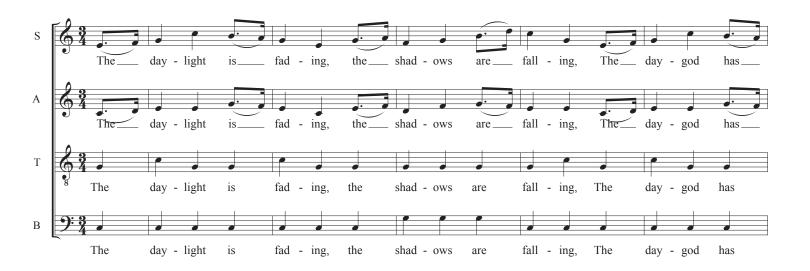
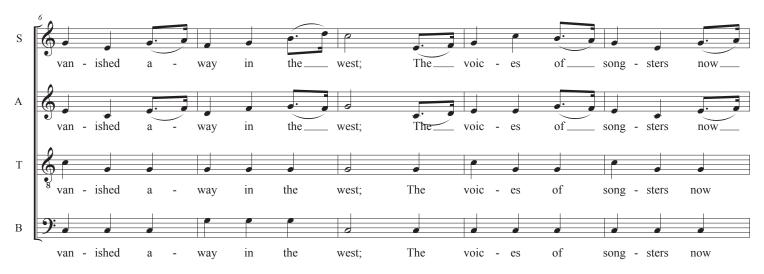




Charles H. Gabriel (1856-1932)

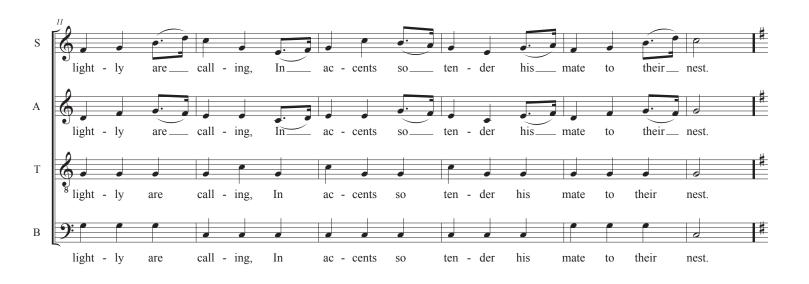
Chas. H. Gabriel

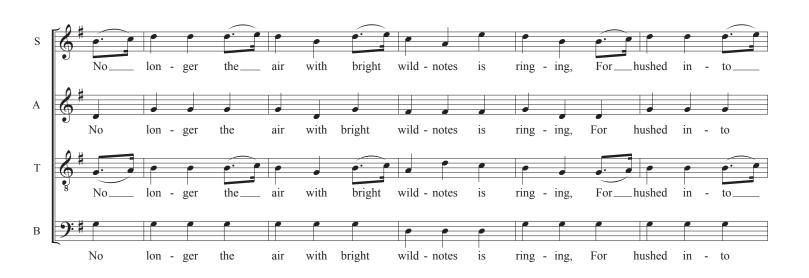


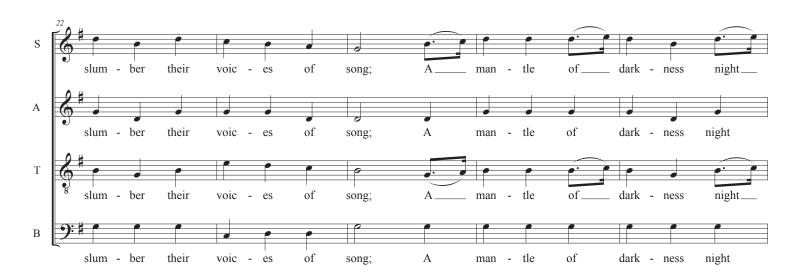


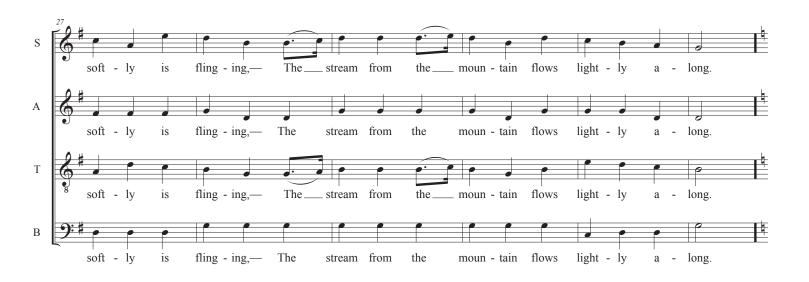


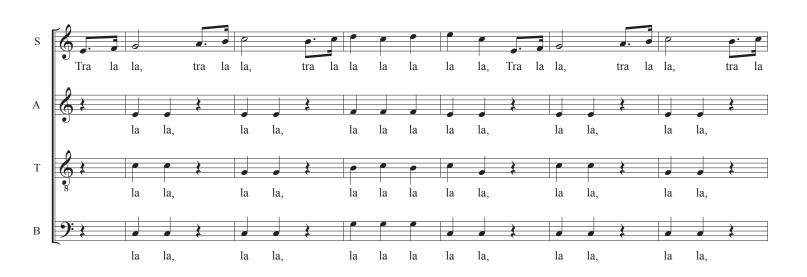
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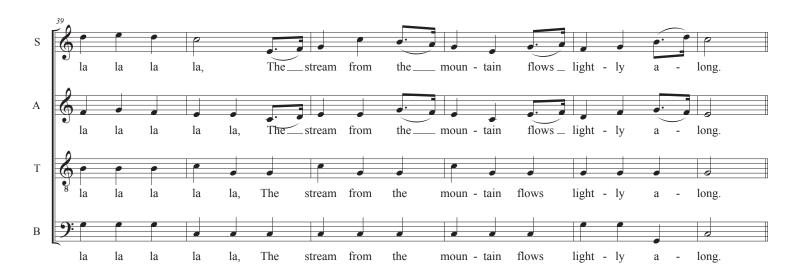


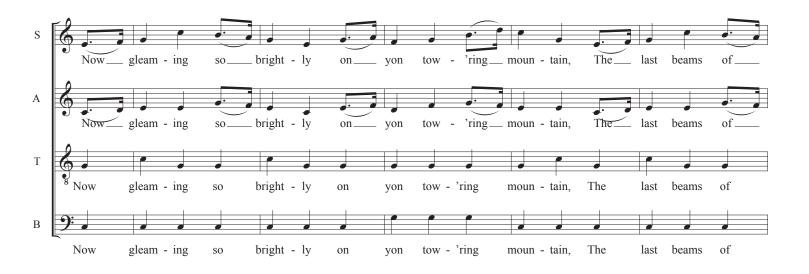


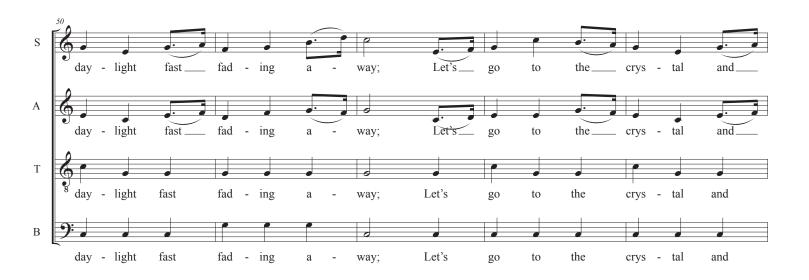


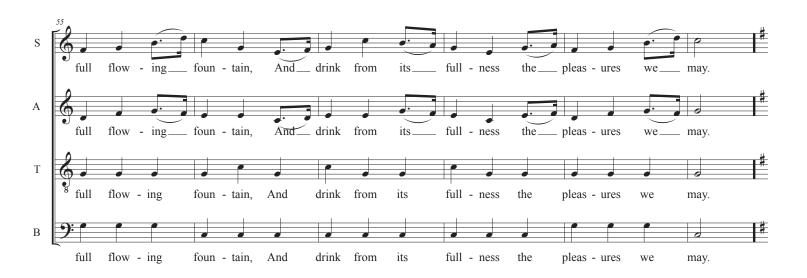


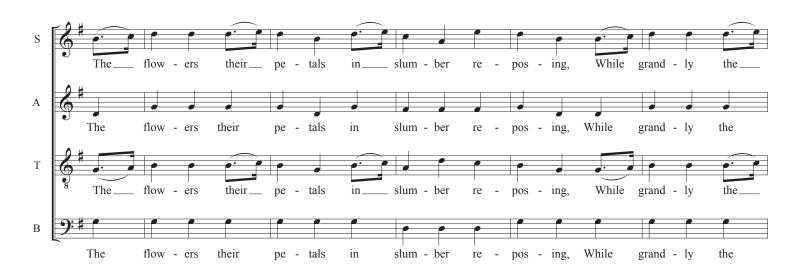


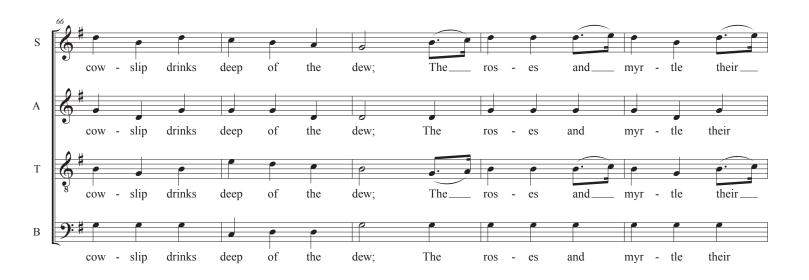


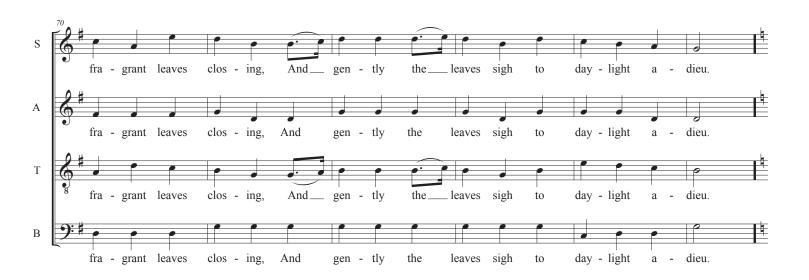


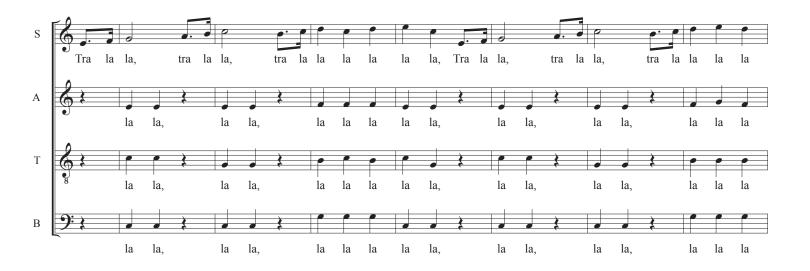


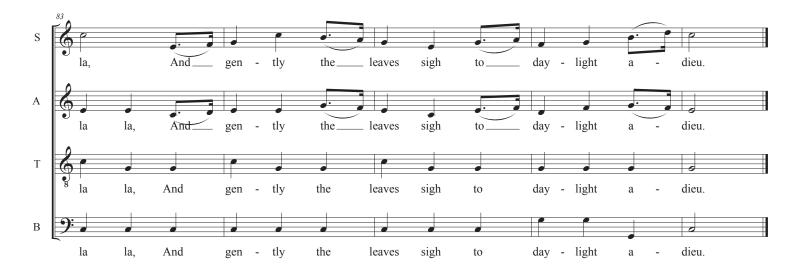












E. T. Pound (1885)

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel (1856-1932) was born in Wilton, Iowa, and raised on a farm. His father led singing schools in their home, he developed an interest in music and taught himself to play the reed organ. At age 17, he began to lead his own singing schools and conventions throughout the Southern, Western and Northern states. He moved to California and served as music director at Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, San Francisco, California for a number of years. He then moved to Chicago, Illinois, and worked with the Rodeheaver Publishing Company. He died in Hollywood, California. He was one of the most prolific writers of hymns and gospel songs and was successful at composing the music and writing texts. He is believed to have written and/or composed between 7,000 and 8,000 songs. His most well known songs are "His Eye is on the Sparrow" and "I Stand All Amazed." He issued over 14 books of anthems, eleven cantatas, many children's cantatas, three secular operettas, music for military band, instruction books for piano and organ, keyboard works, class books, primary song books, and children's concert collections. He used several pseudonyms, including Charlotte G. Homer, H. A. Henry, S. B. Jackson, and Charles H. Marsh.

The daylight is fading, the shadows are falling, The day-god has vanished away in the west; The voices of songsters now lightly are calling, In accents so tender his mate to their nest. No longer the air with bright wild-notes is ringing, For hushed into slumber their voices of song; A mantle of darkness night softly is flinging,—The stream from the mountain flows lightly along.

Now gleaming so brightly on yon towering mountain, The last beams of daylight fast fading away; Let's go to the crystal and full flowing fountain, And drink from its fullness the pleasures we may. The flowers their petals in slumber reposing, While grandly the cowslip drinks deep of the dew; The roses and myrtle their fragrant leaves closing, And gently the leaves sigh to daylight adieu.

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