

The Trumpet

Through all the World the Echo Bounds...

Songs chosen for inclusion in the 2025 edition of The Sacred Harp

Aldo Thomas Ceresa, STANTON (2007) – in The Trumpet vol. 1, iss. 3, p. 37 (October 2011).
Brad Bahler, PLEVNA (2013) – published in The Trumpet vol. 2, iss. 3, p. 90 (September 2012).
David Warren Steel, HURRICANE CREEK (2012) – in The Trumpet vol. 2, iss. 3, p.100 (September 2012).
Aldo Thomas Ceresa, NEW YORK (2012) – in The Trumpet vol. 3, iss. 1, p.108 (February 2013).
Dan Thoma, MOREL (2007) – in The Trumpet vol. 3, iss. 2, p. 122 (August 2013).
Jesse P. Karlsberg, FAREWELL BRETHREN (2010) – in The Trumpet vol. 3, iss. 3, p. 148 (November 2013).
Myles Louis Dakan, SIMENA (2014) – in The Trumpet vol. 5, iss. 1, p. 192 (September 2015).

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.

PLEVNA. C.M.D.

F MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1715. "Be thou exalted, LORD, in thine own strength: so will we sing and praise thy power"—Psalm 21:13

Brad Bahler, 2009.

1. I sing the might - y power of God That made the moun - tains rise, That spread the flow - ing

2. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food, He formed the crea - tures

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, F major, and consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 1. I sing the might - y power of God That made the moun - tains rise, That spread the flow - ing. 2. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food, He formed the crea - tures.

seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies. I sing the wis - dom that or -

There's not a plant or flow'r be -

I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The

There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But

with his word, And then pro-nounced them good. I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun makes to thy

There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But makes to thy

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies. I sing the wis - dom that or - There's not a plant or flow'r be - I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But with his word, And then pro-nounced them good. I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun makes to thy There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But makes to thy.

PLEVNA. Concluded.

dained The sun to rule the day, The moon shines full at his com - mand, And all the stars o - bey.
low, But makes thy glo - ries known, And clouds a - rise and his tem - pests blow By or - der of thy throne.

sun makes to rule the day, The moon shines full at his com - mand, And all the stars o - bey.
thy glo - ries known, And clouds a - rise and his tem - pests blow By or - der of thy throne.

rule the day, The moon shines full at his com - mand, And all the stars o - bey.
glo - ries known, And clouds a - rise and his tem - pests blow By or - der of thy throne.

rule the day, The moon shines full at his com - mand, And all the stars o - bey.
glo - ries known, And clouds a - rise and his tem - pests blow By or - der of thy throne.

GENEROSITY. 7s.

G MAJOR in *Christians Magazine*, 1766,
attributed to William Dodd.

for M. B.

Fynn Titford-Mock, 2012.

1. Grate - ful notes and num - bers bring, While Je - ho - vah's praise we sing; Lord, thy mer - cies nev - er fail; Hail, ce - les - tial good - ness, hail!

2. Though un - wor - thy, Lord, thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear; Pur - er praise we hope to bring When a - round thy throne we sing.

3. An - gels, your clear voic - es raise; Him ye heav'n - ly ar - mies praise; Sun and moon with bor - rowed light, All ye spark - ling eye of night.

4. Glo - ry to our boun - teous King! Glo - ry let cre - a - tion sing! Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Son, And blest Spir - it, Three in One.

HURRICANE CREEK. L.M.

A MAJOR Samuel Medley, 1782.

D. W. Steel, 2012.

1. A - wake my soul in joy - ful lays, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's
He just - ly claims a song from thee, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how

2. Though num - 'rous hosts of might - y foes, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Though earth and hell my way op -
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how

1. praise, Sing glo - ry hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.
free, Sing glo - ry

2. hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah, sing glo - ry hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.

pose, Sing glo - ry hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.
strong, Sing glo - ry

hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah, sing glo - ry hal - le, hal - le - lu - jah.

NEW YORK. S.P.M.

E MINOR Timothy Dwight, 1800.

Aldo Thomas Ceresa, 2012.

1. When men of mis-chief rise In se-cret 'gainst the skies, Thy hand shall sweep them to the grave.

2. Them-selves their wiles shall snare; The pits their hands pre-pare, Be-fore their feet de-struction spreads.

The first system of the musical score is in E minor, 4/4 time. It consists of four staves: three treble clefs and one bass clef. The melody is primarily in the first treble staff, with accompaniment in the other three. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff and the second line to the second staff.

And oh, be-yond the tomb, How dread-ful is their doom, How dread-ful
The false plots they de-vise, Their ma-lice and their lies, Their ma-lice

And oh, be-yond the tomb, How dread-ful is their doom, How dread-ful
The false plots they de-vise, Their ma-lice and their lies, Their ma-lice

And oh, be-yond the tomb, How dread-ful is their doom, And oh, be-yond the
The false plots they de-vise, plots they de-vise, Their ma-lice and their lies, The false plots they de-

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It features the same four-staff structure. The lyrics are more complex, with some lines having multiple staves of music. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff and the second line to the second staff.

NEW YORK. Concluded.

is and their doom, Where not a hand is reached to save, Where not a hand is reached to save. save. save.
 their lies, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads. heads. heads.

is their doom, and their lies, tomb, How dread-ful is their doom, Where not a hand is reached to save, Where not a hand is reached to save. save. save.
 and their lies, Their ma - lice and their lies, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads, Shall fall with ven-geance on their heads. heads. heads.

yond the tomb, How dread - ful is their doom, they de - vise, Their ma - lice and their lies,

OCTAGON CHAPEL. C.M.

G MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

Fynn Titford-Mock, 2012.

1. How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de - vout - ly say, "In Zi - on let us all ap - pear, And keep the sol-emn day!"

2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, a - dorn'd with grace, Stands like a pal - ace built for God, To show his mild-er face.

3. Peace be with - in this sa - cred place, And joy a con-stant guest! With ho - ly gifts and heav'n-ly grace Be her at - ten-dants blest!

4. My soul shall pray for Zi - on still, While life or breath re-mains; There my best friends, my kin-dred dwell, There God my Sa-vior reigns.

MOREL. C.M.

E MINOR Isaac Watts, 1707.

Dan Thoma, 2007.

1. Ho - san-na to the Prince of Light, that clothes him-self in clay 1. En - 2. With

1. En - tered the i - ron 2. With scars of hon-or

2. Be - hold the con-q'ror mounts a - loft, And to his Fa-ther flies. 1. En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - 2. With scars of hon-or in his flesh and triumph in his

1. En - tered the i - ron gates of death and 2. With scars of hon-or in his flesh and

1. En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - way, En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - way. way. scars of hon-or in his flesh and triumph in his eyes, With scars of hon-or in his flesh and tri - umph in his eyes. eyes.

gates of death and tore the bars a - way, En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - way. way. in his flesh and triumph in his eyes, With scars of hon-or in his flesh and tri - umph in his eyes. eyes.

way, And tore the bars a - way, En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - way. way. eyes, And triumph in his eyes, With scars of hon-or in his flesh and tri - umph in his eyes. eyes.

tore the bars a - way, En - tered the i - ron gates of death and tore the bars a - way. way. tri-umph in his eyes, With scars of hon-or in his flesh and tri - umph in his eyes. eyes.

ANNISTON. L.M.

A MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

for Jeff Sheppard and the Sheppard family

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2013.

1. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast, Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of solemn sound.

2. Then shall I see, and hear and know, All I de-sired and wished be-low; And ev-'ry pow'r find sweet employ In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

FAREWELL BRETHREN. C.M.A MAJOR in *Primitive Baptist Hymn Book*, 1887.

Jesse Pearlman Karlsberg, 2010.

1. Breth - ren, I bid you all fare-well, And from my ver - y heart, Af - fec-tion - ate - ly I do tell That you and I must part.

2. And if we part to meet no more, While we on earth re - main, Oh, may we meet on Ca-naan's shore, And nev - er part a - gain.

3. There shall we join to sing God's praise, And all his won-ders tell, And tri-umph in his ho - ly ways; So, breth-ren, fare you well.

SIMENA. P.M.

F MAJOR Isaac Watts, 1719.

Myles Louis Dakan, 2014.

1. May peace at-tend thy gate, And joy with-in thee wait To bless the soul of ev - 'ry guest.
2. My tongue re-peats her vows, "Peace to this sa - cred house!" For there my friends and kin - dred dwell;

The man that seeks thy
And since my glo - rious

The man that seeks thy peace, And since my glo - rious God And wish - es thine in - crease blest a - bode, A thou - sand bless-ings on him rest.
And since my glo - rious God Makes thee his blest a - bode, My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

man that seeks thy peace, And wish - es thine in - crease blest a - bode, A thou - sand bless-ings on him rest.
since my glo - rious God Makes thee his blest a - bode, My soul shall ev - er love thee well.

peace, And wish - es thine in - crease A thou sand, thou-sand bless-ings on him rest.
God Makes thee his blest a - bode, My soul, my soul shall ev - er love thee well.