

The Trumpet

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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The Trumpet

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

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

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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 Carrolton, 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.

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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. 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

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Shape Note Singing from



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 plainness 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 Gryszko 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 Slavic country speaking strange Polish language. The answer is love. In 2008 Magdalena Zapiedowska 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 Zapiedowska 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. OKÓLNİK 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 Ła ski Pań - skiej a chce - my U - po - do - bać się Je - mu, Prze - ci - wiaj - my się zło - mu.
6. Pan strze - że spra - wie - dli - wych I bro - ni od zło - śli - wych; A kto żył w po - bo - żno - ści, Pe - wien trwa - łej 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 ła - 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.

Musical score for the first system, featuring four staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (F major). The lyrics are: "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-pare To sing the bright, the

Musical score for the second system, featuring four staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (F major). The lyrics are: "heart pre-pare To sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Blest Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre-pare To sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Star. Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre-pare To sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Blest Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre-pare To sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Star. sing the bright, the morn-ing Star. Blest Spir - it ev - 'ry heart pre-pare 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." The system concludes with a first ending (1) and a second ending (2).

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, with one ac - cord, clap hands, shout, and re -
2. For high the Lord and dread - ful is, his won - ders man - i -

3. Our God as - cend - ed up on high with joy and pleas - ant
4. Sing prais - es to our God, sing praise, Sing prais - es to our

5. All praise to God the Fath - er be, and to his on - ly

joy: Be glad and sing un - to the Lord with sweet and pleas - ant voice.
fold: A might - y King he is like - wise, in all the earth ex - tolled.

noise: The Lord goes up a - bove the sky with trum - pets roy - al voice.
King! For God is King of all the earth, all skill - ful prais - es 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 me, O God, nor hide Thy face, But an - swer lest I die; Hast Thou not built a throne of grace, To

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and the bottom staff is the bass line. The music is in G minor (one flat) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "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 sin - ners cry? My days are wast - ed like the smoke dis - solv - ing in the air; My

hear when sin - ners cry? My days are wast - ed like the smoke dis - solv - ing in the

hear when sin - ners cry? My days are wast - ed like the smoke dis -

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

The second system of the musical score continues with four staves. The lyrics are: "hear when sin - ners 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 & 7s D.

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

Aldous, 2007.

Fine *D.C.*

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 in - fant 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;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal staves in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 2/3. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the three vocal parts.

Thus saith the Lord to his e - lect, So will I guard Je - ru - sa - lem. lem.

From age to age they have de - fid, The ut - most ³ 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?

The second system of the musical score continues with four staves. It includes a first ending bracket with two endings, labeled '1' and '2', over the final notes of the first vocal line. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3, corresponding to the three vocal parts. The bottom staff includes a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above it.

CATALINA. P.M.

A MINOR Isaac Watts, 1709, alt.

Leland Paul Kusmer, 2011.

1 2

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

Detailed description: This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a first ending bracket over the final two measures. The second staff is the vocal line with lyrics underneath. The third staff is the vocal line with lyrics underneath. The bottom staff is the bass line, starting with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a first ending bracket over the final two measures.

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;

Detailed description: This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics underneath. The second staff is the vocal line with lyrics underneath. The third staff is the vocal line with lyrics underneath. The bottom staff is the bass line with lyrics underneath. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and includes a final ending bracket at the end of the system.

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

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

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

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

Mo - ses and as Mi - riam sang praise With all each the trem - bling saints. saints.
rise each day to see my sang praise With all each the trem - bling saints. saints.
see my sang praise With all each the trem - bling saints. saints.

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

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

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

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

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

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

thine. And ev - 'ry grace is thine, Thy lips with bless - ings ov - er - flow, And ev - 'ry grace is thine. thine.
 all. For Thou art all in all. I can - not live if Thou re - move, For Thou art all in all. 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 de - lights, The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights.

2. The o - p'ning 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 gha - st - 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 gha - st - 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 gha - st - ly death, I'd break thro' ev - 'ry

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

gun; He is my soul's sweet morn-ing star, And He my ris-ing sun, And He my ris-ing sun.
 word, Run up with joy the shin-ing way T'em-brace my dear-est Lord, T'em-brace my dear-est Lord.
 foe; The wings of love and arms of faith Would bear me con-q'ror through, Would bear me con-q'ror through.

*On repeat sing third verse

ASHLEY. L.M.

F MINOR Lisa Ballinger Geist, 2004.

Glenn Keeton, 1998; and Chris Ballinger, 2005.

1. Great God thy love, e - ter - nal life, Redemption's gift that He has giv'n An-gel-ic choirs still sing His praise as once on earth exchanged for Heav'n.
 2. Re - mem-ber those who've gone before, songs e - cho-ing on Ca-naan's shore, Lift up your voice in vic - to - ry, our sins for-giv'n on Cal - va - ry.
 3. Man-sions on high, sweet maj-es-ty, crowns of de-light that wait for me. His blessings flow, He free-ly gives the liv-ing wa - ter, drink and live.

SOUTH OGDEN. C.M.

A MAJOR Samuel Medley, 1789, alt.

Wade Kotter, 2011.

1. Mor - tals a - wake, with an - gels join, and chant the sol - emn lay. Joy, love, and gra - ti -

2. In heav'n the rap - t'rous song be - gan, And sweet ser - a - phic fire Through all the shin - ing

3. Oh for a glance of Heav'n - ly 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 strung and tuned the lyre, And strung 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^b MAJOR Micah Sommer, 2011.

Micah Sommer, 2011.

1. I've climbed the tow'r-ing mount-ains. 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

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with two verses of lyrics. The second and third staves are the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music is in B-flat major, 4/4 time, and features a simple, rhythmic melody with a steady accompaniment.

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.

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.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It includes a first ending (marked '1') and a second ending (marked '2') for the vocal line, which leads to a repeat of the previous phrase. The piano accompaniment continues to provide a steady accompaniment.

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.

"I nagotował 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 - żna pa - szcza Le - wia - ta - na i po - nio - sła na głę - bi - ny me - go Pa - na.
2. Rze - kłem 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 - śnię - ty do o - sta - tka pa - dłem w du - szy 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 dzie - ki Że nie um - knął gi - ną - ce - mu Swo - jej rę - ki.

1. Po - chło - nę - ła mnie grzesz - ni - ka gro - żna pa - szcza Le - wia - ta - na Po - nio - sła w głę - bie za wy - ro - kiem me - go Pa - na.
2. Rze - kłem 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 - śnię - ty do o - sta - tka pa - dłem w du - szy na ko - la - na Nie pom - nąc grze - chów za - wo - ła - łem 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 dzie - ki Nie um - knął prze - cie mi - ło - sier - nej Swo - jej rę - ki.

1. Po - chło - nę - ła mnie grzesz - ni - ka gro - żna pa - szcza Le - wia - ta - na Tak! Za wy - ro - kiem me - go Pa - na.
2. Rze - kłem so - bie: nę - dzny człe - ku, Smu - tna ci się do - la zna - czy Tak! Po - tę - pieńczej nurt roz - pa - czy?
3. Przy - ci - śnię - ty do o - sta - tka pa - dłem w du - szy na ko - la - na Tak! Za - wo - ła - łem me - go Pa - na.
4. Zsta - pił z nie - bios mój Wy - baw - ca Jak gro - mo - wa błys - ka - wi - ca Tak! Dał w Swe ja - sne spoj - rzeć li - ca.
5. Od - tąd wiel - bię Go śpie - wa - niem Po - ku - tni - cze czy - niąc dzie - ki Tak! Mi - ło - sier - nej Swo - jej rę - ki.

1. Po - chło - nę - ła mnie grzesz - ni - ka gro - żna pa - szcza Le - wia - ta - na i po - nio - sła na głę - bi - ny me - go Pa - na.
2. Rze - kłem 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 - śnię - ty do o - sta - tka pa - dłem w du - szy 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 dzie - ki Że nie um - knął gi - ną - 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^b 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 first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, followed by a piano accompaniment staff, a second vocal line, and a bass line. The music is in E-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal 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 second system of the musical score continues the composition with four staves. It features the same instrumental and vocal parts as the first system. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.