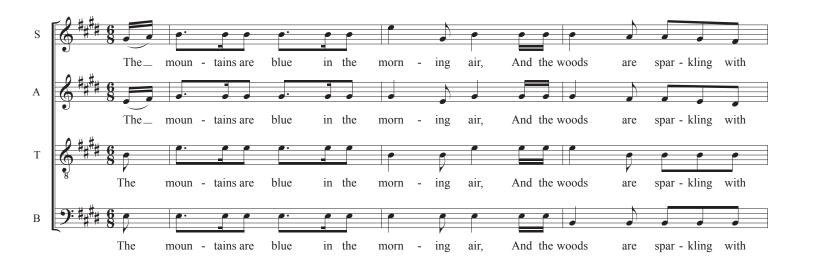
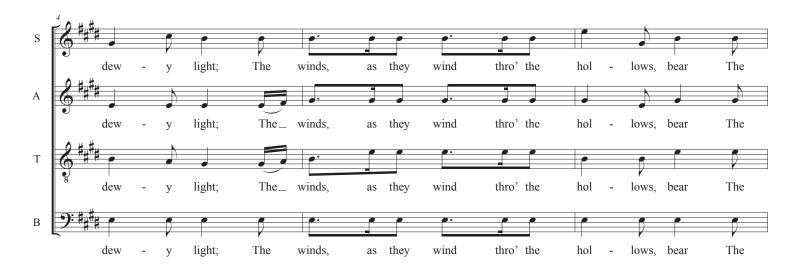




Howard Kingsbury (1842-1878)

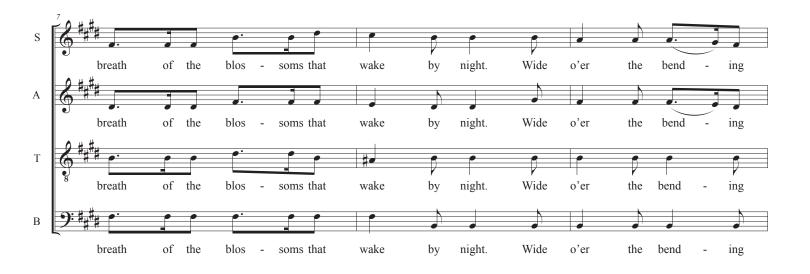
H. Kingsbury

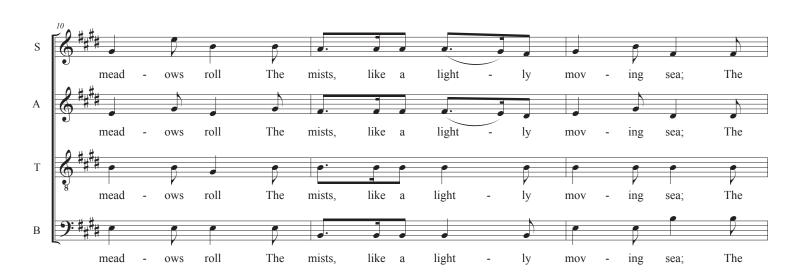


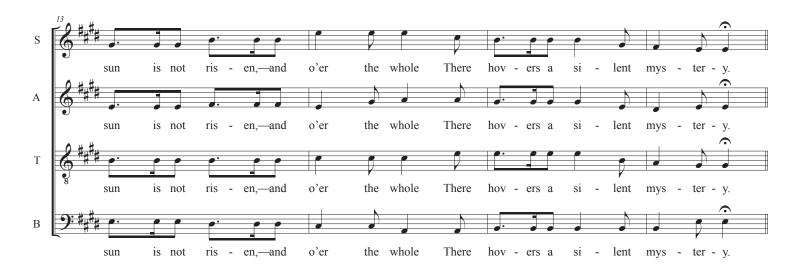


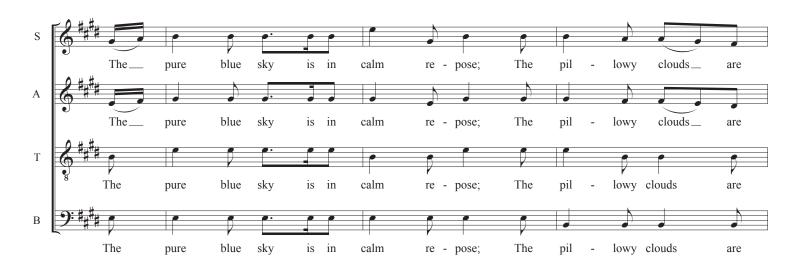


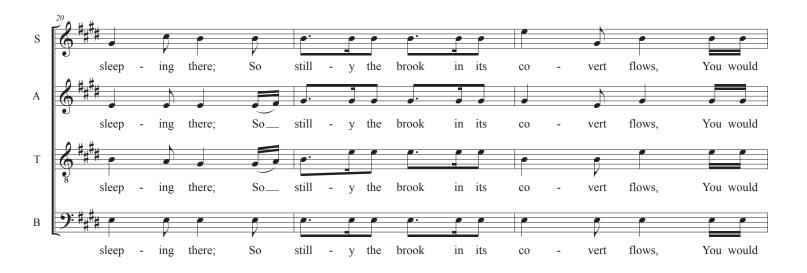
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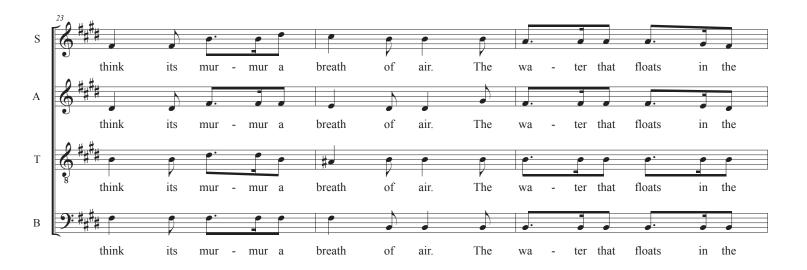


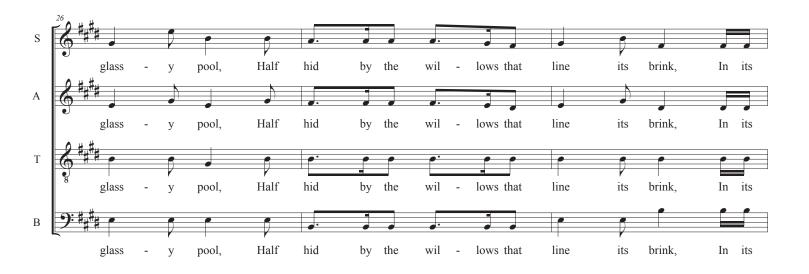


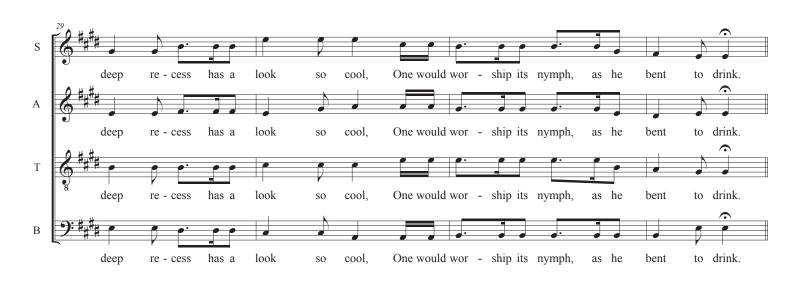


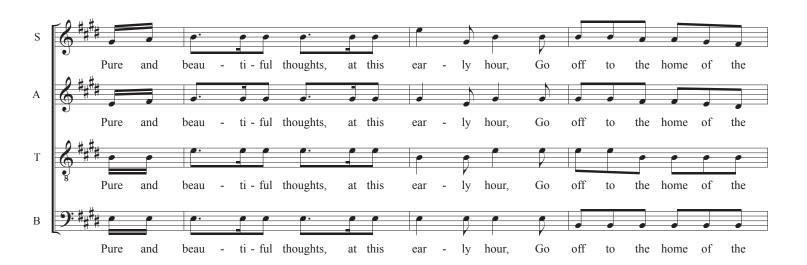


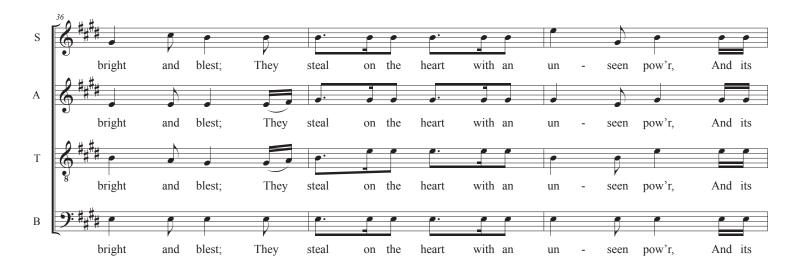


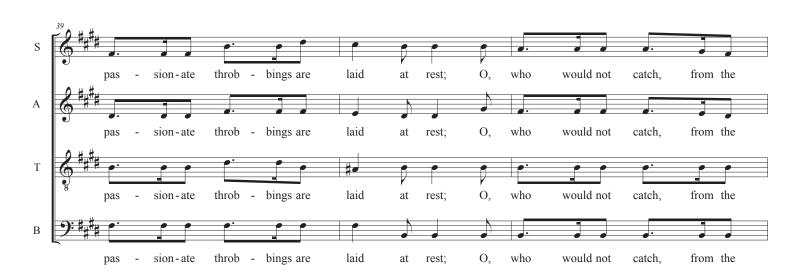


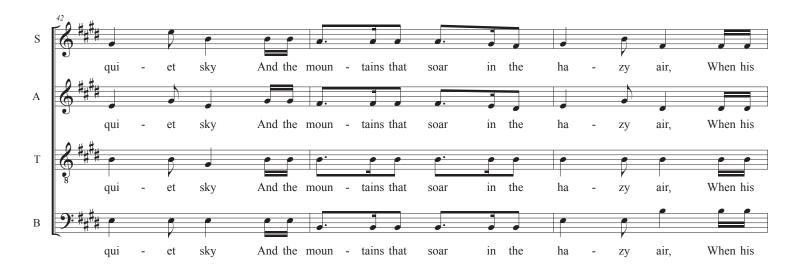


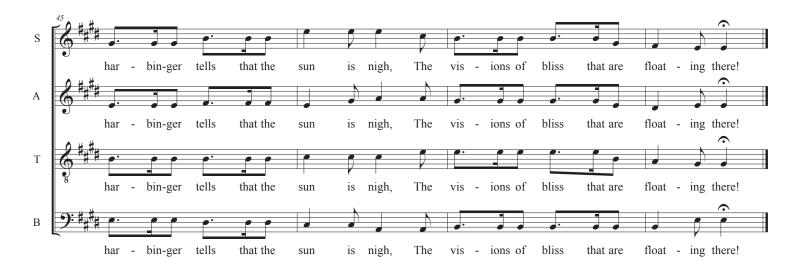












Taintor Brothers (1874)

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.

The mountains are blue in the morning air,
And the woods are sparkling with dewy light;
The winds, as they wind through the hollows, bear
The breath of the blossoms that wake by night.
Wide o'er the bending meadows roll
The mists, like a lightly moving sea;
The sun is not risen,—and o'er the whole
There hovers a silent mystery.

The pure blue sky is in calm repose;
The pillowy clouds are sleeping there;
So stilly the brook in its covert flows,
You would think its murmur a breath of air.
The water that floats in the glassy pool,
Half hid by the willows that line its brink,
In its deep recess has a look so cool,
One would worship its nymph, as he bent to drink.

Pure and beautiful thoughts, at this early hour, Go off to the home of the bright and blest; They steal on the heart with an unseen power, And its passionate throbbings are laid at rest; O, who would not catch, from the quiet sky And the mountains that soar in the hazy air, When his harbinger tells that the sun is nigh, The visions of bliss that are floating there!

James Gates Percival (1795–1856)

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