



**Now!**

**Howard Kingsbury**  
**(1842-1878)**

# Now!

H. Kingsbury

Vigorous

S Rise! for the day — is — pass - ing, And — you lie — dream - ing — on; The

A Rise! for the day — is — pass - ing, And you lie dream - ing on; The

T Rise! for the day is pass - ing, And you lie dream - ing on; The

B Rise! for the day is pass - ing, And you lie dream - ing on; The

5  
S oth - ers have buc - kled their ar - mor, And forth to the fight are gone: A

A oth - ers have buc - kled their ar - mor, And forth to the fight are gone: A

T oth - ers have buc - kled their ar - mor, And forth to the fight are gone: A

B oth - ers have buc - kled their ar - mor, And forth to the fight are gone: A



9

S place in the ranks a - waits you, Each man has some part to play; The

A place in the ranks a - waits you, Each man has some part to play; The

T place in the ranks a - waits you, Each man has some part to play; The

B place in the ranks a - waits you, Each man has some part to play; The

13

S Past and the Fu - ture are \_\_\_ noth - ing, In the face of the stern To - day.

A Past and the Fu - ture are \_\_\_ noth - ing, In the face of the stern To - day.

T Past and the Fu - ture are noth - ing, In the face of the stern To - day.

B Past and the Fu - ture are noth - ing, In the face of the stern To - day.

17

S Rise from your dreams of the Fu - ture, Of \_\_\_ gain - ing some hard - fought field; Of

A Rise from your dreams of the Fu - ture, Of gain - ing some hard - fought field; Of

T Rise from your dreams of the Fu - ture, Of gain - ing some hard - fought field; Of

B Rise from your dreams of the Fu - ture, Of gain - ing some hard - fought field; Of

21

S storm - ing some air - y fort - ress, Or bid - ding some gi - ant yield; Your

A storm - ing some air - y fort - ress, Or bid - ding some gi - ant yield; Your

T storm - ing some air - y fort - ress, Or bid - ding some gi - ant yield; Your

B storm - ing some air - y fort - ress, Or bid - ding some gi - ant yield; Your

25

S Fu - ture has deeds of glo - ry, Of hon - or (God grant it may!) But

A Fu - ture has deeds of glo - ry, Of hon - or (God grant it may!) But

T Fu - ture has deeds of glo - ry, Of hon - or (God grant it may!) But

B Fu - ture has deeds of glo - ry, Of hon - or (God grant it may!) But

29

S your arm will nev - er be strong - er, Or the need so great as To - day.

A your arm will nev - er be strong - er, Or the need so great as To - day.

T your arm will nev - er be strong - er, Or the need so great as To - day.

B your arm will nev - er be strong - er, Or the need so great as To - day.

33

S Rise! if the Past de - tains you, Her sun - shine and storms for - get; No

A Rise! if the Past de - tains you, Her sun - shine and storms for - get; No

T Rise! if the Past de - tains you, Her sun - shine and storms for - get; No

B Rise! if the Past de - tains you, Her sun - shine and storms for - get; No

37

S chains so un-wor - thy to hold you As those of a vain re - gret: Sad or

A chains so un-wor - thy to hold you As those of a vain re - gret: Sad or

T chains so un-wor - thy to hold you As those of a vain re - gret: Sad or

B chains so un-wor - thy to hold you As those of a vain re - gret: Sad or

41

S bright, she is life - less ev - er; Cast her phan - tom arms a - way, Nor look

A bright, she is life - less ev - er; Cast her phan - tom arms a - way, Nor look

T bright, she is life - less ev - er; Cast her phan - tom arms a - way, Nor look

B bright, she is life - less ev - er; Cast her phan - tom arms a - way, Nor look

45

S back, save to learn the les - son Of a no - bler strife To - day.

A back, save to learn the les - son Of a no - bler strife To - day.

T back, save to learn the les - son Of a no - bler strife To - day.

B back, save to learn the les - son Of a no - bler strife To - day.

49

S Rise! for the day is pass - ing; The sound that you scarce - ly hear Is the

A Rise! for the day is pass - ing; The sound that you scarce - ly hear Is the

T Rise! for the day is pass - ing; The sound that you scarce - ly hear Is the

B Rise! for the day is pass - ing; The sound that you scarce - ly hear Is the

53

S en - e - my march - ing to bat - tle:— A - rise! for the foe is here! Stay

A en - e - my march - ing to bat - tle:— A - rise! for the foe is here! Stay

T en - e - my march - ing to bat - tle:— A - rise! for the foe is here! Stay

B en - e - my march - ing to bat - tle:— A - rise! for the foe is here! Stay

57

S not to sharp - en your wea - pons, Or the hour will strike at last, When from

A not to sharp - en your wea - pons, Or the hour will strike at last, When from

T not to sharp - en your wea - pons, Or the hour will strike at last, When from

B not to sharp - en your wea - pons, Or the hour will strike at last, When from

61

S dreams of a com - ing bat - tle, You may wake to find it past!

A dreams of a com - ing bat - tle, You may wake to find it past!

T dreams of a com - ing bat - tle, You may wake to find it past!

B dreams of a com - ing bat - tle, You may wake to find it past!

Taintor Brothers  
(1874)

**Howard Kingsbury** (1842–1878) was born in New York City, New York, and graduated from Yale University. He became an ordained minister, serving at the Second Presbyterian Church, Newark, Ohio, and later at the Village Church in Amherst, Massachusetts. He died in Amherst. He wrote many hymns, and wrote part songs for singing schools and conventions. Some of his songs were recognized by the Sol-Fa movement and republished by John Curwen's company in England in both traditional and sol-fa notation.

Rise! for the day is passing,  
And you lie dreaming on;  
The others have buckled their armor,  
And forth to the fight are gone:  
A place in the ranks awaits you,  
Each man has some part to play;  
The Past and Future are nothing,  
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future,  
Of gaining some hard-fought field;  
Of storming some airy fortress,  
Or bidding some giant yield;  
Your Future has deeds of glory,  
Of honor (God grant it may!)  
But your arm will never be stronger,  
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise! if the Past detains you,  
Her sunshine and storms forget;  
No chains so unworthy to hold you  
As those of a vain regret:  
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;  
Cast her phantom arms away,  
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson  
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;  
The sound that you scarcely hear  
Is the enemy marching to battle:—  
Arise! for the foe is here!  
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,  
Or the hour will strike at last,  
When from dreams of a coming battle,  
You may wake to find it past!

Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864)

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