do fill.  
pear in my sight. Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for that world of light.

5. O! cease then, fond nature, O! cease from thy strife,  
And let me now languish, and die into life;  
Glorious powers! receive me, I mount on your wing,  
O! grave, where's thy vict'ry, O! death where's thy sting.

CHO. O! death, where's thy sting, O!  
death, where's thy sting,  
O! grave, where's thy vict'ry, O!  
death, where's thy sting.

John Newton, 1779.

## BUCKLEY. 8s7s.

Steve Helwig, 2010.

"Mer - cy, O thou Son of Da - vid!" Thus poor blind Bar - tim - eus prayed,  
 "Oth - ers by thy grace are sav - ed, O vouch-safe to me thine aid!" For his cry - ing man - y chide him,

"Mer - cy, O thou Son of Da - vid!" Thus poor blind Bar - tim - eus prayed,  
 "Oth - ers by thy grace are sav - ed, O vouch-safe to me thine aid!" But he cried,

But he cried loud - er still; Till the gra - cious Sav - ior bid him, "Come and ask what you will."

But he cried loud - er still; "Come and ask me, Come and ask what you will."

# Headrick's Chapel. S.M.

Isaac Watts

*"Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven." Psalm 148:13*

Caleb Dillehay, 2009

From Moun-tains near the sky, Let his high praise re - sound From  
From hum - ble shrubs and  
From Moun-tains near the sky, Let his high praise re - sound From hum - ble shrubs and ce - dars high.....  
From hum - ble shrubs and ce - dars high..... From  
hum - ble shrubs and ce - - - dars high..... And vales ..... and fields a - round. 1. 2.  
ce - dars high, From hum - ble shrubs and ce - dars high, And vales ..... and fields a - round. -round.  
..... From hum - ble shrubs and ce - dars high, And vales ..... and fields a - round. -round.  
hum - ble shrubs and ce - dars high, And vales ..... and fields a - round. -round

## CREEL.

Edward Osler, 1836.

Randy Webber

Musical score for the first part of the hymn "CREEL." The score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are as follows:

O God un - seen, yet e - ver near, Thy pre - sence may we feel.  
 O God un - seen, yet e - ver near, Thy pre - sence may we feel. And,  
 O God un - seen, yet e - ver near, Thy pre - sence may we feel. And, thus in - spired with  
 O God un - seen, yet e - ver near, Thy pre - sence may we feel. And, thus in - spired with ho - ly fear, and,

Musical score for the second part of the hymn "CREEL." The score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature changes to 2/4 for the final section. The lyrics are as follows:

And, thus in - spired with ho - ly fear, be - fore Thine al - tar kneel. kneel.  
 thus in - spired with ho - ly fear, \_\_\_\_\_ be - fore Thine al - tar kneel. kneel.  
 ho - ly fear, and, thus in - spired with ho - ly fear, be - fore Thine al - tar kneel. kneel.  
 thus in - spired with ho - ly fear, \_\_\_\_\_ be - fore Thine al - tar kneel. And kneel.

## Gray Court. C.M.

*"Not because I desire a gift: but I desire fruit that may abound to your account." -- Phil. 4:17*

C# Minor Samuel Stennett, 1787.

R.T. Kelley, 2010.

1. And Have I, Christ, No Love for Thee Nor pas - sion for thy charms? No wish my Sav - ior's face to see And

2. Is there no spark of grat - i - tude In this cold heart of mine, To Him whose gen - 'rous bos - om glowed With

3. Can I pronounce His charming name, His acts of kind - ness tell, And while I dwell up - on the theme, No

4. Such base in - grat - i - tude as this, What heart but must de - test? Sure Christ de - serves the no-blest place In

dwell with-in His arms? No wish my Savior's face to see And dwell with-in His arms?

friend - ship all di - vine? To Him whose gen - 'rous bos - om glowed With friend - ship all di - vine?

sweet e - mo - tion feel? And while I dwell up - on the theme, No sweet e - mo - tion feel?

ev - 'ry hu - man breast. Sure Christ de - serves the no - blest place In ev - 'ry hu - man breast.

Simon Browne

## Cowling C. M.

P. Dan Brittain 2011

1. And now, my soul, an - oth - er year Of my short life is past:

1. And now, my soul, an - oth - er year Of my short life is past:

1. And now, my soul, an - oth - er year Of my short life is past: I can-not

1. And now, my soul, an - oth - er year Of my short life is past: I can-not long con-tin - ue here, I can-not

I can - not long con - tin - ue here, I can - not long con - tin - ue

I can - not long con - tin - ue

long con - tin - ue here, I can - not long con - tin - ue here And this may be my

long con - tin - ue here I can - not long con - tin - ue here And this may

*Cowling - concluded*

here And this may be my last. I can-not long con - tin - ue here And this may be my last.

here And this may be my last. I can-not long con - tin - ue here And this may be my last.

last - - - may be - my last. I can-not long con - tin - ue here And this may be my last.

be my last. may be my last. I can-not long con - tin - ue here And this may be my last.

2. Much of my dubious life is done,  
Nor will return again  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few that yet remain.

3. Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And to his care commend:  
And still pursue the heavenly road,  
Nor doubt an happy end.

## Lincoln Street P.M.

*Primitive Hymns*, Dan Hertzler

Dan Hertzler

1. Sweet flow'rs of Par - a - dise in bright le - gions spring! The sun of Thy glo - ry shines and dear com - pan - ions sing.  
2. Thy glo - ry ov - er all \_\_ Cre - a - tion shines! And in Thy sa - cred word read ev - er - last - ing sing. lines.

1. Sweet flow'rs of Par - a - dise in bright le - gions spring! The sun of Thy glo - ry shines and dear com - pan - ions sing.  
2. Thy glo - ry ov - er all \_\_ Cre - a - tion shines! And in Thy sa - cred word read ev - er - last - ing sing. lines.

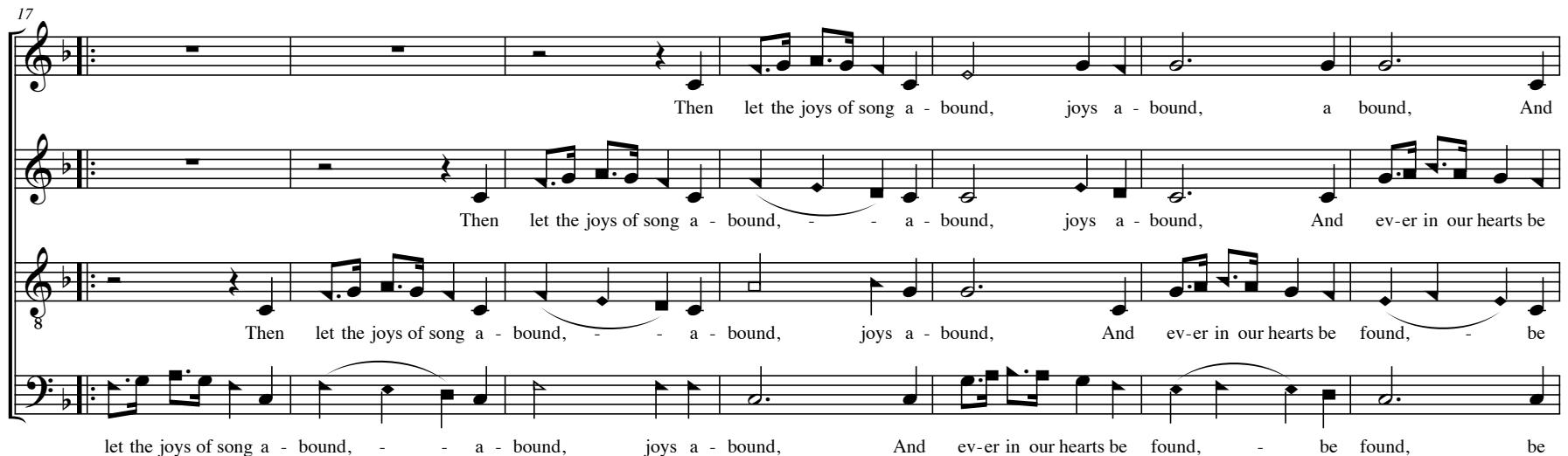
1. Sweet flow'rs of Par - a - dise in bright le - gions spring! The sun of Thy glo - ry shines and dear com - pan - ions sing.  
2. Thy glo - ry ov - er all \_\_ Cre - a - tion shines! And in Thy sa - cred word read ev - er - last - ing sing. lines.

9  
All Break, hon - or ra - diant, through His name who shades of marks dark - the est way, night, And leads chase the wan - d'lers home to end guid - less day!  
All Break, hon - or ra - diant, through His name who shades of marks dark - the est way, night, And leads chase the wan - d'lers home to end guid - less day!  
All Break, hon - or ra - diant, through His name who shades of marks dark - the est way, night, And leads chase the wan - d'lers home to end guid - less day!

Then

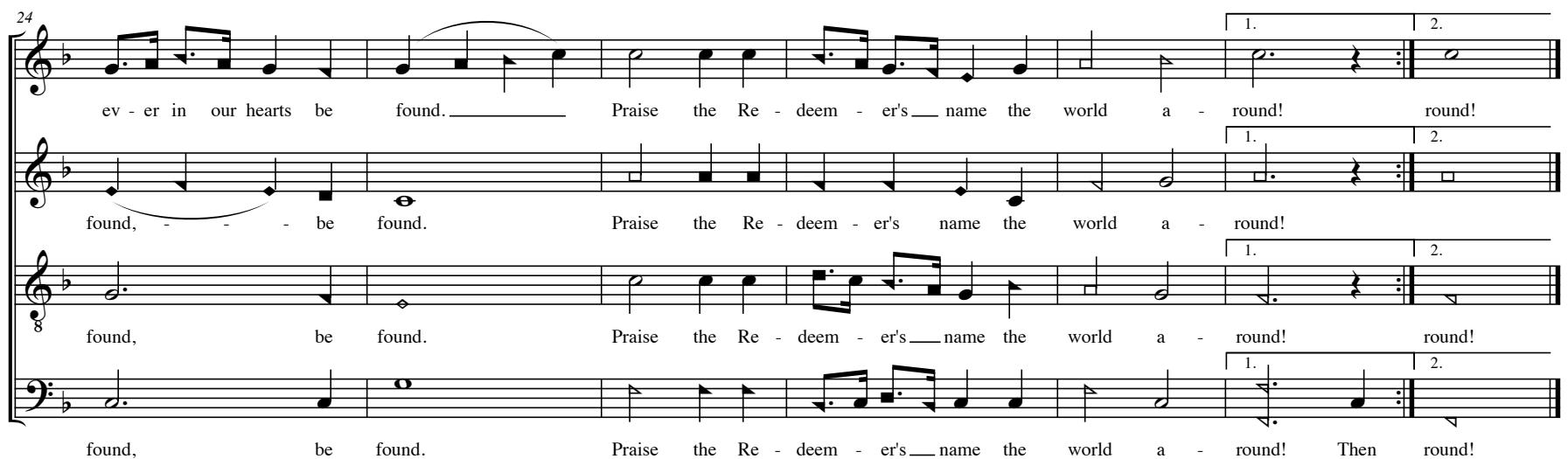
## Lincoln Street concluded.

17



Then let the joys of song a - bound, joys a - bound, a bound, And  
 Then let the joys of song a - bound, - a - bound, joys a - bound, And ev-er in our hearts be  
 Then let the joys of song a - bound, - a - bound, joys a - bound, And ev-er in our hearts be found, - be found, be  
 let the joys of song a - bound, - a - bound, joys a - bound, And ev-er in our hearts be found, - be found, be

24



ev - er in our hearts be found. \_\_\_\_\_ Praise the Re - deem - er's name the world a - round! 1. 2.  
 found, - - - be found. Praise the Re - deem - er's name the world a - round! 1. 2.  
 found, be found. Praise the Re - deem - er's name the world a - round! 1. 2.  
 found, be found. Praise the Re - deem - er's name the world a - round! Then round!

# Cedar Street. C.M.

G minor. Isaac Watts (alt.)

*Dedicated to Jane Wells*

Charles Wells, 2010

1. Lord, at thy temple we appear, As happy Simeon came, And hope to meet our Saviour here; O make our joys the same.

2. With what divine and vast delight The good old man was filled, When fondly in his aged arms, He held the holy Child.

3. "Now I can leave this world," he cries, "Behold thy servant dies, I've seen thy great salvation, Lord; Now close my peaceful eyes."

F Major Hosea Ballou, 1808

# BROKKE. C.M.

Jenny Solheim, July, 2009

1. Come, let us raise our voices high And form a sacred song,  
2. Ear - ly to God we'll send our prayer, Make haste to pray and praise,

1. Come, let us raise our voices high And form a sacred song,  
2. Ear - ly to God we'll send our prayer, Make haste to pray and praise,

8  
1. Come, let us raise our voices high And form a sacred song,  
2. Ear - ly to God we'll send our prayer, Make haste to pray and praise, To That

1. Come, let us raise our voices high And form a sacred song, To Him who rules the world,  
2. Ear - ly to God we'll send our prayer, Make haste to pray and praise, That He may make our

To Him who rules the earth and sky,  
That He may make our good His care,

To That He may rules the earth and sky,  
That He may make our good His care,

Him who rules the earth and sky And does our days pro - long,  
He may make our good His care And guide us all our days, To That He may rules the earth and sky, And does our days pro - long, days,

earth and sky And does our days pro - long, To That He may rules the earth and sky, And does our days pro - long, days.

- long, days, To Him who rules the earth and sky, And does our days pro - long, days. long. days.

does our days pro - long, To Him who rules the earth and sky, And does our days pro - long, days.

8 does our days pro - long, To Him who rules the earth and sky, And does our days pro - long, days.

does our days pro - long, To Him who rules the earth and sky, And does our days pro - long, days.

does our days pro - long, To That He may rules the earth and sky, And does our days pro - long, days.

does our days pro - long, To That He may rules the earth and sky, And does our days pro - long, days.

1. 2.

**GIRARD. C.M.****F Major** Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*

Gerald Hoffman, 2010

1. The Glo - ries of my Ma-ker God My joy - ful voice shall sing, And call the na - tions to a - dore Their For-mer and their King.

2. Ye Pla-nets, to His ho-nour shine And wheels of na-ture roll, Praise Him un-wea - ried in your course A - round the stea-dy pole.

3. The brightness of our Ma-ker's name The wide cre - a - tion fills, And His unboun - ded grandeur flies Be - yond the heav'n-ly hills.

**WRIGHT. C.M.***Let us then approach the throne of grace with confidence, so that we may receive mercy and find grace to help us in our time of need. —Heb 4:16***G Major** Ingram Cobbin, 1843. Lloyd's *Primitive Hymns*, No. 424

Janie Short, July, 2010

1. A throne of grace! Then let us go, To of - fer up our prayer, A gracious God will mer - cy show To all that wor - ship there.

2. A throne of grace! Oh, at that throne, Our knees are of - ten bent; And God has showered His bles-sings down As of-ten as we went.

3. A throne of grace we yet shall need Long as we draw our breath; A Sa-viour, too, to in - ter - cede 'Til we are changed by death.

4. The throne of glo - ry then shall flow With beams from Je - sus' face; And we no long - er want shall know Nor need a throne of grace.

This has been the inaugural issue of the Trumpet, a brand new venture seeking to share the work of the many "fasola" writers out there with the wider singing community. So, tell us what you liked, and make suggestions on how we could improve this humble publication. But most of all, sing these songs! You can upload recordings at our website—<http://www.SingTheTrumpet.com>, and offer feedback to the composers. I know they would love hear your thoughts on their music, and offer their responses. These conversations may become a feature of future issues.

We noticed that "dedications" seemed to be the theme of this first volume early on, but Nikos' song for Bob Meek has become both a dedication and memorial. We dedicate this first issue to Bob and all of the singers, friends, and family who are missing him at this time.

We also want to thank Dan Hunter and the Pennsylvania singers for their region report, and Robert Kelly for his thoughts on RA Canant. If you want to be involved, just let us know!

Looking ahead to June—Issue No. 2 is already taking shape, and will feature music by Matthew Bell, Aldo Ceresa, Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, Tom Padwa, James Page, Karen Swenson, and others; along with an anthem and a beautiful set-piece in memory of Ms Ruth Denson Edwards from 1978. Thanks and God Bless!

Sincerely,

The Editors

[ed@singthetrumpet.org](mailto:ed@singthetrumpet.org)

# The Trumpet

*Through all the earth the echo bounds...*

Volume 1, N° 2

June 2011



# The Trumpet

*Through all the earth the echo bounds...*

Volume 1, N° 2  
January 2011

*The Trumpet: A triennial periodical for singers and writers of dispersed harmony and fasola music*

2011 Editorial Board

Will Fitzgerald

Thomas A Malone

Robert L Vaughn

Design

Carolyn Deacy

Submission & Subscription information

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## Welcome Back, Singers

Responses to the first Trumpet have been exciting. Singings have included it; recordings have been made; new compositions have been exposed to new venues. The inaugural issue of *The Trumpet* is now history and we're coming to you with Vol. 1, No. 2. In this second issue you will find another good variety of songs. Major. Minor. Fuging tunes. Hymn tunes. A song by John Merritt. A song in memory of Ruth Denson Edwards. And many more. Come and see.

Since our last meeting through The Trumpet, tornadoes ravaged through some of our Sacred Harp heartland. In every location where the tornadoes hit we have singers and singings and memories. Hard-hit Cullman, Alabama was the home of the much-loved and lamented Ruth Denson Edwards. In DeKalb County the path of destruction was over 25 miles long. Yet apparently none of our singing family have been killed or seriously injured. As far as I know, no singing locations were destroyed. For these blessings we thank the Lord. There have been floods in various places. As I write this some friends prepare to sing in Vicksburg, where this year's singing has been dubbed the "Higher Ground Singing" ~ an allusion to the singing location standing on high ground above the raging Mississippi floodwaters (as well as to the song of that title by John Merritt, organizer of this annual singing who is struggling with sickness in his body). Remember all these friends in your prayers. Sing on with gratitude in your hearts and praise on your lips.

The tempest may howl and the loud thunder roar,  
And gathering storms may arise,  
But calm are his feelings, at rest is his soul,  
The tears are all wiped from his eyes.

*The Trumpet* is a labor of love that would not be possible without its supporters. We would like to express our special thanks to the authors in this edition; typesetting assistance from David Olson and Robert Stoddard; all the composers who submitted their tunes to The Trumpet; and all the singers who will sing these tunes. We also appreciate those who made and shared recordings from No. 1 of *The Trumpet*.

Remember that *The Trumpet* will be available three times a year as a PDF file, or it can be sent to you directly in the mail. At the year's end a "Digest Edition" containing all the songs and a CD of recordings uploaded by the singing public will be available at a cost of \$10.00. The website <http://www.SingTheTrumpet.com> has files and information, as well as places to give feedback to the composers and to upload audio files of favorite songs. The composers would love to hear from you. If you have comments or suggestions, let them know. And if YOU have a song in your heart and on your mind, think about sharing it with The Trumpet in the near future. Sincerely,

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

A note about Ruth Denson Edwards: According to *The Makers of the Sacred Harp*, Jarusha Henrietta "Ruth" Denson Edwards has three tunes in *The Sacred Harp, 1991 Edition*: INFINITE DAY (446), NEW GEORGIA (534) and THOU ART GOD (543). She was a long-time secretary of the Sacred Harp Publishing Company, and a member of the 1960 and 1966 revision committees. She was the daughter of TJ and Amanda Denson, and taught school in Cullman, Alabama for many years.

# Why Four Shapes?

By Will Fitzgerald

From time to time, people ask why *The Sacred Harp* uses four shapes, instead of seven shapes—or, for that matter, just one shape. The answer that is usually given is a historical one: when William Little and William Smith published their ground-breaking *The Easy Instructor* in 1803, they used the shapes that *The Sacred Harp* uses today. Little and Smith applied their shapes to the syllables they were used to singing. The assignment of syllable sounds to musical tones itself had a long history by the time Little and Smith published their book—it was at least 800 years old. So, although the question, “Why four shapes?” is usually asked, the real question is, “Why four syllables?”

For most of us who attended standard music classes in the United States, and who watched *The Sound of Music*, it seems almost God-given that the right syllables are *do, re, mi, fa, so, la, ti* (which brings us back to *do*). But a moment’s reflection brings us to understand that the actual syllables that were chosen are arbitrary choices—pretty much any syllables would do. In fact, some people use *si* instead of *ti*, and the original Western syllabification used *ut* instead of *do* (the lowest *ut* what the “gamma ut,” so “running the gamut” has its origins in the sense of singing a scale starting from the lowest *ut*). Each important tone gets its own syllable; this syllabification is called *solfège* (or *solfeggio*) but the actual syllables used just happen to be the ones in use historically. So, the question really isn’t “Why four shapes?” or “Why four syllables?” but “Why four tones?”

And here is where things get less arbitrary, and become based on physics of music, our human anatomy for producing and perceiving music. Anyone with normal health can feel the naturalness of two tones sung at the same pitch; anyone with normal health can feel the naturalness of both the sameness and the difference of two notes sung one octave apart. Take any string, pluck it twice: the notes will be the same. Take any string, pluck it once; take half the string, pluck it once: the difference will be an octave. We naturally perceive the notes to be “the same” but one is higher than the other. This happens when men and women are singing “the same” notes, but the women are singing up an octave—the vocal chords of the women are vibrating at twice the frequency of the men. That basic

note is called the *tonic*, and is given the syllable *do* in *do-re-mi* systems and *fa* in *fa-so-la* systems. Sometimes, four shape people call this the “tonic *fa*.” By the way, what I’ve said so far is true for any arbitrary tone. The tonic can (in theory) start at any frequency. This is in contrast to assigning letters, such as A, B, etc., to more or less specific frequencies, as a piano does. But we sing with human voices, not mechanical ones, and it is certainly a convenient fact of musical physics that octaves can be produced from any place that our human voices begin to sing.



The question then becomes: how should the intervals between two tones an octave apart be divided? Again, those of us with some standard musical training and *The Sound of Music* in our ears have been taught there is just one way: *do* to *ti* and then *do* again; or the white notes on a piano from C to shiny C. But it ain’t necessarily so.

Recently, I experimented with a novice class singing a *do-re-mi* scale, but instead of having them sing them in equal lengths, I had them sing a long *mi* and a long *la*. After a few repetitions, I had them switch to *fa-so-la*. They didn’t need a visual staff to sing from, but I did something like the scale above. I think they could viscerally feel that the “*do-re-mi*” and the “*fa-so-la*” parts of the first scale were “the same” in a similar way that two notes an octave apart are “the same.” And they felt how the *ti* was different in some way, too. And if the two parts are “the same,” they can be represented by the same syllables and shapes—but a fourth syllable or shape is needed for what is called the leading tone. I’ll leave it to the real musical theorists to explain the details, but perhaps if you repeat the experiment above, you’ll get a feeling for the rightness of a four tone/syllable/shape system in a way that we have all been acculturated into the rightness of a seven tone/syllable/shape system.

Seven and four shape systems each have their advantages, to be sure. And all I’ve tried to do here is to clear away some misconceptions that we use an impoverished notation. In the end, though, I’d rather sing with someone than argue with them.

## *First Ireland Sacred Harp Convention*

By Alice Maggio

In March I wrote a post on my blog about the first Sacred Harp convention in Cork, Ireland. At that point, my head was still ringing and my heart was still singing from the worst post-Sacred-Harp-convention syndrome I have yet experienced. Worst-ever-post-Sacred-Harp-convention syndrome means best-ever-Sacred-Harp convention, right? Quite a claim. This might seem strange, since Sacred Harp has only been sung in Cork for about two years. So how could such a new singing community produce such a fantastic convention? In a post-convention g-chat, Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg and I hypothesized that the following double effect was responsible:

- Almost none of the Cork singers had been to a convention before, so they were discovering, *en masse*, how amazing Sacred Harp can be. Result: enormous energy and joy among the Irish singers.
- The more experienced singers had probably never before seen so many people experiencing a convention for the first time, *all at once*. Result: the non-Irish singers were able to rediscover the power of Sacred Harp.

The unprecedented aspect of the convention was the way that it successfully melded Irish culture with Sacred Harp culture. At the Saturday night social we branched out from the Sacred Harp as whoever felt like sharing a song asked for everyone's attention and sang. We were treated to English drinking songs, Irish traditional music, a New England ballad, and sea shanties. Rumor has it that David Ivey said it was the best Sacred Harp social he had ever attended.

After Sunday afternoon's rendition of Parting Hand, we were all invited to the weekly meeting of the Cork Singers' Club. The invading Sacred Harp singers were warmly welcomed and we were invited to sing quite a few songs. Once we launched into the song, with basses, tenors, altos and trebles scattered all over the room, the master of ceremonies would happily sit back in his big green sweater, close his eyes, and enjoy the crazy American music.

For a more complete report, see:

<http://adventuresofaleece.wordpress.com/2011/03/13/shout-on/>

## *Edmund Dumas*

By Chloe Webb

In 1987, as I browsed a waiting room magazine, a photo of age-gnarled hands holding an antiquated book of music caught my eye. The strange shape of the music note heads looked curiously familiar. A closer look jogged my memory of a tattered songbook my grandmother, Terry Dumas Nolan, had given me years before. The worn-out 1869 edition of *The Sacred Harp* had belonged to her grandfather, whose brother, Edmund Dumas, had written a number of its tunes. The magazine article revealed surprising news to me that the music continued to be sung; in fact, a large gathering of singers was expected at an upcoming singing "convention" in Henderson, Texas, within a drivable distance of our home. Of course, I knew I must go—I wanted to know more about Edmund Dumas and his connection to Sacred Harp music. A page in Grandma's old songbook listed Edmund Dumas on the committee chaired by B.F. White to revise and enlarge *The Sacred Harp*. I soon learned that Dumas' tune WHITE (288) was written in honor of his mentor and colleague, B.F. White. Dumas had also written songs and articles published in *The Organ*, the newspaper White founded.

My first trip to Henderson was only the beginning of a long journey that would take me back in time four hundred years as I retraced my Dumas family line following the path of our country's westward expansion. I began to document chapters in the Dumas journey because I had an unexpected opportunity to delve deeper into intriguing family stories. Peeling away layer by layer, as in an archaeological excavation, the journey took me to pivotal actions of ancestors in the early days of the Virginia Colony and a surprising link with William Shakespeare. Yet the information I learned in most cases would have been typical for anyone who lived in that time and place; these are anyone's ancestors. Perhaps your own ancestors tie into this cast of thousands.

These intimate personal stories, told in historical context and connected by the Sacred Harp fasola music they sang, make up the resulting memoir, *Legacy of the Sacred Harp*, a 400-year slice of American history, published by TCU Press and Texas A&M University Press; also available through <http://originalsacredharp.com> and <http://www.joebeasleymemorialfoundation.org/>.

## In This Issue

By The Editors

As submissions from singers started rolling in as soon as the call went out for *The Trumpet*, so they have continued to roll in. This promises quality issues still to come, and we hope it will encourage others who have not yet offered their tunes. If you have a song, consider submitting it for a future issue.

In this issue you will find hymn tunes, part songs, fusing tunes—a little something for everyone. The tunesmiths are from varied places, including one of our Sacred Harp community “across the pond.” Tune names will remind you of people, places and things. Some composers you will know, perhaps others you will not. Fynn Titford-Mock’s tune name speaks to us of Hauxley in Northumberland. Dan Brittain’s RUTH is a memorial for Ruth Denson Edwards. John Merritt and Timothy Gilmore’s "TRAV'LER'S REST - SAMSON" reminds us of a great singing stop in southeast Alabama, but also commends two singers in the northeast who have provided a "traveler's rest" for traveling singers. And we also have Charles Obert’s moving tune NIGHTFALL, a tribute to his wife, Cindy Kissee, who chose the words for Charles’s tune, written a month before her death.

As with the tunes, there is a variety of hymn sources ~ from Watts and Wesley to the *Lutheran Book of Worship* to one of our own Sacred Harp singers. One is from the rare *Kendal Hymn Book* published in England in 1757.

Check out all these tunes. There's a message in each hymn, a story behind each tune name, and a piece of a composer's heart in each tune. As we mentioned last issue, please remember that these shape-note tunewriters would love to hear from you. If you like their songs or have comments, feel free to contact them or post a comment at <http://SingTheTrumpet.com>.

Sing On!

The Editors

vi

## Articles

Greetings, Page 3

Why Four Shapes?, Will Fitzgerald, Page 4

Regional Report: First Ireland Sacred Harp Convention, Alice Maggio, Page 5

Biography: Edmund Dumas, Chloe Webb, Page 5

In This Issue, Page 6

## Tunes

HOPE AND POWER, Tom M Padwa, Page 17

GOD OF MIGHT, Julian Dameshek, Page 18

HAUXLEY, Finnian Titford-Mock, Page 19

CANDLER PARK, Aldo Thomas Ceresa, Page 20

AUBURNDALE, Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, Page 21

RUTH, P Dan Brittain, Page 22

DIE NO MORE, S. Sandrigan, Page 23

BORDER, Logan Green, Page 24

EUCLID, Dan Harper, Page 25

EXALTED HOPE, David Wright, Page 26

GOLGOTHA, Matthew Bell, Page 27

NEW CANADA, KR Swenson, Page 28

IMPERMANENCE, James P Page, Page 29

TRAV'LER'S REST - SAMSON, John Merritt, Page 30

NIGHTFALL, Charles Obert, Page 31

HIGHEST GLORY, Anne Heider, Page 32

# Hope and Power.

Tom M. Padwa, 2009

Tom M. Padwa

*"Now the God of hope fill ye with all peade and joy in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through power of the Holy Ghost." -- Romans 13:13*

What hope there is in the power of the Lord, What hope in the power of his mighty word 'tis hope in that po-ter shall our joys af-ford as we go tra-vel-ling on!

2. What hope there is in the power of the Lord, What hope in the power of his mighty word 'tis hope in that po-ter shall our joys af-ford as we go tra-vel-ling on!

What hope there is in the power of the Lord, What hope in the power of his mighty word 'tis hope in that po-ter shall our joys af - ford as we go tra-vel-ling on!

As we go tra vel-ling on, Oh Lord, as we go tra-vel - ling on, Our songs we'll raise and your name we'll praise as we go tra-vel- ing on.

As we go tra vel-ling on, Oh Lord, as we go tra-vel - ling on, Our songs we'll raise and your name we'll praise as we go tra-vel- ing on.

As we go tra vel-ling on, Oh Lord, as we go tra-vel - ling on, Our songs we'll raise and your name we'll praise as we go tra-vel- ing on.

# GOD OF MIGHT. L.M.

F# Minor. Lloyd's *Primitive Hymns*, #340.

Julian Damashek, 10/3/2010.

1. Je - ho - vah is a God of might, He framed the earth, He built the sky;

2. Ye wear - y souls, with sin op - posed, to Him in ev' - ry trou - ble fly;

And what He speaks is sure - ly right, "The strength of Is - rael will not lie." And lie."

His pro - mise is, I'll give you rest; "The strength of Is - rael will not lie." His lie."

## HAUXLEY. C.M.

Hymn 110  
Kendal Hymn Book, 1757.

*Oft I reflect upon the grace*

Fynn Titford-Mock  
2011

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time (C.M.) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The top staff begins with a treble clef and the bottom staff with a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some lines appearing above the staff and others below. The first section of lyrics is:

1. Oft I reflect up - on the grace, With tears of thank - ful - ness,  
 2. Thick dark - ness o - ver - spread my mind, I stum - bled in the night;

The second section continues:

3. God saw me, in this wretch - ed case, A slave to base de - sire;  
 4. Sa - tan's do - mi - nion he - de - stroy'd, And spoke to me in - to peace;  
 5. Still may a sense of mer - cies past Pro - voke me un - to praise,

The third section begins with a measure number 8:

8 Which call'd me from my na - tive place, The world's wide wil - der - ness.  
 All my af - fec - tions were in - clin'd To crea - ture - ly de - light.

The final section concludes:

And by an act of spe - cial grace The brand plukt from the fire.  
 My soul a per - fect calm joy'd, And so lac'd in the bliss.  
 And whet my ap - pe - tite en - to taste The lar - ger draughts of grace.

# Candler Park. H.M.

A major Nahum Tate & Nicholas Brady, 1696.

Aldous, 2010.

1.Ye bound - less realms of. joy Ex - alt your ma - ker's fame His praise your songs . . . em - ploy A - bove the. star - ry frame.  
 2.Thou moon that rul'st the night, And sun that guid'st the day, Ye. glit - t'ring stars. . . of light, To him your hom-age pay.

His praise your songs . . . em - ploy  
 Ye glit - t'ring stars. . . of light,

1.Ye bound - less realms of. joy Ex - alt your ma - ker's fame His. praise your songs . . . em - ploy A - bove the. star - ry frame.  
 2.Thou moon that rul'st the night, And sun that guid'st the day, Ye. glit - t'ring stars. . . of light, To him your hom-age pay.

Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim, Your voic - es raise . To sing his praise To sing . . . his praise, To sing . . . his praise.praise.  
 Ye heav'n's a - bove And clouds that move, His praise. . . de - clare . In li - quid air, In li - quid air, In li - quid air. air.

Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim, Your voic - es raise  
 Ye heav'n's a - bove And clouds that move, His praise de - clare

Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim, Your voic - es raise, To sing . . . his praise, To sing . . . his praise, To sing . . . his praise.praise.  
 Ye heav'n's a - bove And clouds that move, His praise de - clare In li - quid air, In li - quid air, In li - quid air. air.

Ye che - ru - bim And se - ra - phim, Your voic - es raise, . . . To sing his. praise,  
 Ye heav'n's above And clouds that move, His praise de - clare . . . In li - quid air,

# AUBURNDALE. C.M.D.

Charles Wesley, 1739

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2009

Oh for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - dee-mer's praise; The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.

Oh for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - dee-mer's praise; The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.

As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread through all the earth a-broad The ho-nors of Thy name. name.

My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim,

My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, Ass - ist me to pro-claim, To spread through all the earth a-broad The ho-nors of Thy name. name.

My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim,

Nathan Strong 1748-1816

**Ruth 7's**

P. Dan Brittain 1978, 2011

Swell the an - them, raise the song; Prais - es to our God be - long; Saints and

Swell the an - them, raise the song; Prais - es to our God be - long;

Swell an - them, raise the song, Prais - es to our God be - long;

Swell the an - them, raise the song, Prais - es to our God be - long; Saints and an - gels

an - gels, join to sing, Saints and an - gels join join to sing, Saints and an - gels

Saints and an - gels join to sing. Saints and an - gels join to sing, an - gels

Saints an - gels join to sing, Saints and an - gels join to sing, Saints and an - gels

join to sing, Saints and an - gels join to sing, Saints and an - gels

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2

join to sing Prais - es to the heav'n - ly King.  
 join to sing Prais - es to the heav'n - ly King.  
 join to sing Prais - es to the heav'n - ly King.  
 join to sing Prais - es to the heav'n - ly King.

## DIE NO MORE. 5.5.4.9.

F# Major. S. Sandrigan.

S. Sandrigan, 2011, based on an air by Tchaikovsky.

1. Mor - tals fear to die, Je - sus hear our cry, Come from the war, We're ri - ding westward to die no more.  
 2. Mon - sters guard the gate To the gol-den state This train is for, We're ri - ding westward to die no more.  
 3. Hea - ven in - side - out, God's land sick with drought, Let us ex-plore, We're ri - ding westward to die no more.  
 4. Ca - naan up - side - down, Mou - tains on the ground, Be all be-fore, We're ri - ding westward to die no more.  
 4. When the sun will rise From the Wes-tern skies, E - den restored, We're ri - ding westward to die no more.  
 4. Ho - ly har - mo - ny, Year of Ju - bi - liee, For - give our war, We're ri - ding westward to die no more.

# BORDER. C.M.D.

Isaac Watts

Logan Green, 2010.

1. Ho - san-na to our conq'ring King! The prince of dark - ness flies; His troops rush head-long down to hell, Like

2. Thy vic'tries and thy death-less frame Through the wide world shall run, And ev - er - last - ing ag - es sing The

light - ning from the skies. Ho - san-na to our conq'ring King! All hail, in - car - nate Love! Ten

Ho - san-na to our con - q'ring King! All hail, in - car - nate

tri - umphs thou hast won. Ho - san-na to our con-q'ring King! All hail, in - car - nate Love! Ten

All hail in - car - nate

2

thou - sand songs and glo - ries wait To crown thy head a - bove.

Love! Ten thou - sand songs and glo - ries wait To crown thy head a - bove.

thou - sand songs and glo - ries wait To crown thy head a - bove.

Love! Ten thou - sand songs and glo - ries wait To crown thy head a - bove.

**EUCLID. C.M.****F# Minor.** Dan Harper, 2 Macc. 10:1-7.

Dan Harper, 2010.

1. Good Mac - ca - be - us and his band, They freed Je - ru - sa - lem. They  
2. The al - ters which the hea - then built Out in the pub - lic square, They

3. They cleansed the tem - ple, kin - dled flame, Gave thanks they now were free, They  
4. They cel - e - bra - ted eight glad days, Re - mem - b'ring their last feast, Which

5. There - fore they bore fair bran - ches forth, Green boughs, and al - so palms. They

cast them wick - ed ty - rant out, For God was guid - ing them there.  
pulled down, and then de - stroyed The cur - sed i - dolls.  
then they be - sought God in keep moun - tain safe dens From bar they - b'rous had ty lived ran - ny. beasts.  
had held in moun - tain safe dens Where they had ty lived ran - ny. beasts.

praised the strength that set them free: To God they raised their psalms.

## EXALTED HOPE. C.M.

B♭ Major. Isaac Watts, 1719.

David Wright, 2011

1. Blest are the souls that hear and know The gos - pel's joy - ful sound;  
 2. Their joy shall bear their spir - its up Through their Re - deemer's name;

Peace shall at - tend where - righ - teousness ex -

1. Blest are the souls that hear and know The gos - pel's joy - ful sound;  
 2. Their joy shall bear their spir - its up Through their Re - deemer's name;

Peace His

Peace shall at - tend where - e'er they go,  
 His righ - teousness ex - alts their hope,

1. 2.  
 Peace shall at - tend where - e'er they go, And light their steps sur - round, And light their steps sur - round.  
 His righ - teous - ness ex - alts their hope, Nor Sa - tan dares con - demn, Nor Sa - tan dares con - demn.  
 1. 2.  
 e'er they go, And light their steps sur - round, Peace shall at - tend where - e'er they go, And light their steps sur - round.  
 alts their hope, Nor Sa - tan dares con - demn, His righ - teousness ex - alts their hope, Nor Sa - tan dares con - demn.  
 1. 2.  
 shall at - tend where - e'er they go, Peace shall at - tend where - e'er they go, And light their steps sur - round.  
 righ - teousness ex - alts their hope, His righ - teousness ex - alts their hope, Nor Sa - tan dares con - demn.  
 1. 2.  
 Peace shall at - tend where - e'er they go, And light their steps sur - round, And light their steps sur - round.  
 His righ - teousness ex - alts their hope, Nor Sa - tan dares con - demn, Nor Sa - tan dares con - demn.

# Golgotha. 7s.

John Newton, 1779.

Matthew Bell, 2010.

1. Let me dwell on Gol-go-tha, Weep and love my life a-way,  
While I

1. Let me dwell on Gol-go-tha, Weep and love my life a-way,  
While I see Him on the

While I see Him on the tree,

see Him on the tree, Weep and bleed and die for me.

While I see Him on the tree,

tree, While I see Him on the tree, Weep and bleed and die for me.

While I see Him on the tree,

2. That dear blood, for sinners spilt,  
Shows my sin in all its guilt;  
Oh, my soul, He bore the load;  
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God!

3. Hark! His dying words, "Forgive,  
Father, let the sinner live;  
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,  
I thy ransom freely pay."

4. While I hear this grace revealed,  
And obtain a pardon sealed,  
All my soft affections move,  
Wakened by the force of love.

5. Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,  
Now I see the bleeding cross;  
Jesus died to set me free  
From the law and sin and thee.

6. He has dearly bought my soul;  
Lord, accept and claim the whole;  
To Thy will I all resign,  
Now no more my own, but Thine.

Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate, 1696  
C Major

# New Canada. C.M.

K.R. Swenson, 2010

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." -- Ps. 42:5

1. As pants the hart for cool ing streams When heat ed in the chase When hea ted in the chase. So longs my  
2. For thee, my God the liv ing God, My thir sty soul does pine, My thir sty soul does pine O when shall

1. As pants the hart for cool ing streams When hea ted in the chasee, When hea ted in the chase  
2. For thee, my God the liv ing God, My thir sty soul does pine, My thir sty soul does pine

1. As pants the hart for cool ing streams When hea ted in the chase When hea ted in the chase So longs my  
2. For thee my God the liv ing God, My thir sty soul does pine My thir sty soul does pine O when shall

1. soul O God for thee And thy re fresh ing, thy re fresh ing, thy re fresh ing grace, And thy re fresh ing grace. grace.  
I be hold thy face And maj es ty and maj es ty and maj es ty div ine, And maj es ty div ine? ine?

So longs my soul O God for thee, And thy re fresh ing, thy re fresh ing, thy re fresh ing grace, And thy re fresh ing grace. grace.  
O when shall I be hold thy face, And maj es ty and maj es ty and maj es ty div ine, And maj es ty div ine? ine?

1. soul O God for thee, And thy re fresh ing, thy re fresh ing, thy re fresh ing grace, And thy re fresh ing grace. grace.  
I be hold thy face, And maj es ty and maj es ty and maj es ty div ine, And maj es ty div ine? ine?

(So longs my soul O God for thee,) (O when shall I be hold thy face,)

3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? /Hope still and thou shalt sing/ Praise to the one who is thy God/Thy health's eternal spring.

## IMPERMANENCE. SET PIECE.

**A Minor.** Isaac Watts & James P Page.

James P. Page, 19 September 2001.

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r: If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field, It withers in an hour. If hour.

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r: If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field, It withers in an hour. If hour.

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r: If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field, It withers in an hour. If hour. Oh,

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flow'r: If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field, It withers in an hour. If hour. Oh, may we come to

Oh, may we come to know The shortness of our days, That we may let com-passion rule, And wisdom guide our ways.

Oh, may we come to know The shortness of our days, That we may let com-passion rule, And wisdom guide our ways.

may we come to know The shortness of our days, That we may let com-passion rule, And wisdom guide our ways.

know The shortness of our days, That we may let com-passion rule, And wisdom guide our ways. Oh

John Newton Merritt, 2010. **TRAV'LER'S REST - SAMSON.** C.M.

Timothy Gilmore, 1999.

*Dedicated to the Densmores — Chris and Laura — of West Chester, PA: For years of hospitality extended to Travelling Singers.*

1. While trav'ling down life's wear-y road, I of-ten turn a-side In answer to my Master's call, He says "Come rest, a-bide."

2. And countless days of mirth I've spent, And sweet has been the wine, While trav'ling thru this world below, My will suborned to thine.

To rest in Eden's shade, And wipes this dust-y pilgrim's feet If I have but o-beyed.  
And hold me to His breast, Then take me homeward thru the skies, Un-to the trav'ler's rest.

He sets me by a cooling stream,  
His own soft hand shall dry my tears,

To rest in Eden's shade, And wipes this dust-y pilgrim's feet If I have but o-beyed.  
And hold me to His breast, Then take me homeward thru the skies, Un-to the trav'ler's rest.

He sets me by a cooling stream,  
His own soft hand shall dry my tears,

**Nightfall**

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The top system is in treble clef and common time (indicated by a '4'). It features two staves of vocal parts and a piano accompaniment staff. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away,  
 2. When for me the light of day Shall forever pass away,

1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away,  
 2. When for me the light of day Shall forever pass away,

1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away;  
 2. When for me the light of day Shall forever pass away,

Free from care, from Then, from sin and

1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away, Free from care, from labor free,  
 2. When for me the light of day Shall forever pass away, Then, from sin and sorrow free,

The bottom system is also in treble clef and common time. It continues the vocal parts and includes additional lyrics:

Free from care, from labor free, Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee.  
 Then, from sin and sorrow free, Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Free from care, from labor free, Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee.  
 Then, from sin and sorrow free, Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

labor free, Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee.  
 sorrow free, Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Free from care, from labor free, Free from care, from labor free, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee.  
 Then, from sin and sorrow free, Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

**for Cindy**

## HIGHEST GLORY 8s and 7s

F minor Lutheran Book of Worship

Anne Heider (2009)

The musical score consists of three staves of music in F minor, 6/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The top two staves are soprano voices, and the bottom staff is a basso continuo or organ part.

**Top Staff (Soprano 1):**

- Measure 1: He whom shep - herds once came prais-ing, Awed by heav'n - ly light a - blaz-ing, Cheered by an - gel
- Measure 2: He whom sa - ges, west - ward far - ing, Myrrh and gold and in - cense bear-ing, Hum - bly wor - ship'd,

**Second Staff (Soprano 2):**

- Measure 8: He whom shep - herds once came prais-ing, Awed by heav'n - ly light a - blaz-ing, Cheered by an - gel
- Measure 9: He whom sa - ges, west - ward far - ing, Myrrh and gold and in - cense bear-ing, Hum - bly wor - ship'd,

**Bassoon/Continuo Staff:**

Measure 6: news a maz - ing: "King of glo - ry, Christ is born! Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est,  
of - frings shar - ing: Ju - dah's Li - on reigns this morn! Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est,

Measure 8: news a - maz - ing: "King of glo - ry, Christ is born! Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est,  
of - frings shar - ing: Ju - dah's Li - on reigns this morn! Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est,

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11

Peace on earth and mer - cy mild.  
Prais - es sing to God, our King!

Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est,  
Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est,

8  
Peace on earth and mer - cy mild.  
Prais - es sing to God, our King!

Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est,  
Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est,

16  
in the high - est, in the high - est, Peace on earth and mer - cy mild."  
Prais - es sing to God, our King.

glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est, Peace on earth and mer - cy mild."  
Prais - es sing to God, our King.

8  
in the high - est, in the high - est, Peace on earth and mer - cy mild."  
Prais - es sing to God, our King.

Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est, Peace on earth and mer - cy mild."  
Prais - es sing to God, our King.

"The Trumpet" will be available three times a year as a PDF file, or it can be sent to you directly in the mail. We would like to have regional singings contact us directly, and we can work with your community to get the music to you in a way that works for your singing schedule. These songs will be enjoyed best at practice singings, house/kitchen/porch singings, or night singings where people gather to enjoy hearing new music. All-day Singings and Conventions have their own bylaws regarding new music, and this publication respects those protocols wherever possible. At the year's end a "Digest Edition" containing all 36 songs and a CD of recordings uploaded by the singing public will be available at a cost of \$10.00. The money raised will pay for supplies and printing costs only, since the publication itself is a volunteer effort.

The website [www.SingtheTrumpet.com](http://www.SingtheTrumpet.com) will have files and information, as well as places to give feedback to the composers, and to upload audio files of your favorite songs. We are excited about this new project, and hope that it will meet with the approval and good will of singers through out the Sacred Harp Singing community ~ "through all the world the echo bounds!"

Sincerely,

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

The Trumpet Volume 1, Issue 3  
Coming in September!



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# The trum~~p~~et

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

Volume 1, No 3. October, 2011.





Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

*A thrice-annual periodical for singers and writers of dispersed harmony & fasola music*

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Thomas A Malone  
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## In this Issue

Another year has flown, “swift around the wheel of time” and we are saying goodbye to summer and getting ready to close out the very first inaugural year of *The Trumpet*. We want to thank all of the writers who contributed songs to this first ‘go-around’ and encourage any of you who sat out the first dance, to send us something for 2012.

Looking back on the first year, we have had some surprises and some losses, and we have learned a lot about how much work goes into, even a tiny publication, such as this. To that end the editors want to thank James Gingerich for stepping forward and taking on the typesetting of this issue.

As you flip through these pages, you will find that the call for songs has continued to bring back echoes from around the world. In this issue we are proud to recognize the Sacred Harp singing community in Poland, some of whom traveled in the US over the summer. Their warmth and love for the music was felt by all, and we are able now to report that there are songs flowing out from this community.

Even right here in the US we continue to be amazed at the number of new names and voices that write to us to share their songs—we are finding new writers and connecting them to the larger community, and in that, we are fulfilling our purpose. We hope you find this publication useful and enjoyable. You will find the handiwork of the three editors in this volume, as a three-fold mutual dedication for the many hours of labor and dedication that this effort requires—we are proud, but hope this is not mistaken for pridefulness.

Lastly, we are including two letters, one from A.M. Cagle in 1957 in which he gives his thoughts on how the ‘fasola’ singers of that time could improve, and a letter from Jazaniah Sumner, the author of “Ode to Science,” which gives the background of that song and its origin. Mr. Cagle’s letter comes to us from the archives and museum of the Sacred Harp Publishing Co. headquarters in Carrollton, GA. In appreciation we are including a little song by Hugh McGraw which contains some beautiful “dispersed” chords.

*Dedicated to the memory of Marie Ivey and Travis Keeton.*

## Articles

In this Issue, iii

Greetings, iv

Jazaniah Sumner, author of the ODE ON SCIENCE, v

A letter from Marcus Cagle & Friends, v

The Polish Sol, Magdalena Gryszko & Blazej Matusiak, vi

## Tunes

FRETA, Alison Blake Schofield, 33

LEVEL LAND, R.T. Kelley, 33

BRIGHT MORNING STAR, G.J. Hoffman, 34

ZANE'S TRACE, Thurlow Weed, 35

MALONE, Robert L Vaughn, 36

STANTON, Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 37

MARCIAS, John Bayer & Judy Hauff, 38

CATALINA, Leland Paul Kusmer, 39

STAFFORD, Daniel Read (words by Will Fitzgerald & Thomas Malone) 40

VAUGHN, Thomas Malone, 41

GOING HOME, Andrew Beauchamp, 42

ASHLEY, Glenn Keeton & Chris Ballinger (words by Lisa Ballinger Geist) 43

SOUTH OGDEN, Wade Kotter, 44

TRAVELER, Micah Sommer, 45

ALTAMONT, Penny Anderson, 46

OKÓLNIK, Zofia Przyrowska & Jacek Borkowicz, 47

GOD'S PROMISE, Hugh McGraw, 48

## Trumpet News

By The Editors

You are holding the volume that completes the first year of *The Trumpet*. Really it's just a new spin on a very old idea. B.F. White's newspaper *The Organ* allowed fasola songs by local writers to be shared among local communities; now our digital newspaper does the same thing for the world-wide community of Sacred Harp singers. We hope that our efforts in this have been up to the task. If you like what we are doing, let us know, and if you have suggestions on how we could improve, we would like to hear from you.

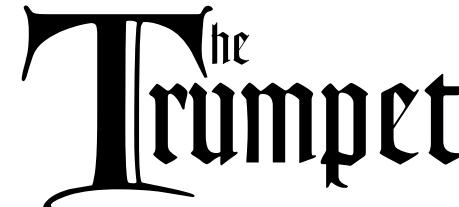
ALL-DAY SINGING from *THE TRUMPET!* Well, not really, but we will sing from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. with a few scheduled breaks, and we intend to sing all of the music in all three volumes. If you would like to help us sing, please come! The event will be at Campus of UMass Lowell, that is 35 Wilder Street, in Lowell Massachusetts. We will make a Facebook group for this event and people can sign up to lead a particular song in advance, that way we can get them all done in good order. Please find us on Facebook, or email "Dr." Tom Malone for more info, [thomas\\_malone@uml.edu](mailto:thomas_malone@uml.edu). We will be making recordings from this singing and a special "digest edition" which contains all three volumes combined, available by the end of the year.

In this issue, we hope you will find many surprises and nice songs to enjoy. The burgeoning singing community in Poland has made a substantial contribution to this volume, and we thank them for that. You will also find a little song for Marcia Johnson's composed by her dear friends John and Judy, as well as a beautiful hymn by Lisa Geist, with music by Glenn Keeton and Chris Ballinger. There may be other writers represented here whose names are totally new to you, and those are especially important. The writers who are just beginning, or who are newer to the singing community—they are the future, and they represent the fact that our family of singers is too big for anyone to know everyone—but we can try! In closing, we truly appreciate the work of each writer who contributed to the first year. We have many worthy songs ready to go for January 2012, and we hope you will keep sending them and keep singing them.

Sincerely yours,

The Editors

## Shape Note Singing from



Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

Sunday, November 6, 2011

1:00 p.m. – 5 p.m.

Durgin Hall

University of Massachusetts-Lowell  
Lowell, Massachusetts

An afternoon of singing new "fasola" songs by living composers. We will sing from *The Trumpet* issues 1,2 & 3. Come sing!  
The event is free and all are welcome!

## Jazaniah Sumner, author of the Ode on Science

Jazaniah Sumner was a noble hearted, unpretending, patriotic man; a deacon of the church, who loved his country more than his political party. When in 1798 the excellent Mr. Simeon Daggett was preparing the young gentlemen and ladies for the fiftieth annual examination of the Taunton Academy, the good deacon was inditing a song, both words and music, to be sung on the occasion. The author's letter to Mr. Daggett, with the autograph of the original music lies before me as I write.

To Mr. Simeon Daggett, Preceptor of Taunton Academy.

While I was anticipating the pleasing satisfaction of a respectable audience who will probably attend on the day of exhibition, I was anxious that we on our part might add something to the novelty of the day. In searching our church music, I could find nothing suitable which was the cause of my attempting this small piece of music, together with the lines. It will be a sufficient apology for me to say that I have no pretensions to a poetical genius, nor have I trod the flowery path of science, but hope my attempt may emulate some superior genius who may offer something more worthy your acceptance. Such as it is it is humbly dedicated to you, sir...by your most obedient, Jazaniah Sumner. (Taunton, April 3, 1798.)

Though political in its bearing, he gave it the name of Ode on Science, and this, so far as I can learn, is the first good patriotic song whose music and whose words were both composed by an American. The author strikes at France and England alike, exalting our own land in glory between. Though the words of this song are not remarkably poetical, the music is as original and peculiar as Timothy Swan's old tune of China. The chorus comes out in fine relief to the plain-tiveness of the quartette with the ring of a war trumpet. Had the tune commenced, as the Gods of the Greeks, upon a lower note, it would have been more popular still. The first step is unfortunately the longest one, and that too often prevents the people from taking any step at all; but the tune is national, our first national patriotic tune; it performed good service in its day, and hence in memory of the times gone by we love to sing it and to speak the name of Jazaniah Sumner still.

From A Monogram on our National Song, by Elias Nason, 1869

## A letter from Marcus Cagle and Friends

Atlanta, Georgia  
January 1957

Dear Friend:

As you doubtless realize, singing is a part of worship in which almost everyone can take part. Especially is this true of Sacred Harp singing, which is often described as "singers" music because the greatest benefit and enjoyment comes from active participation. However, this is not meant to exclude the thousands of "listeners", many of whom seem to derive fully as much from it as the singers themselves, and without whose support it could not prosper.

Actually, from a technical viewpoint, this type of music is as solid and sound as any in existence, which explains why it has not passed out of the picture long ago, as have so many other types. However, practically all of us recognize that there are some deficiencies in the songs themselves, and undoubtedly a vast area for improvement in the manner in which the music is rendered. And all of us are, or should be, interested in anything that will improve the singing of this grand old music. The question naturally arises, "What can be done?"

One of the most important points along this line is the pace of the songs. Uncle Tom Denson once said, "The Sacred Harp can be rushed to death or dragged to death." Much has been said about "too slow singing" or "too fast, even hot rod, singing", with frequent reference to rules and regulations set forth in the rudiments printed by B. F. White in The Original Sacred Harp. In this connection, it must be observed that the musical equipment of B. F. White was only moderate, as is the case with most of us who have supplemented his work. While those rules are sound in principle, such as the number of seconds allotted to each measure, they cannot be applied exactly alike to every song, for example, all songs written in four-four time ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  seconds to the measure) obviously should not be sung at the same pace. The best rule is, "Be reasonable and logical" and use the pace best suited to the type of song and to give proper accent to the music and permit the listeners to clearly understand the words and recognize the tune.

Another important point to consider is volume. Loud or boisterous singing seems to be all there is to good singing in too many instances. Certainly we should sing loud AT TIMES but not ALL THE TIME. Consideration should be given to the general harmonizing of all the parts, which would be better accomplished if each singer would sing the part best suited to his voice and stay with it. We are just plain singers but if we give a little heed to time and volume of tone the quality of the music will greatly improve. Otherwise, the singer only hurts his own voice and other people's ears. If this is not done, you will continue to hear the question asked, "Why do all the songs sound alike, or just what does anyone get out of it, anyway"?

Another matter that goes hand-in-hand with improvement of the singing is the development of a better attitude among the singers in the various sections. The existence of factions, jealousies, or other petty differences does nothing but harm the cause and should be eliminated as far as possible. Just remember that, actually, we have no experts who "know it all" and too few who are really well qualified to instruct or advise. Also, there are certain things necessary to have a singing at all, such as officers, committees, and the inevitable "tune histers". All consideration should be given the people selected for this work, especially the "tune hister" who "sticks his neck out" on every song. BUT what would we do without him? Therefore, we should refrain from undue criticism and always be tolerant of the other fellow's efforts.

These observations and remarks are submitted in the utmost humility and only for the purpose of causing more of our good people to think along these lines, from which some good might possibly accrue to the Sacred Harp cause.

Respectfully  
A. M. Cagle  
Tom McGraw  
T. R. Knight

# *The Polish Sol*

Magdalena Gryska and Blazej Matusiak OP

---

In 2008 and 2009 the European Union faced a revolutionary change. Its Middle Eastern and Western part was filled with a new vivid shout created by two new Sacred Harp groups in Warsaw, Poland and Cork, Ireland.

## GRANDFATHER ERIKSEN AND MOTHER SCHOFIELD

While singing Sacred Harp in Ireland is not that much of a surprise, one may ask how it happens that this uniquely American tradition is developing in a Slovian country speaking strange Polish language. The answer is love. In 2008 Magdalena Zapedowska convinced her future husband Tim Eriksen to come to the “Song of Our Roots” Festival in Jaroslaw, Southeastern Poland. At the end of August 2008 Tim gave a six day Sacred Harp workshop at the festival—the first Sacred Harp workshop in Poland. Participants were crazy about Tim and Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg who came with Tim. And, more importantly, they were overwhelmed by Sacred Harp spirit and passion. Already in September 2008 the first Sacred Harp weekly singing was organized in Warsaw by Father Blazej Matusiak, a Dominican and a lover of old music who participated in Tim’s workshop in Jaroslaw. A year later, in October 2009, Allison Blake Schofield arrived to lead a Sacred Harp workshop in Warsaw. Since September 2008 about 80 people came across the weekly Sacred Harp singing in Warsaw. There are also about 6 strong Sacred Harp singers in the central Polish city of Poznan, after Magdalena Zapedowksa introduced Sacred Harp during lectures at Poznan University. Most of Polish Sacred Harp singers participated in Allison’s Warsaw workshop in 2009 or Aldo Thomas Ceresa and Michael Walker’s Warsaw singing school in March 2010. On the average we have about 15 people at our weekly singing.

## THE POLISH “SOL”

Polish Sacred Harp has some specific stylistic traits, what could be a subject of a separate article. We have been shaped both by Western Massachusetts/New England pedagogy style, when participating in the Western Massachusetts Sacred Harp Convention and being

taught by Tim and Allison—and by amazing Georgia and Alabama singing communities in Hoboken, Henagar, and Atlanta. In 2011, Several Polish singers attended both Camp Fasola and the workshops and singing schools led by David Ivey and Neely Bruce during the First Irish Sacred Harp Convention. They are all in our hearts and hopefully voices. But if I was to mention just one little Polish thing which makes people who sing with us smile; I would say that we pronounce the syllable “sol” like “soul”, when I think most English speaking singing groups pronounce it “so”. As one of the Cork Sacred Harp singers said, it is “pleasant to the ear”. So we stick to our “soul” and we sing. Aloud for glory!

## NEW COMPOSERS

As a remembrance of her singing school, Allison Blake Schofield composed the first Sacred Harp song with Polish text, chosen by Father Blazej. It was not easy to choose the text due to differences between poetic meters in English and Polish. In a classical Polish poet Kochanowski’s setting of psalms (16th century) there were only few which could fit the pattern and it seemed a right choice. The piece was named after the street where we gather. FRETA (see page 33) remains one of our beloved songs, as it is not only a well written contemporary Sacred Harp composition and a sweet memory of our teacher, but also, surprisingly enough, it resembles some of 16th century 4-part Polish psalms. OKÓLNIK is the first Polish shape-note composition, set by two Sacred Harp singers, Zofia Przyrowska and Jacek Borkowicz (see page 47). It’s a thrill to sing such powerful tunes with text in our own language.

## THE NEW MARSHALL PLAN

The singing has changed our lives. We all feel a part of a Sacred Harp family. We have been touched so many times by Sacred Harp singers’ hospitality and love. And we want to share it! After Warsaw and Cork, new groups have appeared in France, Germany, and Switzerland. There is interest in Hungary, Italy and the Czech Republic. And this is just the beginning. We are planning the 1st European Camp Fasola, and the 1st Polish Sacred Harp Convention, both to be held at the end of September, 2012! Some say the world will end in 2012—well, perhaps—but what a sound! So please join in and help us to sing!

For more info, look for the Sacred Harp in Poland page on Facebook.

## FRETA. 7s.

E MINOR W. Hammond, 1745, and  
J. Kochanowski, 1579.

Allison Blake Schofield, 2009.

1. Lord we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow, O do not our suit dis-dain! Shall we seek thee Lord in vain?  
 2. Com - fort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy re - turn, Those who are cast down lift up, Strong in faith and love and hope.

3. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su-preme-ly kind, Heal the sick, the cap-tive free! Let us all re - joice in Thee!  
 4. Tyś jest Pan nie - zmie - rzo - ny, Nad wszy - tko wy - nie - sio - ny; Na zie - mi i na nie - bie Nie masz Bo - ga prócz Cie - bie.

5. My te - dy, co prag - nie - my Łą ski Pań - skiej a chce - my U - po - do - bać się Je - mu, Prze - ci - wiaj - my się złe - mu.  
 6. Pan strze - že spra - wie - dli - wych I bro - ni od zło - śli - wych; A kto żył w po - bo - żno - ści, Pe-wien trwa - lej ra - do - ści.

7. Ra - duj - cie się, cno - tli - wi! A do - kąd nas Pan ży - wi, Znać we - so - ły - mi ry - my Je - go łą - skę po-mni-my.

## LEVEL LAND. C.M.

F# MINOR R. T. Kelley, paraphrase of Eccl. 1. "Saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Eccl. 1:2

R. T. Kelley, 2010.

1. There is no new thing 'neath the sun, No work of man is new. For all is van - i - ty and dust, Our right acts are too few. few.  
 2. All riv - ers run in - to the sea, Yet nev - er fill it o'er. Un - to the place whence riv - ers come The flood is e'er re - stored. stored.

3. I gave my heart to seek and search out all that's here be-low. All wis-dom knew and fol - ly too, Their end's the same, it's woe. woe.

4. For in much wis - dom is much grief, No learn-ing gives re - lief; And he who gains more knowledge sees His sor - rows all in - crease.crease.

## BRIGHT MORNING STAR. L.M.

F MAJOR Samuel Medley (1738–99)

G. J. Hoffman, 2010.

4 - Blest Spir - it ev - 'ry  
With joy, ye saints, at - tend and raise Your voic-es in har - mo-nious praise. Blest  
Blest Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre - pare To  
Blest Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre-prepare To sing the bright, the

This system contains four staves of music in F major, 4/4 time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the second staff a bass clef, and the third and bottom staves use a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves contain the beginning of the hymn, while the last two staves show a repeating phrase.

heart pre-prepare To sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Blest Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre-prepare To sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Star. 1 2  
Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre-prepare To sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Blest Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre-prepare To sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Star.  
sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Blest Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre-prepare To sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Star.  
morn-ing Star. Blest Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre - pare To sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Star.

This system continues the musical score with a repeating section. It features four staves of music in F major, 4/4 time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the second staff a bass clef, and the third and bottom staves use a bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The first two staves contain the first part of the hymn, while the last two staves show the repeating phrase. Measure numbers 1 and 2 are indicated above the staff.

## ZANE'S TRACE (Psalm 47). C.M.

G MAJOR John Hopkins, 1720;  
v. 5, Thurlow Weed, 2008.

Thurlow Weed, 2008;  
bass line Jonathan Gibbons, 1786.

1. Ye peo - ple all,  
2. For high the Lord  
3. Our God as - cend to  
4. Sing prais - es  
5. All praise to God  
the Fath - er be,  
and to his on - ly  
joy  
pleas - ant our  
ly

joice: Be glad and sing King  
fold: A might - y  
un he - is the like - Lord wise, with in sweet all and the pleas earth ex - ant voice. tolled.  
noise: The Lord goes up King  
King! For God is King  
a - bove the sky earth, with all trum - pets roy - al es voice. sing.  
Son, Praise to the Spir - it, Pa - ra - clete, Praise God the Three in One.

## MALONE. C.M.D.

G MINOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

Robert L. Vaughn, 2010.

Hear me, O God, nor hide Thy face, But an - swer lest I die; Hast Thou not built a throne of grace, To  
 Hear me, O God, nor hide Thy face, But an - swer lest I die; Hast Thou not built a throne of grace, To  
 Hear me, O God, nor hide Thy face, But an - swer lest I die; Hast Thou not built a throne of grace, To  
 Hear me, O God, nor hide Thy face, But an - swer lest I die; Hast Thou not built a throne of grace, To

hear when sinners cry? My days are wast-ed like the smoke dis - solv-ing in the air; My  
 hear when sinners cry? My days are wast-ed like the smoke dis - solv-ing in the  
 hear when sinners cry? My days are wast-ed like the smoke dis - solv-ing in the  
 hear when sinners cry? My days are wast-ed like the smoke dis - solv-ing in the air; My

strength is dried, My heart is broke, And sinking in des - pair. And sink-ing in des - pair. pair.

air; My strength is dried, My heart is broke, And sink-ing in des - pair. And sink-ing in des - pair. pair.

solv - ing in the air; My strength is dried, My heart is broke, And sink-ing in des - pair. And sink-ing in des - pair. pair.

strength is dried, My heart is broke, And sink - ing in des - pair. And sink-ing in des - pair. pair.

## STANTON. 8s &amp; 7s D.

**E MINOR** *Baptist Memorial and Monthly Chronicle*, 1842.

Aldous, 2007.

1. Broth - er, rest from sin and sor - row! Death is o'er, and life is won; On thy slum - ber dawns no mor - row: Rest! thine earth - ly race is run. Hark! The gold - en harps are ring - ing, Sounds an - gel - ic fill the air: Mil - lions now in heav - en sing - ing Great and joy - ful en - trance there.

2. Broth - er, wake! the night is wan - ing; End - less day is round thee poured: En - ter thou the rest re - main - ing For the peo - ple of the Lord. Hark! The gold - en harps are ring - ing, Sounds an - gel - ic fill the air: Mil - lions now in heav - en sing - ing Great and joy - ful en - trance there.

3. Fare thee well! tho' woe is blend - ing With the tones of earth - ly love, Tri - umph high and joy un - end - ing Wait thee in the realms a - bove! Hark! The gold - en harps are ring - ing, Sounds an - gel - ic fill the air: Mil - lions now in heav - en sing - ing Great and joy - ful en - trance there.

## MARCIA. L.M.

G MAJOR William Cowper, *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

John Bayer and Judy Hauff, 1994.

1. As birds their infant brood pro - tect, And spread their wings to shel - ter them;  
 2. There, though be - sieg'd on ev - ry side, Yet much be - lov'd and guard - ed well;  
 3. Let earth re - pent, and hell des - pair, This ci - ty hath a true de - fense;

Thus saith the Lord to his e - lect, So will I guard Je - ru - sa - lem. 1 2  
 From age to age they have de - fied, The ut - most force of earth and hell. hell.  
 Her name is call'd THE LORD IS THERE, And who has pow'r to drive them thence? thence?

## CATALINA. P.M.

A MINOR Isaac Watts, 1709, alt.

Leland Paul Kusmer, 2011.

Cold moun-tains and the mid-night air Wit-ness'd the fer - vor of Thy prayer;  
 The des - ert Thy temp - ta - tions knew, Thy con - flict and Thy vic - t'ry, too.

Be Thou my pat-tern, make me  
 Be Thou my

Be Thou my pat-tern, make me bear Thy im - age here;

Be Thou my pat-tern, make me bear Thy im - age here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my name, and guard my path this night.

bear More of Thy gra-cious im - age here;

pat-tern, make me bear Thy im - age here;

STAFFORD. S.M.

**A MAJOR** Will Fitzgerald and Tom Malone, 2008.  
Acrostic on “Isaac Watts” and “Daniel Read”

Daniel Read, 1782.

1. I seek an - ful an - gel a - choir To join in fear - ful praise,  
 2. De - light - ful ly a - new Now I, en - rap - tured, love.

1. I seek an - ful an - gel a - choir To join in fear - ful praise,  
 2. De - light - ful ly a - new Now I, en - rap - tured, love. As I

1. I seek an - ful an - gel a - choir To join in fear - ful praise,  
 2. De - light - ful ly a - new Now I, en - rap - tured, love. As I Mo - ses and as

1. I seek an - ful an - gel a - choir To join in fear - ful praise, As I Mo - ses and as Mi - riam  
 2. De - light - ful ly a - new Now I, en - rap - tured, love. I rise each day to Mi - riam my

As I Mo - ses and as Mi - riam sang praise With Race all each the as trem - cen - bling saints. dove. saints. dove.  
 Mo - ses and as Mi - riam sang praise With Race all each the as trem - cen - bling saints. dove. saints. dove.

Mi - riam sang, As Mo - ses and as Mi - riam sang praise With Race all each the as trem - cen - bling saints. dove. saints. dove.  
 see my praise, I rise each day to Mi - riam sang praise With Race all each the as trem - cen - bling saints. dove. saints. dove.

sang, praise, As I Mo - ses and as Mi - riam sang praise With Race all each the as trem - cen - bling saints. dove. saints. dove.

## VAUGHN. S.M.

F MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

Thomas Malone, 2007.

1. My Sav - ior and my King, Thy beau - ties are di - vine; Thy lips with bless - ings ov - er - flow, And ev - 'ry grace is  
2. My God, my life, my love, To Thee, to Thee I call; I can - not live if Thou re - move, For Thou art all in

thine. And ev - 'ry grace is thine, all. For Thou art all in all.  
Thy lips with bless - ings ov - er - flow, And ev - 'ry grace is thine. thine.  
I can - not live if Thou re - move, For Thou art all in all.  
1  
2

thine. And ev - 'ry grace is thine, all. For Thou art all in all. I can - not live if Thou re - move, For Thou art all in all. thine. thine.  
all.

## GOING HOME. C.M.D.

F MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Andrew Beauchamp, 2009.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights.

2. The o-pning heav'ns a-round me shine With beams of sa-cred bliss, While Je-sus shows His heart is mine, And whis-pers I am His.

In dark - est shades if He ap - pear,  
My soul would leave this heav - y clay, Fear - less of Hell and ghast - ly death,  
My dawn - ing is be -

In dark - est shades if He ap - pear,  
My soul would leave this heav - y clay, Fear - less of Hell and ghast - ly death,  
At that trans-port-ing

In dark - est shades if He ap - pear,  
My soul would leave this heav - y clay, Fear - less of Hell and ghast - ly death,

In dark - est shades if He ap - pear,  
My soul would leave this heav - y clay, Fear - less of Hell and ghast - ly death,

1      2

\*On repeat sing third verse

### ASHLEY. L.M.

F MINOR Lisa Ballinger Geist, 2004.

Glenn Keeton, 1998; and Chris Ballinger, 2005.

## SOUTH OGDEN. C.M.

A MAJOR Samuel Medley, 1789, alt.

Wade Kotter, 2011.

1. Mortals awake, with angels join, and chant the solemn lay. Joy, love, and grati -  
 2. In heav'n the rapt'rous song began, And sweet seraphic fire Through all the shin - ing  
 3. Oh for a glance of Heav'nly love, Our hearts and songs to raise, Sweet ly to bear our  
 4. Hail, Prince of Life, for ev er hail! Re deem er, broth er, friend. Though earth and time and

tude com - bine to hail the ho - ly day, To hail the ho - ly day.  
 re - gions ran, And strong and tuned the lyre, And strong and tuned the lyre.  
 songs a - bove, And min - gle with their lays, And min - gle with their lays.  
 life shall fail Thy praise shall nev - er end, Thy praise shall nev - er end.

## TRAVELER. 7,6,8,6 D.

**B<sup>b</sup>** MAJOR Micah Sommer, 2011.

Micah Sommer, 2011.

1. I've climbed the tow'r-ing mount-a-ins. I've swam the sing-ing sea. I've crossed the globe but oh my soul, There's one true home for

2. I'm just a wear-y trav - 'ler With no-where else to go. But by and by up in the sky I'll find my ho - ly

me. I want to go to Heav-en. I want to go some day. I want to go, but Lord, I know It's oh so far a - way. way.

1      2

home. I want to go to Heav-en. I want to go some day. I want to go, but Lord, I know It's oh so far a - way. way.

## ALTAMONT. P.M.

E MINOR Penny Anderson, 2011.

*"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—I Thessalonians 4:18*

Penny Anderson, 2011.

1. Dear sing - ers fare - well to each oth - er we must tell, We give thanks for each friend that we love so  
 2. As home - ward we go, in our hearts and minds we know That the riv - er of life in our song will

1. Dear sing - ers fare - well to each oth - er we must tell, We give thanks for each friend that we love so  
 2. As home - ward we go, in our hearts and minds we know That the riv - er of life in our song will

well. If we nev - er meet a - gain, it will grieve our hearts sore, But our friend-ship will bind us in un - ion ev - er - more.  
 flow. Though each sin - gle voice must fail, and be lost to our ears, Still its e - cho will sound in our mu - sic through the years.

well. If we nev - er meet a - gain, it will grieve our hearts sore, But our friend-ship will bind us in un - ion ev - er - more.  
 flow. Though each sin - gle voice must fail, and be lost to our ears, Still its e - cho will sound in our mu - sic through the years.

# OKÓLNIK.

**E MINOR** Herman Melville, 1851 (Father Mapple's Hymn, *Moby Dick*),  
trans. Janina Sujkowska, 1948.

"Inagotował Pan rybę wielką, aby połknęła Jonasza" (Jon 2:1)

Zofia Przyrowska, 2011  
arr. Jacek Borkowicz, 2011.

1. Po - chło - nę - ła mnie grzesz - ni - ka gro - źna pa - szcza Le - wia - ta - na i po - nio - sła na głę - bi - ny me - go Pa - na.  
 2. Rze - klem so - bie: nę - dzny człe - ku, Smu - tna ci się do - la zna - czy Pie - kło, mę - ki. Kto zgrun - tu - je nurt roz - pa - czy?  
 3. Przy - ci - śnie - ty do o - sta - tka pa - dlem w du - szы na ko - la - na i nie po - mnąc na swe grze - chy me - go Pa - na.  
 4. Zsta - pił z nie - bios mój Wy - baw - ca Jak gro - mo - wa błys - ka - wi - ca I wy - darł - szy mnie z ot - chła - ni spoj - rzeć li - ca.  
 5. Od - tąd wiel - bię Go śpie - wa - niem Po - ku - tni - cze czy - niąc dzię - ki Że nie um - knał gi - na - ce - mu Swo - jej rę - ki.

1. Po - chło - nę - ła mnie grzesz - ni - ka gro - źna pa - szcza Le - wia - ta - na Po - nio - sła w głę - bie za wy - ro - kiem me - go Pa - na.  
 2. Rze - klem so - bie: nę - dzny człe - ku, Smu - tna ci się do - la zna - czy I pie - kło, mę - ki po - tę - pieńczej nurt roz - pa - czy?  
 3. Przy - ci - śnie - ty do o - sta - tka pa - dlem w du - szы na ko - la - na Nie pom - nąc grze - chów za - wo - ła - lem me - go Pa - na.  
 4. Zsta - pił z nie - bios mój Wy - baw - ca Jak gro - mo - wa błys - ka - wi - ca I tak wy - darł - szy dał w Swe ja - sne spoj - rzeć li - ca.  
 5. Od - tąd wiel - bię Go śpie - wa - niem Po - ku - tni - cze czy - niąc dzię - ki Nie um - knał prze - cie mi - ło - sier - nej Swo - jej rę - ki.

Tak! Za wy - ro - kiem me - go Pa - na.  
 Tak! Po - tę - pieńczej nurt roz - pa - czy?  
 Tak! Za - wo - ła - lem me - go Pa - na.  
 Tak! Dał w Swe ja - sne spoj - rzeć li - ca.  
 Tak! Mi - ło - sier - nej Swo - jej rę - ki.

1. Po - chło - nę - ła mnie grzesz - ni - ka gro - źna pa - szcza Le - wia - ta - na i po - nio - sła na głę - bi - ny me - go Pa - na.  
 2. Rze - klem so - bie: nę - dzny człe - ku, Smu - tna ci się do - la zna - czy Pie - kło, mę - ki. Kto zgrun - tu - je nurt roz - pa - czy?  
 3. Przy - ci - śnie - ty do o - sta - tka pa - dlem w du - szы na ko - la - na i nie po - mnąc na swe grze - chy me - go Pa - na.  
 4. Zsta - pił z nie - bios mój Wy - baw - ca Jak gro - mo - wa błys - ka - wi - ca I wy - darł - szy mnie z ot - chła - ni spoj - rzeć li - ca.  
 5. Od - tąd wiel - bię Go śpie - wa - niem Po - ku - tni - cze czy - niąc dzię - ki Że nie um - knał gi - na - ce - mu Swo - jej rę - ki.

1. The ribs and terrors in the whale  
Arched over me a dismal gloom,  
While all God's sun-lit waves rolled by,  
And lift me deepening down to doom.

2. I saw the opening maw of hell,  
With endless pains and sorrows there;  
Which none but they that feel can tell—  
Oh, I was plunging to despair.

3. In black distress, I called my God,  
When I could scarce believe him mine,

He bowed his ear to my complaints—  
No more the whale did me confine.

4. With speed he flew to my relief,  
As on a radiant dolphin borne;  
Awful, yet bright, as lightning shone  
The face of my Deliverer God.

5. My song for ever shall record  
That terrible, that joyful hour;  
I give the glory to my God,  
His all the mercy and the power.

## GOD'S PROMISE. C.M.

E<sup>b</sup> MAJOR from Rippon's *Selection*, 1787, alt.

Hugh W. McGraw.

1. Sal - va - tion through our dy-ing God is prom-ised full and free, In pain He suf-fered on the cross that we might ran-somed be,

2. My joy through life has been to sing of Him who died for me, And when I stand be - fore the throne his bless-ed face I'll see.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in E-flat major, common time. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings like forte and piano. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the corresponding staves.

He sends His spir - it from a - bove Our na-ture to re - new, Dis - plays His power, re - veals His love, gives life and com-fort too.

I'll meet my friends who've gone be - fore a - round the great white throne. We'll shout and sing with one ac - cord and know as we are known.

The musical score continues with three staves of music. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music maintains the same style of eighth and sixteenth note patterns as the previous section. The lyrics for the third and fourth stanzas are placed below their respective staves, with musical markings indicating where to sing and where to rest.



Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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2012 Editorial Board  
Will Fitzgerald  
Thomas A Malone  
Robert L Vaughn

Musical Typesetting  
James Nelson Gingerich

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## In this Issue

The new year of 2012 is upon us, and the singing season is well under way! The All-California singing weekend, Auburn Alabama, the Keystone Convention, and a winter singing School in Cullman County are just a few of the wonderful events that have marked the singing year thus far. There have been losses and tragedies as well, including the death of John Merritt, a loss that will be felt for some time. Maybe you will page back to issue No. 2 and sing the song "Traveler's Rest" on page 30, which he and Timothy Gilmore composed. If you do you will be moved by these lines:

His own soft hand shall dry my tears  
And hold me to his breast;  
Then take me homeward through the skies,  
Unto the trav'ler's rest.

Although we begin each new year focused on new possibilities, there is also a place for reflection as well. In this issue of *The Trumpet* many songs are dedicated to specific singers in the form of a memorial or prayer for healing (IVEY, MELANIE). We also find many pieces of greater length, an anthem by Dan Harper, and set-piece by Steve Helwig, as well as a pair of three-line songs for you altos who like to sing on the bass. We welcome the contributions of a trio of Alabama writers, Stanley Smith, Ed Thacker and Linda Sides, and are grateful for their contributions. We are excited to begin our second year with a substantial & heartfelt offering of tunes ~ opening with a fanfare (CLINTON) and closing with a lullaby (HANS). We trust that you, the singers, will savor each song for the particular poignancy or uplifting power that each author was inspired to note down. We are also very grateful to Mike Hinton for the memories of his Uncle Paine, and Robert Stoddard for his report on the November *Trumpet* singing..

Please continue to download and share back issues of *The Trumpet* from our website ~ and keep your recordings coming in – a compilation of songs from year one is in the works which will be much appreciated by the tune-writers themselves.

Sing on! Sincerely,

*The Editors ed@singthetrumpet.com*

## Articles

In this Issue, iii

*The Trumpet Sounds*, by Robert Stoddard, iv

Memories of my Uncle, Paine Denson, Mike Hinton, v

## Tunes

CLINTON, Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 49

JUMANLAN RAUHAAN, Steve Luttinen and Kim Bahmer, 50

IVEY, Wade Kotter, 51

JANE'S ENCOURAGEMENT, Christine Guth, 51

Goss, Linda Sides, 52

MELANIE, Anne Heider, 53

ST. JAMES, Robert Stoddard, 54

ROGERS, Stanley Smith, 55

CARTERSVILLE, Ed E. Thacker, 56

EXULTATION, Nikos Pappas, 57

CREST, Steve Helwig, 58

ANGEL'S GATE, Dan Thoma, 60

REDDING, P Dan Brittain, 61

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, Dan Harper, 62

WEEP NOT FOR ME, Fynn Titford-Mock, 64

HANS, John Bayer, 65

Berryville, James P. Page, 66

## The Trumpet Sounds

By Robert Stoddard

It's not every singing where you are handed an iPad as you walk in, but then, this wasn't just any singing: it was the first full singing of *The Trumpet*, Volume 1, taking place on Nov. 6, 2011.

*Trumpet* editor Tom Malone took the lead in organizing the singing and, as in the Watts verse, he:

Sends His summons forth,  
Calls the south nations and awakes the north; ...  
The Trumpet sounds; hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

And many heard his summons! About 16 of us gathered on a fine, crisp November Sunday at the music building of the University of Massachusetts at Lowell, where Tom is on the music faculty. While many singers were locals, others came from Rhode Island, Vermont, and even Oregon. We were also fortunate to have several of the composers of works in *The Trumpet* join us: Steve Helwig, Dan Hertzler, Tom Malone and me.

There are many singings that Elizabeth and I have attended over the years where the venue alone was enough to inspire a great singing: a rustic chapel, perhaps, tucked in a quiet pine woods or set in a grassy meadow. UMass Lowell was not such a venue! Its modern concrete, institutional buildings seemed an unlikely place, but the music rehearsal room that Tom had selected was a fine singing space for our small group to match our goal: to produce crisp recordings of all 47 tunes published in Volume 1 of *The Trumpet*.

As befitting the modernity of the space, the singing was more "high tech" than any I have attended. In addition to the aforementioned iPads, Tom provided an ordered list of tunes for each of the three sessions. The list for each session was projected on a screen, on which leaders signed up. One issue of *The Trumpet* was slated for each session, our breaks timed with military precision to complete the singing on schedule. And so, with a couple of MP3 recorders silently documenting our efforts, we began with a few warm-ups from *The Sacred Harp, 1991 Edition*, and then launched into our Trumpetizing.

We learned a great deal from the day. First, shape-notes truly work! Sight-singing 47 tunes, some of which were fairly complex, would be an unthinkably difficult task for almost any choir. Doing so in four hours, with a pick-up group of singers, was possible because of our ability to guide our voices with the shapes.

Second, an afternoon singing unfamiliar tunes is truly taxing. Singing is, as George Seiler put it, "the best exercise you can get sitting down," but this *Trumpet* marathon reminded me of what good mental exercise singing is, as well. Perhaps we should add intensive sight-singing to the list of Sudoku and crossword-puzzles as sovereign wards against Alzheimer's! In a typical Sacred Harp singing, nearly half of the calls are of the 100 most popular tunes, giving even a moderately experienced singer occasions to settle into a comfortable tune. Not so on this day! Even those who had ambitiously practiced the tunes had to pay close attention to unfamiliar harmonies and entrances.

A third take-away for me from the day was a greater appreciation of the high quality and diversity of talent of the composers. There is no one, single "Sacred Harp" style of song, either in *The Sacred Harp* or in *The Trumpet*. New composers are working in a full range of these traditions, ranging across English folk-tunes, West Gallery, New England plain and fugal tunes, camp-meeting revival songs, and Denson-inspired fugues; one tune is even set with Polish words. It is an exciting time to be singing in this tradition!

A less lofty lesson reinforced by the day's singing was the value of redundancy. Although both Tom and I were recording the event, mine failed for the first session, and Tom's for the third. Fortunately, between the two of us, we produced a complete set of recordings, available at <http://www.bostonsing.org/recordingsthe-trumpet/>.

Many thanks again to Tom Malone for organizing the day, to *Trumpet* editors Tom, Will Fitzgerald and Robert Vaughn for their dedication to producing Volume 1 so successfully, and especially to all the composers of the tunes, which gave us such enjoyment!

A photo of the singers can be found at <http://singthetrumpet.com/singing-from-the-trumpet-volume-1/>

## *Memories of my Uncle, Paine Denson*

Mike Hinton

Paine Denson was my uncle, as he and my Mother were “half brother and sister.” Paine’s mother was Amanda Burdette Denson and my grandmother, Lola Akers, married T J Denson after Amanda Burdette died. T J and Lola were married 23 years and had three daughters, Vera, Violet (my Mom) and Tommey (Anne Challker and Richard Mauldin’s Mom). Paine was in his late 30’s when my Mother was born. So there was a considerable age difference between the two “sets” of T J Denson’s children.

I remember seeing Uncle Paine a number of times when I was young. He died in 1955, age 73, when I was 12. We would see him every summer when we went to Jasper, Alabama to visit relatives. He was a tall, “pear shape” man. He was always dressed in a suit and tie, and when outside, he wore a hat. In the summer he liked to wear seersucker suits and a flat brim white hat. He had a loud voice and a hearty laugh. He practiced law in Birmingham and then moved to Double Springs and continued to practice law in a “relaxed” style. He had a good sense of humor and liked to tease folks. He took me to a store near his Birmingham office and bought a cowboy hat one summer. He said “every boy needed a cowboy hat.” He was a typical “Southern gentleman” and graduated from the University of Alabama law school.

I remember the “Henry J” auto that he drove. It was brown and yellow, and it was the last car he owned. He was not a terribly good driver, but he was able to get to Jasper or Cullman from Double Springs and back home. He had heart trouble in his later years and would stay with Aunt Vera Nunn, who would take care of him, and Aunt Tommey Mauldin, an RN who would attend to his medical needs as directed by his physician. Aunt Vera used to tell us that Uncle Paine was not a very good patient and could be rather stubborn and would not want to take his meds or to do other things his doctor told him to do. When he was uncooperative, Aunt Vera would say “OK, I am going to call Tommey to come down here and talk to you.” Uncle Paine would say, “Alright, I will do what is needed.” He did not want Aunt Tommey to “clean his plow!”

Paine and his younger sister, Ruth Denson Edwards, had a very close relationship, and both worked daily to see that Sacred Harp music and tradition was preserved and perpetuated. They wrote letters to each other weekly. Uncle Paine had an old typewriter and he used it to prepare his letters and Aunt Ruth would send hers in her own neat and distinctive hand writing. I have a few letters that Uncle Paine wrote to Aunt Ruth. He would often tell her some story or something humorous. They frequently went to singings together, and often with their “double first cousin”, Robert E. “Bob” Denson. He lived in Addison, not far from Double Springs. He and Paine would pick up Aunt Ruth in Cullman and go to a singing or a convention. They had fun and talked and sang while they rode together. Each of them knew what they would sing and would discuss the tunes they planned to sing and they sometimes practiced as they rode along. Hugh McGraw told me that none of the Densons ever used a book when leading.

Uncle Paine wrote some wonderful Sacred Harp tunes (in my opinion.) PEACE AND JOY is my favorite tune in the 1991 Revision. I love the words and the way the tune emphasizes the words. The harmony is also something that I enjoy and the refrain too. *Peace and Joy* have calming and pleasant meanings to me, and I like to lead the tune at a moderate speed. I often say that I do not think we should rush peace or joy.

I have the Bible that belonged to my Aunt Ruth Denson Edwards. In that Bible are notes, letters, articles and a small piece of paper with numbers on it. A note on that piece of paper says: Paine’s own selections for his funeral in his own hand. The numbers for tunes selected had “words only” written and the following numbers:

27, 457, 111, 68, 349, 329

Uncle Paine died in 1955, so these would have been tunes in the 1936 Denson Revision. They remain the same tunes in the 1991 Revision as well. Two of these have top and bottom tunes. I suspect that he intended the top tune to be used since he did not indicate 111b, but that is speculation on my part.

He was a lawyer, but his first love was Sacred Harp music. He was proud of his Sacred Harp heritage and worked to see that the music lived on and on.



## CLINTON. C.M.

C MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2010.

1. Let ev'-ry mor-tal ear at-tend,  
2. Ho! ye that pant for liv-ing streams,

And ev'-ry heart re-joice; The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With  
And pine a-way and die, Here you may quench your ra-ging thirst With

1. Let ev'-ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And ev'-ry heart re-joice; And ev'-ry heart re-joice;  
2. Ho! ye that pant for liv-ing streams, And pine a-way and die, And pine a-way and die,

The trum-pet of the  
Here you may quench your

an in-viting voice, The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With an in-viting voice, With an in-viting voice. voice.  
springs that nev-er dry, Here you may quench your ra-ging thirst With springs that nev-er dry, With an in-viting voice. voice.

gos-pel sounds With an in-viting voice, The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With an in-viting voice, With springs that nev-er dry. dry.  
ra-ging thirst With springs that nev-er dry, Here you may quench your ra-ging thirst With springs that nev-er dry, With springs that nev-er dry. dry.

## JUMALAN RAUHAAN. C.M.D. (GOD'S PEACE.)

F# MINOR Songs of Believers,

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give as the world gives."

Steve Luttinen and Kim Bahmer, 2007

translated from the Finnish

"Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid."—John 14:27.

In loving memory of Minja Laušević.

by Alma Anderson, circa 1935.

1. When war is rag-ing o'er the land, 'tis com-fort-ing in - deed to sing of Sa - lem's glo - ries grand and of the race re - deemed.

2. And there be-fore the judg-ment seat we'll see the bless-ed Lamb. Up - on our heads re-ceive a wreath and palm leaves in our hands.

For nev-er on the shores of earth do rest and peace a - bide. So for a bet-ter land I yearn to be at Je - sus' side.

In hon-or of the Lord for - e'r we'll sing a new - er song. A-way from there is earth - ly care; a - way is want and wrong.

## IVEY. S.M.

E<sup>b</sup> MAJOR Philip Doddridge, 1755, alt.*Dedicated to the memory of Marie Ivey*

Wade Kotter, 2011.

1. Dear Savior, we are thine, By ev - er - last - ing bands; Our names, our hearts, we would re - sign, Our souls are in thy hands.

2. Thy spir - it shall u - nite Our souls to thee our head; Shall form us to thy im - age bright, That we thy paths may tread.

3. Death may our souls di - vide From these a - bodes of clay; But love shall keep us near thy side Through all the gloom-y way.

4. Since Christ and we are one, What should re - main to fear? If he in Heav'n hath fixed his throne, He'll fix his peo-ple there.

## JANE'S ENCOURAGEMENT. 8.7.8.7.D.

D MINOR Rachel Miller Jacobs, 1996.

Christine Guth, 1996.

1. In this sea-son's chil - ling snow-fall, and its drip-ping, melt-ing thaw, when the earth throws off its blank-et and re - claims it, cold and raw,

2. Like the earth, our hearts are fro - zen, like the skies, our fa - ces grim, like the ice, our days are brit - tle, fears have filled us to the brim.

Lord, rain down on us your mer - cy, o - pen to us streams of grace, give us drink, for we are thirst-y, strengthen us to seek your face.

Melt us with the tears of griev-ing, warm us with the fire of love, may our cold and small be - liev-ing be a seed of heav'n a - bove.

## GOSS. 7s.

F MAJOR John Newton, 1776.

Linda Sides, 2011.

1. For a sea-son called to part, Let us now our-selves com-mend To the gra-cious eye and heart Of our ev - er pre-sent Friend.

2. In Thy strength may we be strong; Sweet-en ev - 'ry cross and pain; Spare us, that we may, ere long, Meet and wor-ship Thee a - gain.

3. Then, if Thou Thy - self af - ford, Songs of glad-ness will we raise; And our souls shall bless the Lord, And speak forth His glo-rious praise.

Je-sus, hear our hum-ble prayer: Ten-der Shep-herd of Thy sheep, Let Thy mer - cy and Thy care All our souls in safe-ty keep.

## MELANIE. L.M.

G MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707–09.

Anne Heider, 2009.

1. Is he a star? He breaks the night, Piercing the shades with dawn - ing light;  
 2. Is he a sun? His beams are grace, His course is joy and right - eous - ness;  
 3. Is he a fountain? There I bathe, And the healing plague sin and death;  
 4. Is he a rock? How firm he proves! The rock of ages moves;  
 5. Is he a vine? His heav'n - ly root supplies the boughs with life and fruit;  
 6. Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars, Nor heav'n, his boughs with resemblance bears;

I know his glories when from afar, I To know the bright clouds and morning star.  
 Nations rejoice when he appears, I chase their clouds and dry their tears.  
 These waters all my soul renew, And cleanse my spot - ted garments too.  
 Yet the sweet streams that from him flow, At tend us all the desert through.  
 O let a last union join, My soul the branch to him Christ face to vine.  
 His beauties we can never trace, Till we be hold to him Christ face.

## ST. JAMES. C.M.

A MINOR in *Divine Hymns, or Spiritual Songs*, 1800

Robert Stoddard, 2011

1. And let us all in Christ be one, Bound with the cords of love, 'Til But  
 2. De - li - ver'd there from cares and pains, Our spi - rits ne'er shall tire.

1. And let us all in Christ be one, Bound with the cords of love, 'Til we a - round thy glo - rious throne, 'Til But  
 2. De - li - ver'd there from cares and pains, Our spi - rits ne'er shall tire. But in se - ra - phic, hev'n - ly strains, But 'Til we a-round thy glo - rious throne Shall joy - ful meet a - But in se - ra - phic, hev'n - ly strains Re - deem - ing love ad -'

we a - round thy glo - rious throne Shall joy - ful meet a - bove, Shall joy - ful meet, Shall joy - ful meet a - bove. - bove  
 in se - ra - phic, hev'n - ly strains Re - deem - ing love ad - mire, Re - deem - ing love, Re - deem - ing love ad - mire. - mire.  
 glo - rious throne Shall meet a - bove,  
 hev'n - ly strains Thy love ad - mire,

we a - round thy glo - rious throne Shall joy - ful meet a - bove, Shall joy - ful meet, Shall joy - ful meet a - bove. - bove  
 in se - ra - phic, hev'n - ly strains Re - deem - ing love ad - mire, Re - deem - ing love, Re - deem - ing love ad - mire.  
 bove,  
 mire,

## ROGERS. C.M.

A<sup>b</sup> MAJOR John Ryland (1753-1825)*In honor of Mr. & Mrs. Lonnie Rogers*

Stanley Smith, 2011.

Musical score for the first part of the hymn "In all my Lord's appointed ways". The score consists of four staves: Treble, Alto, Bass, and Bass (continuing). The key signature is A<sup>b</sup> major (two flats), and the time signature is 6/8. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests. The lyrics are as follows:

1. In all my Lord's ap - point-ed ways My jour-ney I'll pur - sue; "Hin - der me not," ye much loved saints, For I must go with you.

Musical score for the second part of the hymn "Through flood and flames, if Je-sus lead". The score consists of four staves: Treble, Alto, Bass, and Bass (continuing). The key signature changes to A<sup>b</sup> major (two flats), and the time signature is 6/8. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests. The lyrics are as follows:

Through flood and flames,if Je-sus lead,  
Through flood and flames,if Je-sus lead,I'll fol-low where He goes: "Hin - der me not" shall be my cry,Though earth and hell op - pose.  
if Je-sus lead,

1      2

## CARTERSVILLE. C.M.

E MINOR Ed E. Thacker, 2010.

*"I will remove the iniquity of that land in one day."—Zech. 3:9.*

Ed E. Thacker, 2010.

1. God of mer-cy and cre - a - tor, Save us by thy pow-er, Let all be-low lift up thy name, Un - til that bless-ed hour.

Bless the day sin passed a - way our tri - als now are ov - er And see our sav - ior there. there.

Sin passed a - way O bless the day And see our sav - ior there. there.

Sin passed a - way O bless the day And see our sav - ior there. there.

Bless the dav sin passed a - wav our tri - als now are ov - er And see our sav - ior there. there.

## EXULTATION. C.M.D.

E MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Nikos Pappas, rev. 2011.

1. When the last trumpet's aw - ful voice This ren-ding earth shall shake, When op'ning graves shall yield their charge, And dust to life a - wake,

2. Be - hold, what heav'n-ly proph-ets sung Is now at last ful - fill'd; And Death yields up his an-cient reign, And van-quish'd, quits the field,

Those bod-ies that cor - rupt-ed fell Shall in - cor - rupt a - rise, And mor - tal forms shall spring to life Im - mor - tal in the skies.

Let faith ex - alt her joy - ful voice, And now in tri - umph sing; O Grave where is thy vic - to - ry? And where, O death, thy sting?

## CREST.

G MAJOR Martha Sherwood, 2010.

Steve Helwig, 2010.

When morn-ing tints the fleet - ing clouds With shades of rose and gold, 'Tis time to think up - on the Lord For all the new day holds; Each

day the good a - new un - folds. Give praise through-out the turn-ing day, To Him whose word com-mands the clime, Brings wa-ter to the thirst - y earth,

Gives

## CREST. Concluded.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts are supported by a basso continuo line. The lyrics are:

And or - ders all to pass - ing time. Sing prais-es in the af - ter - glow As moon and stars re - turn the song While  
 na-ture har-mo - ny sub-lime,

A continuation of the musical score. The lyrics are:

na-ture in the bo-som rests of him to who we all, Of Him to whom we all be - long, Our re-fuge in the Lord is strong.

## ANGELS GATE. C.M.

E MINOR Samuel Wesley, Sr.

Dan Thoma, 2011.

1. Be - hold the Sav - ior of man - kind Nailed to the shame - ful tree!

2. 'Tis done! the pre - cious ran - som's paid, "Re - ceive my soul," he cries!

3. But soon he'll break death's en - vious chain, And in full glo - ry shine:

How vast the love that him in - clined To bleed and die for thee! 1 2

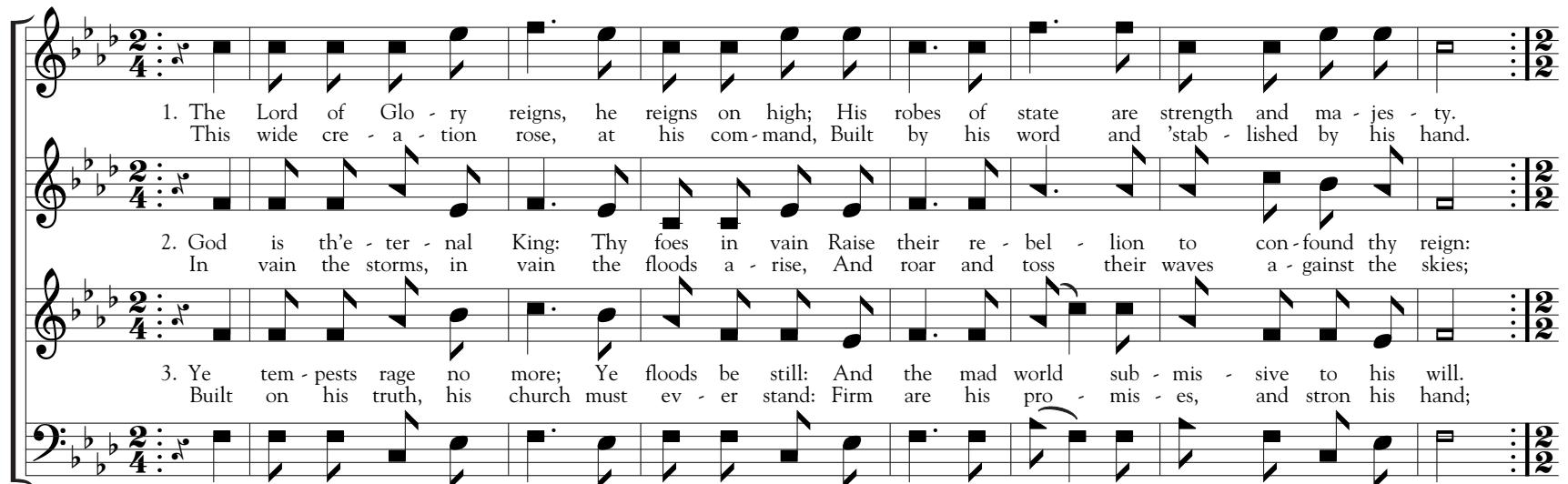
See where he bows his sa - cred head! He bows his head, and dies! dies!

O Lamb of God! was ev - er pain, Was ev - er love, like thine? thine?

## REDDING. 10.11.10.11

F MINOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

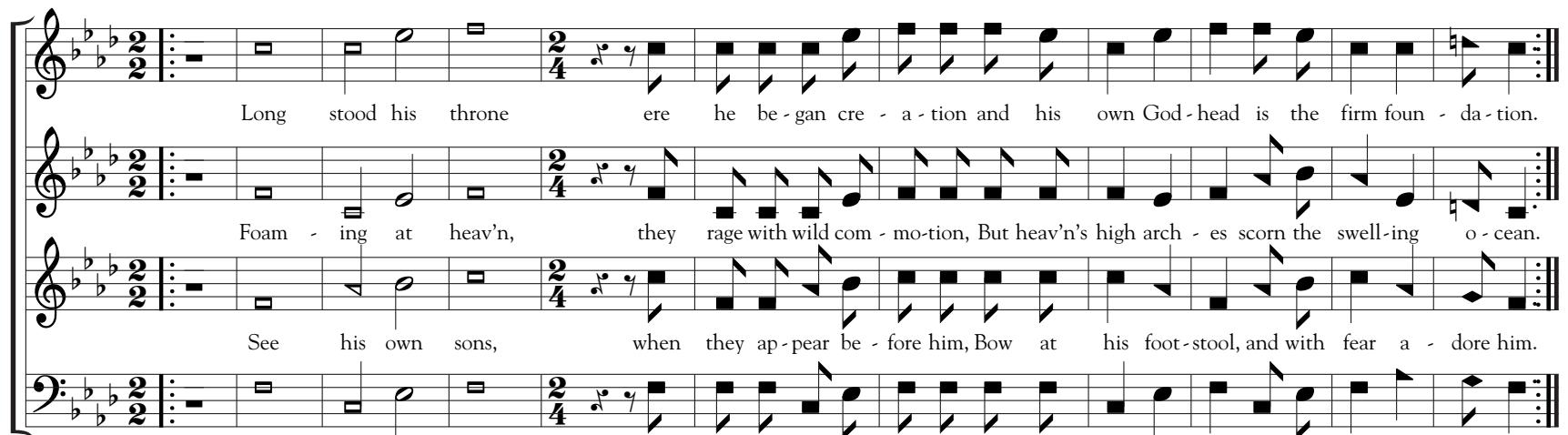
P. Dan Brittain, 1972.



1. The Lord of glo-ry reigns, he reigns on high; His robes of state are strength and ma-jes-ty.  
This wide cre-a-tion rose, at his com-mand, Built by his word and 'stab-lished by his hand.'

2. God is th'e-ter-nal King: Thy foes in vain Raise their re-bel-lion to confound thy reign:  
In vain the storms, in vain the floods a-rise, And roar and toss their waves against the skies;

3. Ye tem-pests rage, no more; Ye floods be still: And the mad world sub-mis-sive to his will.  
Built on his truth, his church must ev-er stand: Firm are his pro-sub-mis-es, and stron his hand;



Long stood his throne ere he be-gan cre-a-tion and his own God-head is the firm foun-da-tion.

Foam-ing at heav'n, they rage with wild com-mo-tion, But heav'n's high arch-es scorn the swell-ing o-cean.

See his own sons, when they ap-pear be-fore him, Bow at his foot-stool, and with fear a-dore him.

## SAN JUAN BAUTISTA.

E MAJOR Mark1:2–3, KJV

Dan Harper, 2010.

As it is writ - ten in the pro - phets, Be - hold, I send my mes - sen - ger Be - fore thy face which

As it is writ - ten in the pro - phets, Be - hold, I send my mes - sen - ger Be - fore thy face which

As it is writ - ten in the pro - phets, Be - hold, I send my mes - sen - ger Be - fore thy face which

As it is writ - ten in the pro - phets, Be - hold, I send my mes - sen - ger Be - fore thy face which

shall pre - pare Thy way be - fore thee. call - ing in the wil - der - ness:

shall pre - pare Thy way be - fore thee. in the wil - der - ness:

shall pre - pare Thy way be - fore thee. in the wil - der - ness:

shall pre - pare Thy way be - fore thee. The voice of one call - ing in the wil - der - ness:

**SAN JUAN BAUTISTA. Concluded.**

Musical score for 'San Juan Bautista' concluding section, featuring four staves in G major with a common time signature. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. The lyrics are:

Pre - pare ye the way of the  
Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord, the  
Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord, pre - pare ye the  
Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord, the

Musical score continuation for 'San Juan Bautista' concluding section, featuring four staves in G major with a common time signature. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. The lyrics are:

Lord, of the Lord. Make his paths straight,  
make his paths straight. straight.  
way of the Lord. Make his paths straight,  
make his paths straight. straight.  
way of the Lord. Make his paths straight,  
make his paths straight. straight.  
way of the Lord. Make his paths straight,  
make his paths straight. straight.

1 2

## WEEP NOT FOR ME. P.M.

E MINOR Thomas Dale, 1817

Fynn Titford-Mock, 2011.

1. When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for me;  
When the languid eye is straining, Weep not for me;  
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
When the languid eye is straining,  
Weep not for me;

2. When the pang of death as sail me, Weep not for me;  
Christ is mine; He can not fail me, Weep not for me;  
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor

Start not at its swift decreasing; 'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing; Weep not for me.

From his love my soul to sever, Jesus is my strength forever; Weep not for me.

## HANS. 8s &amp; 7s.

A MAJOR Isaac Watts, *Songs for Children*, 1715.

John Bayer, Jr., Sept. 21, 1994.

1. Hush, my dear! Lie still, and slum - ber! Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed!

2. Sleep my babe! Thy food and rai - ment, house and home, thy friends pro - vide;

3. May'st thou live to know and fear Him, Trust and love Him all thy days.

Heav'n - ly bless - ings, with - out num - ber gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.

All with - out thy care or pay - ment, All thy wants are well sup - plied.

Then go dwell for - ev - er near Him, see His face, and sing His praise!

**BERRYVILLE. L.M.**

E MINOR Frederick Lucian Hosmer (1840–1929), alt.

James P. Page, 1996.

1. Not al - ways on the mount may we Rapt in the heav'n - ly vi - sion be; The  
2. Yet hath one such ex - alt - ed hour Up - on the soul re - deem - ing pow'r, And

shores of thought and feel - ing know The Spi - rit's tid - al ebb and flow.  
in its strength through af - ter days We trav - el our ap - point - ed ways.



# The trum<sup>p</sup>et

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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## In this Issue

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

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

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

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

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

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

— The Editors [ed@singtherumpet.com](mailto:ed@singtherumpet.com)

## Articles

In this Issue, iii

A Peek at the New Cooper Book, by Karen Willard, iv

Sacred Harp Takes Root at Bennington College, by Kestrel

Slocombe, v

Psalm 121, by Isaac Watts, v

## Tunes

LAURELTON, Deidra M. Montgomery, 67

WALTON, Ed E. Thacker, 68

JOSHUA, Glenn Keeton & Chris Ballinger, 69

FLAMING TONGUES, Gabrielle Fulmer, 70

OLIVE TREE, Carol Medlicott & R.C. Webber, 71

EVERGREEN, Logan Green, 72

PALMER, Kevin Barrans, 73

THE TRUMPET SOUNDS, K.R. Swenson, 74

KYRKJEBØBAKKEN, James Solheim, 76

FOREST ROSE, Thurlow Weed, 77

LAMB OF GOD, Theresa Hamrick Westmoreland, 78

ALLEGHENY, G.J. Hoffman, 78

RUNYAN, Micah Sommer, 79

NOW I WAS FREE, Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 80

NEEDFUL, Janie Short, 82

## A Peek at the New Revised Cooper Book

By Karen Willard

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

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

The new edition is  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch taller and  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wider than before but it is still smaller in page size than the Denson revision. It retains the blue cloth with silver lettering cover. The new cover will be a little bit less plain than the 2006 cover.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Sacred Harp Takes Root at Bennington College

by Kestrel Slocombe

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

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

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

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

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



## LAURELTON. L.M.

F<sup>#</sup> MINOR Isaac Watts, 1707–09.

Deidra M. Montgomery, 2011–12.

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

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

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

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

## WALTON. L.M.

D MAJOR Ed E. Thacker, 2009.

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

Ed E. Thacker, 2009.

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

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

Our long-ing hearts cry out for thee,  
Thy walls of glo-ry let us see. 1 2

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

# JOSHUA.

G MAJOR Lisa Ballinger Geist, 2004.

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

Glenn Keeton, 1993.

Chris Ballinger, 2005

*Fine*

The musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in G major, common time, treble clef. The third staff is in common time, bass clef. The lyrics are divided into two parts: Part 1 (measures 1-8) and Part 2 (measures 9-16). The vocal line features eighth-note patterns and occasional sixteenth-note grace notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords. Measure 1 starts with a forte dynamic. Measures 2-3 show a melodic line with eighth-note pairs. Measures 4-5 continue the eighth-note pattern with some grace notes. Measures 6-7 show a more rhythmic variation. Measure 8 ends with a half note. Measures 9-10 begin Part 2 with a new melodic line. Measures 11-12 continue this line. Measures 13-14 show another variation. Measure 15 ends with a half note. Measure 16 concludes the section with a final melodic line.

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

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

*D.C. al Fine*

The musical score continues with three staves. The top two staves are in G major, common time, treble clef. The third staff is in common time, bass clef. The lyrics describe Jesus' reign and guidance. The vocal line features eighth-note patterns with grace notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The section begins with a melodic line in measure 1, followed by a repeat of the melody in measure 2. Measures 3-4 show a variation. Measures 5-6 continue the melody. Measures 7-8 show another variation. Measures 9-10 conclude the section with a final melodic line.

Jesus, our Lord, He reigns on high, to bless us with His sovereign grace.  
He guides us with a gentle hand, He hears each prayer and knows our needs;

## FLAMING TONGUES. 8.7.8.7.D.

F# MINOR Robert Robinson, 1758.

Gabrielle Fulmer, 2008.

1. Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy praise! Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net,  
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.  
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - e ne - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope by Thy good pleas - ure Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger,  
3. Oh! to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!  
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee!  
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it;

Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove: Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.  
Wan - d'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.  
Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, Oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

## OLIVE TREE. 7s.

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

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

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

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

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

4. Now de-part, dis-cord and strife.

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

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

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

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

Let us re-u-nion the free-ly flow love, that Free-ly this love flow-ly ing tree from may a grow. bove.

G MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

# EVERGREEN. L.M.

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

Logan Green, 2010.

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

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

leaps, he flies to my re - lief.

Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of my  
And when we hear our Je - sus say, "Rise up,

Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of my my  
And when we hear our Je - sus say, "Rise up,

souls re - joice and bless the vine.

Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of my love, he  
And when we hear our Je - sus say, "Rise up,

Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of my love, he  
And when we hear our Je - sus say, "Rise up,

Now through the veil of flesh I see With eyes of my love, he looks at me, With  
And when we hear our Je - sus say,

With eyes of love he looks at me, With  
"Rise up, my love, make haste a-way, My

## EVERGREEN. Concluded.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in G major. The vocal parts are arranged in three staves above a basso continuo staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score consists of four systems of music, each ending with a repeat sign and two endings (1 and 2). The lyrics describe a divine vision where God shows the beauties of his face through the gospel's clear words.

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

## PALMER.

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

Kevin Barrans, 2012.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in F major. The vocal parts are arranged in three staves above a basso continuo staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score consists of six systems of music, each ending with a repeat sign and two endings (1 and 2). The lyrics are from a hymn by Samson Occom, encouraging sinners to turn to Jesus for salvation.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye for why will ye die? When God in great mer - cy is com - ing so nigh?  
2. Now Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says come! And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.  
3. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay Your hearts may grow bet - ter, your chains melt a - way!  
4. Come guilt - y, come wretch - ed, come just as you are; All help - less and dy - ing, to Je - sus re - pair.  
5. The con - trite in heart he will free - ly re - ceive, Oh, why will you not the glad mes - sage be - lieve?  
6. If sin be your bur - den, why will you not come? 'Tis you He makes wel - come, He bids you come home.

# THE TRUMPET SOUNDS. C.M.D.

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

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

K. R. Swenson, 2011.

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

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

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

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

## THE TRUMPET SOUNDS. Concluded.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, treble clef, and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The lyrics describe the sound of trumpets and the resulting emotional response. The score includes two endings, labeled '1' and '2', indicated by a brace at the end of the fourth staff.

ev -'ry sin - ner's heart.  
fool -ish - ness we mourn.

The The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds.  
The The trum - pet sounds, the trum - pet sounds.

heart. mourn.

Keep him out no more sin And force to him our to sa - de vior turn. The The - part. turn.

Turn from ev -'ry sin And force to him our to sa - de vior turn. The The - part. turn.

heart. The And world need at keep him from out ev -'ry sin And force to him our to sa - de vior turn. The The - part. turn.

The And turn at keep once from ev -'ry sin And force to him our to sa - de vior turn. The The - part. turn.

sin - ner's ness we mourn.

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

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

## KYRKJEBØBAKKEN.

F<sup>#</sup> MINOR Isaac Watts, 1709.

James Solheim, 1995.

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

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

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

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

## FOREST ROSE. 8s &amp; 7s.

D MAJOR Robert Robinson, 1758, alt.

Thurlow Weed, 2008.

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

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

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

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

## LAMB OF GOD.

F<sup>#</sup> MINOR Theresa Hamrick Westmoreland, 2012.

Theresa Hamrick Westmoreland, 2012.

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

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

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

## ALLEGHENY. S.M.

E MINOR Philip Doddridge.

G. J. Hoffman, 2010.

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

2. Our fa-thers, where are they, With all they called their own? Their joys and griefs and hopes and cares, And wealth and hon-or, gone.

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

## RUNYAN. L.M.

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

Micah Sommer, 2011.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G Major, 2/2 time. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of the lyrics is:

1. Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud praise to our almighty king.  
For My we our voices  
voice shall be re-

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

The third section continues the theme:

high leased should and raise fly  
When To join the sal - va - tion's rock in we the praise.  
sky.

we our voic - es high should raise fly  
When To join the sal - va - tion's rock in we the praise.  
sky.

high leased should and raise fly  
When To join the sal - va - tion's rock in we the praise.  
sky.

raise fly  
When To join the sal - va - tion's rock in we the praise.  
sky.

## NOW I WAS FREE.

C MAJOR Harriet Tubman, 1849.

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2005–09.

I looked at my hand to see if I was the same person now I was free.  
I looked at my hand to see if I was the same person now I was free, to see if I was the same person now I was free.

There was such glory over ev'ry - thing, There was such glo-ry o-ver ev'-ry-thing, - thing.  
There was such glo-ry o-ver ev'-ry-thing,  
There was such glo-ry o-ver ev'ry - thing, There was such glo-ry o-ver ev'-ry-thing, - thing.  
There was such glo-ry o-ver ev'ry - thing, The sun came like

## NOW I WAS FREE. Concluded.

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

The sun came like gold through the trees,

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

gold, came like gold through the trees,

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

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

E MINOR Samuel Medley, 1789.

## NEEDFUL. L.M.D.

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

Janie Short, 2010.

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

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

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

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







Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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2012 Editorial Board  
Will Fitzgerald  
Thomas B Malone  
Robert L Vaughn

Musical Typesetting  
James Nelson Gingerich

Copyediting  
Clarissa Fetrow

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## From the Editors

For students, Fall is like the beginning of the year. Yet for nature it is more like the end. The days get shorter and the earth gets colder, the leaves give their colors and then fall, making way for the snowy winds of the coming winter. Even for us singers, Fall is like the ending of the season, maybe because many of the original singing schedules were centered around the agricultural calendar. All the same, whether we live in the cities or nearer to the land, we get that autumnal feeling that is so well summed up in songs like EVENING SHADE and SONS OF SORROW. We feel great joy in living – living with the understanding that each season, even the season of life itself, yields and makes way for those that follow after.

This introspection brings me to another point – why do we like minor music so much? I remember once hearing Terry Wooten tell a singing class of young people that the reason he liked minor music so much was because he was “such a sad person.” Of course he said this with a huge smile on his face, and most of those within earshot all broke into laughter. We recognize that the music speaks to us in ways that are deeper than our personalities, and Sacred Harp singers don’t go around moping; although, as many newcomers are quick to notice, mortality and the finitude of life is a constant refrain of our tradition. Even in the pages of *The Trumpet* we have had a majority of minor songs in each volume, and have been gently coaxing some writers to lean on the Major side a little bit more. Some of our favorite major tunes get the tears rolling in a way that the powerful punch of the minor key just can’t quite seem to muster.

Which brings us to this volume, the last issue of *The Trumpet*’s second year. Thanks for all of your support, you singers, writers, and contributors of essays and region reports. We would like to see this venture keep going forward and invite people thinking about composing to take up a pencil and give it a shot – we are a community that is global and our songs are humble but reach around the world. We may also be looking for help on the editorial side, so if you would like to be involved in the labor which makes this publication possible, drop us a line. The amount of heart, sweat, and late nights that our entire editorial staff puts in on this voluntary endeavor is a tribute to the fact that we do this for the love of one another and for our singing friends around the world – and for the spiritual gift that this

music brings to all of us. Take a minute and look at the names of the editorial staff and imagine that each of them deserves a moment of your silent appreciation. Then open to a tune and SING!

There will be an all-day singing from *The Trumpet* on November 4th 1pm-5pm at the University of Massachusetts, Lowell at Durgin Hall, 35 Wilder Street. If you think you might be in the area, contact Tom Malone at shapenote@gmail.com

– The Editors ed@singthetrumpet.com

## Articles

From the Editors, iii

About THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC, by Nikos Pappas, iv

Sand Mountain Singer’s Journey to the North,

by Drew Smith, v

Three Amigos, by Robert L. Vaughn, v

## Tunes

BREMEN, Wade Kotter, 83

NEHALEM, Dan Thoma, 83

PAGE STREET, Leland Paul Kusmer, 84

GOODSHAW, Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 85

LEXINGTON, R.T. Kelley, 86

WATTS, R.C. Webber, 88

THE RICH SINNER DYING, Dan Harper, 89

PLEVNA, Brad Bahler, 90

GENEROSITY, Fynn Titford-Mock, 91

THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC, Stephen Jenks & Nikos Pappas, 92

MCCOY, Linda Sides, 97

HALL, Drew Smith, 98

CONTRITION, Rebecca Wright, 99

HURRICANE CREEK, D.W. Steel, 100

## About THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC

By Nikos Pappas, Lexington, Kentucky

I first read about THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC through David Warren Steel's 1995 *Collected Works of Stephen Jenks*. I had attended high school in northeastern Ohio and was interested in sacred music of the Connecticut Western Reserve, the part of northeastern Ohio given to Revolutionary War veterans from the Nutmeg State. I had read about Jenks's retirement to Thompson in Geauga County and admired his tunes found in *The Sacred Harp*. Though Steel included almost every piece written by Jenks, this set piece was not among them, because Jenks never finished it. After reading that a few pieces by Jenks remained in his holograph manuscript copybook in either a fragmentary or imperfect state of preservation, I wanted to see them for myself. I ordered a copy of the manuscript from the Newberry Library in Chicago, a repository for many important early collections of American psalmody.

A few years later, after having studied the manuscript's contents, I revisited the Jenks manuscript for research I was conducting on Ohio sacred music. I found myself drawn to this set piece and became determined to complete it. Though its composer died in 1856, six years after working on it, THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC was one of the last pieces that he ever composed and it remained unfinished, most likely because of health issues. Following the practice of many early nineteenth-century psalmodists such as Ananias Davisson, William Walker, and Benjamin Franklin White and Elisha J. King, I composed a treble part for the portions missing in the original manuscript. Jenks's treble began just before the concluding doxology; the rest of the part remained blank in the score.

Jenks's music falls into two basic periods: the first from 1799-1818, when he was a notable composer and compiler among the second generation of southern and western New England psalmodists such as Truman S. Wetmore, Elisha West, and Jeremiah Ingalls. Jenks's second period coincides with his retirement as an active singing master and his move west to Ohio. Composing mostly for himself, Jenks treated composition as an avocation. Only a handful of later pieces appeared in print and all are found in *The Shawm* (1853), a tunebook compiled by William Bradbury, George F. Root, Thomas Hastings,

and Timothy Mason, leaders of the Better Music movement associated with Northern reformers.

These two periods also fall into two general compositional styles, the first representative of his New England contemporaries, descending from the initiatives of William Billings in the 1770s. The second period reveals Jenks's efforts to incorporate the characteristics of the Northern reformers. Though an older composer at the time, he attempted to remain up-to-date through a more modern approach to composition, albeit with varying levels of success. He generally attempted to follow predictable chord patterns associated with mainstream popular and art music, simplified the individual voices and provided a more static bass line, and avoided textual overlap, or at least simplified it in fusing passages by pairing voices together. All of these features characterize THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC.

Alongside these more progressive aspects to the set piece, Jenks also could not escape his old-fashioned sensibilities. Parallel fifths and octaves still appear between voices and a number of chords remain open, emphasizing only the first and fifth notes of a triad. Not all of the progressions follow the rules of orthodox harmony, and some of the sonorities seem dictated by the shape of the individual lines, all features associated with older New England composers. In fashioning his set piece, Jenks, though framing the piece within the context of the reform style, borrowed some melodic and rhythmic techniques from his youth. The opening melody quotes THE ROSE OF SHARON by William Billings. The second verse, which begins with the text, "Angelic armies tune their harps," undergoes several time signature changes reminiscent of those in HEAVENLY VISION by Jacob French. This combination of old and new trends in sacred music adds to the charm of Jenks's original. I have tried to follow the elder musician's lead in composing my treble part, finding a balance between the eighteenth and nineteenth-century approaches to psalmody.

Finally, Jenks, like Billings, most likely shaped his own version of the text of this set piece. Versions of this poem appear in a number of text-only hymnals preceding Jenks's composition. Another version,

used in CHRISTMAS ANTHEM (225b) in *The Sacred Harp*, descends from the third edition of John Totten's *A Collection of the Most Admired Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (New York, 1813). Few subsequent printings of this poem agree with each other, differing in word repetition, poetic meter, and verse content and order. Jenks's version is no exception.

In contrast, one element that links most of the versions together centers around the sources' connections to Methodism and other enthusiastic religious groups such as the Millerites, a branch of Christianity from which grew the Seventh Day Adventist church. A number of Jenks's pieces from the 1840s used or suggested texts suitable for camp meetings and revivals. It appears that Jenks, approaching his eighth decade, felt the influence of the Restoration movement popular throughout the Connecticut Western Reserve. In this spirit of old and new styles, past and present composers, and individual freedom of expression, I hope you find some measure of delight in singing this holiday set piece composed by Stephen Jenks and completed by myself.

**Editors' note:** See page 92 for Nikos's version of THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC.

## Sand Mountain Singer's Journey to the North

by Drew Smith, Ider, Alabama

I am writing to tell of one man's journey along an already well-beaten path. Many Northern singers have written about their trips to experience the deep-rooted tradition of Southern Sacred Harp singing, but perhaps the road is far less traveled coming from the opposite direction (or at least less written-about). And I can tell you from experience that the road is just as far no matter which way you're going . . . and it is well worth the trip either way.

I recently had the pleasure of attending the Maidencreek All-Day Singing in the state of Pennsylvania. On the road trip up, I drove through the foothills of Tennessee, the mountains and valleys of North Carolina, the simple beauty and charm of both Virginia and West Virginia, and even saw a little of Delaware's countryside. These views alone made the trip worth it. I even saw a few long rusty chicken houses along the way ~ which made me feel right at home.

The Sacred Harp singings that I attended were beautiful, well-organized, and wonderfully well-attended. In particular, I had never been more amazed by a treble section. It consisted mostly of female voices, a make-up that, I admit, I have never been quite fond of before, but the quality of singers and voices on the front few rows was genuinely awe-inspiring. Often I found myself enjoying just sitting and listening to them as much as I enjoyed singing myself. Now, this is not to say the other parts were lacking; the talent and strength of the singers in that old Quaker meeting house was the stuff of beauty that the "poets, bards, and sages" of other ages wrote and sang about.

Now when I wasn't out galavanting through Pennsylvania's gorgeous green countryside, I enjoyed the gracious hospitality of two families, who opened their homes, hearts, refrigerators, and coolers to my traveling companions and me. My only hope is that I can one day repay this hospitality to them and to others. We ate food both freshly picked and perfectly ripe. I had fennel (probably more than my fair share), figs, peppers, fruits, and other produce that, while foreign to me, were absolutely delicious. I could tell why many of these items were staples for singers that lived there. The only thing missing for me was a big tub of Papa Coy's fried chicken livers from Liberty Church, but I guess that's one thing that will always be a Southern exclusive.

While many Southern singings may have the upper hand in terms of longevity, country-fried foods, and may attract a more global singing base, the Northern singings that I have attended can rival even the best of singings in my home state of Alabama. Some things are just universal to those that hold the Harp dear, no matter what state you are singing in. Sacred Harp singers sing with an honest, fervent passion that pleases not only the ear but also the spirit; they genuinely love the fellowship of singing companions; they find and cherish beauty in tradition; and, most importantly, they openly welcome any stranger holding a Harp, even a backwoods boy with a crooked smile.

So, as a wise man once said, the road is just as far in either direction, and no matter which way you are coming from, North or South, one thing is for sure ~ traveling makes the Harp grow fonder.

**Editors' note:** See page 98 for Drew's tune, HALL.

## Three Amigos

by Robert L. Vaughn, Mount Enterprise, Texas

Into the 1980s, we had three East Texas Sacred Harp singers who lived to be nonagenarians. They were all born in October of 1891 (two of them born on the 9th day of the month). They were B. A. Harry (1891-1984), David Waldrop (1891-1985) and Grady McLeod (1891-1988). In 1891, Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States and *The Sacred Harp* was in its 47th year. These three men were 12 years old at the time of the death of B.F. White's son, David. They probably knew him.

To me as a child, Grady McLeod was someone who stood out in the crowd ~ even though he wasn't a very big man. He was the "youngster" of the three amigos, born October 28. He was short, red of face, with gold teeth and silvery white hair, and had an "affable" personality. He keyed music, and sang high treble with the ladies. Among his favorite tunes was O JESUS, EVER WITH US STAY in the Cooper Book. I never hear "fave thud-ee too" (page 532) called, that I don't think of Mr. McLeod and his unique Southern accent. His father and mother were born in Pike County, Alabama in 1858 and came to Texas before 1890. Born last, he lived the longest, dying at age 96, in 1988.

"Uncle David" Waldrop isn't in my childhood memories as much as Mr. McLeod. But as I grew older I came to think of him as one of the "neatest" people I knew. I wanted to talk to him whenever I could. He knew a lot about a lot of subjects and had very interesting stories to tell. I think he served in both World Wars, and was a watch repairman (at least when I remember him). With the knowledge I have now, I wish I could go back and ask him about Sacred Harp in our area in his youth. Mr. Waldrop sang bass. The song I most often associate with him is 58 PISGAH, that old tune which he loved so very well. I also think of him when I hear 290 ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED/VICTORIA and 275b ROLL ON. He comes to mind whenever I announce the singing at "Ooold Pine Grove." While he was living he was usually the man to announce that singing. He had a unique way of drawing out the "ooold" that caught your attention. He continued his watch repair and driving a car until the time of his death, which occurred at age 93 as the result of a car wreck on March 3, 1985.

Of the three, I was least acquainted with Dr. Harry (I think he was a chiropractor). He exists only in my adult memories. In his elder years when he did not drive, his (also elderly) daughter was faithful to bring him to the singings. Dr. Harry sang tenor. I remember him most for the magnifying glass he used to see the print in his book and his disinterest in singing the notes. He had a philosophy that once you had learned to sing the notes on a song that you didn't need to keep singing them every time you led (or sang) that song. This seemed strange to me ~ my Dad's saying was "If you don't sing the notes, it's not Sacred Harp." But later I would learn that there was an area in East Texas where singers had that in their background and training. Dr. Harry was the only one I remember still living who wasn't "converted." When Dr. Harry led, this trait of his always caused someone to ask (in good humor, I think) whether we would be singing the notes. Though he didn't sing the notes, he DID sing all the words. Among his favorites was SING TO ME OF HEAVEN (312) ~ which had plenty of stanzas. His long songs and long life ended in February 1984 at age 92.

At the time, I didn't really realize what a blessing we had, to be able to know and sing with these men. Each was unique in his own way. They were old-time singers with a long history, and stories to tell. Their lives intersected with some of the early leaders of Texas Sacred Harp. Not only do I miss them, but it is with deep regret that I now know I didn't appreciate what we had ~ and I didn't ask all the questions I should have asked. Oh, to have had them sitting at my side when I wrote the 150-year history of the East Texas Sacred Harp Convention. They had lived almost two-thirds of it!

In every area of traditional Sacred Harp singing, there were men and women like these. Folks who may not have received nationwide notice or acclaim. Folks who were essential elements of the performance and preservation of this music. May this brief story of "three amigos" not just be a story of three people you didn't know. May it also be a reminder to be thankful for all those who have gone before us ~ known and unknown ~ those who have passed down a most beautiful repertoire of music, as they shared their love for it.

**BREMEN. L.M.***Dedicated to Hugh McGraw***F MAJOR** Wade Kotter, 2012.

Wade Kotter, 2012.

1. Help me to sing my Master's praise, To lift my voice in joy-ous lays; And when I reach fair Ca-naan's shore, I'll sing his praise for-ev-er more! more!

2. Help me to sing my Master's love, Sent down to us from heav'n a-bove; And when I fall down at his feet, His love will taste for-ev-er sweet! sweet!

3. Help me to sing my Master's grace, That res-cues our sad fal-len race; And when from sin grace sets me free, I will his face for - ev - er see. see.

4. Help me to sing my Master's pow'r, He rules the world from hour to hour; And when I see him on his throne, I'll make his pow'r for-ev-er known. known.

**NEHALEM. C.M.****D MAJOR** Anne Steele, 1760.

Dan Thoma, 2010.

1. See, low be-fore thy throne of grace, A wretch-ed wan-d'er mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Re - turn"?

2. And shall my guilt-y fears pre-vail To drive me from thy feet? Oh! Let not this dear re-fuge fail, This on - ly safe re-treat.

3. Oh! Shine on this be-night-ed heart, With beams of mer-cy shine! And let thy heal-ing voice im-part A taste of joys di-vine.

## PAGE STREET. C.M.

D MAJOR "F. B. P." c. 1580

Leland Paul Kusmer, 2012.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, our hap - py home, when shall we come to thee? When shall our sor - row have an end, thy joy when shall we see?

2. There's cin-na-mon that scen-teth sweet, there palms spring on the ground. No tongue can tell, no heart can think what joys do there a-bound.

The trees bear fruit, and ev - er - more they spring, and ev - er - more the saints are glad, and ev - er - more they sing!

For ev - er - more and ev - er - more they spring, and ev - er - more the saints are glad, and ev - er - more they sing!

and ev - er - more the saints are glad, and ev - er - more they sing!

## PAGE STREET. Concluded.

And ev - er - more they sing, and ev - er - more they sing, and ev - er - more the saints are glad, and ev - er - more they sing! sing!

And ev - er - more they sing, and ev - er - more they sing, and ev - er - more the saints are glad, and ev - er - more they sing! sing!

And ev - er - more they sing, ev - er - more they sing, ev - er - more they sing, and ev - er - more they sing! sing!

## GOODSHAW. C.M.

G MAJOR Roger Flexman, 1760.

Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 2011.

1. Great God, to thee, my grate-ful tongue My fer-vent thanks shall raise; In - spire my heart to raise the song Which ce - le - brates thy praise.

2. From thy al - might-y form-ing hand I drew my vi - tal pow'rs; My time re - volves at thy com-mand In all its cir-cling hours.

3. Be -neath the sha-dow of thy wings, How sweet is my re - pose! Thy morn-ing light re - news the springs From which my com-fort flows.

4. In ce - le - bra-tion of thy praise I will em - ploy my breath, And, walk-ing stead-fast in thy ways, Will tri-umph o - ver death.

## LEXINGTON. L.M.D.

A MINOR Robert Spence, 1780.

*"O praise the LORD, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people"—Psalm 117:1*

R. T. Kelley, 2012.

Your lofty themes ye mortals bring, In songs of praise divine - ly sing; The great sal -

Your lofty themes ye mortals bring, In songs of praise divine - ly sing; The great sal -

Your lofty themes ye mortals bring, In songs of praise divine - ly sing; The great sal -

§

va-tion loud pro - claim, And shout for joy the Sav - ior's name. In ev -'ry land be -

va-tion loud pro - claim, And shout for joy the Sav - ior's name. In

va-tion loud pro - claim, And shout for joy the Sav - ior's name. In ev -'ry land be - gin the song; To

In ev -'ry land be - gin the song; To ev -'ry land the

### LEXINGTON. Concluded.

gin the song; To ev - 'ry land the strains be - long; strains be - long; In cheer - ful  
 ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev - 'ry land the strains be - long; strains be - long; In cheer - ful  
 ev - 'ry land the strains be - long; strains be - long; In cheer - ful  
 strains be - long; strains be - long;

D.S.

sounds all voic - es raise, And fill the world with loud - est praise. praise.  
 sounds all voic - es raise, And fill the world with loud - est praise. praise.  
 sounds all voic - es raise, And fill the world with loud - est praise. praise.

## WATTS. C.M.

A MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719, rev. John Wesley, 1738.

R. C. Webber, 2012.

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come.  
O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come.  
O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come.  
O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come.

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home. home.  
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home. home.  
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home. home.  
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home. home.

2. Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
“Return, ye sons of men.”  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
and turn to earth again.
3. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
bears all its sons away.  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
dies at the op’ning day.
4. Under the shelter of thy throne,  
still may we dwell secure.  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
and our defense is sure.
5. O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
and our eternal home.

## THE RICH SINNER DYING. L.M.

D MINOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Dan Harper, 2011.

1. In vain the wealth - y mor - tals toil, And heap their shi - ning dust in vain;

2. Their gol - den cor - dials can - not ease Their pain - ed hearts or ach - ing heads,

3. Thence they are hud - dled to the grave, Where kings and slaves have e - qual thrones;

Look down and scorn the hum - ble poor, And boast their lof - ty hills of gain.

Nor fright nor bribe ap - proach - ing Death From glitt - 'ring roofs and down - y beds.

Their bones with - out dis - tinc - tion lie A - mong the heap of mean - er bones.

## PLEVNA. C.M.D.

F MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1715. "Be thou exalted, LORD, in thine own strength: so will we sing and praise thy power"—Psalm 21:13

Brad Bahler, 2009.

1. I sing the might - y power of God That made the moun - tains rise, That spread the flow - ing

2. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food, He formed the crea - tures

seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies. I sing the wis - dom that or -  
There's not a plant or flow'r be-

I sing the wis - dom that or-dained The  
There's not a plant or flow'r be-low, But

with his word, And then pro-nounced them good. I sing the wis - dom that or-dained The sun to  
There's not a plant or flow'r be-low, But makes thy

I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun to  
There's not a plant or flow'r be-low, But makes thy

### PLEVNA. Concluded.

A musical score for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in common time, treble clef, and B-flat major. The vocal parts are arranged in two staves: Soprano and Alto on top, Tenor and Bass on bottom. The lyrics are written below the notes. The music consists of four staves of music, each with a different vocal line. The lyrics are as follows:

dained low, The sun to rule the day, The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o - bey.  
 But makes thy glo - ries known, And clouds a - rise and tem - pests blow By or - der of thy throne.  
 sun makes to rule the day, known, The moon shines full at his com - mand, And all the stars o - bey.  
 thy glo - ries known, And clouds a - rise and tem - pests blow By or - der of thy throne.  
 rule glo - ries known, The moon shines full at his com - mand, And all the stars o - bey.  
 the day, known, The And clouds a - rise and tem - pests blow By or - der of thy throne.  
 rule glo - ries known, The moon shines full at his com - mand, And all the stars o - bey.  
 the day, known, The And clouds a - rise and tem - pests blow By or - der of thy throne.

### GENEROSITY. 7s.

G MAJOR in *Christians Magazine*, 1766,  
attributed to William Dodd.

for M. B.

Fynn Titford-Mock, 2012.

A musical score for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in common time, treble clef, and G major. The vocal parts are arranged in two staves: Soprano and Alto on top, Tenor and Bass on bottom. The lyrics are written below the notes. The music consists of four staves of music, each with a different vocal line. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Grate - ful notes and num-bers bring, While Je - hovah's praise we sing; Lord, thy mer-cies nev-er fail; Hail, ce - les-tial good-ness, hail!  
 2. Though un - worthy, Lord, thine ear, Deign our hum-ble songs to hear; Pur - er praise we hope to bring When a - round thy throne we sing.  
 3. An - gels, your clear voic-es raise; Him ye heav'n-ly ar-mies praise; Sun and moon with bor-rowed light, All ye spark-ling eye of night.  
 4. Glo - ry to our boun-teous King! Glo - ry let cre - a-tion sing! Glo - ry to the Fa-ther, Son, And blest Spir-it, Three in One.

## THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC.

**C MAJOR** Text adapted by Stephen Jenks(?)

Stephen Jenks, 1850,  
and Nikos Pappas, 2001.

Treble by Pappas

How charm-ing! Oh, how charm-ing is the ra-diant band of mu-sic, Mu-sic, mu-sic, mu-sic. Of

How charm-ing! Oh, how charm-ing is the ra-diant band of mu-sic, Mu-sic, mu-sic, mu-sic. How charm-ing is the ra-diant band Of

mu-sic play-ing through the air. An - ge - lic ar - mies tune their harps, En - rap - tur'd spir - its play their parts. And

mu-sic play-ing through the air. An - ge - lic ar - mies tune their harps, En - rap - tur'd spir - its play their parts. And

## THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC. Continued.

Shout! Shout! Shout! The great Mes-siah is come to earth. Ga-briel de - scend - ing to bring the joy-ful news;

Shout! Shout! Shout! The great Mes-siah is come to earth. Ga-briel de - scend - ing to bring the joy-ful news;

Joy-ful, joy-ful news, Joy-ful, joy-ful news Of our Re - deem-er's birth.

Joy-ful, joy-ful news, Joy-ful, joy-ful news Of our Re - deem-er's birth. See his star a - ris - ing, See his star a - ris - ing,

**THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC. Continued.**

Musical score for 'The Radiant Band of Music' continued, featuring three staves of music with lyrics. The lyrics are:

In the east-ern sky, in the east-ern sky, Ris-ing, ris-ing, ris-ing in the east - ern sky.  
 In the east-ern sky, in the east-ern sky, Ris-ing, ris-ing, ris-ing, ris-ing in the east - ern sky.  
 In the east-ern sky, in the east-ern sky, Ris-ing, ris-ing, ris-ing, ris-ing in the east - ern sky.  
 In the east-ern sky,

The score consists of three staves: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The time signature changes from 3/4 to 2/4 in the last measure. The bass staff has a unique note head style.

Musical score continuation with lyrics:

The King of Glo-ry is born.

The types and shad-ows flee a - way And now be-gins the gos-pel day. The King of Glo-ry is born.

The score consists of four staves: Treble, Alto, Bass, and a fourth staff starting with a bass clef. The time signature changes from 3/4 to 2/4 in the last measure of each line.

## THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC. Continued.

Wise men have found him by the ris-ing star And come to wor - ship from a - far. Jew and Gen - tiles praise your King, And

Treble by Jenks

With Ga - briel and the shin-ing host Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

loud Ho-san - nahs sweet - ly sing With Ga - briel and the shin-ing host Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

**THE RADIANT BAND OF MUSIC. Concluded.**

Musical score for 'The Radiant Band of Music' concluding section, featuring four staves in 2/2 time. The vocal parts are:

- Top staff: Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
- Second staff: Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
- Third staff: Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
- Bottom staff: Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Musical score for 'The Radiant Band of Music' concluding section, featuring four staves in 2/2 time. The vocal parts are:

- Top staff: World with - out end, A - men! A - men! A - men!
- Second staff: World with - out end, A - men! A - men! A - men!
- Third staff: World with - out end, A - men! A - men! A - men!
- Bottom staff: World with - out end, A - men! A - men! A - men!

## MCCOY. L.M.

F MAJOR Samuel Stennett, 1778.

Linda Sides, 2012.

1. Where two or three with sweet ac-cord, O - be-dient to their Sov'reign Lord, Meet to re-count his acts of grace, and of-fer sol - emn prayer and praise;

2. We meet at thy com-mand, dear Lord, Re - ly-ing on thy faith-ful Word: Now send thy Spir-it from a-bove, and fill our hearts with heav'n-ly love.

"There," says the Sa-avior, "will I be, A - mid this lit - tle com-pa-ny; To them un-veil my smi-ling face, and shed my glo - ries round the place."

## HALL. L.M.

E MINOR Drew Smith, 2009.

Drew Smith, 2009.

These final gasps, how near they loom. This flesh runs swiftly to the tomb,  
But through the curse a  
But  
These final gasps, how near they loom. This flesh runs swiftly to the tomb,  
But through the curse a blessing giv'n,  
But through the curse a blessing giv'n, a

bless - ing giv'n, a bless-ing giv'n, But through the curse a bless-ing giv'n, E - ter-nal peace and joy in heav'n. heav'n.  
1 2  
through the curse a bless-ing giv'n, But through the curse a bless-ing giv'n, E - ter-nal peace and joy in heav'n. heav'n.  
a bless - ing giv'n, But through the curse a bless - ing giv'n, E - ter-nal peace and joy in heav'n. heav'n.  
bless - ing giv'n, But through the curse a bless - ing giv'n, E - ter-nal peace and joy in heav'n. heav'n.

## CONTRITION. C.M.D.

G MINOR Anne Steele, 1760.

Rebecca Wright, 2011.

O thou whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum-ble sigh, Whose hand in-dul-gent wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye.

O thou whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum-ble sigh, Whose hand in-dul-gent wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye.

A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Re-turn"? - turn"?  
See, Lord, be - fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Re-turn"? - turn"?  
thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Re-turn"? - turn"?  
See, Lord, be - fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Re-turn"? - turn"?

## HURRICANE CREEK. L.M.

## A MAJOR Samuel Medley, 1782.

D. W. Steel, 2012.

1. A - wake my soul in joy - ful lays, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's O how  
 He just - ly claims a song from thee, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, His lov - ing - kind - ness,  
 2. Though num - 'rous hosts of might - y foes, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Though earth and hell my way op -  
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, His lov - ing - kind - ness,  
 O how

1

2

praise, Sing glo - ry hal-le, hal-le - lu - jah.  
free, Sing glo - ry

hal-le, hal-le - lu - jah, sing glo - ry hal-le, hal-le - lu - jah.

pose, Sing glo - ry hal-le, hal-le - lu - jah.  
strong, Sing glo - ry

hal-le, hal-le - lu - jah, sing glo - ry hal-le, hal-le - lu - jah.







# The trum~~p~~et

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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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 fusing 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*

## Articles

From the Editors, iii

A Singer, But Not a Writer: Why One Non-Composer Sings New Compositions, by Jennie Brown, iv

## Tunes

SANDY HOOK, Bruce Randall, 101

AKERMAN, Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 102

WALM LANE, Sabhdh O'Flynn, 103

ARTEMAS, Leah Velleman, 104

WILLS CREEK, Ed E. Thacker, 105

BERNAL, Gabriel Kyne, 106

WOODPARK, John Stonell, 107

NEW YORK, Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 108

OCTAGON CHAPEL, Fynn Titford-Mock,

109 ALL GOOD GIFTS, Duncan Vinson, 110

URSINA, Deidra M. Montgomery, 111

ALASKA, Tom Malone, 112

LAUDAVERE, Ian Quinn, 114

# 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 over - 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,

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.

## AKERMAN. L.P.M.

E♭ 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

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

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

## AKERMAN. Concluded.

A musical score for two voices (1 and 2) in F major, 2/4 time. The music consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "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." This pattern repeats three times. The score includes a key signature of one flat, a bass clef, and a common time signature.

## WALM LANE. C.M.

F MAJOR Helen Maria Williams, 1790.

Sadhbh O'Flynn, 2012.

A musical score for one voice in F major, 3/2 time. The music consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are:

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 reston thee.

## ARTEMAS. C.M.

G MAJOR Samuel Stennett, 1787.

Leah 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.

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.

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.

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

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

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.

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.

**BERNAL. C.M.D.**  
*with great thanks to Linnea Sablosky*

A MAJOR in Tate and Brady, 1696.

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 castdownmy soul? Hope still; and thou shalt sing The praise of him who is thy God, Thy health'se - ter-nal spring, spring.

But when thy pres - ence, Lord of life, Has once dis - pelled this storm, To thee I'll midnight anthems 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 thewinds a - round, With wa - t'ry trea-sures well sup - ply The fur-rows of the ground.

1      2

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

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

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

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

And oh, be - yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom, How dread - ful Their ma - lice and their lies, Their ma - lice.

And oh, be - yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom, How dread - ful Their ma - lice and their lies, Their ma - lice.

And oh, be - yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom, How dread - ful Their ma - lice and their lies, Their ma - lice.

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And oh, be - yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom, How dread - ful Their ma - lice and their lies, Their ma - lice.

And oh, be - yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom, How dread - ful Their ma - lice and their lies, Their ma - lice.

## NEW YORK. Concluded.

Musical score for "NEW YORK. Concluded." featuring two staves of music in G major. The lyrics describe a judgment scene where the wicked are condemned to hell. The score includes a bass line and two vocal parts. The vocal parts sing in unison at the beginning, then switch to a three-part setting with a soprano, alto, and basso continuo. The lyrics are as follows:

is and their doom,  
their lies,  
Where not a hand is reached to save,  
Where not a hand is reached to save.  
Shall fall with vengeance on their heads,  
Shall fall with vengeance on their heads.  
save. save.  
heads. heads.

is their doom,  
and their lies,  
tomb,  
vise,  
How dread - ful is their doom,  
Their ma - lice and their lies,  
Where not a hand is reached to save,  
Where not a hand is reached to save.  
Shall fall with vengeance on their heads,  
Shall fall with vengeance on their heads.  
save. save.  
heads. heads.

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

The score concludes with a two-measure ending bracket labeled "1" and "2".

## OCTAGON CHAPEL. C.M.

G MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

Fynn Titford-Mock, 2012.

Musical score for "Octagon Chapel. C.M." in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are as follows:

1. How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de - vot - 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.

We plow the fields, and scatter the good seed on the land,  
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

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.

A musical score for four voices (SATB) in common time. The music consists of four staves, each with a different vocal range (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass). The lyrics are repeated in each staff, corresponding to the notes. The music includes various note heads (solid black, hollow, and square), rests, and dynamic markings like a breve and a sharp sign.

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.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, key of F major. The music consists of three staves. The lyrics are divided into two parts: the first part (measures 1-8) and the second part (measures 9-16).

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.

E♭ MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1716.

*"Being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed . . ." —Ezekiel 48:7*

Tom Malone, 2011.

**ALASKA. L.M.D.**

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 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  
 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.

Oceans of end-less pleas-ures roll,  
roll.  
Oceans of end-less pleas-ures roll.  
There  
pleas-ures roll.  
Oceans of end-less pleas-ures roll,  
roll.  
There  
Oceans of end-less pleas-ures roll,  
roll,  
and roll. There  
pleas-ures roll, and roll.  
Oceans of end-less pleas-ures roll,  
roll,  
and roll. There  
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 dreary dwelling 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 new heav'n and earth's cre - a - tor, In our deep - est dark - ness rise, Scat - '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 - dring spir - it Guide us to thy per - fect peace.







Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

Volume 3, No 2. August, 2013.





Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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2013 Editorial Board  
Will Fitzgerald  
Thomas B Malone  
Robert L Vaughn

Musical Typesetting  
James Nelson Gingerich

Copyediting  
Clarissa Fetrow

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## From the Editors

We 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 pecadillos 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@singtherumpet.com

## Articles

From the Editors, iii

Mr. Jeff Sheppard and a Brief Untrue History of the Rocking Chair Convention, by Thomas B. Malone, iv

For Jeff and Shelbie (poem), by Ginnie Ely, v

## Tunes

SABAOTH, K.R. Swenson, 115

SHORELINE, Kevin Barrans, 115

HAVEN, Christina Wallin, 116

CHAUTAUQUA, G.J. Hoffmann, 117

PLAC UNII LUBLESKIEJ, Steve Helwig, 118

WILSON, David Wright, 119

CONDESCENSION, M. Cartmill, 120

SOLITUDE, Dan Hertzler, 121

MOREL, Dan Thoma, 122

CHMIELNO, P. Dan Brittain, 123

ADVENT, Anne Heider, 124

BISHKEK, Nikos Pappas, 126

WONDERFUL STRANGER, Wade Kotter, 128

GOOD TIDINGS, Linda Sides, 129

MINNEHAHA, Steve Lutinen, 130

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

By Thomas B. Malone, Boston Massachusetts

**N**ow 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

iv

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

adapted by Comet Bowen, 2012.

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

K. R. Swenson, 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 divine, Where wrath and light-ning guard the page, Where jew'l's of wisdom shine, Where jew'l's 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 justice 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; 1 love; 2 love;

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

G MINOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

**HAVEN. L.M.***for the New Haven singers*

Christina Wallin, 2013.

1. My spirit looks to God alone, My rock and refuge is his throne,

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

In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his salvation waits.

When helpers fail and foes invade, God is our all-sufficient aid.

## 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 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.

## PLAC UNII LUBELSKIEJ. S.M.

A MINOR Charles Wesley, 1763.

Steve Helwig, 2011.

Musical score for the first section of "PLAC UNII LUBELSKIEJ. S.M." in A Minor. The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in common time (3/4), and the bottom two staves are in 2/4 time. The vocal line is as follows:

And am I born to die? To lay this body down?  
And must my trembling

Musical score for the second section of "PLAC UNII LUBELSKIEJ. S.M." in A Minor. The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in common time (3/4), and the bottom two staves are in 2/4 time. The vocal line is as follows:

Fly into a world unknown.  
must my trembling spirit 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.

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

A MAJOR John Adam Granade, 1804.

David Wright, 2012.

1. Cheer up, ye dear pil-grim's, 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

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.

## 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 - muring 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 &amp; 7s.

F# MINOR Dan Hertzler, 2012.

Dan Hertzler, 2012.

1. Oft to the woods have I re-tired for quiet contemplation. To spend an hour alone with God has been my inspiration.

2. The world has changed, we live too long in gloomy consternation, While, one by one, friends disappear, an endless separation.

3. The world we know will slip away, and all association, Till, in the end, alone with God, we face the revelation:

All of the loneliness we endure, the pain and alienation Will be redeemed on that great day when we find consolation.

Through the dark night of the soul we wait, in grief and lamentation, Till in the hour of death we face divine evaluation.

All of the loneliness we've endured has been a preparation, For through the solitude of death we recognize salvation.

## MOREL. C.M.

E MINOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Dan Thoma, 2007.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in E major (indicated by a treble clef and a sharp sign) and common time (indicated by a '4'). The first staff begins with a half note followed by a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are:

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

The second staff begins with a half note followed by a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are:

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

The third staff begins with a half note followed by a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are:

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

The fourth staff begins with a half note followed by a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are:

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.

1 2

## CHMIELNO. C.M.

E MINOR Psalm 117, Isaac Watts, 1719.

P. Dan Brittain, 2012.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time (indicated by a 'C' with a '4'). The key signature is E major (one sharp). The music is divided into three sections, each starting with a repeat sign and a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases. The first section ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second section begins with a bass clef and ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The third section begins with a bass clef and ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are as follows:

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

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

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, For ev -er

word, stand,

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

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

learn his word, stand,

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

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

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

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

And Praise let his name be sung,  
let the name be ful sung.  
his the name faith - ful sung.  
the name faith - ful sung.  
the name faith - ful sung.  
the name faith - ful sung.

## 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

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

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

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

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 lips af - ford, A

## ADVENT. Concluded.

A musical score for four voices (SATB) in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal parts are: Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B). The lyrics are: "thou - sand joys his lips af - ford: His hands a thou - sand bless - ings give. give. give." The score includes three staves for the upper voices and one staff for the bass. The bass staff begins on the fourth line of the treble staff. The music concludes with a repeat sign and endings 1 and 2.

## BISHKEK. C.M.

C MAJOR Edward Perronet, 1779.

Nikos Pappas, 2012.

A musical score for four voices (SATB) in C major, 4/4 time. The vocal parts are: Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B). The lyrics are: "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, crown him." The score includes three staves for the upper voices and one staff for the bass. The bass staff begins on the fourth line of the treble staff. The music repeats the first section before concluding with the final line of lyrics.

### BISHKEK. Concluded.

crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal dia - dem, And crown him Lord of all, crown him Lord of  
crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal dia - dem, And crown him Lord of  
crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal dia - dem, And crown him Lord of all,  
Lord of all, Bring forth the royal dia - dem, dia - dem, And crown him Lord of

all, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal dia - dem, And crown him Lord of all. all.  
all, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal dia - dem, And crown him Lord of all. all.  
all, crown, crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal dia - dem, And crown him Lord of all. all.  
all, And crown him, crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal dia - 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.

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.

## 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:

"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."

"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."

## MINNEHAHA. C.M.

F MINOR Anne Steele, 1760.

Steve Lutinen, 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.







Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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Thomas B Malone  
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Musical Typesetting  
James Nelson Gingerich

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Clarissa Fetrow

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## From the Editors

**A**s 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 fuging 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

## Tunes

- 
- COOPER, R.T. Kelley, 131
  - NORTH RIDGE, Linda Sides, 132
  - SPURLOCK, Stanley Smith, 133
  - GRAY, P. Dan Brittian, 134
  - DAMASCUS, Ed E. Thacker, 136
  - COLD RIVER, Micah John Walter, 137
  - ABBY, Matthew Bell, 138
  - DIDACHE, Phil Summerlin, 139
  - MEMORIAL ANTHEM, P. Dan Brittain and Bruce Randall, 140
  - WATTS' PAINS, Micah Sommersmith, 144
  - SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 144
  - STANLEY, Scott Luscombe, 145
  - AUSTIN, Cory Winter, 146
  - KYNZIE, R.C. Webber and Kynzie Stargle, 147
  - ANNISTON, Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 148
  - FAREWELL BRETHREN, Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 148



## 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 - obey.

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 &amp; 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♭ 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  
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 way but

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

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 Spir "I And lit it tle di spot en de closed scend by grace, breathe, cries, vine,"

A Spir "I And lit it tle di spot en de closed scend by grace, breathe, cries, vine,"

A Spir "I And lit it tle di spot en de closed scend by grace, breathe, cries, vine,"

A Spir "I And lit it tle di spot en de closed scend by grace, breathe, cries, vine,"

A Spir "I And lit it tle di spot en de closed scend by grace, breathe, cries, vine,"

Out A With Sweet

## GRAY. Concluded.

ende - closed by grace Out A of gale the wild plants wilder ness.  
I scend come," and he breathes cries, vine, With Sweet ple a er in milk, be neath. eyes. wine.

ende - closed by grace Out A of gale the wild plants wilder ness.  
I scend come," and he breathes cries, vine, With Sweet ple a er in milk, be neath. eyes. wine.

ende - closed by grace Out A of gra love the world's wide wild plants wilder ness.  
With Sweet er and than gale plea hon on ey, be his or neath. eyes. wine.

A lit - tle spot en - closed by grace Out of the world's wide wilder ness.  
Spir - it of grace de - scand and breathe A gra - cious gale on plants be - neath.

"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries, With love and plea - sure in his 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.

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.

## 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-sessions lie.

2. Oh, the trans-por-ting rap-trous 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 prom-ised land, Oh, who will come and go with me? I'm bound for the promised land! land!

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

bound for the prom-ised 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.  
2. All that feeds my bus - y pride,  
Give me sweet sim - pli - ci - ty,  
Cast it ev - er more a - side,  
Make me poor, and to keep me  
3. Make me like a lit - tle child,  
4. Lean - ing on thy lov - ing breast,  
Of my strength and wis - dom spoilt,  
Where a wea - ry soul may rest,  
See - ing on well - ly in thy  
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,  
mit, Lay me hum - bly at thy feet,  
Seek - ing on ly thee to know.  
light, Walk - ing on ly in thy might,  
God Flow - ing from pre - cious blood,  
Walk - ing on ly in thy might.

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 righteous are in the hands of God, But the souls of the righteous are in the hands of God,

But the souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, But the souls of the righteous are in the hands of God,

and torments, and torments shall not touch them, shall not touch them. In the eyes of the

and torments, and torments, and torments 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 say - 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.

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 - y a 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 3 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.

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.

## KYNZIE. 6s &amp; 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-maan-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, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.  
 God's on - ly son is come to bless, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.  
 With an-gels now we will re - peat, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.

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, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.  
 God's on - ly son is come to bless, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.  
 With an-gels now we will re - peat, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.

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, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.  
 God's on - ly son is come to bless, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.  
 With an-gels now we will re - peat, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.

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, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.  
 God's on - ly son is come to bless, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.  
 With an-gels now we will re - peat, in con - cert move, and ev - 'ry tongue be tuned to love.

A MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

**ANNISTON. L.M.***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.

**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.





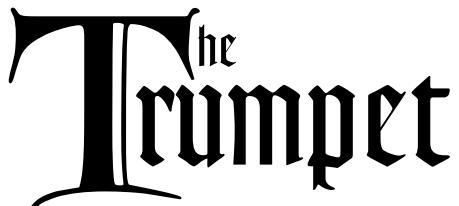


# The trum<sup>p</sup>et

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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James Nelson Gingerich

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## From the Editors

A new year, and a new volume of *The Trumpet*; a good time to consider new things. The most delightful thing is that Rachel Wells Hall, one of the editors of the well-received SHENANDOAH HARMONY, has agreed to join the editorial board of THE TRUMPET. Her expertise, we are sure, will add to the quality of our humble periodical. Rachel has agreed to curate, starting with this issue, a column called “Old Paths,” which examines old tunes, texts, and composers that have much to teach us in the present. In this issue, Rachel presents two tunes from the recently rediscovered *Songs of Zion* (1821), by James P. Carrell. We are very pleased that Tom Malone will stay on as a “founding editor,” and the rest of the board sends congratulations to him and Johanna on the birth of their son.

You may have had the pleasure of listening to Buell Cobb tell stories of Sacred Harp and shape note worthies; if not, we wish this pleasure on you. Wade Kotter reviews Buell’s new book, *Like Cords Around My Heart: A Sacred Harp Memoir* in this issue.

And tunes — of course, we have tunes. We asked Tom and Rachel to grace this issue with their compositions, and they each have provided page-and-a-half fuges — an interesting titbit of continuity and synchronicity. We have composers who have not appeared yet in *The Trumpet*. Yotin Tiewtrakul, of Hamburg, Germany, provides us with the provocatively titled RULERS OF SODOM. Daniel Hunter’s arrangement of “a Baptist tune” he transcribed from Florida singer Tollie Lee, GOD’S UNCHANGING HAND, is, in Daniel’s words, “pretty catchy.” And Jason R. Fruit, a new singer from Illinois, gifted us with a plain tune, OLD STONE.

Perhaps the most challenging piece is Aldo Ceresa’s OUT OF THE DEEPS, a three-page minor anthem with time changes. Give this some time! Wade Kotter’s tribute to Shelbie Sheppard, MUSCADINE, is here too. Other tunes are by composers you may recognize from past issues of *The Trumpet*.

Speaking of which — send in your compositions! We are excited to share this music with singers around the world.

— *The Editors ed@singthetrumpet.com*

## Articles

From the Editors, iii

The Story of “Big Ears” and the Cords Around His Heart, by Wade Kotter, iv

Old Paths: James P. Carrell, by Rachel Wells Hall, v

## Tunes

CARKEEK, Kevin Barrans, 149

NEW CREATION, Thomas Malone, 150

OLD STONE, Jason R. Fruit, 151

CHILDERS, John Bayer & P. Dan Brittain, 152

DELMENHORST, Fynn Titford-Mock, 153

IMMORTAL DOVE, Rachel Wells Hall, 154

MUSCADINE, Wade Kotter, 155

GOD’S UNCHANGING HAND, Daniel Hunter, 156

RULERS OF SODOM, Yotin Tiewtrakul, 157

OUT OF THE DEEPS, Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 158

SOUTH SECOND, Micah Sommersmith, 161

ATTENTION, James P. Carrell, 162

HALLELUJAH, James P. Carrell, 163

COMPANY, Micah John Walter, 163

JAY STREET, Leah Velleman, 164

# *The Story of “Big Ears” and the Cords Around His Heart*

By Wade Kotter, South Ogden, Utah

**W**ho, you might ask, is “Big Ears,” and what are those cords around his heart? Some of you might already know while others are surely scratching their heads. Well, for those of you who are scratching, part of the answer is found on p. 13 of a wonderful new book issued late last year by Outskirts Press titled *Like Cords Around My Heart: A Sacred Harp Memoir* that is sure to become a “must-read” for anyone interested in Sacred Harp. “Big Ears” is, believe it or not, none other than Buell Cobb, author of this new book, singer, performer, traveler, explorer, discoverer, promoter, organizer, facilitator, midwife (see below) and author of *The Sacred Harp: A Tradition and Its Music*, which for many singers served as their first written introduction to the world of Sacred Harp singing. Where did the name “Big Ears” come from? Buell tells us in this new book that as a youngster the adults in his family called him “Big Ears” due to his fascination with “grown-up conversation” of all sorts (p. 13). That his memoir is filled to the brim with fascinating stories drawn from his personal experience and stories related to him by others is clear evidence that the nickname “Big Ears” still fits, at least to me.

Following a helpful Introduction, which includes a glossary of Sacred Harp terms and essay-length answers to some basic questions about Sacred Harp singing, Buell launches into an account of his first memories of something called Sacred Harp singing, skillfully framed in the context of a vivid characterization of his beloved Gran nie Cobb and a visit to the Cullman County Convention. Next he turns to his time at Alabama College in Montevallo, Alabama where his Sacred Harp adventures began in earnest. I suspect that fellow student Mike Hinton, grandson of the renowned T. J. Denson, had little if any inkling of all that would come when he loaned Buell two studio recordings recently issued by the Sacred Harp Publishing Company. Buell describes this life-changing experience as being struck by “sustained bolt of lightning.” Within a short time, young Buell was crisscrossing Alabama and beyond to attend singings and perform at festivals, beginning what would become a life-long devotion to Sacred

Harp, the music, the tradition, and, just as important, the people. At this point, Buell interposes a brief chapter thoughtfully and convincingly comparing the lack of interest among young Southerners in Sacred Harp singing during the 1960s and 70s to the so-called “Ring of Repugnance,” the area of lush growth surrounding cow piles where cows refuse to graze.

One might think Buell would continue from there in chronological order but instead he devotes the remainder of the volume to what some insensitive critics might view as a disorganized grab bag but what, to me, is a beautifully constructed mosaic of stories, some extended and others brief, that crosscut time and space in a manner similar to the interweaving musical lines characteristic of Sacred Harp music in the “dispersed harmony” tradition. In the process, like all great storytellers, Buell weaves a richly adorned tapestry of memories at times touching, often humorous, and always, to me, fascinating. Stories that especially stand out in my mind are his vignettes about the stately life-long school teacher and devoted singer Ruth Denson Edwards (Miss Ruth as she was often called), always ready to give people the lessons they deserved; his vivid descriptions of the leading styles and other qualities of other well-known figures such as Hugh McGraw, Dewey Williams, and Japheth Jackson, as well as lesser known singers (to me at least) like Annie Jewel Casey Boyd, Roy Avery, Ed Thomas, Willie Mae Moon, George M. Mattox, and Lonnie Odem; his affectionate and touching memories of Lonnie Rogers and Amanda Denson Brady; and his often humorous but deeply appreciative reminiscences of Buford McGraw, Charlie Creel, and Tat Bailey, three of the most interesting and truly unique Sacred Harp “characters” (in the best sense of the term) of recent times.

Many other people are mentioned but space constraints preclude me from mentioning them all; the name index at the back of the book, suggested by Richard Schmeidler (who also provided Buell with a first draft of the index) is very helpful in this regard. Also fascinating are Buell’s accounts of his role as “midwife” in introducing the Sacred Harp to groups such as the Watersons from Yorkshire and his involvement in the “discovery” of “lost” Sacred Harp “tribes” such as the Lee family of Hoboken, Georgia and the African-American “Calvary Sacred Harp Singing Convention” in east-central Alabama. Throughout his narrative, Buell enriches his accounts with rare

photographs, excerpts from letters, interviews, and other primary sources, many of which have never before appeared in print.

While some reviewers and readers might reasonably disagree with a few details in the book, I have chosen to avoid this temptation, especially since Buell clearly intended this as a personal memoir and not a scholarly treatise. Motivated in part, as he indicates in the Introduction, by a desire to give an account of the people of the Sacred Harp tradition in light of questions from a reader of his first book, Buell is clearly a storyteller at heart, and a very skilled one at that. The images he creates with his words are as vivid and entertaining as I've read in any similar work and his prose flows like a peaceful river filled with magic, inevitably drawing the reader under its spell. I can hardly imagine a more delightful and attractive combination of grace, insight, tenderness, sensitivity, humility, self-deprecation, and humor, along with a healthy dose of playfulness. This book, I contend without reservation, is destined to become a classic and will certainly join Buell's *The Sacred Harp: A Tradition and Its Music* on the "must-read" list for anyone with even a passing interest in the Sacred Harp tradition. I suspect in years to come that Buell will meet people for the first time who say something like: "Your book opened a whole new world to me," the words David Lee from Hoboken spoke with respect to his other book upon meeting him for the first time (p. 164). In the years to come, Buell will probably have to ask them, "Which book?"

Let me close with one final thought. Some might wonder why I suggested writing about Buell's new book when asked to consider submitting an essay to *The Trumpet*. After all, *The Trumpet* is devoted to promoting music in the dispersed harmony tradition and there is very little in Buell's memoir specific to the music itself. My answer is simple; as Buell says on p. 2 of *Like Cords Around My Heart*, Sacred Harp singing "is today, as it was from the start, the people singing." I couldn't agree more. How can we possibly develop a complete understanding of Sacred Harp music without knowing more about the people who sing it? I believe it's the music, the words, the places, the memories, and especially the people that are the cords around Buell's heart, as they are around mine and, I suspect, the hearts of most of you who have endured this essay to its end.

## Old Paths: James P. Carrell

By Rachel Wells Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

R ev. James P. Carrell (1787–1854) of Lebanon, Virginia authored two tunebooks, *Songs of Zion* (1821) and *The Virginia Harmony* (1831, with David L. Clayton). *Songs of Zion* is a 64-page collection published in the Shenandoah Valley by Ananias Davisson, compiler of *Kentucky Harmony* and arranger of 47b IDUMEA in *The Sacred Harp*. It is the earliest known example of a shape-note book consisting almost exclusively of compositions and arrangements by a single author. We now know that three pieces from *Songs of Zion* appear in *The Sacred Harp: 131t MESSIAH, 57 CHRISTIAN SOLDIER, and 139 ELYSIAN*; fifteen appear in Hauser's *Hesperian Harp* (1848).

*Songs of Zion* was long thought to be lost. The University of Virginia Library recently acquired the only known copy. A digital facsimile is now freely available on the library's web site. I am planning to publish a critical edition of *Songs of Zion* together with essays on Carrell's compositional style and legacy.

Carrell's ATTENTION (page 164) is one of his finest. Although its melody is firmly major, his liberal use of the minor vi chord (formed by 6-la, 1-fa, and 3-la) and the minor ii chord (2-sol, 4-fa, 6-la) gives the piece a tenderness befitting the text. Carrell delays the major IV chord (4-fa, 6-la, 1-fa) until midway through the piece. The tenor and bass employ the same notes, with both parts omitting mi and placing unusual emphasis on the 4-fa. The rests punctuating the repeated phrases in measures 7 and 8 add urgency to the last line. It is a relative of HARK! MY SOUL in Walker's *Christian Harmony* (1866).

HALLELUJAH (page 165) is a solid example of two-part writing. The lower part's melodic nature and high range are more typical of a treble than a bass. In measure 9, the bass's high note is a full octave above the tenor. Carrell adds interest to the song by varying the second part underneath the repeated phrases of the melody. I've tried HALLELUJAH with the tenors and trebles singing lead and the altos singing with the basses, though other configurations are possible. The melody is similar to John Steffey's PRINCETON (c. 1840) in *The Shenandoah Harmony* and M. L. Swan's SION'S SECURITY (1848) in *The New Harp of Columbia*, with a more distant connection to WAYFARING STRANGER.



## CARKEEK. C.M.D.

A MINOR Anne Steele, 1760.

Kevin Barrans, 2013.

1. Life is a span, a fleet - ing hour; How soon the va - por flies! Death spreads his with -'ring, win - try  
Man is a tend - er, tran - sient flow'r, That e'en in bloom - ing dies.

2. The once-loved form, now cold and dead, Each mourn - ful thought em - ploys; Hope looks be - yond the bounds of  
And na - ture weeps, her com - forts fled, And with - ered all her joys.

arms, And beau - ty smiles no more; Ah! where are now those ris - ing charms Which pleased our eyes be - fore?

time, When what we now de - plore Shall rise in full, im - mor - tal prime, And bloom to fade no more.

## NEW CREATION. L.M.

C MINOR Harriet Auber, 1826.

*"I have set the Lord always before me:  
because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." —Psalm 16:8*

Thomas Malone, 2009.

Ere moun-tains rear'd their forms sub-lime, Or heav'n and earth in or - der stood;

Ere moun - tains rear'd their forms sub-lime, Or heav'n and earth in or - der stood; Be -

Be - fore the birth of

Be - fore the birth of an - cient times, Be - fore the birth of an - cien times

Be - fore the birth of an - cien times, Be - fore the birth of an - cien times From

fore the birth of an - cien times, Be - fore the birth of an - cien times From ev - er - last - ing,

an - cien times, Be - fore the birth of an - cien times From ev - er - last - ing,

## NEW CREATION. Concluded.

1      2

From ev - er - last - ing, Thou art God, From ev - er - last - ing, ev - er - last - ing, Thou art God. God.

ancient times      From ev - er - last - ing, Thou art God, From ev - er - last - ing, Thou art God. God.

ev - er - last - ing, Thou art God, From ev - er - last - ing, Thou art God, From ev - er - last - ing, Thou art God. God.

Thou art God, From ev - er - last - ing, Thou art God, From ev - er - last - ing, ev - er - last - ing, Thou art God. God.

## OLD STONE. S.M.

G MINOR Joseph Hart, 1762.

*"Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed;  
but he that feareth the commandment shall be rewarded." —Prov. 13:13*

Jason R. Fruitt, 2013.

1. Say, Chris-tian, wouldst thou thrive In know-ledge of the Lord? A - gainst no Scrip-ture ev - er strive, But trem-ble at his word.  
2. Re - vere the sa - cred page; To in - jure a - ny part Be - trays, with blind and fee - ble rage, A hard and haugh-ty heart.

3. If aught there dark ap - pear, Be - wail thy want of sight; No im - per - fec - tion can be there, For all God's words are right.  
4. The Scrip-tures and the Lord Bear one tre-men-dous name; The writ - ten and th'in - car-nate Word In all things are the same.

5. For Je - sus is the truth, As well as life and way; The two-edg'd sword that's in his mouth Shall all proud reas'ners slay.  
6. Why dost thou call him Lord, and what he says re - sist? The soul that stum-bles at the word Of-fend-ed is at Christ.

7. The thoughts of men are lies; The word of God is true; To bow to that is to be wise, Then hear, and fear, and do.

*The composer suggests this be sung without the raised sixth. —Eds.*

## CHILDERS. P.M.

G MAJOR *The Christian Duty*, 1791.*"But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part"—Luke 10:41*

John Bayer and P. Dan Brittain, 1995.

1. The one thing need-full, that good part, Which Ma - ry chose with all her heart, I would pur-sue with heart and mind; And seek un-wea - ried

2. In thine own ways, O God of love, We wait the vis-its of thy grace; Our souls de-sire is to thy name, And our re-mem-brance

'til I find. O Lord, my God, to thee I pray, Teach me to know, and find the way, As in th'em-bra-ces of my God, Or on my Savior's breast. breast.

of thy face. O Lord, my God, to thee I pray, Teach me to know, and find the way, As in th'em-bra-ces of my God, Or on my Sav-ior's breast. breast.

## DELMENHORST. L.M.

E MINOR Isaac Watts, 1717.

Fynn Titford-Mock, 2013.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in E major (indicated by a sharp symbol and the number 4). The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words written above the notes and others below. The first section of lyrics is:

1. Why should we startand fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mor-tals are!  
2. O, if my Lordwouldcome and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Death is the gate to end-less  
Fly fear-less thro' death's i-ron

The second section of lyrics follows, continuing from the first:

Death is the  
Fly fear-less

1. Why should we startand fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mor-tals are!  
2. O, if my Lordwouldcome and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Death is the gate to end-less joy,  
Fly fear-less thro' death's i-ron gate,

Death is the gate to end-less joy,  
Fly fear-less thro' death's i-ron gate,

The third section of lyrics concludes the piece:

joy, Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet, and yet, and yet we dread to en- ter there.  
gate, Fly fear-less thro' death's i-ron gate, Nor feel, nor feel, nor feel the ter- rors as she pass'd.  
Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet, and yet, and yet we dread to en- ter there.  
thro' death's i-ron gate, Fly fear-less thro' death's i-ron gate, Nor feel, nor feel, nor feel the ter- rors as she pass'd.  
Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet, and yet, and yet we dread to en- ter there.  
Fly fear-less thro' death's i-ron gate, Nor feel, nor feel, nor feel the ter- rors as she pass'd.  
Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet, and yet, and yet we dread to en- ter there.  
Fly fear-less thro' death's i-ron gate, Nor feel, nor feel, nor feel the ter- rors as she pass'd.

## IMMORTAL DOVE. L.M.

E<sup>b</sup> MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1709.

Rachel Wells Hall, 2014.

1. De - scend from heav'n, im - mor - tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings,  
2. When shall the day, dear Lord, ap - pear, That I shall mount, to dwell a - bove,

And mount and bear us  
And stand and bow a -

1. De - scend from heav'n, im - mor - tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And  
2. When shall the day, dear Lord, ap - pear, That I shall mount, to dwell a - bove, And

And mount and bear us  
And stand and bow a -

And mount and bear us  
And stand and bow a -

And mount and bear us far a - bove The reach of thy these in - fe - rior things. And  
And stand and bow a - mongst them there, And view of thy face, and sing thy love. And

far a - bove, us far a - bove The reach of thy these in - fe - rior things.  
mongst them there, a - mongst them there, And view of thy face, and sing thy love.

mount and bear us far a - bove The reach of thy these in - fe - rior things. And  
stand and bow a - mongst them there, And view of thy face, and sing thy love. And

far a - bove The reach of thy these in - fe - rior things.  
mongst them there, And view of thy face, and sing thy love.

## IMMORTAL DOVE. Concluded.

mount and bear us far a - bove, And bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fe - rior things. things.  
stand and bow a - mongst them there, And stand a - mongst them there, And view thy face, and sing thy love. love.

mount stand and bear, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fe - rior things. things.  
and bow a - mongst them there, And view thy face, and sing thy love. love.

## MUSCADINE. L.M.

*In memory of Shelbie Sheppard*

Wade Kotter, 2013.

E MINOR Philip Doddridge, 1735;  
refrain, Wade Kotter, 2013.

*Fine*

1. Je - sus, our soul's de - light-ful choice; Yes, Lord we'll fol-low thee!  
In thee be - liev-ing we re - joice; Yes, Lord we'll fol-low thee!  
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief, Still, Lord we'll fol-low thee!

D.C. While faith con-tends with un - be - lief. Still, Lord we'll fol-low thee!

2. Thy prom-is - es our hearts re - vive, Yes, Lord we'll fol-low thee!  
And keep our faint-ing hopes a - live; Yes, Lord we'll fol-low thee!  
But guilt, and fears, and sor - rows rise, Still, Lord we'll fol-low thee!

D.C. And hide the prom-ise from our eyes. Still, Lord we'll fol-low thee!

3. Do thou the dy-ing spark in - flame, Yes, Lord we'll fol-low thee!  
Re - veal the glo-ries of thy name; Yes, Lord we'll fol-low thee!  
And put all an-xious doubts to flight, Still, Lord we'll fol-low thee!

D.C. As shades dis-persed by op'-ning light. Still, Lord we'll fol-low thee!

## GOD'S UNCHANGING HAND.

B<sup>b</sup> MAJOR Mrs. J. M. Hunter, by 1927.

arranged by Daniel Hunter, 2013.

1. Through a sin - ful world I jour - ney, Dan - gers thick on ev - 'ry side, See - ing not the path be - fore me, Know - ing not what shall be - tide.

2. Oh, I need a guid - ing help - er, One who can my foes with - stand. This the prayer I lift to heav - en: Give me God's un - chang - ing hand.

3. I'm a pil - grim, I'm a strang - er In a lost and wear - y land. 'Til I reach the gates of glo - ry Give me God's un - chang - ing hand.

Give me God's un - chang - ing hand, Give me God's un - chang - ing hand. While I live and when I'm dy - ing, Give me God's un - chang - ing hand.

Give me God's un - chang - ing hand, Give me God's un - chang - ing hand. While I live and when I'm dy - ing, Give me God's un - chang - ing hand.

Give me God's un - chang - ing hand, Give me God's un - chang - ing hand. While I live and when I'm dy - ing, Give me God's un - chang - ing hand.

## RULERS OF SODOM. C.M.D.

E MINOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Yotin Tiewtrakul, 2013.

1. Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears, at - tend the cry; "Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground where you must short-ly lie.

2. Great God, is this our cer-tain doom? And are we still se - cure? Stillwalk-ing down-ward to the tomb, And yet pre-pared no more!

Prin-ces, this clay must be your bed, in spite of all your towers; the tall, the wise, the reve-rend head must lie as low as ours."

Grant us the power of quick'-ning grace, to fit our souls to fly; Then, when we drop this dy - ing flesh, we'll rise a - bove the sky.

## OUT OF THE DEEPS. C.M.

A MINOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 2013.

The borders of des - pair, My  
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,  
I sent my cries to seek thy grace, My groans,  
Out of the deeps of long dis - tress, The borders of des - pair,

poco rit.      a tempo

groans,      My groans to move thine ear.      And thine im - par-tial hand,  
My groans,      My groans to move thine ear.  
My groans to move thine ear. Great God, should thy se - ver-er eye,

## OUT OF THE DEEPS. Continued.

Mark and re - venge in - i - qui - ty, No mor - tal flesh could stand. Mark and re - venge in - i - qui - ty, No mor - tal flesh could stand.

Mark and re - venge in - i - qui - ty, No mor - tal flesh could stand. Mark and re - venge in - i - qui - ty, No mor - tal flesh could stand.

Mark and re - venge in - i - qui - ty, No mor - tal flesh could stand. Mark and re - venge in - i - qui - ty, No mor - tal flesh could stand.

*soft and slow*

But thereare pardons with my God For crimes of high de - gree;

*a tempo*

To draw us near to thee.

Thy son has bought them with his blood, To draw us near to thee.

But thereare pardons with my God

### OUT OF THE DEEPS. Concluded.

*brisk*

I wait for thy sal - va - tion, Lord, With strong de - sires I  
 I wait for thy sal - va - tion, Lord, With strong de - sires I  
 I wait for thy sal - va - tion, Lord, With strong de - sires I wait; With strong de - sires I  
 I wait for thy sal - va - tion, Lord, With strong de - sires I

wait; My soul, in - vi - ted by thy word, Stands watch - ing, watch - ing at thy gate.  
 wait; My soul, in - vi - ted by thy word, Stands watch - ing, watch - ing at thy gate.  
 wait;

## SOUTH SECOND. L.M.

G MINOR John Hunter, 1889.

Micah Sommersmith, 2013.

1. Dear Je-sus in whose life I see All that I would but fail to be,  
Let Help thy me, clear op-

2. Though what I dream and what I do In my weak days are always two,  
Let thy clear light for ev - er shine,  
Help me, op - pressed by things un-done,

Let thy clear light for ev - er shine, Let Help  
Help me, op-pressed by things un - done,

light for ev - er shine, for ev - er shine To O shame and whose guide this life of mine. one.  
pressed by things un - done, by things un - done thou whose deeds and dreams were mine. one.

thy me, clear light for ev - er shine To O shame and whose guide this life of mine. one.  
op - pressed by things un - done, by things un - done thou whose deeds and dreams were mine. one.

Let Help thy me, clear light for ev - er shine To O shame and whose guide this life of mine. one.  
thy me, clear light for ev - er shine un - done, by things un - done thou whose deeds and dreams were mine. one.

## ATTENTION. 7s.

G MAJOR William Cowper, 1768.

James P. Carrell, 1821.

 3. "Can a wom - an's ten - der care Cease to - wards the child she bare? Yes, she may for -  
 4. "Mine is a re - deem - ing love, High - er than the heights a - bove, Deep - er than the  
 5. "Thou shalt see my glo - ry soon, When the work of grace is done; Part - ner of my  
 6. Lord, it is my chief com - plaint, That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love thee,


 set thee right, Turn'd thy dark - ness, turn'd thy dark - ness, turn'd thy dark - ness in - to light.  
 get - ful be, Yet will I re-, yet will I re-, yet will I re - mem - ber thee.  
 depths be -neath, Free and faith - ful, free and faith - ful, free and faith - ful, strong as death.  
 throne shalt be, Say, poor sinner, say, poor sinner, say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"  
 and a -dore, O! for grace to, O! for grace to, O! for grace to, love thee more!

## HALLELUJAH. 8s &amp; 7s.

F# MINOR Robert Robinson, 1758.

James P. Carrell, 1821.

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.

2. Teach me 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 re - deem-ing love.

3. 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.

Hal-le - lu-jah! O hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I love the Lord; Hal - le - lu - jah! O hal - le - lu - jah! We are on our jour-ney home.

## COMPANY. L.M.

E MINOR Emily Barner, 1911.

Micah John Walter, 2013.

1. A - lone with Je-sus, all is well, Be-nneath his smile my soul would dwell; O Lord, how sweet to know and feel Thy love and thy e - ter-nal seal!

2. A - lone with Je-sus; to ex-press The per-fect peace we here pos-sess An an-gel's tongue might well em-ploy; A - lone with Je-sus, oh, what joy!

3. A - lone with Je-sus, hour by hour, Pre-served by his al - might-y pow'r; And when the storms of life are o'er, With him we'll dwell for - ev-er-more.

## JAY STREET. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

G MAJOR in *The Christian Lyre*, 1830.

Leah Velleman, 2012.

1. Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord,  
Our troubles and our trials here  
And taste the sweet-ness of his word, In Je - sus' way go on.  
Will on - ly make us rich - er there When we ar - rive at home.

2. 'Tis there we'll reign and shout and sing  
Come on, come on my brethren dear,  
And make the up - per re-gions ring, When all the saints get home.  
We soon shall meet each oth - er there For Je - sus bids us come.

3. "A - men! A - men!" my soul re - plies,  
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,  
I'm bound to meet you in the skies, When all our toils are o'er.  
To meet you in that ho - ly land Where we shall part no more.

When we ar - rive at home, Will on - ly make us richer there When we ar - rive at home. home.  
For Je - sus bids us come, We soon shall meet each oth - er there For Je - sus bids us come. come.  
Where we shall part no more, To meet you in that ho - ly land Where we shall part no more. more.

When we ar - rive at home, When we ar - rive at home, When we ar - rive at home, When we ar - rive at home.  
For Je - sus bids us come, For Je - sus bids us come, For Je - sus bids us come, For Je - sus bids us come.  
Where we shall part no more, Where we shall part no more, Where we shall part no more, Where we shall part no more,

When we ar - rive at home, When we ar - rive at home, Will on - ly make us richer there When we ar - rive at home. home.  
For Je - sus bids us come, For Je - sus bids us come, We soon shall meet each oth - er there For Je - sus bids us come. come.  
Where we shall part no more, Where we shall part no more, To meet you in that ho - ly land Where we shall part no more. more.

When we ar - rive at home, When we ar - rive at home, Will on - ly make us richer there When we ar - rive at home. home.  
For Je - sus bids us come, For Je - sus bids us come, We soon shall meet each oth - er there For Je - sus bids us come. come.  
Where we shall part no more, Where we shall part no more, To meet you in that ho - ly land Where we shall part no more. more.







Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

Volume 4, No 2. December, 2014.



# 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

H ave you been wondering when the next issue of *The Trumpet* was coming out? So have we, impatient with ourselves and our busy lives that get in the way of volunteer efforts. Well, here it is, with several fine tunes from familiar composers, and a few composers we haven't published before. We have our first father and son combination: Dennis (father) and T.D. (son) George. Nancy Kulik, of Cork, Ireland provides a nice setting for the famous Scottish Psalter text THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD. Tom Ivey, from Charlotte, North Carolina, provides a tune for a text written, in the 1930s or 40s, by Ervin Spencer Laminack, who was a first cousin to Marcus Cagle, and related to T.D. Laminack, one of the editors of the James book. It is appropriately named LAMINACK. Thomas Ward gives us the delightfully named CABBAGE TOWN. Also appearing for the first time are Tracey Craig McKibben, who sings in Dayton, Ohio, and Angharad Davis, of New Haven, Connecticut. Editor Rachel Hall takes us down the "old paths" with Nehemiah Shumway.

As we were bringing this issue together, the Sacred Harp community was saddened by the death of Mr. Raymond Hamrick, whose LLOYD is one of the top 10 most led songs from the 1991 Edition, and whose CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL is often led as we take the parting hand. As Jesse Karlsberg wrote of Mr. Hamrick, he was "a delightful presence at singings, and a living treasure in the Sacred Harp world." We hope to more fully honor his treasured memory with a special issue of *The Trumpet* next year.

Speaking of next year, we plan to move to two issues per year in 2015. This will allow us to spend more time singing new tunes and helping composers polish their compositions. To do this, though, we are seeking a new editor to join us who can oversee the creation and production of *The Trumpet*. It's possible that without this, we might need to cease publication. If you are interested in this role, please write us at the email address below. Help us keep *The Trumpet* highlighting the great new tunes being created!

*Dedicated to the memory of Raymond Hamrick (1915–2014).*

— *The Editors ed@singthetrumpet.com*

## Articles

From the Editors, iii

Old Paths: Nehemiah Shumway, iv

## Tunes

LAMINACK, Thomas A. Ivey 165

CABBAGE TOWN, Thomas Ward, 166

LEGACY, Dennis George, 167

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD, Nancy Kulik, 167

FOLLOW ON, Tracey Craig McKibben, 168

WORDLY CHARMS, Angharad Davis, 169

CARROLLTON, Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 170

TOWN CREEK, T. D. George, 172

LITTLE VINE, Cory Winters, 173

LYNN, Nikos Pappas, 174

JUDGMENT, Nehemiah Shumway, 176

WADDELL STREET, Jesse P. Karlsberg, 178

## OLD PATHS: NEHEMIAH SHUMWAY

By Rachel Wells Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The influence of Nehemiah Shumway (1761-1843) on the Sacred Harp tradition is disproportionate to the fact that only two of his songs are included in *The Sacred Harp: SCHENECTADY* and *BALLSTOWN*. These songs are consistently “Top 40” (according to the Minutes) and have inspired several Southern Sacred Harp composers. Born in Massachusetts, Shumway lived most of his life in New Jersey and New York. He published his round-note *The American Harmony* in 1793 and later published tunes in four shapes in *The Easy Instructor*, which appeared in numerous editions from 1801 through the 1820s.

JUDGMENT, on page 176 in this issue of *The Trumpet*, first published in *The American Harmony*, is a fine example of Shumway’s fusing style. What I find most remarkable in this piece—and others—is his use of rhythm. The first four lines of text take a variety of syllable durations, none less than a quarter note. Shumway introduces the long-short-short-long pattern in m.8-9 (“The nations near”), which is echoed at double speed in m.15 (“Thron’d on a cloud”). He confounds our expectations that the fuge will start after two or four lines of text by extending the plain text setting to six lines. The quarter-eighth-eighth-quarter pattern of “Thron’d on a cloud” becomes the rhythm of the fuge entrance and is finally repeated by all the voices together at the end of the piece. This pattern is particularly dramatic because it begins on a strong beat, rather than on a pickup.

Shumway’s JUDGMENT was evidently an inspiration for J.M.C. Shaw’s 1902 song of the same name, which appears on page 269 of the Cooper edition of *The Sacred Harp*, with alto by Bamma Quick. The text and rhythm are the most noticeable similarities—in particular, the “Thron’d on a cloud” pattern is borrowed from Shumway, as well as the general rhythmic organization of the first four lines of text. There is some melodic borrowing as well. Shumway’s JUDGMENT was first disseminated in the South in William Hauser’s *Hesperian Harp* (1848), and this is the most likely reason for Shaw’s knowing it.

The catchy, almost syncopated, rhythms of Shumway’s later songs *SCHENECTADY* (1805) and *BALLSTOWN* (1809) inspired several compositions in the Denson edition of *The Sacred Harp*. S.M. Denson’s *MORNING SUN* (1911) is a sort of “rhythmic twin” of *SCHENECTADY* in that

the durations of corresponding syllables of text are mostly the same in both songs, as are the placement of fuge entrances. S.M. Denson and J.S. James’s *TRAVELING ON* (1911) has the same relationship to *BALLSTOWN*. J.P. Reese’s *FILLMORE* (1869) imitates the rhythm of *SCHE-NECTADY*, though less closely.

The practice of reworking New England fuges in the Southern shape-note tradition has been noted elsewhere. There are quite a few examples where the imitation involves both melodies and rhythms. It is particularly significant that rhythm is the aspect of Shumway’s style that S.M. Denson, J.P. Reese, and J.M.C. Shaw choose to emulate.

Shumway was no less influential as a compiler. In addition to reprinting compositions by Billings, Read, and others, Shumway’s *The American Harmony* (1793, 1801) introduced thirty-eight new songs, including thirteen by Shumway. Four of the thirty-eight are found in editions of *The Sacred Harp: MOUNT PLEASANT, SHARON, ALL SAINTS NEW* (218, 212, and 444 in the Denson edition), and a relative of *HATFIELD* in the Cooper edition (327). This last tune is also related to *HATFIELD* in Andrew Law’s *Rudiments of Music* (ed.2, 1786) and *THE TRUE PENTITENT* in Jeremiah Ingalls’s *The Christian Harmony* (1805). Due to the existence of variations indicating probable oral transmission of the song, musicologists McKay and Crawford propose that *HATFIELD* is “the earliest printed American folk hymn.” S.M. Denson’s arrangement of *VOICE OF NATURE*, another song introduced in *The American Harmony*, appears on page 20 of *The Christian Harmony* as *PRISON CHAINS*.

*The American Harmony* is well represented in other shape-note collections. It was a primary source of New England tunes for two early shape-note books, Freeman Lewis’s *The Beauties of Harmony* (Pittsburgh, 1814) and Little and Smith’s *The Easy Instructor* (Albany, 1801 and on). These songs made their way south and west through *The Kentucky Harmony* (Harrisonburg, Va., 1820), *The Missouri Harmony* (Cincinnati, 1820), and *The Juvenile Harmony* (Cincinnati, 1825), which were among the sources of *The Hesperian Harp* (1848) by William Hauser of Wadley, Georgia. Of the thirty-eight songs first published in *The American Harmony*, in addition to the four in *The Sacred Harp*, twelve are in *The Shenandoah Harmony*, three are in *The Missouri Harmony* (2005 ed.), two are in *The Norumbega Harmony*, and one is in *The Northern Harmony* (2012 ed.).

## LAMINACK. L.M.

G MINOR E. S. Laminack, 1930s-40s.

Thomas A. Ivey, 2014.

1. Je - sus came down from heav'n a - bove, To save the ob - jects of his love.

2. I once was young and ver - y wild, And I was a dis - loy - al child.

3. And I was sin - sick, wan - d'ring round, But the dear sav - ior sin - ner found.

4. But now I feel I'm in the way That Je - sus taught us ev - 'ry day,

And be - ing one of A - dam's race, Has saved me by re - deem - ing grace.

But when I heard that still small voice, I was cut down with - out my choice.

I was so blind I could not see Un - til the sav - ior set me free.

And now we sing Hal - le - lu - jah, All sing Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah.

## CABBAGE TOWN. S.M.

A MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1709.

*For Ruthie and Ben on the occasion of their wedding.*

Thomas Ward, 2014.

Musical score for the first part of 'Cabbage Town'. The music is in A Major (two sharps) and common time (indicated by '3/4'). The vocal line consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are:

1. From love's ce - les - tial springs Such streams of com - fort flow  
 2. Formed for the pur - est joys, By one de - sire pos - sessed;  
 3. 'Tis the same pleas - ure fills The breast in worlds a - bove;

Musical score for the second part of 'Cabbage Town'. The music is in A Major (two sharps) and common time (indicated by '3/4'). The vocal line consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are:

As no in - crease of rich - es brings Nor hon - ors can be - stow.  
 One love the aim of both em - ploys To make the oth - er blest.  
 Where joy like morn - ing dew dis - tillt And all the air is love.

## LEGACY. C.M.

F MINOR Isaac Watts, 1709.

Dennis George, 2014.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.

2. Once they were mourn - ers here be - low, And poured out cries and tears; They wrest - led hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I ask them whence their vic - tory came; They with u - nit - ed breath, A - scribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to his death.

## THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD. C.M.

E MINOR *Scottish Psalter*, 1650.

Psalm 23

Nancy Kulik, 2014.

1. The Lord's my shep - herd, I'll not want. He makes me down to lie In pas - tures green; he lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.

2. My soul he doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make With - in the paths of right-eous - ness, E'en for his own name's sake.

3. Yea, though I walk in death's darkvale, Yet will I fear no ill; For thou art with me; and thy rod And staff me com - fort still.

4. My ta - ble thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence of my foes; My head thou dost with oil a - noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.

5. Good - ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me; And in God's house for - ev - er - more My dwelling place shall be.

## FOLLOW ON. C.M.

G MAJOR Tracey Craig McKibben and Glenda Stoneback, 2008.

Tracey Craig McKibben, 2008.

1. I never shall forget the day The Savior pardoned me. And in his paths I'll follow on, 'Til his dear face I see.

2. Although at times my way grows dim, The path may seem to hide. My Lord assures me, ev - er near, That he's my faith - ful guide.

3. And when it's time for me to leave This earth and flesh be hind, I'll sing with all the joy di - vine I know will then be mine.

I will follow on, 'til his dear face I see. And in his path I'll follow on, 'Til his dear face I see.

I will follow on, 'til his dear face I see. And in his path I'll follow on, 'Til his dear face I see.

I'll follow, fol - low, fol - low on, 'til his dear face I see. And in his path I'll follow on, 'Til his dear face I see.

## WORLDLY CHARMS. C.M.

E MINOR John Newton, 1774.

Angharad Davis, 2014.

1. Let worldly minds the world pur-sue, It has no charms for me; Once I ad-mired its So earth-ly plea-sures

2. As by the light of op'-ning day, The stars are all con-cealed; Once I ad-mired its So earth-ly plea-sures

Once I ad-mired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free, Once I ad-mired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free.  
fade a - way, When Je - sus is re - vealed, So earth-ly plea-sures fade a - way, When Je - sus is re - vealed.

Once I ad-mired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free, Once I ad-mired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free.  
So earth-ly plea-sures fade a - way, a - way, When Je - sus is re - vealed, So earth-ly plea-sures fade a - way, When Je - sus is re - vealed.

tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free, Once I ad-mired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free.  
fade a - way, When Je - sus is re - vealed, So earth-ly plea-sures fade a - way, When Je - sus is re - vealed.

But grace hath set me free, Once I ad-mired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free.  
When Je - sus is re - vealed, So earth-ly plea-sures fade a - way, When Je - sus is re - vealed.

## CARROLLTON. L.M.

D MAJOR Joseph Proud, 1790.

Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 2013.

1. Oh, could I soar to worlds above, That No  
2. When he com-mands my soul a-way, No

1. Oh, could I soar, Oh, could I soar to worlds above, That No  
2. When he com-mands, When he com-mands my soul a-way, No

1. Oh, could I soar to worlds above, That No  
2. When he com-mands my soul a-way, No

1. Oh, could I soar, Oh, could I soar to worlds above, That No  
2. When he com-mands, When he com-mands my soul a-way, No

bless-ed state of peace and love, That No  
world-ly cares shall my feet stay, a-way, No

bless-ed state of peace and love, That No  
world-ly cares shall my feet stay, a-way, No

bless-ed state of peace and love, That No  
world-ly cares shall my feet stay, a-way, No

bless-ed state of peace and love, That No  
world-ly cares shall my feet stay, a-way, No

## CARROLLTON. L.M. Concluded.

How glad - ly would I mount and fly  
With rap - ture I shall wake and rise

On an - gel's wings to joys on the  
To join my friends a - bove the

How glad - ly would I mount and fly On an - gel's wings  
With rap - ture I shall wake and rise To join my friends to joys on the  
to joys a - bove the

How glad - ly would I mount and fly  
With rap - ture I shall wake and rise

On an - gel's wings to joys on the  
To join my friends a - bove the

How glad - ly would I mount and fly  
With rap - ture I shall wake and rise

On an - gel's wings to joys on the  
To join my friends a - bove the

high, How glad - ly would I mount and fly  
skies, With rap-ture I shall wake and rise

On an - gel's wings to joys on high.  
To join my friends a - bove the high. skies.

high,  
skies, How glad - ly would I mount and fly  
With rap - ture I shall wake and rise

On an - gel's wings to joys on high.  
To join my friends a - bove the high. skies.

high, How glad - ly would I mount and fly  
skies, With rap-ture I shall wake and rise

On an - gel's wings to joys on high.  
To join my friends a - bove the high. skies.

high,  
skies, How glad - ly would I mount and fly  
With rap - ture I shall wake and rise

On an - gel's wings to joys on high.  
To join my friends a - bove the high. skies.

## TOWN CREEK. L.M.

G MAJOR Anne Steele, 1760.

T. D. George, 2013.

1. So fades the love - ly bloom - ing flower, Frail smil - ing so - lace of an hour;  
 2. Let gen - tle pa - tience smile on pain, Till dy - ing hope re - vives a - gain;

So soon our tran - sient com - forts fly, And pleas - ure on - ly blooms to die. die.  
 Hope wipes the tears from sor - row's eye, And faith points up - ward to the sky. sky.

## LITTLE VINE. C.M.D.

D MINOR *Scottish Psalter* (Psalm 137); and perhaps Stephen Jenks..

Cory Winters, 2014.

By Ba-bel's streams we sat and wept, While Zi-on we thought on; A - midst there-of we hung our harps the wil-low trees up-on.

By Ba-bel's streams we sat and wept, While Zi-on we thought on; A - midst there-of we hung our harps the wil-low trees up-on.

With all the pow'r and skill I have, I'll gent-ly touch each string; If I can reach the charm-ing sound I'll tune my harp a-gain.

With all the pow'r and skill I have, I'll gent-ly touch each string; If I can reach the charm-ing sound I'll tune my harp a-gain.

## LYNN. C.M.D.

D MINOR John Schofield.

Nikos Pappas, 2000.

We pray for faith in thee, O Lord, We pray for thee, And  
 We pray for faith in thee, O Lord, We pray for thee, O Lord, O Lord, And  
 We pray for faith in thee, O Lord, We pray for thee, O Lord, And  
 We pray for faith in thee, O Lord, We pray for thee, O Lord, And  
 We pray for faith in thee, O Lord, We pray for thee, O Lord, And

in thy ho - ly Son, And trust the Ho - ly Spir - it Lord, Un - til the day is done.  
 in thy ho - ly Son, And trust the Ho - ly Spir - it Lord, Un - til the day is done.  
 in thy ho - ly Son, And trust the Ho - ly Spir - it Lord, Un - til the day is done.  
 in thy ho - ly Son, And trust the Ho - ly Spir - it Lord, Un - til the day is done.

## LYNN. Concluded.

And when our work is o-ver, Lord, And end - ed our last day, And when our  
 And when our work is o-ver, Lord, And end - ed our last day, And when our work is o-ver,  
 And when our work is o-ver, Lord, And end - ed our last day, And when our work is  
 And when our work is o-ver, Lord, And end - ed our last day, And when our work is o-ver, Lord, And

work is o-ver, Lord, And end-ed our last day, That faith will bear us up to thee, In Je-sus' name we pray.  
 Lord, And end-ed our last day, That faith will bear us up to thee, In Je-sus' name we pray.  
 o-ver, Lord, And end-ed our last day, That faith will bear us up to thee, In Je-sus' name we pray.  
 end-ed our last day, last day, That faith will bear us up to thee, In Je-sus' name we pray.

## JUDGMENT. C.M.D.

G MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

Nehemiah Shumway, 1793.

The Lord the judge, be - fore his throne, Bids all the earth draw nigh,      The na-tions near the ris-ing sun, And near the west - ern sky.

Thun-der and

Throned on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames pre - pare his way.

Thun-der and dark - ness, fire and

Thun - der and dark-ness, fire and storm, Lead on the

## JUDGMENT. Concluded.

dark - ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread - ful day.      Thun-der and dark-ness, fire and storm, fire and

Thun-der and dark - ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread-ful day.      Thun-der and dark-ness, fire and storm, Lead

storm, Lead on the dread - ful day.      Thun - der and dark-ness, fire and storm,      Thun-der and dark-ness, fire and storm, Lead

dread - ful day.      Thun - der and dark-ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread-ful day.      Lead on the

storm, fire and storm, Thun - der and dark-ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread - ful day.

on the dread - ful day.      Thun - der and dark-ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread - ful day.

on the dread - ful day.      Thun - der and dark-ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread - ful day.

dread - ful day.      Thun - der and dark-ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread - ful day.

## WADDELL STREET. C.M.

A MAJOR G.M., 1829 (?).

Jesse P. Karlsberg, 2014.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh: When will the moment come  
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This  
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, When I shall lay my ar - mor by, This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This

2. No tran-quil joy on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring dome;  
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And This  
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This

dwell in peace at home, at home? When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home? And dwell in peace at home? home?  
world is not my home, my home! This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home! This world is not my home! home!

by, woe, And dwell in peace at home, at home? When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home? And dwell in peace at home? home?  
This world is not my home, my home! This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home! This world is not my home! home!

dwell in peace at home, at home? When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home? And dwell in peace at home? home?  
world is not my home, my home! This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home! This world is not my home! home!

dwell in peace at home, at home? When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home? And dwell in peace at home? home?  
world is not my home, my home! This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home! This world is not my home! home!







Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

Volume 5, No 1. September, 2015.



# The Trumpet

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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## *From the Editors*

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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@singtherumpet.com*

## *Articles*

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From the Editors, iii

Old Paths: Truman S. Wetmore, by Warren Steel, iv

Opinion: The Importance of Listening, by Christopher Coughlin, v

## *Tunes*

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WE'LL LAND ON SHORE, Ben Bath, 179

JONAH, Scott Luscombe, 180

BRIGHTON (TIVEY'S NOTEBOOK), Steve Luttinen, 181

DANIEL, Bill Hollingsworth, 182

DELUGE, Leah Velleman, 184

ROSCOE, Linda Sides, 185

WHEN I DIE I'LL LIVE AGAIN, Ernest Rippetoe, arr. David Wright, 186

CHILDREN OF A KING, Dan Thoma, 188

HEARNE, Mary Huffman, 189

CENTRE HALL, Faiz J. Wareh, 190

GIPSY HILL, Duane Nasis, 191

SIMENA, Myles Louis Dakan, 192

THE CHRISTIAN'S ENTREATY, C. Woods, 193

SOLDIERS' HOME, G. J. Hoffman, 194

WASHINGTON, Truman S. Wetmore, 195

BUCK STREET, Rebecca Wright, 196

## OLD PATHS: TRUMAN S. WETMORE

By David Warren Steel, Oxford, Mississippi

**T**ruman 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 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 fusing-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 fusing 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 *Harmo-nia Sacra*, “sweetly tuned and performed in rhythmical order... rich, mellifluent, 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.  
If I nev - er see you an - y more I'll love you in my heart! And we'll land on shore,

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

3. Bro - thers now the meet - ing is o - ver, Broth - ers we must part.  
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 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<sup>b</sup> MAJOR Herman Melville, 1851.

Scott Luscombe, 2014.

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

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

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

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

5. My I song for ev - er glo - ry shall to re my cord God, That His ter all ri - ble, that joy and the hour. 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 Lutinen, 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 brightens low'ring 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.

Save one, the captain'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. Poor doubt-ing soul, from hence betau - ght How ground-less is thy fear; Think what the power of Christ hath wrought, And he is ev - er near. Then 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.

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 - tress - ed; 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 of calm all these go earth my way things Which Shall leads I me not wake the to tomb, see?  
 2. An end of these go earth my way things Which Shall leads I me not wake the to tomb, see?

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

## 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-on  
 I lay me down at Thy com-mand, But soon to life re-stor'd I trust

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

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

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

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

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

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

1           2

skies stand Be - gins his glo - rious reign, When Christ de - scend - ing from the skies Be - gins his glo - rious reign. Lord. reign. Lord.

Be - fore my heav - 'nly Lord, I trust on the new earth to stand Be - fore my heav - 'nly Lord.

scend - ing from the skies, When Christ de - scend - ing from the skies Be - gins his glo - rious reign. Lord. reign. Lord.

the new earth to stand, I trust on the new earth to stand Be - fore my heav - 'nly Lord.

scend - ing from the skies, When Christ de - scend - ing from the skies Be - gins his glo - rious reign. Lord. reign. Lord.

the new earth to stand, I trust on the new earth to stand Be - fore my heav - 'nly Lord.

Be - gins his glo - rious reign, When Christ de - scend - ing from the skies Be - gins his glo - rious reign. Lord. reign. Lord.

## DELUGE. P.M.

E MINOR Tate and Brady, 1696.

Leah Velleman, 2014.

Tears are my constant 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 constant food, while thus in - sul-ting foes up - braid: Where's now thy God, where's now thy  
 Tears are my constant food, while thus in - sul - ting foes up - braid: where's now thy  
 Tears are my constant 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 blissful 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.

D.C.

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<sup>b</sup> 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;

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.)

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.)

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

(When I die)

## CHILDREN OF A KING. C.M.D.

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

Dan Thoma, 2008.

4 : | **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?  
 4 : | **1** | 2 |   
 Ah, they are of a roy - al line, All  
 4 : | **1** | 2 |   
 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?  
 4 : | **1** | 2 |   
 Ah, they are of a roy - al line, All chil-dren of a King;

roy-al line, All chil-dren 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♭ 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 accord, And

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

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

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

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

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

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! How sweet 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.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time (indicated by a '4' below the staff). The key signature is F major, indicated by a single flat symbol (B-flat) in the treble clef. The music is divided into two sections. The first section starts with a treble clef, bass clef, and alto clef. The lyrics are:

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 second section begins with a bass clef and continues the lyrics:

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 And

The lyrics then continue in the bass clef section:

The man that seeks thy And since my glo - rious

The lyrics then transition to a treble clef section:

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 lyrics then transition back to a bass clef section:

The man that seeks thy peace, And since my glo - rious God And Makes thee his blest a - bode, A thou-sand bless-ings on him rest.  
 My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

The lyrics then transition to a treble clef section:

man that seeks thy peace, And wish - es his thine in - crease Makes thee his blest a - bode, A thou-sand bless-ings on him rest.  
 since my glo - rious God My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

The lyrics then transition back to a bass clef section:

peace, And wish - es his thine in - crease A thou-sand bless-ings on him rest.  
 God Makes thee his blest a - bode, My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

# THE CHRISTIAN'S ENTREATY. P.M.

A<sup>b</sup> 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 -

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.

## SOLDIERS' HOME. C.M.

F# MINOR Barbara Hohenstein, 2012.

G. J. Hoffman, 2012.

1. O weary one, come lay you down, Released from every care.

2. It's peaceful now, your heavy heart Beats to the drum no more.

3. Come, soldier, home, no more to roam From those you loved before.

No more on earth to hear the call, No more to suffer here.

Come home to rest 'neath solid ground, Far from the strife of war.

Your life on earth complete at last, Your battle now is o'er.

## WASHINGTON. L.M.

A MINOR Anonymous 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

What sol - emn sounds the ear in - vade? What wraps the land in sor - row's shade?  
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.

Musical score for the first part of 'BUCK STREET. C.M.' in G Major, Common Time. The score consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff a treble clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with several grace notes indicated by small vertical strokes. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Now shall my inward 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 - dule our fears, sus - pi - cions and com - plaints?

Musical score for the second part of 'BUCK STREET. C.M.' in G Major, Common Time. The score consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff a treble clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, including grace notes. The lyrics are as follows:

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?