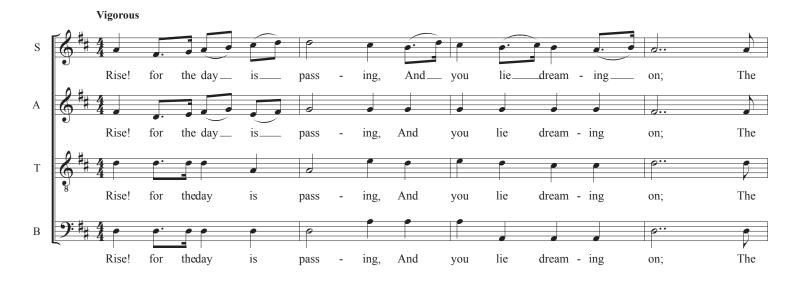
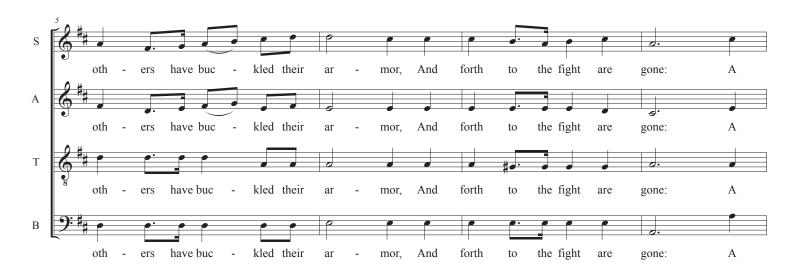




Howard Kingsbury (1842-1878)

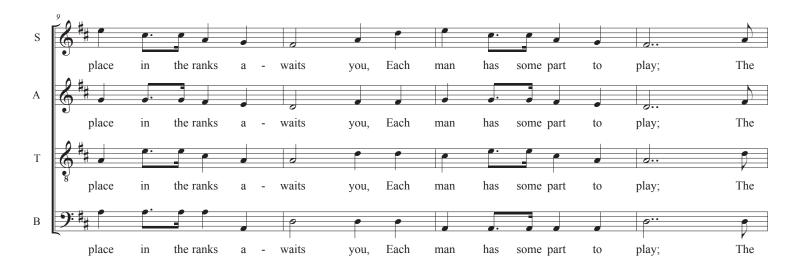
H. Kingsbury

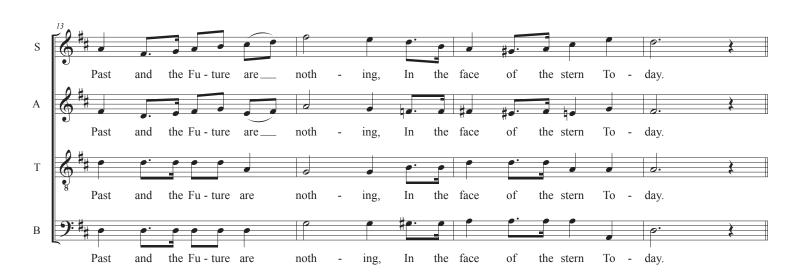


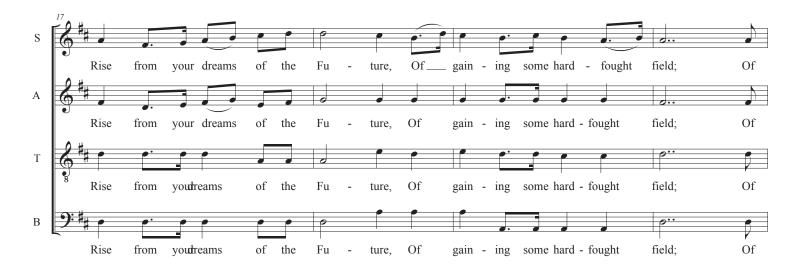


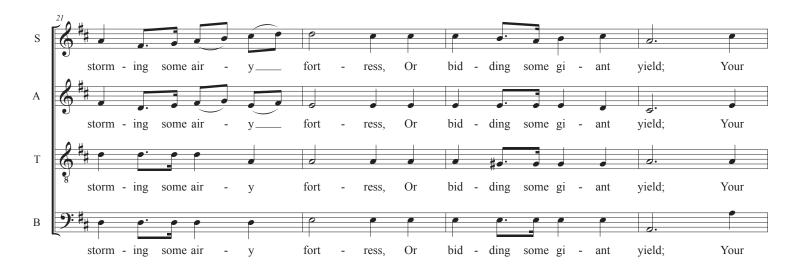


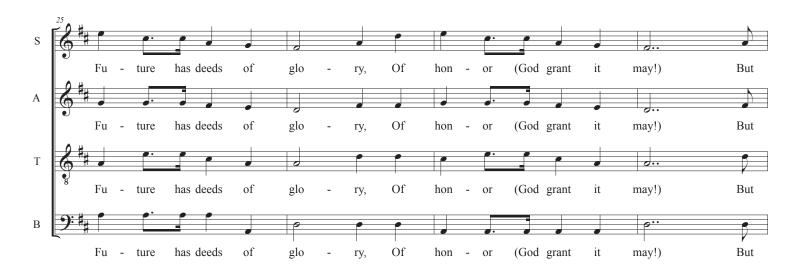
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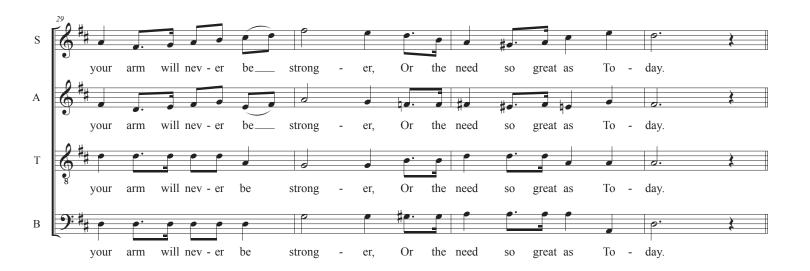


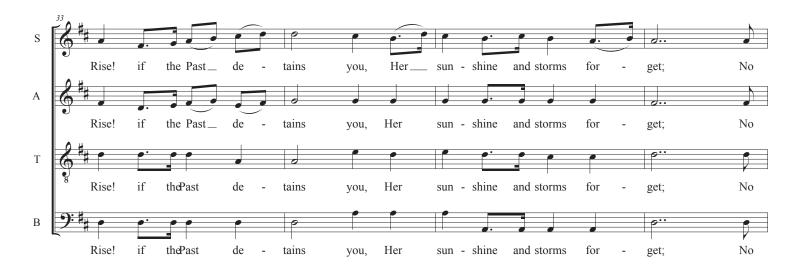


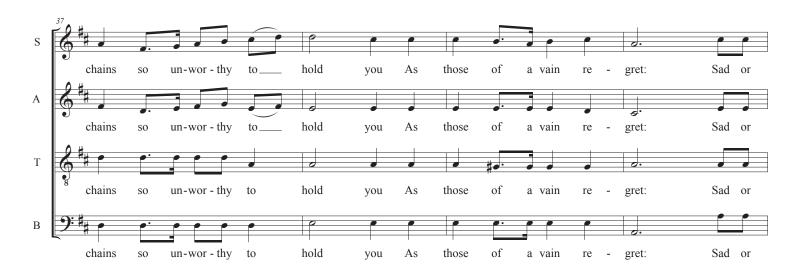


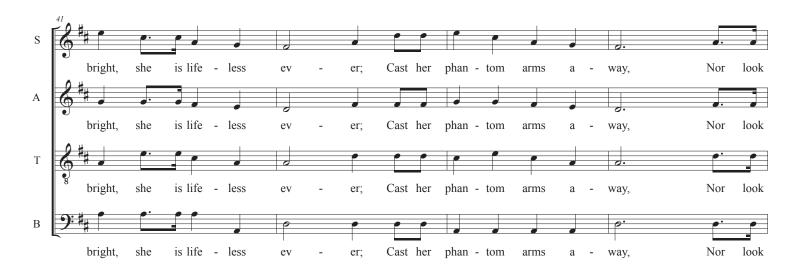


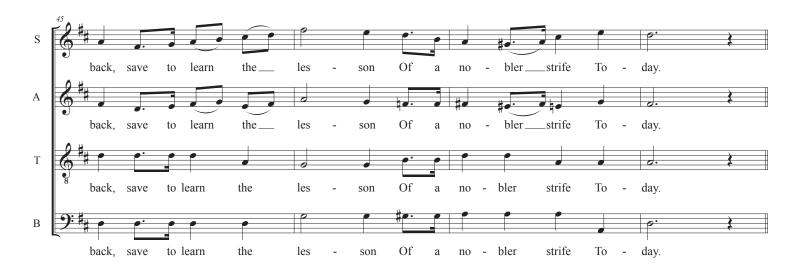


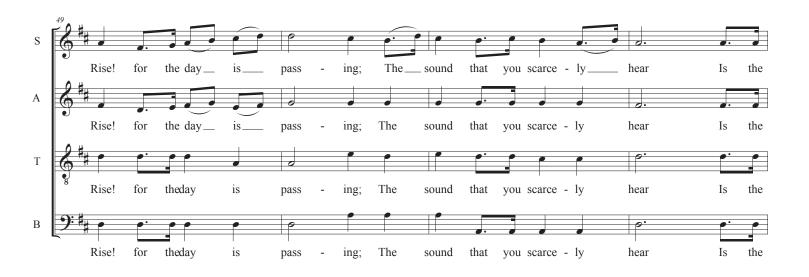


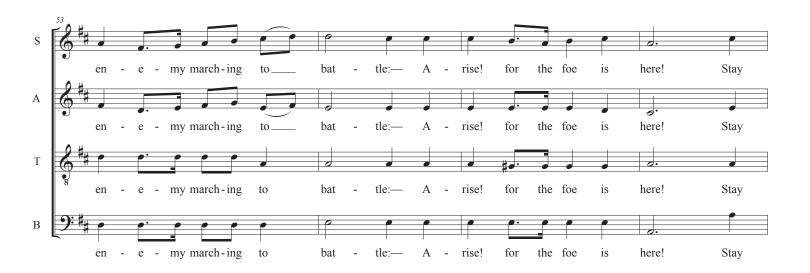


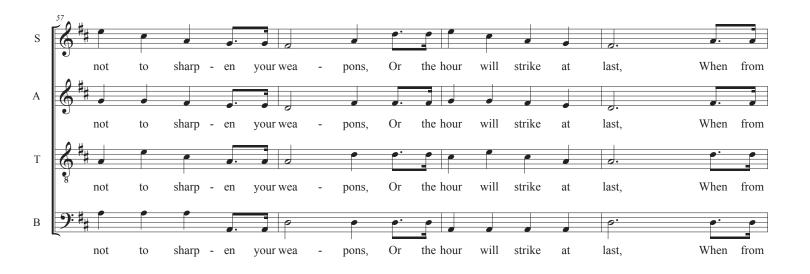


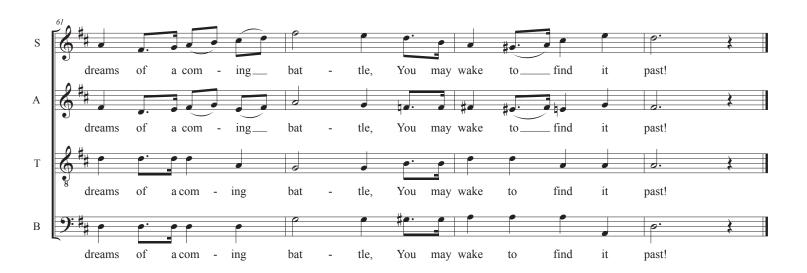












Taintor Brothers (1874)

**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 giant 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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