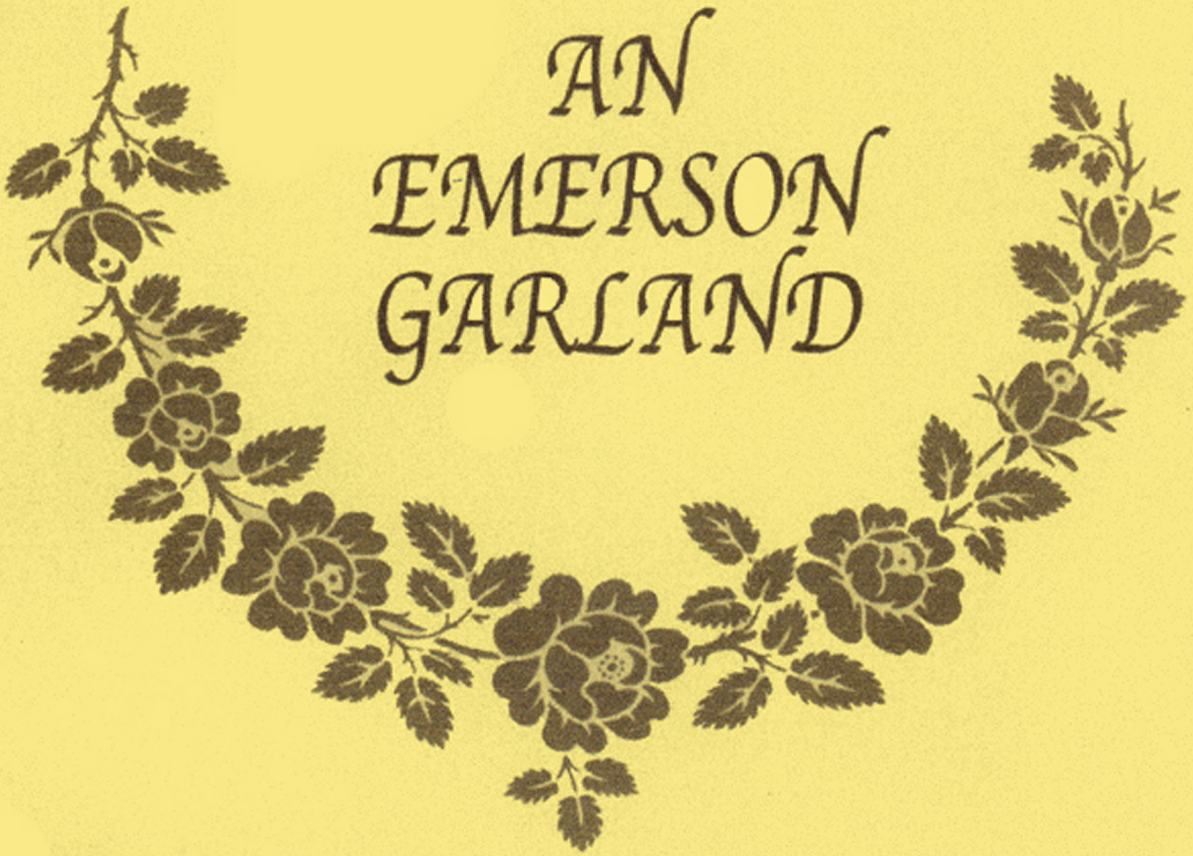
The TUTOR for

AN EMERSON GARLAND



for
Ministers, Music Directors
and
Lovers of Emerson

Poems and Hymns of Ralph Waldo Emerson

Let me go where e'er I will
I hear a skyborn music still

The Tutor

for

An Emerson Garland

———————————————

The Music in Emerson's Verse
as the
Congregation's Song

The World-Song

In collaboration with the Emerson Bicentennial Committee
Unitarian Universalist Association
Leo W Collins

PREFACE

Ralph Waldo Emerson is one of America's most prominent poets and essayists, and one of the most important religious thinkers in Unitarian history. Why is it, in our current hymn and song books, there are no *original* Emerson texts to sing ? The singing of the congregation is the life blood of the people's portion of the worship service. Our secular song books would also be enriched by the inclusion of poetic texts of this unique American.

Emerson, the poet/philosopher, makes us conscious of ultimate things - the conduct of life, the American Scholar, self-reliance, the Over-soul, and much else - through the voices of

'*Olympian bards who sung Divine ideas below,*
Which always find us young, And always keep us so'.

These poets '*apprise us not of their wealth, but of the commonwealth.*'
From early youth far into maturity, Emerson wrote distinctively American poetry on all topics, in an original manner, and with an indigenous message of his times, for all times.

In his ministerial role, Emerson preaches a universal religious feeling, derived from or awakened by the "moral sentiment." But "what was best in ancient religions was *the sense of association, of community, of friendship* they fostered." "Religious nature finds its full expression only in communication between people." On this point, Emerson is an outspoken advocate for "hymns - this beautiful entertainment for the mind of the worshipper - which make so large a part of our religious service..." Beyond our present knowledge of this complex man - minister, essayist, poet, philosopher, patriot, moralist, visionary, father, lecturer - may we not add another title, namely, Emerson, psalmist.

Emerson wrote *only three texts* specifically created to be sung in gatherings: the **Concord Hymn** (*By the rude bridge that arched the flood*), an **Ordination Hymn** (*We love the venerable house Our fathers built to God*), and an **Ode** for a Concord, Massachusetts Fourth of July celebration (*O tenderly the haughty day Fills his blue urn with fire*).

If we look into the expanse of Emerson's poetry, however, we will find many more rhymed couplets or quatrains with the strictness of metrical psalmody. There is music for singing in Emerson's verse; one only need search to find it. In this song book, to the three *bona fide* Emerson texts for singing, there are added another nine, making **An Emerson Garland**. The hope is that this will meaningfully begin to enlarge the repertory of sung texts of 'the music in Emerson's verse'.

Beyond this *Garland*, there should be many more Emerson texts in our hymn books and song books, not only to represent this most significant American person, but to provide us with more opportunities to participate together in a direct experience of Emerson's poetry and thought, and to extend Emerson's ministry into present congregations. In this bicentennial year, let the living presence of Emerson's words go out into the world, that his searching questions and timeless truths may be measured by our lives.

Leo Collins, Boston, 2003

Ralph Waldo Emerson Chronology

1803 - (May 25) Ralph Waldo Emerson, born in Boston (MA). Third son and fourth child of William Emerson, Minister of the First ('*Old Brick*') Church in Boston (1799-1811) and Ruth Haskins Emerson. Descendant of the first Bay Colony ministers

1808 - First Church moves to Chauncy Lane
William Emerson edits and publishes
A Selection of Psalms and Hymns

1811 - Father dies, age 42

1812-17 - attends Boston Latin School

1817-21 - attends Harvard College on Penn Scholarship from First Church in Boston

1821-25 - teaches school

1823 - *Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home*

1825 - admitted to Divinity School (Harvard)

1829 - Ordained Minister of Second Church in Boston. Associate Minister to Henry Ware, Jr.
Marries Ellen Tucker (age 17)

The green grass is bowing **To Ellen at the South**

1831 - Sermon on Hymns
has Second Church purchase new hymnbook
Ellen dies of tuberculosis (age 19)

1832 - resigns Second Church pulpit

1833 - *We love the venerable house*
Ordination Hymn for Chandler Robbins, his successor at Second Church
sails for Europe. Visits Italy, Great Britain
meets Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle

1835 - buys Concord property with Tucker inheritance marries Lydia Jackson

Give thanks for light of morning **The World-Soul**

1836 - son Waldo born

By the rude bridge that arched the flood **Concord Hymn**

1837 - American Scholar address at Harvard

1838 - Divinity School Address

1839 - daughter Ellen born preaches last sermon

1840 - 1st issue *The Dial* (Margaret Fuller, editor)

1841 - daughter Edith born Thoreau joins household

1842 - young Waldo dies
RWE becomes editor of *The Dial*
Poetry of the Times reviewed by Whitman

1844 - son Edward born last issue of *The Dial*

1845 - Thoreau builds cabin on Emerson property at Walden Pond

1846 - publishes *Poems* (first collection)

1847 - second trip to Europe, away ten months

What care I, so they stand the same **Merops**

1850 - Margaret Fuller Orsoli dies

1853 - Mother dies, age 84

1854 - heavy country-wide lecture schedule

1855 - Antislavery lectures in Boston, NYC & Phila
meets Whitman, praises *Leaves of Grass*

1857 - (July 4) *O tenderly the haughty day* **Ode**

1863 - *God said, I'm tired of kings* **Boston Hymn**
celebrates Emancipation Proclamation

1866 - awarded LLD from Harvard

There comes a time when we are old **Terminus**

1867 - publishes *May-Day and Other Pieces*

In ev'ry age of fops and toys **Voluntaries**

O Daughter of Heav'n and Earth **May-Day**

1871 - travels to California

1872 - house burns
travels to Europe and Egypt with Ellen

The rocky nook with hilltops three **Boston**

1874 - publishes *Parnassus*, 'favorite poetry' omits Poe and Whitman

1876 - publishes *Selected Poems* with Ellen and James Elliot Cabot

1882 - (April 27) Dies in Concord (MA)

Brothers - John Clark 1799-1807, William 1801-68, Robert Bliss 1805-34, Robert Bulkeley 1807-59, Charles Chauncy 1808-36.
(named for family members & ministers)
three other children die in infancy

Aunt - Mary Moody Emerson 1774-1863

Grandfather - William Emerson 1743-76
Minister of the Concord Church

R. W. Emerson.

1 - We love the venerable house our fathers build to God
Ordination Hymn

Text (1833)
This hymn was written for and sung at the Ordination of Chandler Robbins on December 4, 1833. Robbins was the 10th Minister and direct successor to Emerson in the pulpit of the Second ('Old North') Church in Boston.

In his Sermon on Hymns (October 2, 1831) at Second Church, Emerson had desired that "our sacred poetry...be good...[and that] we should sing hymns which we can *feel*...[which] can *arouse, thrill, cheer, soothe, solemnize* or *melt* us. It is but reasonable that the hymns which make so large a part of our religious service should be chosen and good ones. On the altar of God, whilst eloquence brings its deepest truths, poetry should exhaust its powers."[1]

In his report to a Committee of the Church the following week, Emerson writes: "This part of our service admits of being made much more interesting than it is, [and a new hymnbook] would do much good in *exalting the devotional feeling*."[2]

Further, being "trained in a stricter school of literary faith"[3], and as the heir of seven generations of psalm-singing New England ministers, Emerson had psalm and hymn meters in his blood. Therefore it is no surprise to find a poetic hymn text which Emerson wrote containing a strict rhyme scheme (abab) and common meter (four lines alternating in eight and six syllables: 8.6.8.6.)

By the 1640s, the North End of Boston supplied the additional land for growth and became the center for housing and dock building. But two centuries later, areas in the south and west of the *Tri-mountaine* peninsula were becoming filled and settled, and the North End had begun to decay. (Verse 4 - 'humble tenements'.) In verses 5 and 7, note Emerson's synonyms for God.

We love the venerable house does not appear in the published poetry but may be found as # 825 (text only) in **Hymn and Tune Book** *for the Church and the Home* (Revised edition, (AUA), Boston, 1877, without the seventh stanza. The six verse version will be found in successive Unitarian hymnals through **Hymns of the Spirit**, 1937.

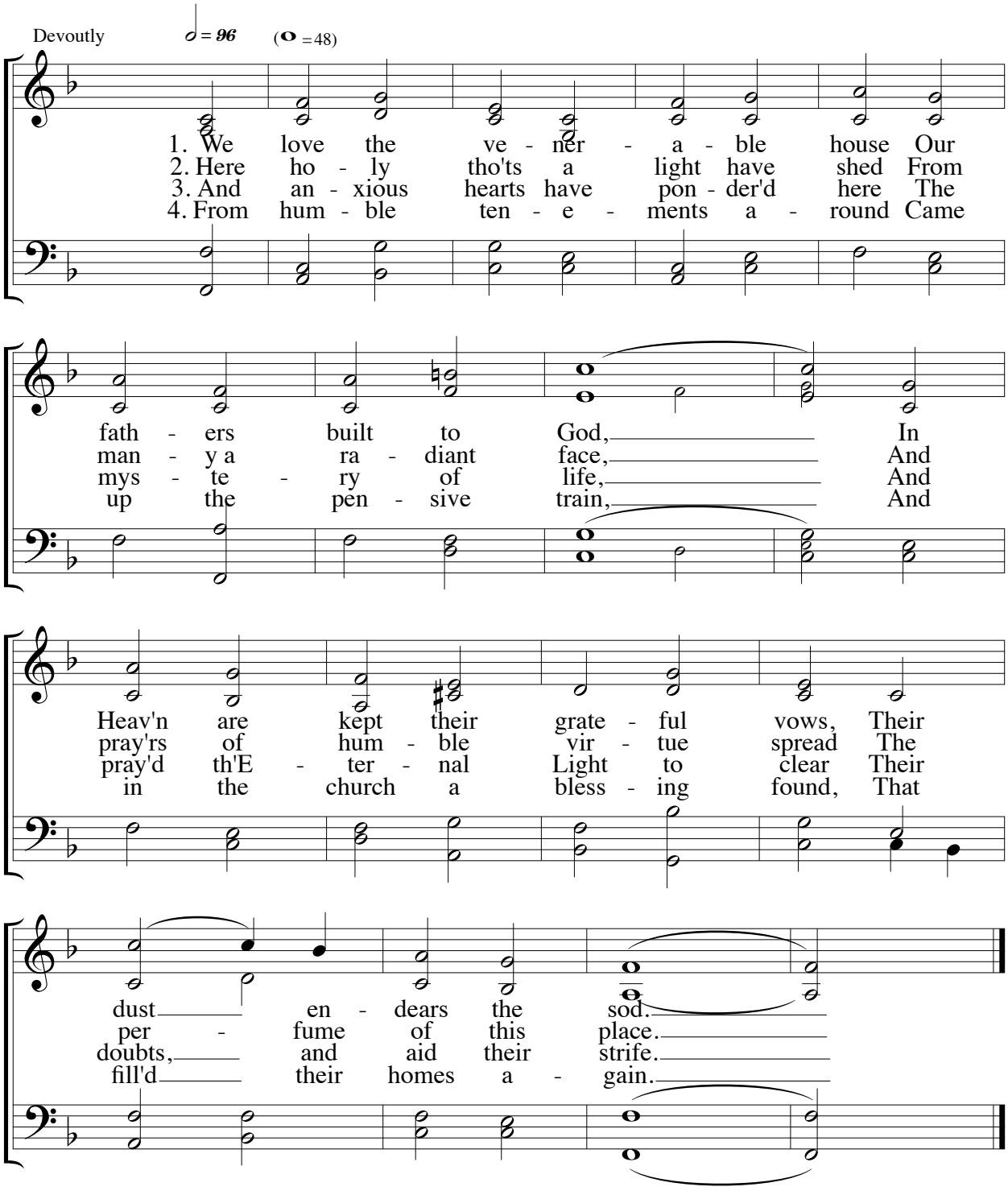
Tune
As the term *common meter* suggests, many more early psalm and hymn texts were written in this meter than all other meters combined. Common meter texts may be paired with any number of appropriately arousing or soothing - as the text calls for - common meter tunes.
The original version of this c1707 tune has been traced to Jeremiah Clarke, Organist and Master of the Choristers of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London. Clarke is now known to be the composer of the so-called "Purcell's Trumpet Voluntary."
Nottingham (also known as *St. Magnus*) is found in American Songbooks from **The Boston Handel and Haydn Society Collection of Church Music**, Boston, 1827 to **Hymns for the Celebration of Life**, (UUA) Boston, 1964. (For G Major setting, see #5)

Presentation
The Second Church had installed an organ in 1822, but one with only a few stops. This hymn would gain from full unison singing but with light keyboard - organ or piano - accompaniment.

My Spiritual Quest
Why do I go to church? Do Emerson's experiences obtain for me? What phrases resonate in me?

See the Appendix for [1]Sermon on Hymns [2]Committee for a New Hymnbook [3]New Poetry

Ordination Hymn



5. For faith, and peace and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heav'n above
Springs from the life below.

6. They live with God, their homes are dust;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime trust
To find the narrow way.

7. On him who by the altar stands,
On him thy blessing fall!
Speak through his lips thy pure commands,
Thou Heart, that lovest all!

2 - By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Concord Hymn

Text (1836)
The Yeoman's Gazette (Concord, MA) for April 19, 1836 states: "Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, of our community, was called on to speak about the farmers from this neighborhood who took up arms and assembled at the old bridge, with their flag flying; that the sounds of the shot they had fired off were carried all around the world. Mr Emerson said his poem was to be known as the *Concord Hymn*, and that it was to be *sung* to celebrate the completion of the battle monument."
Printed with the poem are the words:
"Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836 [Evacuation (Patriots') Day]."
Emerson's grandfather, Minister of the Concord Church, was present at the scene in 1775, and study in Emerson's home, "Old Bush", overlooked the Concord River and the battlefield.
In the year following, an item in the *Gazette* for July 8 reports a "well sung *Old Hundredth*" by those at the gathering. Singing the poem is further corroborated by a private note containing the statement: "Sung by the people on the battle-ground at the monument, 4th of July, 1837."
Note the biblical term 'flood', and the religious suggestions in 'votive' and 'spirit'.

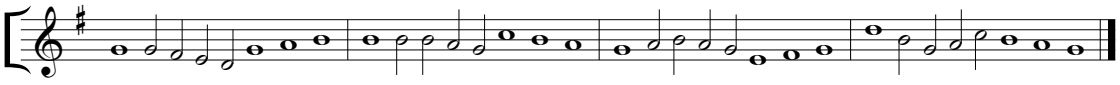
Tune
Writing a text to a specific tune is a time-honored method of composition. That Emerson chose this melody to remind us of a tune sung by "our sires, th'embattled farmers" confirms his knowledge of the music of his forebears, and his experience in singing with the congregation of the Church of his father, Rev. William Emerson, Minister of the First Church in Boston, known as "Old Brick".
The psalm tune, *Old Hundredth* [long meter], was composed by Louis Bourgeois for *Pseaulmes cinquante de David,* Geneva, 1547. It was used as a setting for the text of Psalm 100 in the Geneva Psalter of 1551, and is found in most psalm-tune and hymn books since. The Bay Psalm Book (1640) translation of Psalm 100 is also in long meter.

Presentation
This song is best sung by voices alone (a cappella) in the style that it represents, the singing of the early Puritan 'gatherings.' The notation given here is in the 'old' style, or original form: each phrase has a long first note and three long final notes. In the text, these lengths are expressed in italics. The first note is known as the 'gathering tone', in which all participants 'tune' to the common pitch. The last three notes accentuate important words in the phrase.
One should use the traditional 'deaconing' or 'lining out' technique to lead this psalm.
An individual singer - historically male - sets the pitch and the pace of the first verse, singing one phrase at a time to which the congregation responds. In subsequent verses, all sing together.
If the congregation does not have the text in hand, the subsequent verses may be read out one line at a time, the congregation singing the response.
The hymn is to be sung in phrases, like chanting, not with a rhythmic beat.
The pace should be brisk: whole note = 76.*

My Spiritual Quest
Regardless of our origin, do we not have the right to claim a connection with these persons?
How will the democratic message best be carried 'round the world' today?
Does globalization enhance or hinder our democratic outlook? Will our children be free?
Do children in foreign lands know this poem? What would they make of it?
How do we memorialize those who have fought for our couintry?
Will the memory of their actions justify and redeem our deeds?

*In *Winter's Tale*, Act 4, scene 3, Shakespeare has the Clown who organizes the choir make this comment: "three-man-song men all [able to sing in three parts], and very good ones; but [if there be] one Puritan amongst them...he sings psalms to hornpipes."

2 Concord Hymn



By the rude bridge that *arched the flood*,
Their flag to April's *breeze unfurled*,
Here once th'embattled *farmers stood*,
And fired the shot heard *round the world*.

The foe long since in *silence slept*;
A-like the conqu'ror *silent sleeps*;
And Time the ruinéd *bridge has swept*
Down the dark stream which *seaward creeps*.

[Soft] *On* this green bank, by *this soft stream*,
We set to-day a *votive stone*;
That mem'ry may their *deed redeem*,
When, like our sires, our *sons are gone*.

[Full] *Spir*-it, that made those *heroes dare*
To die, and leave their *children free*,
Bid Time and Nature *gently spare*
The shaft we raise to *them and thee*.

Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument,
Concord MA, April 19, 1836
in honor of Evacuation (Patriots') Day, 1775

Sung at the Battle Monument, Concord MA, July 4, 1837

3 - What Care I

Merops

Text (1846)

There are two possible reasons for Emerson's choice of the title Merops. 1) In classical times, Merops of antiquity was a king of the island of Cos, lying at the mouth of the Ceramic Gulf, opposite to Halicarnassus in Asia Minor.

> Merops' wife was killed by Artemis (Roman: Diana), because she had neglected to worship that goddess. Merops wished to end his life, but Hera (Roman: Juno) changed him into an eagle, whom she placed among the stars: heavenly things.

2) The Greek language provides another source for the word *Merops*: "articulateness", both as clarity and expressiveness. In 'New Poetry', we read that Emerson believed that all of us have poetic sensibilities, and can articulate those "rich and enriching" expressions of "a moment's mood" which make "things of a heavenly mind" sacred. To Emerson, "here is religion."

Even though many "persons of a happy nature...easily...translate...their thoughts and feelings into rhyme", Emerson himself felt that at times he lacked the power to become a poet: power to shape his thoughts, ability to find the words, articulate those "appeasing presences." "How long", he muses, "the power to give them name tarries." And when a thousand "silences of the heavenly mind" occur, and only "a single speech" achieves the level of articulateness, is this the goal? Emerson says, "Yes".

> "Here is the good, wise heart, which sees that the end of culture is strength and cheerfulness."

An earlier version of this poem is found in Emerson's verse-book with the title *Rhyme*, "showing the writer's longing to express himself in verse, and how patiently he bore the check that his taste put upon it."

What care I, so the things abide,
The heavenly-minded,
The rich and enriching presences,
How long the power to give them form
Stays behind?

If they remain to me,
I can spare that,
I can wait
Till the stammering fit of life is past,
Till the soul its weed has cast,
And led by desire of these heavenly guides
I have come into the free element
And won a better instrument.

They taught me a new speech
And a thousand silences,
For, as there is but one path for the sun,
So is there ever but one word for me to say.

Tune

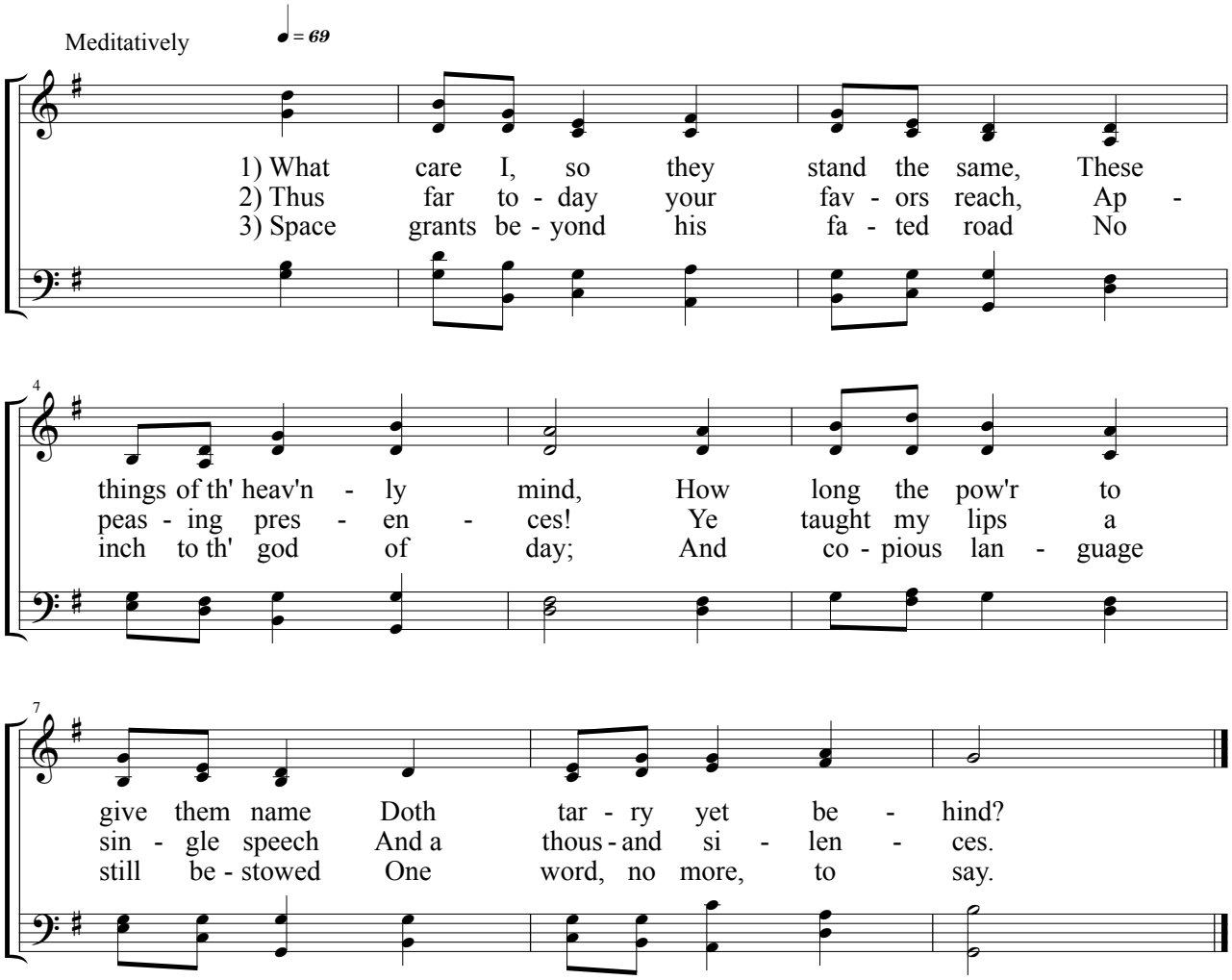
In Lowell Mason's *Albany,* there is a hint of heartfelt sympathy characteristic of the emerging gospel tune. It will be found in **The Boston Handel and Haydn Society Collection of Church Music**, Boston, 1827. The cadential phrase has been slightly altered in this setting.

Presentation

Quiet organ stops or soft piano chords will best suit the aura of this text.

My Spiritual Quest

With few gifts, what shall I do with mine? Among the plethora of today's bounty, what is the single most important activity to me, and to the world?



appeasing = satisfying

copious = full of thought

4 - *Give thanks for light of morning*
The World-Soul

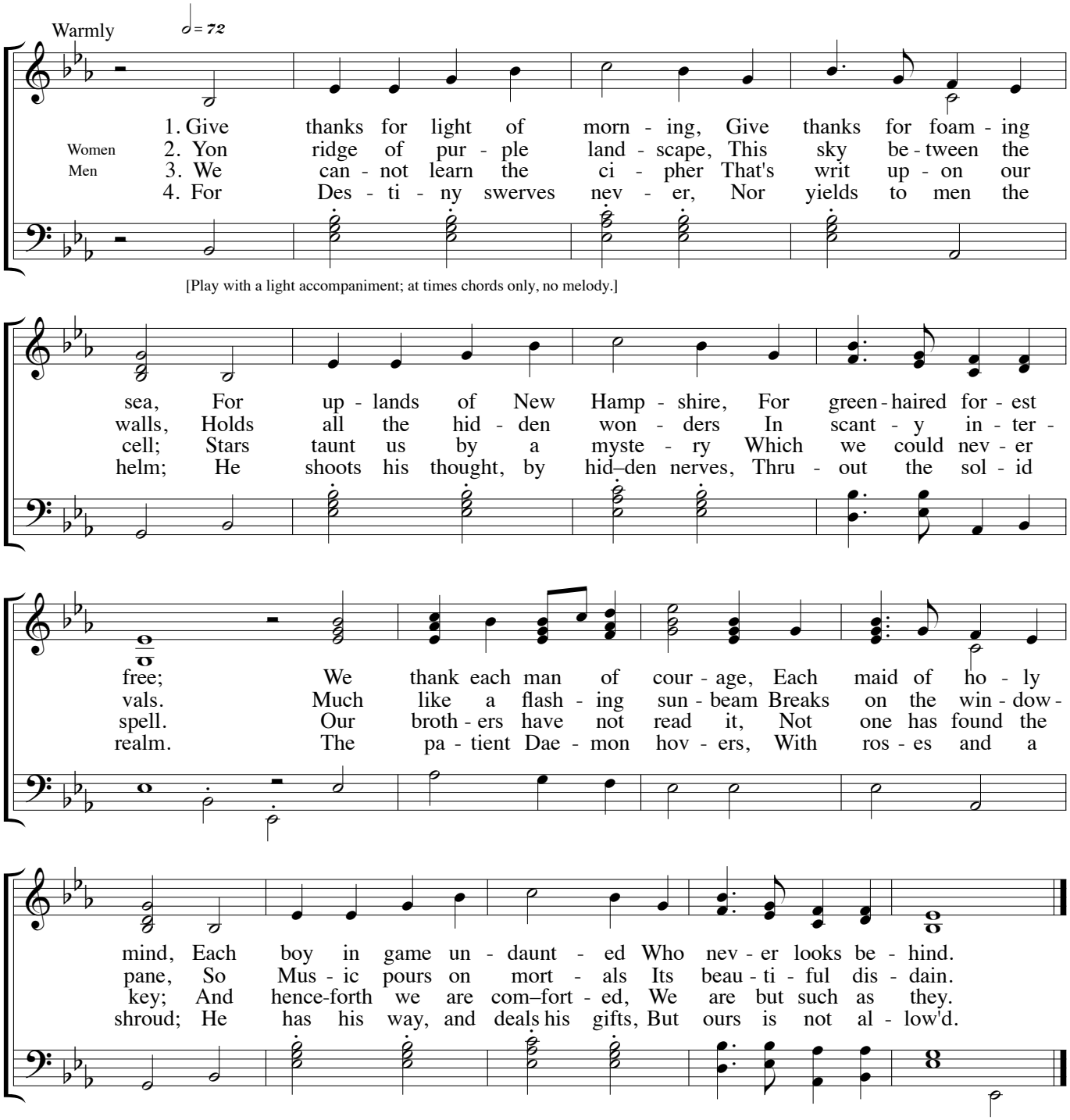
Text (1835)
Six verses have been selected from the poem *The World-Soul*, which has been termed a Trans-cendental psalm, a religious song of praise. Reflecting Psalm 19, Emerson too gives "thanks to the morning light", gives thanks for those persons who serve as symbolic pointers to the nature and ways of the *World-Soul*: "each man of courage...each maid of holy mind...each boy with his games undaunted Who never looks behind."
The World-Soul contains Emerson's central ideas about the conduct of life, secrets "for which we have not found the key". The "circle of experience" contrasts "the many with the one". The "hidden wonders" of the gods' infinite mind-spirit exist in a world to which our finite minds have access. Trade, towns, railroads "are but foam-bells / Along Thought's causing stream, / And take their shape and sun-color / From him that sends the dream."
The truths of the outward life do not cancel the intuitions of the heart, intuitions which feed our courage. A Socratic 'Daemon' may appear to govern our actions, but the final stanzas give glimpses of Nature's beautiful order, and the inspiration afforded to exceptional people permits us to accept the ways of the *World-Soul*, and to transcend time and the terrors of history.
A free adaptation of this poem was made by Rev. Walter Walsh, editor of **Free Religious Hymns**, London, 1925. The Vincent Silliman paraphrase [*We sing of Golden Mornings*] was made from 'an anonymous original' and first published in **We Sing of Life** (#1), Boston, 1955. This version is also found in **Hymns for the Celebration of Life** (#40), Boston, 1964, and in **Singing the Living Tradition** (#44), Boston, 1993.

Tune
The rhyme scheme and metric regularity of *The World-Soul* evoke Emerson's familiarity with psalm and hymnic formulation. In this pairing with the tune *Complainer,* the text has been adapted to the meter of this 7.6.7.6.D tune with its original (1835) notational values. *Complainer* expresses the confidence of a young America, and it adds the needed touch of expression to the melodic phrase which musically intensifies Emerson's text. *Complainer* is the tune used in recent Unitarian Universalist hymn books. The original will be found in William Walker's **Southern Harmony***,* New Haven, 1835. Many of these American folk-like melodies may well have originated in the compositions of the New England Singing School Masters of the late 18th century and have been carried South by migrating musicians.

Presentation
Guitar, autoharp or soft piano chords will suggest an earlier folk song style accompaniment. The verses for women and men alone will help project the words and aid the variety of sounds.

My Spiritual Quest
Do I ever give thanks? For what? Is there still a place of mystery beyond the stars? How do I deal with my demons? Do I believe that there is unimagined good in mankind, yeaning (to bring forth young) at birth? Do I believe that Spring can awaken the 'mind's spring-time'; that love can wake anew the throbbing heart, and in this respect I am never old? Can I see beyond winter's glaciers' the summer glow to come, with rosebuds waiting just below the wild-piled snowdrifts?

The World-Soul



5. When this old world is sterile
And th'ages are effete,
He will from wrecks and sed-iment
The fairer world complete___
He will forbid despairing;
His cheeks mantle with mirth;
And th'unimagined good of men
Is yeaning at the birth.

6. Spring still awakes mind's spring time
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throb-bing heart,
And we are never old___
For over winter's glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And thru' the wild-piled snowdrift,
The warm rosebuds below.

5 - *In ev'ry age of fops and toys*
Voluntaries

Text (1863/67)
Emerson was an outspoken advocate for the abolition of slavery. In his lectures of 1855, he carried this message to Boston, New York and Philadelphia.
The poem opens with an extended picture of the plight of the slave trade:

> Low and mournful be the stain, Haughty thought be far from me;
> Tones of penitence and pain, Moanings of the tropic sea;
> Low and tender in the cell Where a captive sits in chains,
> Crooning ditties treasured well From his Afric's torrid plains.
> Sole estate his sire bequeathed,-- Hapless sire to hapless son,--
> Was the wailing song he breathed, And his chain when life was done.[1]

In the sixth verse, the reply of the challenged youth in the face of societal malaise is found: "When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,* The youth replies, *I can.*"
Technically, this section of the poem fully evinces Emerson's training "in a stricter school of literary faith". After the first somewhat irregular verse (7.7.7.8), the last three verses of this section of the poem are in strict common meter (8.6.8.6). A careful rhyme scheme (abab) is found in every verse.
The complete poem reminds us of such Boston monuments as the Robert Gould Shaw/54th Regiment Memorial at the top of Beacon Street, across from the Massachusetts State House. Colonel Shaw, who in face of a half-hostile public opinion had given up his commission in a favorite Massachusetts regiment to take command of one of the first enlisted colored regiments, largely made up of ex-slaves, was killed with many of his officers and men on the slopes of Fort Wagner, SC.

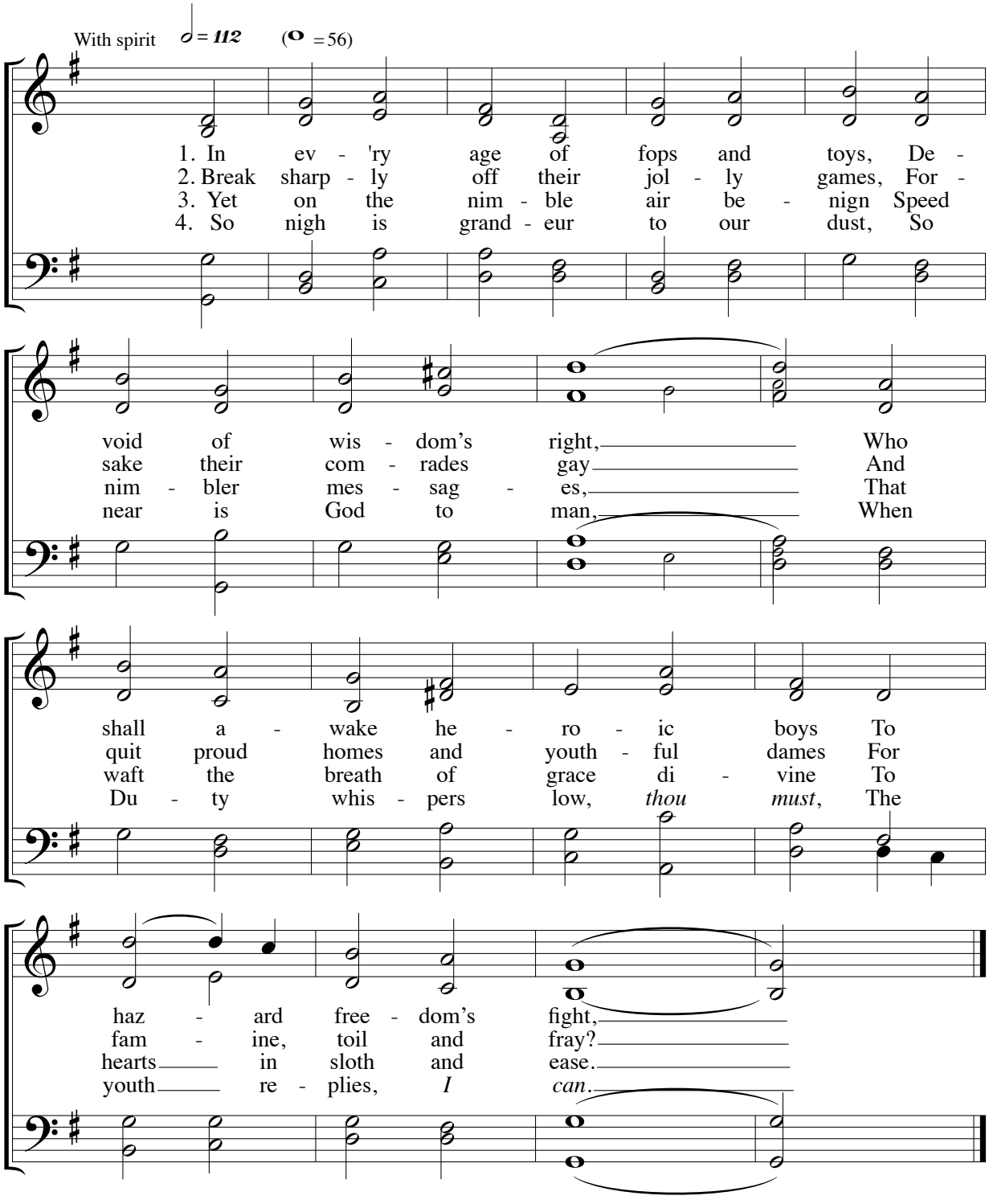
> Stainless soldier on the walls, Knowing this, --and knows no more,--
> Whoever fights, whoever falls, Justice conquers evermore, Justice after as before...
> I see the wreath, I hear the songs
> Lauding the Eternal Rights, Victors over daily wrongs...
> Fate's grass grows rank in valley clods, And rankly on the castled steep,--
> Speak it firmly, these are gods, All are ghosts beside.

Tune
See # 1 for information and for a setting in F major.

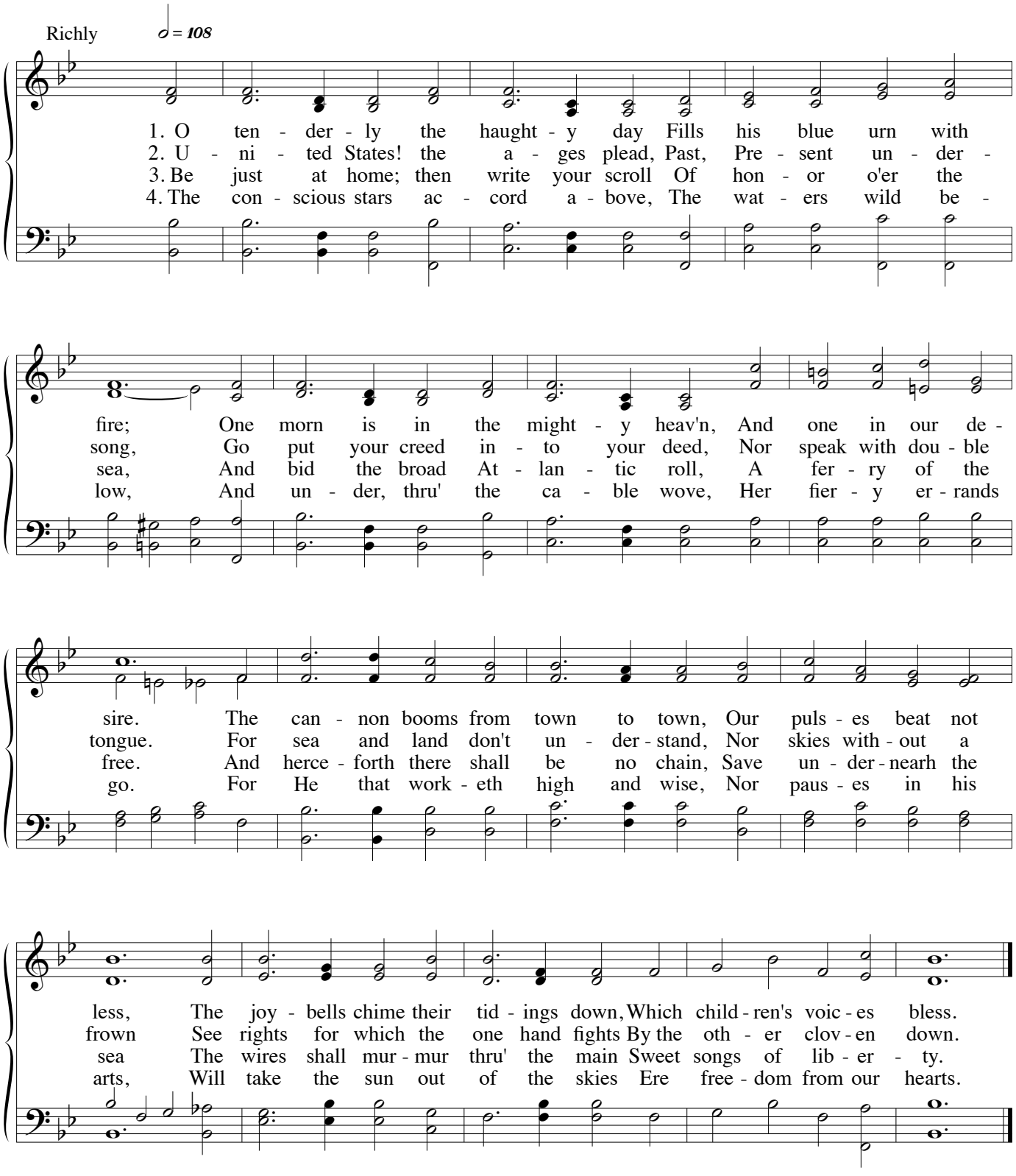
Presentation
This rather early tune should have a lighter piano or organ accompaniment in block chords.

My Spiritual Quest
Am I willing to leave what I have and answer duty's call?
Does this song give me any insight into Black History Month?

[1] Additional poems on the Emancipation theme may be found in *Ode* (#6) and *Boston Hymn* (#s 8a & 8b)


With spirit
♩ = 112
(𝅝 = 56)
1. In ev - 'ry age of fops and toys, De -
2. Break sharp - ly off their jol - ly games, For -
3. Yet on the nim - ble air be - nign Speed
4. So nigh is grand - eur to our dust, So
void of wis - dom's right, Who
sake their com - rades gay And
nim - bler mes - sag - es, That
near is God to man, When
shall a - wake he - ro - ic boys To
quit proud homes and youth - ful dames For
waft the breath of grace di - vine To
Du - ty whis - pers low, thou must, The
haz - ard free - dom's fight,
fam - ine, toil and fray?
hearts in sloth and ease.
youth re - plies, I can.

Ode


Richly
♩ = 108
1. O ten - der - ly the haught - y day Fills his blue urn with
2. U - ni - ted States! the a - ges plead, Past, Pre - sent un - der -
3. Be just at home; then write your scroll Of hon - or o'er the
4. The con - scious stars ac - cord a - bove, The wat - ers wild be -
fire; One morn is in the might - y heav'n, And one in our de -
song, Go put your creed in - to your deed, Nor speak with dou - ble
sea, And bid the broad At - lan - tic roll, A fer - ry of the
low, And un - der, thru' the ca - ble wove, Her fier - y er - rands
sire. The can - non booms from town to town, Our puls - es beat not
tongue. For sea and land don't un - der - stand, Nor skies with - out a
free. And herce - forth there shall be no chain, Save un - der - nearh the
go. For He that work - eth high and wise, Nor paus - es in his
less, The joy - bells chime their tid - ings down, Which child - ren's voic - es bless.
frown See rights for which the one hand fights By the oth - er clov - en down.
sea The wires shall mur - mur thru' the main Sweet songs of lib - er - ty.
arts, Will take the sun out of the skies Ere free - dom from our hearts.

7 - The green grass is bowing
To Ellen at the South

Text (1829)
Emerson first met Ellen Tucker when preaching in Concord NH. They were engaged just a year later. She was very young, but known to be a person of great beauty and refinement.
One month after their bethrothal, signs of consumption appeared, and her family took her to Philadelphia in the Spring.
Emerson wrote above this poem, " To E. T. at Philadelphia, April, 1829".
Married in September, and in spite of her illness, the couple were said to have lived in great happiness. Ellen died in 1831 in her 19th year.

Emerson was very early in his life a keen observer and ardent lover of nature.
As a youth, he would take walks out of Boston to be in a natural setting.
At one time he had considered becoming an arborist, or pursuing the profession of horticulture.
Later, in Concord, he followed this interest in growing varieties of apples.
He taught his children to recognize the particular call of each bird.
"The redwing floats his a-ka-lee." [*May-Day*]
As he developed his essays and poetry, nature was to become Emerson's primary metaphor for life and a major factor in his philosophy and rhetoric.

In *To Ellen*, Emerson uses the device of animate nature, having the flowers sing with human voices to beckon the loved one.

Tune
This newly composed tune, by the editor, is intended to be suggestive of early 19th century parlor music, quietly and quaintly done.

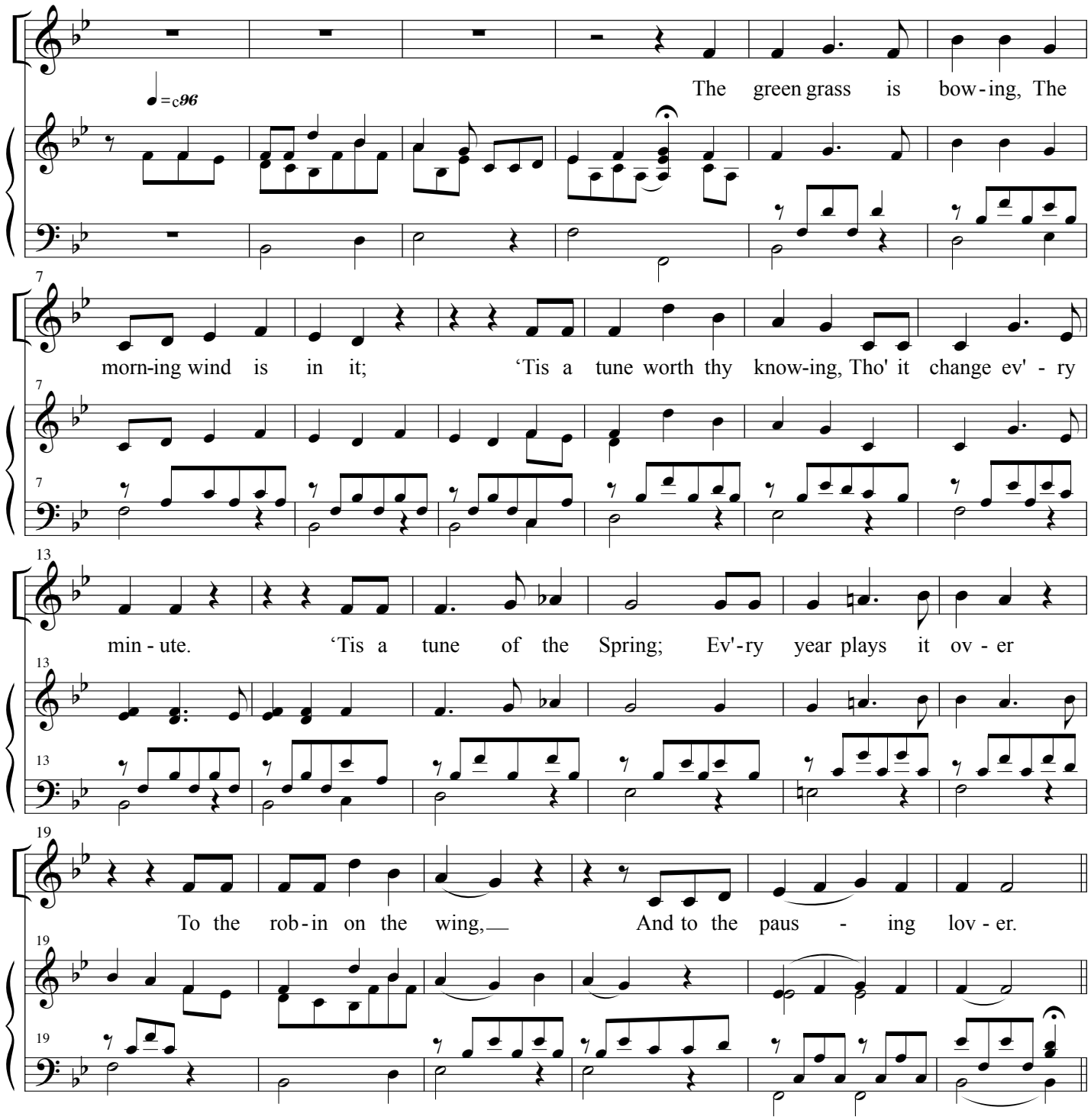
Presentation
Suitable for a solo voice, or unison voices.
With group singing, the men may take the opening [Emerson], letting the women be the voices of the flowers, beginning at measure 32, with quotation marks.
As Charles Ives suggests in his *Concord Sonata*, imagine Beth Alcott playing old Scotch airs on the spinet-piano given to the family by Sophia Thoreau.

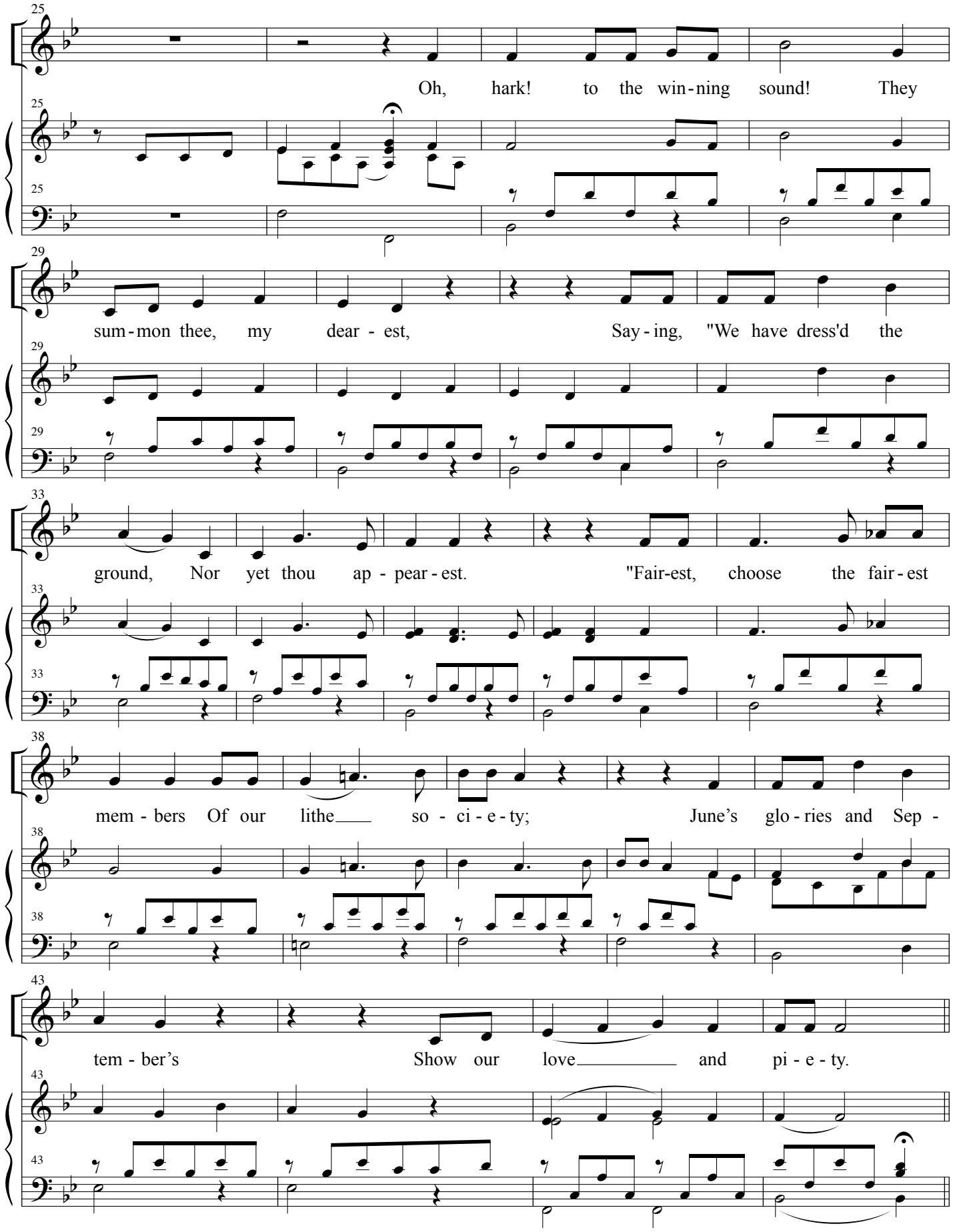
My Spiritual Quest
Do I stop to view, and to listen? What does Nature say to me?
Does Nature sing? Is it a tune worth my knowing?

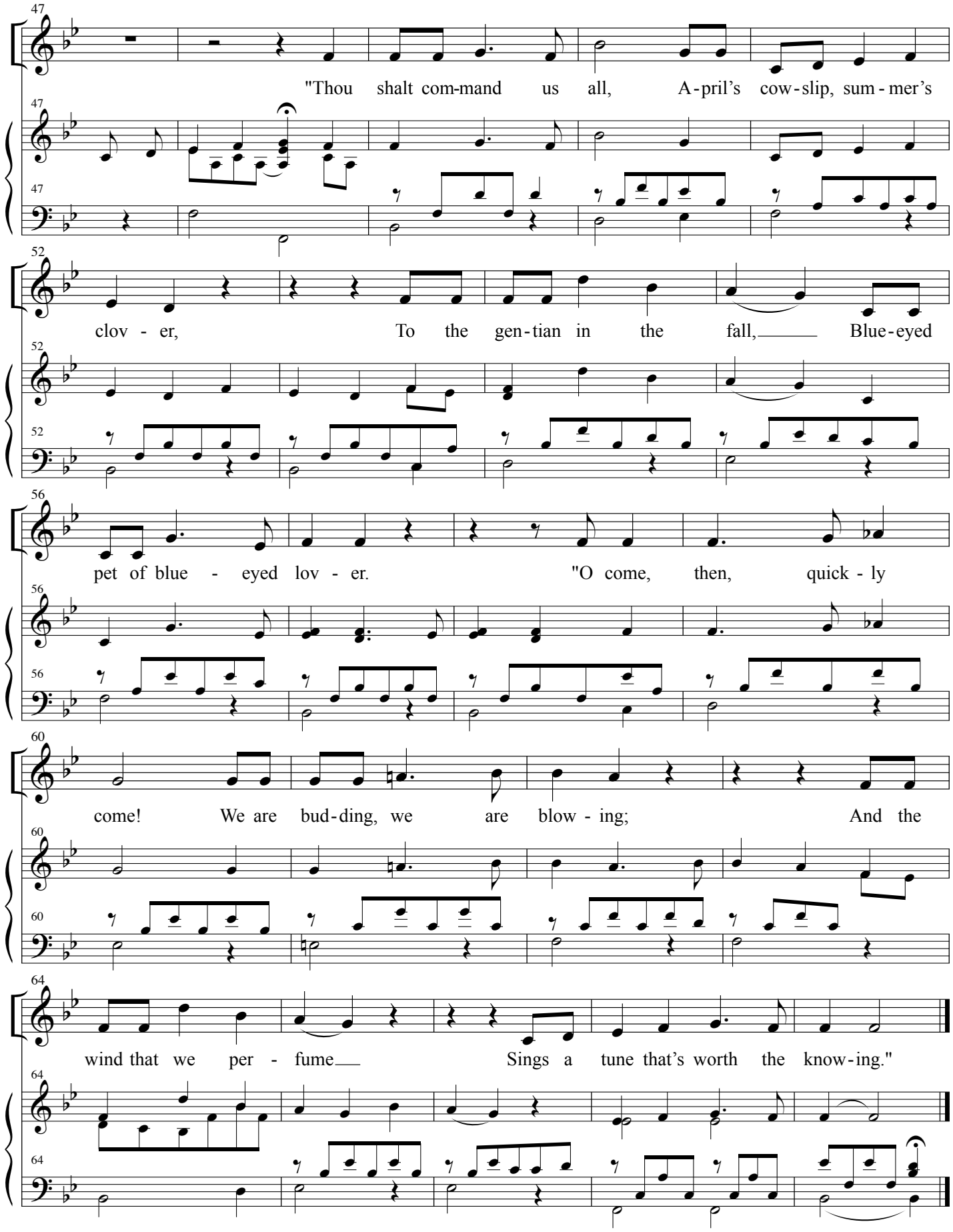
To Ellen

at the South

With tenderness




25
Oh, hark! to the win-ning sound! They
29
sum-mon thee, my dear - est, Say-ing, "We have dress'd the
33
ground, Nor yet thou ap - pear-est. "Fair-est, choose the fair-est
38
mem - bers Of our lithe so - ci - e - ty; June's glo - ries and Sep -
43
tem - ber's Show our love and pi - e - ty.


"Thou shalt com-mand us all, A-pril's cow-slip, sum-mer's
clov-er, To the gen-tian in the fall, Blue-eyed
pet of blue-eyed lov-er. "O come, then, quick-ly
come! We are bud-ding, we are blow-ing; And the
wind that we per-fume Sings a tune that's worth the know-ing."
Rall.....

8a - God said, I'm tired of kings

Boston Hymn

Part I: *The Angel of Freedom* - Democracy

Text (1863)

During the dark days of the Civil War, Emerson gave a probing lecture on "The Fortune of the Republic". In a thoroughly original vision of the coming 'American Way', he takes exception to many of the views of De Tocqueville. In 'the Fortune', Emerson speaks of a time "beyond the bill of rights when we will have a bill of human duties."

Initially given in Concord in 1836, a final adaptation of this lecture was delivered at the Old South Meeting House in Boston on March 30, 1878, for the cause of saving the venerable building. This was possibly Emerson's last speech in public.

The poem which speaks most directly to this theme is the *Boston Hymn,* a poem which is said to 'compare with his best.' It is divided into two distinct sections: Part I, the building of democracy, Part II, the abolition of slavery. In Part I, under the guiding wings of the 'Angel of Freedom', the common people 'shall constitute the state', the *people* will choose the 'ones to rule'.

Emerson recited the full poem in the Music Hall of Boston on New Year's Day, 1863, the date the Emancipation Proclamation became effective: all slaves held in the rebelling territories were declared to be free.

Tune

Written in 1824, the *Missionary Hymn* was one of Mason's most well-known and frequently used tunes. The original text, of a similar sensibility, may be found in

> **Hymns of the Spirit** #762 (Boston, 1937)
> *From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,*
> *Where Afric's sunny foundains Roll down their golden sand,*
> *From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain,*
> *They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain*.
> Bishop Reginald Heber, died 1826

Presentation

Sing with revivalist fervor; but not with a 'preachy' or heavy-handed pounding.

Do not sing it slowly, but with two beats to a bar.

The long opening note of phrase one, like the *Old Hundredth* tune [see #2] and *Complainer* [#4] was known by the Puritans as the "gathering note."

Held a bit longer, it allowed the unaccompanied singers to find the starting pitch for each verse.

My Spiritual Quest

There are no kings in our country, but are my representatives 'humble ones'?

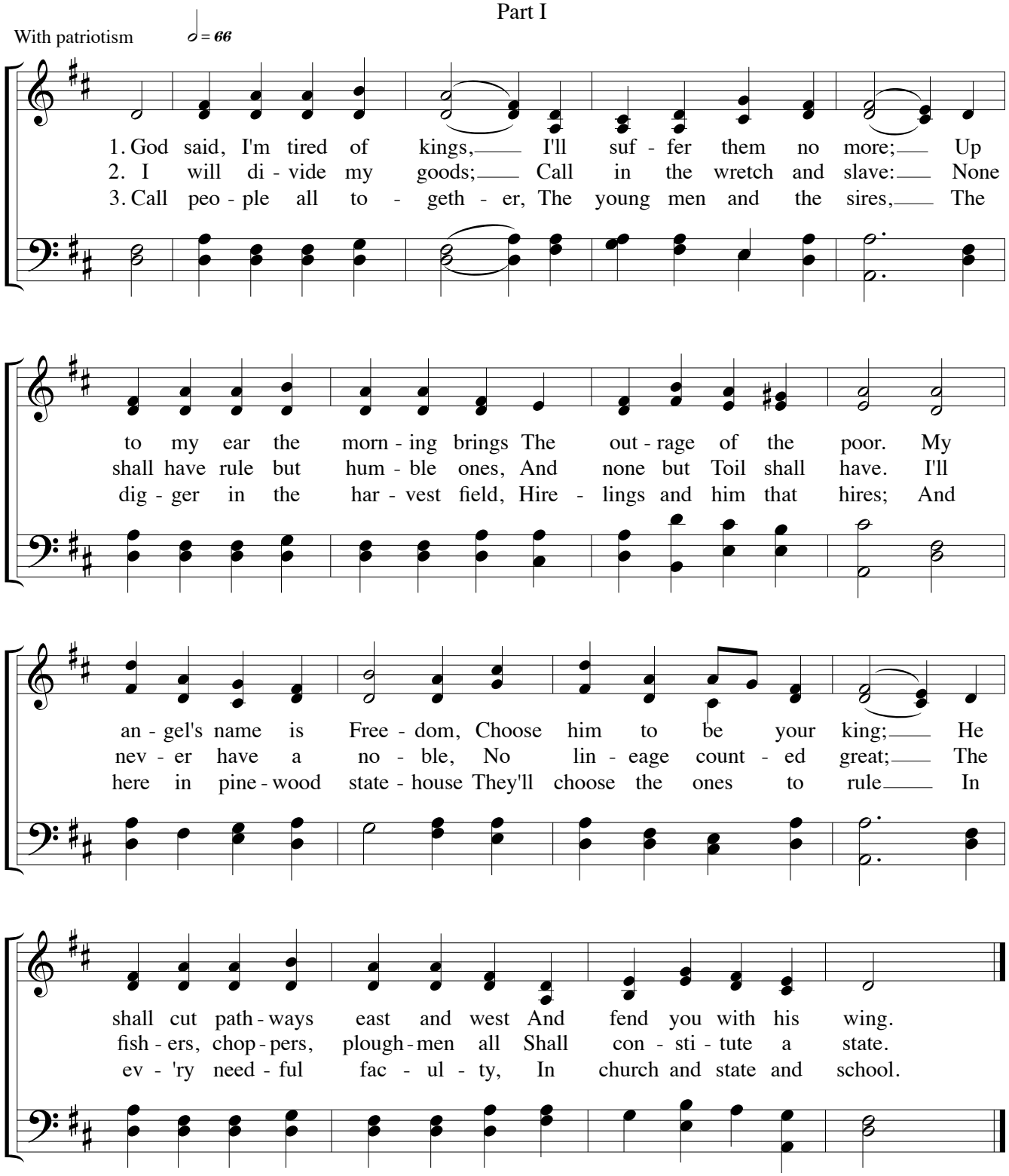
Who rules me now?

8a

Boston Hymn

Part I

With patriotism



The Angel of Freedom

8b - See, now! if these poor men Can govern land and sea

Boston Hymn

Part II: *The Angel of Freedom* - Emancipation

Text (1863)

An ardent advocate of the abolition of slavery, Emerson had given speeches in Boston, New York and Philadelphia on this subject. In January, 1862, he gave an address at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington entitled "American Civilization" in which he had ernestly urged the emancipation of the slaves. The *Boston Hymn* was recited in the Music Hall of Boston on New Year's Day, 1863, the date the Emancipation Proclamation became effective: all slaves held in the rebelling territories were declared to be free.

These two songs (8a & 8b) come from the same poem and thus may be sung independently of one another. However, they may be sung as two complementary hymns in a service, with the theme, the over-seeing *Angel of Freedom*:

first, that democracy must be established as our system of government;
and, following this, we must see that all are free to practice this system.

The sentiments of verse four were not joined by widespread agreement. Indeed, they caused considerably negative response.

Tune

See 8a for this information.

Presentation

Sing with revivalist fervor; but not with a 'preachy' or heavy-handed pounding.
Do not sing it slowly, but with two beats to a bar.
The long opening note of phrase one, like the *Old Hundredth* tune [see #2] and *Complainer* [#4] was known by the Puritans as the "gathering note." Held a bit longer, it allowed the unaccompanied singers to find the starting pitch for the beginning of each verse, or of each line of the verse.

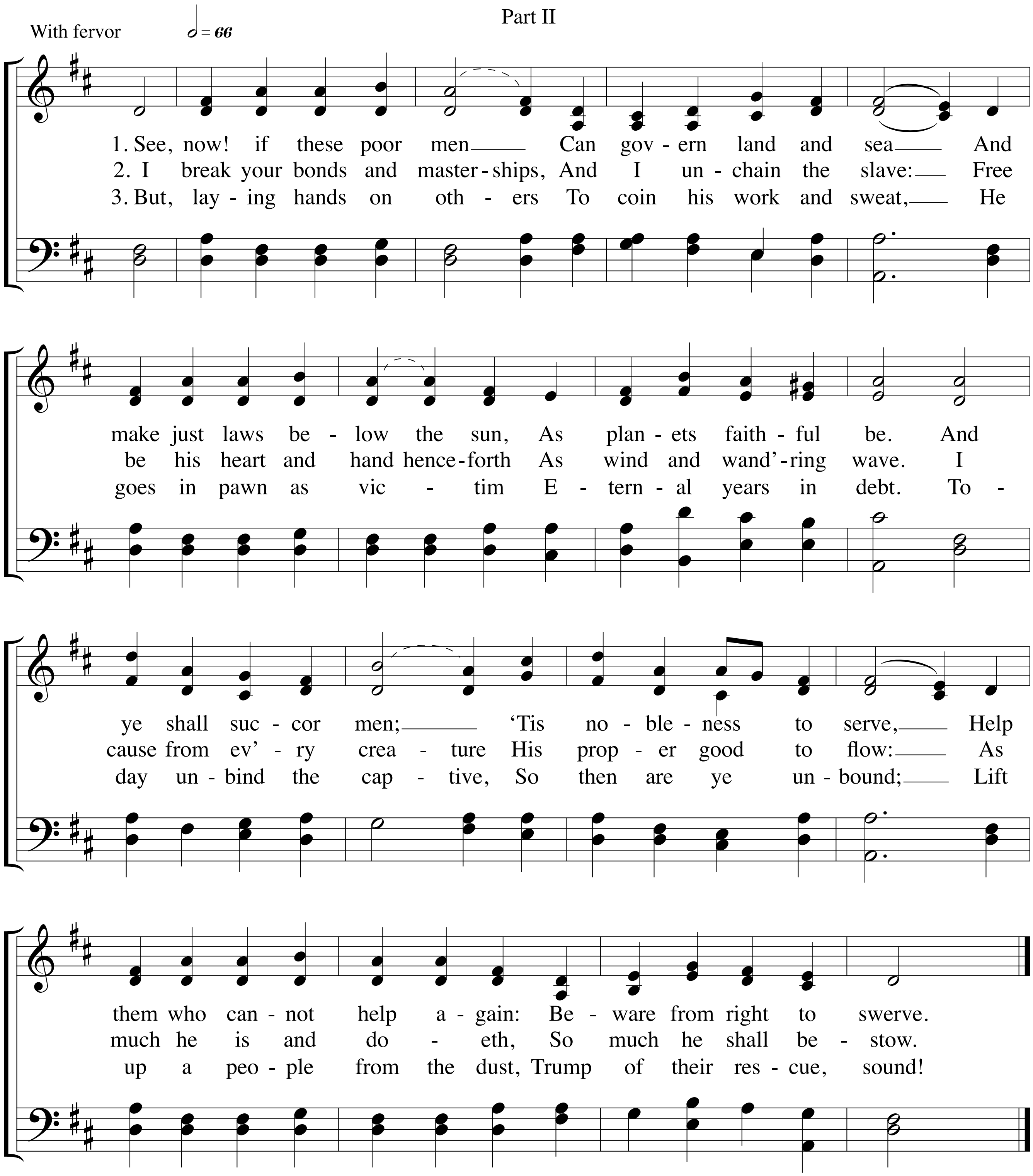
My Spiritual Quest

Can these 'poor men' govern, make just laws? Have I helped unbind captives?
Who is owner?

Boston Hymn, Part II could be a suitable hymn for Black History Month.

Boston Hymn

Part II



4. Pay ransom to the own-er, And fill the bag to brim__.
The owner? Slave is own-er. And ever was. Pay him.
O North! trade wealth for rags__, And honor, South! his shame__;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags With Freedom's face and name.

5. Come, East and West and North__, By races as snowflakes__,
And carry this my purpose forth, Which neither halts nor shakes.
My will fulfilled shall be__, In daylight or in dark__,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see His way home to the mark.

 # 9 - There comes a time when we are old

Terminus

Text (1866)

A boundary marks the end of our known world, our 'terra firma', a shoreline between knowledge and mystery. Beyond lies the unknown. Terminus, the Roman "god of bounds", was the keeper of boundaries marking the ending of one parcel, or one phase of life, but also marking the beginning of another.

This meditative poem shows an aging Emerson reflecting on a time of depletion and death: "As the bird trims her to the gale, I trim myself to the storm of time." It presents a cluster of familiar concerns: "Leave the many and hold the few. Timely wise accept the terms, Soften the fall with wary foot; A little while Still plan and smile...Let well mature th'unfallen fruit."

Yet an Emersonian paradox occurs in the admonition that "It is time to be old, To take in sail", while exhorting us to "banish fear, Right onward drive unharmed...[for] every wave is charmed."

This shoreline of knowledge is a place where we can glimpse the Infinite, and recognize a power greater than ourselves by ecstatic intuition. The interpolated voice is that of the god.

The scansion of the meter of *Terminus* is quite irregular, even for Emerson. [See appended poem.] In this textual adaptation, long meter seems to best suit the first four verses, while common meter the last.

Tunes

The two hymn tunes used in this song are well known by lovers of hymnody. Both are found in **Singing the Living Tradition** (UUA, Boston, 1993). The change in tune is needed because of the change in the meter of the last verse. This would not be unusual for Emerson's poetic style. The main body of the text is set to *Tallis' Canon* (LM); the final verse is set to *St. Anne* (CM). Those familiar with the 1708 *St Anne* tune will also be reminded of the pairing with Isaac Watts' text, "O God, our help in ages past."

Presentation

The principle tune of this song should be sung in a very legato chant like (legato) phrasing and tone. The first verse may be sung a cappella, or with light bass line accompaniment. Verses two through four should add harmony to the texture. The second tune should convey the weight of a chorale. Those with a Christian or Theist orientation may think of the words that are usually associated with the second tune (St. Anne's) as underpinning thoughts of harbor.

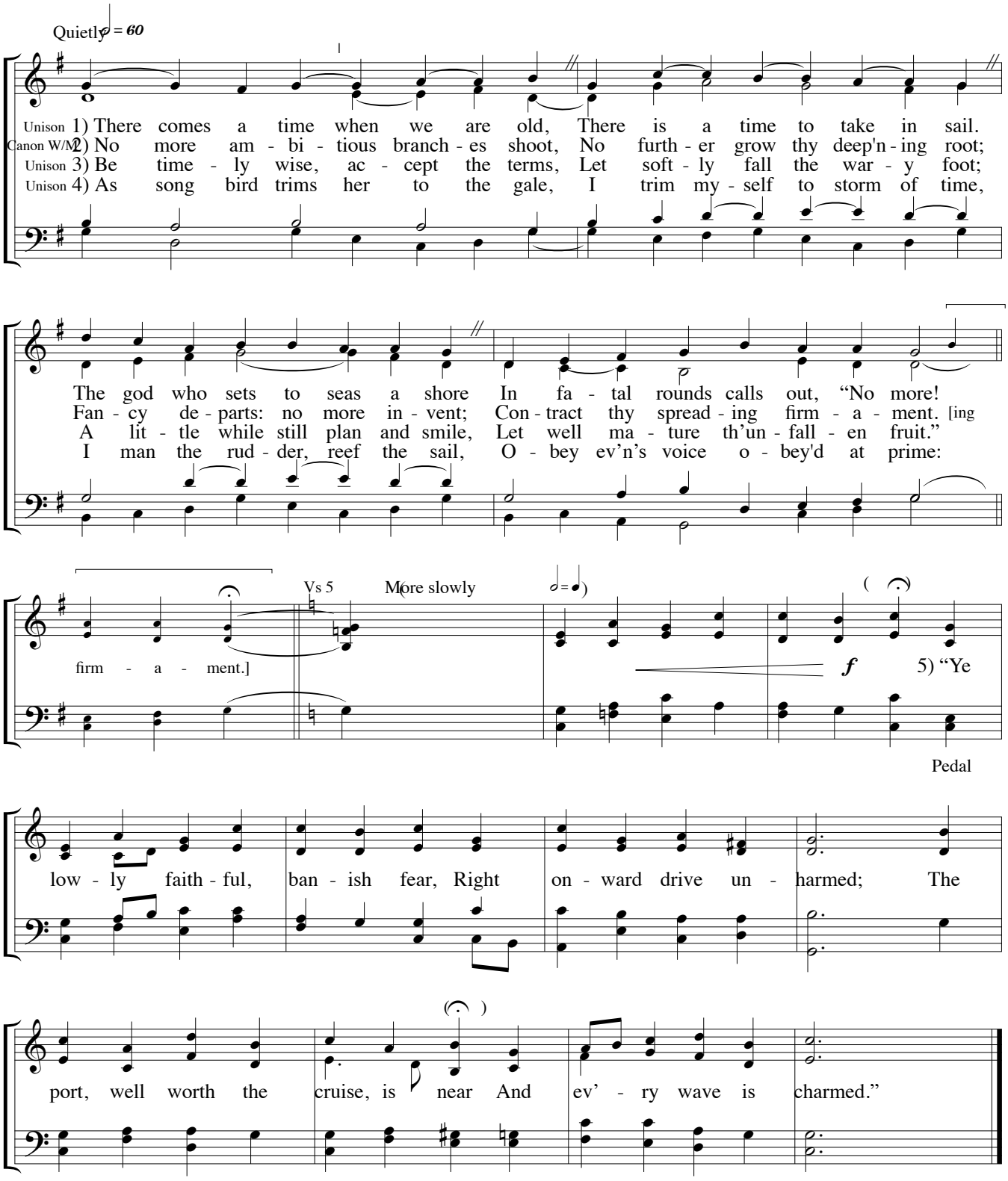
Unless the congregation has sung this song several times, it may be well - in addition to comments about the text - to explain the need for two tunes, and, further, to *practice* the second verse - "No more ambitious branches shoot" - in which the women's and men's voices divide and sing the Tallis Canon as a canon! The women begin, the men enter at the half measure.

Music Directors: note the extra half measure needed for the men to finish verse two.

Verse three may be sung by the women and verse four by the men.

My Spiritual Quest

How will I prepare for life's ending? What are the 'charms', the pleasures of aging?


Quietly ♩ = 60
Unison 1) There comes a time when we are old, There is a time to take in sail.
Canon W/M 2) No more am - bi - tious branch - es shoot, No furth - er grow thy deep'n - ing root;
Unison 3) Be time - ly wise, ac - cept the terms, Let soft - ly fall the war - y foot;
Unison 4) As song bird trims her to the gale, I trim my - self to storm of time,
The god who sets to seas a shore In fa - tal rounds calls out, "No more!
Fan - cy de - parts: no more in - vent; Con - tract thy spread - ing firm - a - ment. [ing
A lit - tle while still plan and smile, Let well ma - ture th'un - fall - en fruit."
I man the rud - der, reef the sail, O - bey ev'n's voice o - bey'd at prime:
Vs 5
More slowly
firm - a - ment.]
f
5) "Ye
Pedal
low - ly faith - ful, ban - ish fear, Right on - ward drive un - harmed; The
port, well worth the cruise, is near And ev' - ry wave is charmed."

 # 10 - O Daughter of Heav'n and Earth

A May-Day Song

Text (1867)

What is the true source of the beauty, the intoxication and the aromatic elixirs of Spring?
Is Spring a gift of "enduring heaven", a compact with the "high God"?
Who brings forth this perennial "grandeur" on earth?

The million-handed painter pours
Opal hues and purple dye;
Azaleas flush the island floors,
And the tints of heaven reply.[1]

Who is this "Heaven's daughter", sent to earth as the operative force of "God's work"?
With a "transparent eyeball" and a sensate eardrum, we exult in Spring's environment, its aura, its fragrance, its soft vibrations, even when

Gleam of sunshine on the wall
Poured a deeper cheer than all
The revels of the carnival.[1]

Emerson's "ecstatical stage" has bridged nature and mankind.
In Spring we experience this richer spiritual dimension in our lives.
"The imaginative faculty of the soul must be fed with objects immense and eternal."
Here is the "grand impression" of nature, by which, in comparison, humanity's art-making is "insignificant". "Nature is essence, - space, the air, the river, the leaf - unchanged by man."
A lengthy poem of some 300 lines, the opening and closing passages of *May-Day* are caught in this song: captivating poetic images of Spring, in which nature can inspire our moral sense to lift "Better up to Best", while helping us in "planting seeds of knowledge pure", and, even so, reminding us that humans are a "palace of sight and sound, carrying in [our] senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in [our] brain, the geometry of the city of God; in [our] heart, the bower of love and the realms of right and wrong."
May-Day is both the lead poem and the title of Emerson's 1867 collection of poetry.
Other poems in this collection are *Voluntaries* and *Terminus*

.

Tune

The tune *Fillmore* is found in William Walker's *Southern Harmony*, New Haven CT, 1835.

Presentation

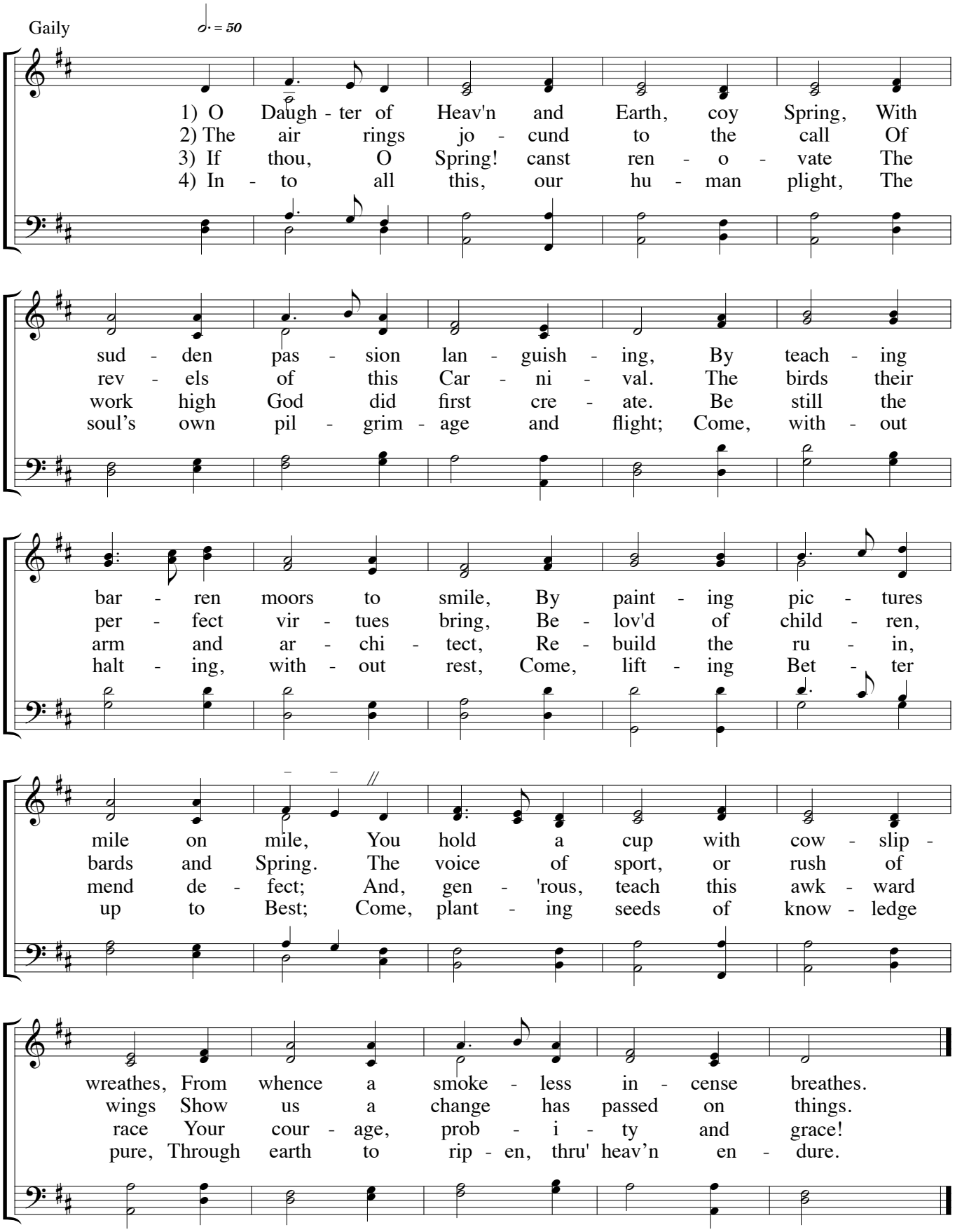
Sing this tune with a joyous spring-like bounce, with a light, but rhythmic accompaniment, preferably on the piano.

My Spiritual Quest

Spring is heavenly. Is heaven the source of the beauty of Spring?
How does the Daughter, this spirit of Spring, make the connection between Heaven and Earth?

[1]These excerpts are from the poem *May-Day,* while the direct quotes are from Emerson's essay *Nature.*

A May-Day Song



11 - *The rocky nook with hilltops three*
Boston

Text (1860/1873)
The poem *Boston*, written for the "Centennial Anniversary of the Destruction of the Tea in Boston Harbor" was read by Emerson in Boston's 'Cradle of Liberty', *Faneuil Hall*, December 16, 1873. The historic occasion reviews the obstreperous actions of the colonists, paints a detailed picture of that patriotic scene, and ends with a democratic moral.

The telling of the story includes the topography as well as local history:
...hilltops three... refers to Trimountaine, the original name for Boston*, from which colonists *sailed...to every shore...to do what freemen can...*[for] *the world was made for honest trade.*
Bad news comes *from* [King] *George. 'You thrive so well...You shall pay tax on tea...Tis very small, no load at all.*'
The cargo came! and who could blame if Indians [or patriots dressed as Indians?] *seized the tea?*
For what avail....if freedom fail?
The sea returning day by day Restores the world-wide mart;
So let each dweller on the Bay Fold Boston to the heart.
Now each show care for ev'ry one...to all as equal friend.
Emerson then incorporates the motto of the town: *Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis*:
GOD WITH THE FATHERS, SO WITH US, This blessed town thru' ages thus!

The poem contains rhymed tetrameter lines, in either couplet or quatrain form, with the rhyme scheme *ababcc*. An earlier version of the poem was written in 1860.

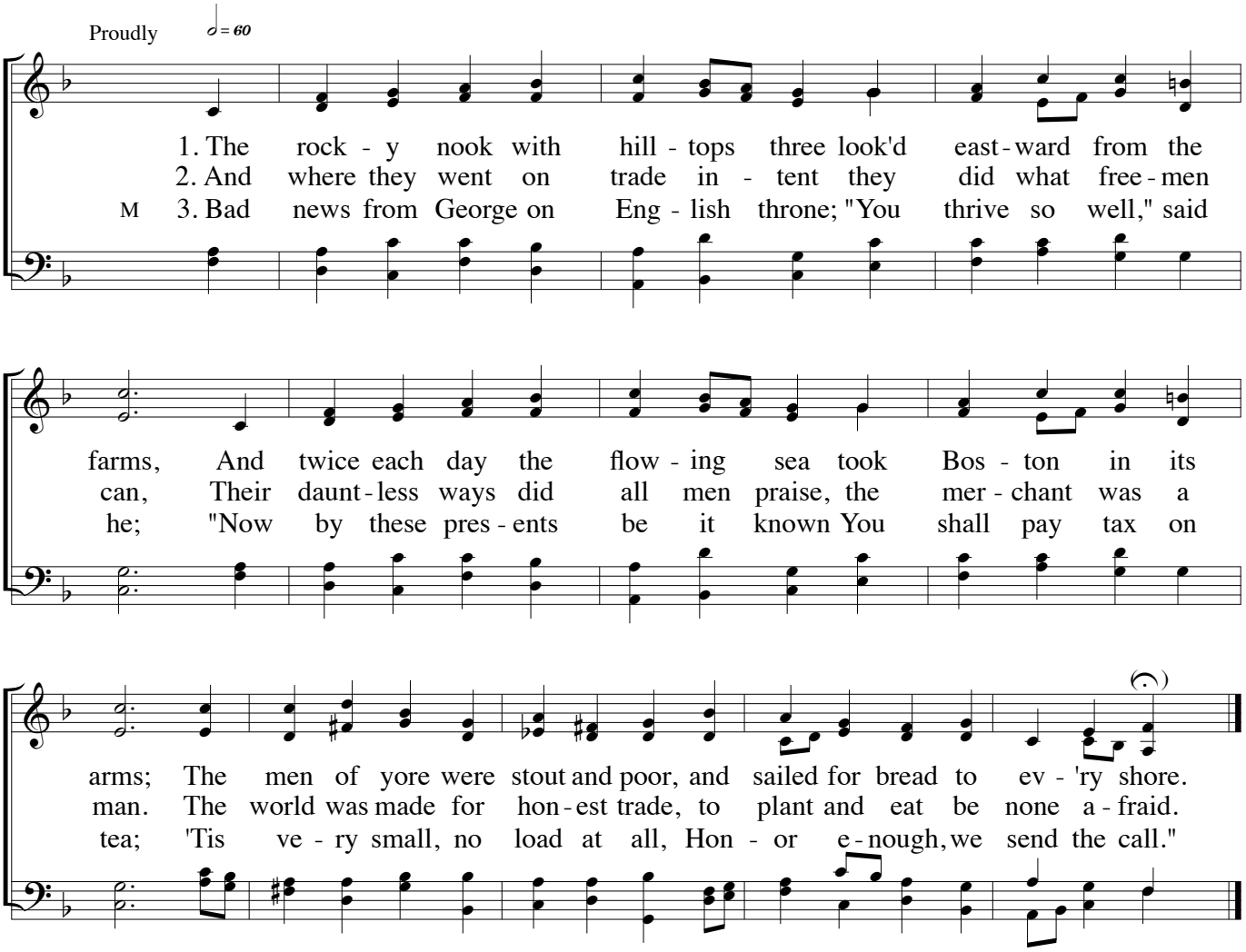
Tune
The phrase contours and metric structure of Johann Balthasar Reimann's *O Jesu, warum legst du mir* (1747) seem quite well suited to this text. The European origin also accords well with the fact that the imposition of the 'tea tax' also came from overseas.
This tune is found in **Hymns for the Celebration of Life**, # 205.

Presentation
This song may move at a vigorous clip.
It is definitely *not* to be sung in a ponderous chorale style.
Vary the participation: Men verse 3, women verse 4, etc.
Needs only light accompaniment. Let the voices carry the piece.

My Spiritual Quest
What are the topical events in my life's story; in my church's story?
Should I be more aware of them?
How would I go about celebrating and honoring them?

*The Colonists Charter which officially named the site Boston, for Boston, Lincolnshire, was signed on September 7, 1630, now celebrated as "Boston Charter Day."

Boston



W 4. The cargo came! and who could blame
If *Indians* seized the tea,
And, chest by chest, let down the same,
Into the laughing sea?
For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail?

W 5. O bounteous seas that never fail!
O day remembered yet!
O happy port that spied the sail
Which wafted Lafayette!
Pole-star of light in Europe's night,
That never faltered from the right.

M 6. The sea returning day by day
Restores the world-wide mart;
So let each dweller on the Bay
Fold Boston to the heart,
When echoes will be choked by snows,
Or o'er the town blue ocean flows.

7. Now each show care for ev'ry one,
Now each to all shall bend,
To noble, humble this be done,
To all as equal friend.
GOD WITH THE FATHERS, SO WITH US,
This blessed town thru' ages thus!

 # 12 - Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home!

Good-bye, proud world!

Text (1823)

At the age of nineteen, Emerson had to leave Divinity School and join brother Edward teaching school in Worcester MA. Nothing was going right with his world. A voice of adolescent violence is heard. These "yawps" are a young man's disillusionment with life. They are spelled out in a catalog of complaints about society. The saving grace is his journey into nature with nature's god. The location of Emerson's walks out of the town of Boston is now known as Franklin Park.

All too contemporary to us is his catalog of man's vanities: *the weary crowd... flattery's fawning face...grandeur's wise grimace...upstart wealth's averted eye...frozen hearts and hasting feet.* The antidote: *my own hearth-stone...in yon hills alone...a secret nook in a pleasant land...which frolic fairies planned...*[where] *vulgar feet have never trod...that sacred spot to thought and God.*

Written in 1823, and included in the *Poems* [1846], Emerson prohibited the publication of this poem in later editions of his poetry, but (daughter) Ellen and (son) Edward reintroduced it after his death.

The first verse of this text has six lines in long meter (8 syllables to the line) , while the other three verses have eight lines in long meter: LMD. Therefore, in verse one, the last two lines are repeated to make the needed total.

Tune

Fillmore is also found in William Walker's *Southern Harmony,* published in New Haven CT in 1835.

The first two phrases are repeated in order to fill out the form, long meter double [LMD].

Presentation

Have the men sing verse two [Emerson], the women verse three [the call of nature].
Unite on verse four, and if so desired, choose 'one' for 'man'.
Set - and keep - a good, swinging tempo! (He's only nineteen.)

My Spiritual Quest

My social contacts wear me down. Why is that?
What do I do to reconstitute my equilibrium?
What restores my poise, my balance, my composure?
Does going to Church help?

Good-bye, Proud World!

Emphatically ♩. = 50

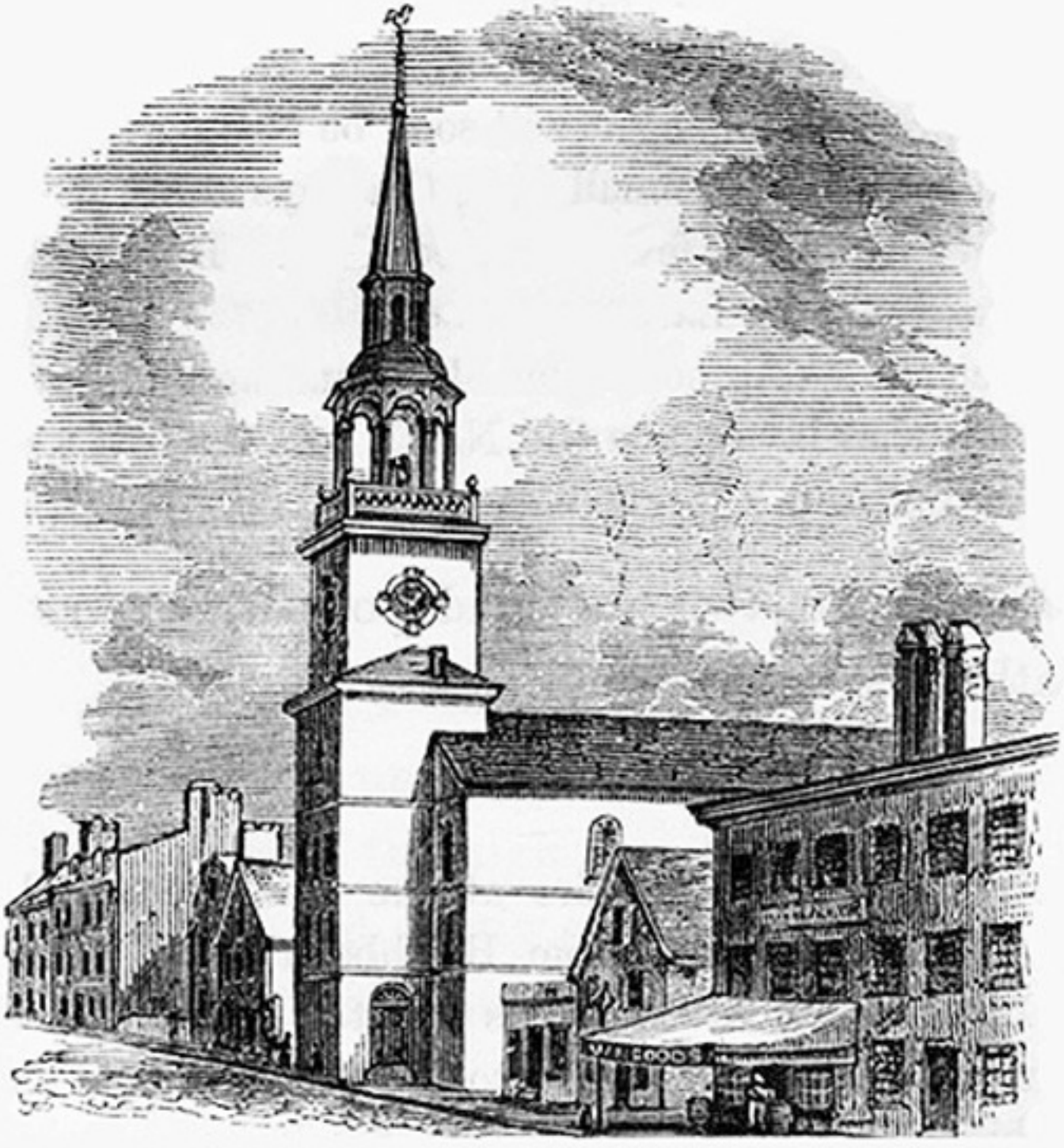
1. Good-bye, proud world! I'm go - ing home. Thou'rt not my friend, and
2. Good-bye to Flat - tery's fawn - ing face; To Grand - eur with his
3. I'm go - ing to my own hearth-stone, That's bo - som'd in yon
4. O, when I'm safe in syl - van home, I tread on pride of

I'm not thine. Long through thy wea - ry crowd I roam; A
wise gri - mace; To up - start Wealth's a - vert - ed eye; To
hills a - lone, A se - cret nook in pleas - ant land, Whose
Greece and Rome; And when I'm stretch'd be - neath the pines, Where

riv - er - ark on o - cean brine, I've long been tossed like driv - en
sup - ple Of - fice, low and high; To crowd - ed halls, to court and
grove the frol - ic fair - ies planned; Where arch - es green, the live - long
eve - ning star so ho - ly shines, I laugh at lore and pride of

foam; But now, proud world! I'm go - ing home. I've long been
street; To froz - en hearts and hast - ing feet; To those who
day, Will e - cho black - bird's round - e - lay, And vul - gar
man, At soph - ist schools, and learn - ed clan; What are they

tossed like driv - en foam; But now, proud world! I'm go - ing home.
go, and those who come; Good - bye, proud world! I'm go - ing home.
feet have nev - er trod That sa - cred spot to thought and God.
all, in high con - ceit, When man in the bush with God may meet?



The Second Church in Boston, Hanover Street

1799 - 1844

[The Seventh ('New Brick') Church in Boston, 1722 - 1779]

A Brief History of the Second Church in Boston
1649-1970

A direct outgrowth of the First ('Old', 1630) Church in Boston, the Second ('Old North', 1649) Church in Boston built its Meeting House in the prospering North End, and held their first service there on June 5, 1650. A Historic Marker placed by the Bostonian Society locates this spot on Boston's 'Freedom Trail'. The house of Paul and Rachel Revere, members of Second Church, is built across North Square on land which housed the original parsonage of the Church. Known as "The Church of the Mathers", the second and third Ministers were **Increase** and his son, **Cotton Mather**, whose combined ministry extended from 1664 to 1728. Cotton Mather was named for both of his grandfathers, Richard Mather, of the Dorchester Church, and John Cotton of the First Church in Boston.

John Lathrop, Minister from 1768 to 1816, preached an "election" sermon in which he stated that "War is justifiable when those in Government violate law and attempt to oppress and enslave the people. The fate of America depends on the virtue of her sons." When British troops tore down Second Church - that "Nest of Traitors" - 'for firewood' during the occupation of Boston in 1775/76, the congregation found shelter in the Seventh Church on Hanover Street. This Church voted to combine its congregation with the Second Church under the latter's title upon the death of their minister, the **Rev. Dr. Pemberton**.

Henry Ware, Jr, eighth Minister (1817 - 1830) was instrumental in bringing **Ralph Waldo Emerson** to this pulpit. **Chandler Robbins,** following Emerson, led the Church through five moves: in 1854, to combine with the Church of the Savior in Bedford Street, and in 1872, to Copley Square on the north side of Boylston Street. Second Church build a Ralph Adams Cram building in Audubon Circle in Brookline in 1914, but in 1970 merged with the First Church under the corporate name of The First and Second Church in Boston.

A note on the designation "Old North", and the "Paul Revere Lantern controversy."

In 1688, a 'King's Chapel' (Church of England) was consecrated to serve British officers.
In 1723, a second Church of England building, Christ Church was erected on Salem Street in the North End. After the Revolution, this building was known as the 'North' of the four Episcopal churches in Boston.
In the 1880s, a city commission was called to determine the 'true' Old North Church.
One contention was that the Puritans had built a Meeting House rather than a Church.
Throughout early history, however, several publications contradict this account:

1 - *The New England Weekly Journal* dated February 1728, records [Cotton Mather as the] "Senior Pastor of the Old North Church in Boston."
2 - Fleet's *Pocket Almanack*, 1773 lists "Second, or Old North, [as the Church of] Rev. John Lathrop, DD, [while] Christ Church, E. Salem St., [has] Rev. W. Walter, DD, [in its pulpit.]"
3 - In 1779: "New Brick Church [is now to be] incorporated as Old North, the Second Church* in Boston."
4 - Chandler Robbins titles his 1852 publication: *A History of the Second Church, or Old North, in Boston.*

The other claim was that the Second *Meeting House* [sic] had no tower, and therefore the warning lanterns could not have been seen from Charlestown. This was because the Church had been torn down over a century earlier, and there was no memory of the tower on the building, although the existence of a tower was affirmed by contemporanious records.

Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson - Sermon on Hymns

Preached October 2, 1831 in the Second Church in Boston

Sing praises with understanding. Psalm 47:7

[I The singing of hymns]
Man is the tongue of...creation...[and he] is to utter praise...for [the existence of] himself...
[praise for] irrational [i e, dumb] creatures, and...[for the] inanimate works of God.
[Man] alone hath the music of speech. Man alone can form the thought of praise into words.
It is...hard to analyze music...[to] say how much [music] is intellectual and how much is material [sound]. It is harder yet to analyze poetry...[to] tell where the charm is lodged that pleases us in its measures [meters].

[It is hard to understand how] the chambers of the ear...tell [us which]...syllables [are]...harmonious, and [why] any change [of syllables will] hurt [the pleasure]. [And what are the] hardest...to analyze [are]...*the joys of sentiment and imagination* which make [up] the soul [spirit] of poetry. ...he that made the throbbing heart, the hearing ear,...the speaking tongue and the vibrating air, let the music which results from them...be paid to him.

[II History]
Music and poetry have come down together from an immemorial time.
...from the earliest notices...[music and poetry] were consecrated to religious service.
The oldest are religious odes. Bards were priests.
Shepherds and husbandmen met to honour the Deity with hymns and dances.
In Egypt or Europe it was a gorgeous ceremonial. When *purer religion* displaced this idolatry, *a natural species of worship* remained and survived and held its place among Catholics and Protestants, among Episcopalians and dissenters, among Methodists and Shakers. [sic]
Psalmody is the union of sacred poetry to sacred music.
The *finest powers of genius* have been exercised in providing *this beautiful entertainment* for *the mind* of the worshipper both in music and in poetry. For those who understand both it unites *the finest pleasures of the Sense*[s] to the *finest pleasures of the Soul*.

[III The effect of hymns]
I am wholly incompetent to speak of the first [i e music], of which *few understand less* [than I do]. But I am much interested in the last [i e sacred music texts].
...sacred poetry should be good;...a *worthy expression of our sentiments* to the Creator.
We should sing hymns which we can *feel*...[hymns] which can effect the office of sacred poetry upon our minds...[hymns which] can *arouse, thrill, cheer, soothe, solemnize* or *melt* us.
...we should not sing hymns to God that we should be ashamed to compose—[hymns that are] *flat, prosaic, unaffecting* productions such as too many have been and are.
On the altar of God, while *eloquence brings its deepest truths*, poetry should exhaust its powers.
[Since]...*hymns make up a large part of our religious service*, it is [only] reasonable that good ones should be chosen. This part of our service [here at Second Church, is capable of being] made much more interesting than it is [now].
A large number of every congregation have some *taste for sacred poetry* and perhaps *a much larger number* for sacred music.
If this taste were taken advantage of by a diligent collection of the best hymns - and a careful rejection of all inferior ones - the hymn would do much good in *exalting devout feelings*.
...every person has had opportunity to observe *a very great effect produced upon an assembly* by a pertinent hymn *aided by the effect of fine music*.
This effect might be greater and more frequent if [the texts in] our hymn books were better.

[IV Writers of genius]

...the English language contains some of the sublimest strains of poetry and sacred poetry.
It is very singular that...the [texts of] hymns sung in churches should have been until the last [18th] century so low and inharmonious, so sunk indeed almost below criticism.
[Sacred poetry] should have moved the ambition of great geniuses...holy successors of David and Miriam. [It should have moved them] to give utterance to *a nation's praise* and pious rapture.

[A] work of learning or of imagination should [always] hope for such permanent and precious fame, ...[should hope] to enter into the heart and faith of a nation like the *simple religious song* that is in their mouth every Sunday, [that is] aided in its effect by the reverence of the Bible, *the power of music*, the associations of the place, and the *sympathy* of a congregation.

The best poet should have written hymns for those who speak the English tongue. [A] sublime bard could have instructed them by carrying out this office. [This,] instead of permitting the unskilled versifiers [e g, the Bay Psalm Book, 1640] who with whatever good intentions first turned the psalms of David into English metre. [A] very great improvement...has taken place.
The stiff and wretched verses [of those] old times have disappeared.

Very many persons, some of them highly gifted, have turned their talents in this direction and some noble strains of devotion have been heard. Dr. Watts - by the fervor of his piety and the freedom of his thought - did wonderfully raise the downtrodden muse of the English churches.
Addison, Mrs. Steele, Doddridge, Cowper, Mrs. Barbauld—have enriched our collections.

[V The present hymnal]
Dr. Belknap's Collection [*Sacred Poetry*, 1795, has been] in use in this church for about forty years. It was received with great satisfaction by enlightened men at the time of its appearance [as a non-Trinitarian book]. [And it was] a very marked improvement upon the gloomy Calvinism of the old books. But many years have elapsed [since] public attention [was] fixed upon theological questions, and many errors then strongly suspected have been fully exposed.
Much of its theology is therefore antiquated.

No *enlightened* Christian can read many pages in this book without meeting confused views of God, ambiguous expressions concerning Christ, his Deity, his sacrifice and atonement, and his exaltation as the central object of adoration to all beings in heaven.

It does not become us to worship God with [a] doubtful heart or with double lips. If we cannot measure the dignity of Jesus, his truth and goodness, so let our hymn say, and let not our hymn book break the first commandment. [*Thou shalt have no other gods before me...*]
Language is applied to the Supreme Being that cannot be repeated without dishonouring him.

[Finally, there is] a confusion of thought and expression concerning the great doctrine of Christianity, namely the immortality of the soul, which in some of the psalms seems to be forgotten and in some misunderstood.

And besides this utterance of unchristian sentiment there is a very gross material imagery.
Heaven is always described as a land of rivers, of luxuries, of music, of crowns, God as a king sitting on a throne, Christ as a conquerer with sword and chariot, and the life of the Saint is painted in military hymns, and the mean descriptions of angels.

All of this has a most pernicious tendency to mislead the mind in its understanding of spiritual things.

[VI Analysis of *Sacred Poetry* - Jeremy Belknap]

[*Sacred Poetry*] contains many excellent hymns which have served many worshipping assemblies and many a private heart [Tate, Watts, Anne Steele, Doddridge, etc]. But it contains numbers of indifferent and some bad ones.
And it does not contain a great many which ought to be introduced into our church.
Much that is objectionable in it arises from the division, now disused, into Psalms and Hymns.
It is not wise to attempt to wrest and accommodate the peculiar language of David, originally suited to many temporary and private occasions, to the present wants of the Christian Church.
In the attempt to do this, a great many inapplicable verses are made and what is worse a great many sentiments expressed utterly inconsistent with the Christian religion. The effect of this has been that one half of the versions of the Psalms in Belknap are now grown obsolete—are never or very rarely sung in our church.

An obvious improvement would be to select the good versions of the many fine passages in the Psalms and incorporate them with other hymns adapted to our peculiar wants or to the wants of the church in every age.
The practical ill effect of these objections is of course not so obvious to any one in the church as to the preacher. It costs him much time to select pieces to be read and sung, and again out of the suitable pieces, to select what is unobjectionable.
These faults exclude from use a very large number of the hymns and psalms in the book, so that out of 460 not many more than 200 are commonly used, and our church is as yet a stranger to a large number of excellent hymns, not included in this collection.
And we fear that in our meetings the *reading* and singing of hymns has grown so familiar that the ear fails of its desired effect.

I have thought it well to make these remarks to you, brethren, because it is in my opinion a great blemish on our service, and one admitting an easy remedy, and because, as you know, the expediency of introducing a new hymn book has long been and is before a committee of the Society, and the evil complained of it not mended by time. And before the report of that Committee is presented for your action, I desired to make a plain statement of what I esteem the faults of our service and what advantages we might hope to gain by a change.

[VII The Greenwood *Collection*]
There has now been for about a year a new Collection before the Christian public compiled by the Pastor of the Stone Chapel in this city. [Rev. Francis William Pitt Greenwood: *A Collection of psalms and hymns for Christian worship*, 1830. Contains Bowring, Heber, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, etc]. It has the suffrage of many good judges and almost of all sects in its favor.
It is free from all the objections that lie against the old collections and contains near 600 hymns.
I hope in these circumstances it may receive the examination, and, if found worthy, the approbation of every worshipper in our *ancient* [1723] temple.

We worship in plain walls.
We have *no tapestry, no pictures, no marble, no gold, no sacrifices, no incense.*
Let us at least have truth and piety.
Let us have hymns worthy of God, the subject, and suitable for man, the singer.
Let us not think this is a light matter. Let us sing praises with understanding. [Psalm 47:7]

Addendum

A Committee meeting was called on October 9, 1831, the week following the sermon on hymns, to consider purchasing a new hymnbook. The "Report of Committee on Hymn Book Oct 9, 1831" contains the following: "A Vote of the Proprietors of the Pews: Ordered 272 [Greenwood hymnbooks] for the Society, at 56 1/4 cent each copy. Oct 23, 1831." E. Thompson, chairman. All which is respectfully submitted [signed] R Waldo Emerson, G[eorge] B Emerson, J[?] Bariloca[?], Z/Y Bairtoca, G Mears[?], G Ware, E Patterson, G A Sampson, G Rogers."
In his Journal for 1847, RWE remarks that the Greenwood 'Collection' was "still the best."
[Archives, Second Church in Boston - Massachusetts Historical Society.]

[*Material excerpted and italized by the editor.*]

A New Style of Poetry

In October, 1840, Emerson published an essay in *The Dial*, Vol I, extolling a "New Poetry". His reasoning was based on his observations that "tendencies of the times are so *democratical*, that we shall soon have not so much as a pulpit or raised platform in any church or townhouse, but *each person, who is moved to address any public assembly*, will speak from the floor. *

"The portfolio, the private journal, the practice of writing dairies show new attempts to throw into verse the experiences of private life, verses of a *ruder strain*, effusions which in *persons of a happy nature* are the easy and *unpremeditated translation of their thoughts and feelings into rhyme*.' These are less pretending than the festal and solemn verses written for the nations. True progress is shown by the intellectual and moral interest of people in one another. The farm-house becomes more important than the White House and the Court House. Here we can acquire *a taste for the depths of thought and emotion in the soul of the citizen.*

"Is there not room then for a new department in poetry, namely, *Verses of the Portfolio*: the charm of character...confessions...faults, imperfect parts, fragmentary verses, halting rhymes? These have *a worth beyond that of a high finish*. They testify that the writer was *more person than artist*, *more earnest than vain*; that *the thought was too sweet and sacred to them than* to suffer their eyes or ears *to behold a superficial defect in the expression.* Not written for publication, they lack that finish which the conventions of literature require. But if poetry of this kind has merit...*the prescription which demands a rhythmical polish* may be set aside, the interest of letters may be served by publishing it imperfect, just as we preserve torsos of the great masters.

"Those of *genius are often more incapable of that elaborate execution which criticism exacts*, but that *is a secondary aim*. They are humble, self-accusing, moody. *Their worship is toward the Ideal Beauty*, which *chooses to be courted not so often in perfect hymns, as in wild ear-piercing ejaculations, or in silent musings*. Writers of talents have every advantage in this competition, giving cool and commanding attention to the thing to be done, to secure its just performance. Thus are *the failures of genius better than the victories of talent. Some crude manuscript poems have yielded us a more sustaining and a more stimulating diet than many elaborated and classic productions*.

"These poems *find theatre enough in the first field or brookside*, *breadth and depth enough in the flow of its own thought. Here is self-repose*, which to our mind is stabler than the Pyramids; *here is self-respect* which leads a man to date from his heart more proudly than from Rome. Here is *love which sees through surface*, and *adores gentle nature and not the costume. Here is religion*, which is not of the Church of England, nor of the Church of Boston. *Here is the good wise heart, which sees that the end of culture is strength and cheerfulness.*

"H*ere is poetry more purely intellectual* than any American verses we have yet seen, distinguished from competition by two merits: *the fineness of perception*, and *the poet's trust in his own genius*. Further, *there is an absence of all conventional imagery*, and *a bold use of that which the moment's mood had made sacred*."

*"Each young and ardent person writes a dairy, in which...he inscribes his soul. [The words] are sacred." [Nature] Material transcribed by the editor. Italics have been added.

Metrical Psalmody

Psalm is the Greek word for 'song'. In the Old Testament, there is a collection of 150 self-contained poems and prayers, having specific poetic devices and techniques, traditionally ascribed to King David. Used by the priests of the Temple for many occasions - a procession, a blessing, a petition, or for teaching and other theological purposes - the psalter, the collection in its final shape, has been an essential ingredient of both Hebrew and Christian worship. The psalms were an established element in the Christian liturgy by at least the second century AD.

John Calvin, in advancing the purposes of the Reformation, gave his congregation a liturgical responsibility - formerly held by priests - of having the people sing these psalms during the services. Calvin declared that the psalms provide the most suitable material for the people to sing, not only at church but also in "*houses and field,*" and that this singing must be in "God's own words", translated into the language of the people. After the exiled English Puritans had come under Calvin's influence in Geneva, they created the *Anglo-Genevan Psalter* of 1556.

In the Puritan service, psalm singing was considered a "heavenly Ordinance" as well as a "dutie". Since Puritan clergy of the Massachusetts Bay Colony were well schooled in Hebrew, their translations in the 'Bay Psalm Book' (1640) were made directly from that language. The Authorized ('King James') Version of the Bible (1611), however, was also available to them as a source. Psalms were sung before and after the sermon, and at other times during the service, before communion, or at the close of service, colloquially known as the 'gathering' [of the 'Visible Saints'].

The essential poetic devices of psalmody are meter and rhyme. A typical four-line stanza might have a rhyming pattern of ABAB, or ABCB. The most frequently encountered meters are *short meter* [SM], *common meter* [CM] and *long meter* [LM]. The four lines of short meter consist of 6, 6, 8, 6 syllables; common meter, 8, 6, 8, 6; long meter, 8, 8, 8, 8. Double the number of lines is marked SMD/CMD/LMD.

The psalm text was sung to a designated 'psalm tune' by the congregation in unison, without accompaniment. The tune wouldhave a metrical structure similar to that of the text. Basically, any common meter *text* could be sung to any common meter *tune*.

Psalm tunes have been described as 'a cross between a chorale and folk music'. For the Puritans, this music was "simple, but noble and beautiful." Sung regularly in meeting, psalm tunes quickly became common property, and a certain number of tunes would have been known from memory by the Boston congregation. [e g *Old Hundredth* and *Tallis' Canon*. And, as with folk music, a tune was 'shaped' or changed by the singing of the people in a particular locale. Tunes of anonymous authorship were believed to have been 'composed' (shaped) by deacons or precentors, those leaders of the singing who were "skilled in musick".

In those congregations without psalm books, the Psalms were 'lined out' by these precentors. The earliest precentor in the First Church in Boston was William Aspinwall who was ordained deacon in 1630. 'Deaconing', or 'lining out' of the psalms, was the practice of singing *one single line* of the psalm by the leader, and having each line sung back by the congregation, line by line. If the selected tune was well known, however, only a verse or two would need to have been completely sung. From that point on, the deacon could *read* the text, one or even *two* lines at a time, and have the congregation respond in singing. In tcongregations where members owned psalters, the deacon would need only to set the pitch - the first, or 'gathering' tone - or sing only the first line. The psalm could then be sung through by the congregation.

The tempo at which the psalms were sung surely varied. There was no time signature nor tempo marking in the printed music. But the accusation that "but one Puritan amongst them and he will be singing psalms to hornpipes" [Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*, 4.3] suggests the possibility of a lively pace. Later, certainly by the early 1700s, the custom of slowing the pace and lengthening the notes led to a contest between styles of singing known as the *Usual* [lined out] *Way* vs the *Regular* [note reading] *Way*: 'singing by rote or singing by note.' These differing approaches caused congregational discord and brought divisions among members of a congregation, leading to the actual breakup of churches!

Cotton: *Singing of Psalms a Gospel Ordinance* & Watts: *Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament*

THE WORLD-SOUL

1. Give thanks for light of morning,
Give thanks for foaming sea,
For uplands of New Hampshire,
For green-haired forest free;
We thank each man of courage,
Each maid of holy mind,
Each boy in game undaunted
Who never looks behind.

Cities of proud hotels,
Houses of rich and great,
Vice nestles in your chambers,
Beneath your roofs of slate.
It cannot conquer folly,
Time-and-space-conquering steam,
And the light-outspeeding telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam.

The politics are base;
The letters do not cheer;
And 'tis far in the deeps of history,
The voice that speaketh clear.
Trade and the streets ensnare us,
Our bodies are weak and worn;
We plot and corrupt each other,
And we despoil the unborn.

Yet there in the parlor sits
Some figure of noble guise,
Our angel, in a stranger's form,
Or woman's pleading eyes;

The inevitable morning
Finds them who in cellars be;
And be sure the all-loving Nature
Will smile in a factory.

2. Yon ridge of purple landscape,
This sky between the walls,
Holds all the hidden wonders
In scanty intervals.
Much like a flashing sunbeam
Breaks on the window-pane;
So Music pours on mortals
Its beautiful disdain.

Alas! the Sprite that haunts us
Deceives our rash desire;
It whispers of the glorious gods,
And leaves us in the mire.

3. We cannot learn the cipher
That's writ upon our cell;
Stars taunt us by a myst'ry
Which we could never spell.

If but one hero knew it,
The world would blush in flame;
The sage, till he hit the secret,
Would hang his head for shame.

Our brothers have not read it,
Not one has found the key;
And henceforth we are comforted, --
We are but such as they.

Still, still the secret presses;
The nearing clouds draw down;
The crimson morning flames into
The fopperies of the town.
Within, without the idle earth,
Stars weave eternal rings;
The sun himself shines heartily,
And shares the joy he brings.

And what if Trade sow cities
Like shells along the shore,
And thatch with towns the prairie broad
With railways ironed o'er? ---
They are but sailing foam-bells
Along Thought's causing stream,
And take their shape and sun-color
From him that sends the dream.

4. For Destiny swerves never,
Nor yields to men the helm;
He shoots his thought, by hidden nerves,
Throughout the solid realm.
The patient Daemon hovers,
With roses and a shroud;
He has his way, and deals his gifts,
But ours is not allow'd.

He is no churl nor trifler,
And his viceroy is none, ---
Love-without weakness, ---
Of Genius sire and son.
And his will is not thwarted;
The seeds of land and sea
Are the atoms of his body bright,
And his behest obey.

He serveth the servant,
The brave he loves amain;
He kills the cripple and the sick,
And straight begins again;
For gods delight in gods,
And thrust the weak aside;
To him who scorns their charities
Their arms fly open wide.

5. When this old world is sterile
And th'ages are effete,
He will from wrecks and sediment
The fairer world complete.
He will forbid despairing;
His cheeks mantle with mirth;
And th'unimagined good of men
Is yeaning at the birth.
6. Spring still awakes mind's spring time
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
For over winter's glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And thru' the wild-piled snowdrift,
The warm rosebuds below.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1835

ODE

1. O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.
The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses bent not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

[For He that flung the broad blue fold
O'er-mantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.
The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal state, ---
To take the statute from the mind
And make of duty fate.]

2. United States! the ages plead, ---
Present and Past in under-song, ---
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.
For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

3. Be just at home; then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free.
And henceforth there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of liberty.

4. The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.
For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan, [in his arts,]
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.
[from our hearts.]

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1857

TO ELLEN

At the South

The green grass is bowing,
The morning wind is in it;
'T is a tune worth thy knowing,
Though it change every minute.

'T is a tune of the Spring;
Every year plays it over
To the robin on the wing,
And to the pausing lover.

[O'er ten thousand, thousand acres,
Goes light the nimble zephyr;
The Flowers -- tiny sect of
Shakers --
Worship him ever.]

Hark to the winning sound!
they summon thee, [my] dearest, --
Saying, 'We have dressed for thee the ground,
Nor yet thou appearest.

['O hasten;' 't is our time,
Ere yet the red Summer
Scorch our delicate prime,
Loved of bee, --the tawny
hummer.

'O pride of thy race!
Sad, in sooth, it were to ours,
If our brief tribe miss thy face,
We poor New England flowers.]

'Fairest, choose the fairest members
Of our lithe society;
June's glories and September's
Show our love and piety.

'Thou shalt command us all, --
April's cowslip, summer's clover,
To the gentian in the fall
Blue-eyed pet of blue-eyed lover.

'O come, then, quickly come!
We are budding, we are blowing;
And the wind that we perfume
Sings a tune that's worth the knowing.'

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1829

TERMINUS

(1) It is time to be old,
To take in sail:--
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: (2) 'No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.

Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
[To compass of a tent,
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.]

(3) Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
[And, --fault of novel germs,--]
Mature the unfallen fruit.

[Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,--
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.']

(4) As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:

(5) 'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'

Ralph Waldo Emerson 1866 1867

BOSTON HYMN

[The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.]

1. God said, I'm tired of kings,
[Part I]
I suffer them no more;

Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

[Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tryants small
Might harry the weak and poor?]

My angel,--his name is Freedom,--
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west
And fend you with his wing.

[Lo! I uncover the land
Which I bid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best;

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds and the boreal fleece.]

2. I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall have rule but humble ones,
And none but toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall consitute a state.

[Go, cut down trees in the forest
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest
And build me a wooden house.]

3. Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest field,
Hireling and him that hires;

And here in pinewood state-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In church and state and school.

1. Lo, now! if these poor men
[Part II]
Can govern land and sea
And make just laws below the sun,
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.

2. I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave:
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wand'ring wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

3. But, laying hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!

4. Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O south! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

5. Come, East and West and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfulled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1863

The Music in Emerson's Verse

A World-Song

The term music and musical activities occur continually throughout Emerson's verse:
'*the music of the storm*', '*the music of the rain*', '*I love the music of the water wheel*',
'*the brook sings on*', and *'in secret veins of air, Blows the sweet breath of song*'.
But this singular sense of music as an image is enveloped in a '*World-Song*' of Nature. It is Emerson's '*skyborn music'*. But this poetic semblance challenges the imagination of those accustomed to hearing music in its readily identifiable and 'universal language' of musical expression and instrumental composition.

Rather than a sensory memory of specific instruments playing well-loved tunes, Emerson's 'music' is a visionary concept of the mind. Rather than the heart-felt pulse-beat of the meter or the dynamic arch of the musical phrase, Emerson's sense of music is the *idea* of music. As Emerson had reported to his son Edward that, "I see what others hear," his is a unique vision of Nature-produced 'musical sound-images'. Where it is common for listeners to respond to traditional musical forms with 'free association,' Emerson most often turned to Nature as the source for his associations and the "grand impression."

As to the technical language of music itself, Emerson says: "I am wholly incompetent to speak of [music.]" (*Sermon on Hymns*).
"[The Bard]...shall not his brain encumber With the coil of rhythm and number." (*Merlin I*)
Emerson's critics write of his 'problems with poetry', that his 'poetry is more like prose'.
William Cullen Bryant saw him as "essentially a writer of apothegms, aphorisms and maxims... He feels the music, but cannot sing it."
Ellen Tucker tells us that Waldo did not "love musick extravagantly."
Emerson pointed out to his wife Lydian that his *singing* [i e, poetmaking] was very husky and "is for the most part in prose."

Unlike their father, with his knowledge of 'scientific music,' his hymnbook editing, and his ability on the bass viol in instrumental music, none of the other members of the family - Ralph Waldo and his brothers, their mother Ruth nor Aunt Mary - were known to be active in applied or theoretical music.
Emerson's choice of a new hymnbook was for textual reasons exculsively: that the writers were more spiritually intense than the traditional translators and paraphrasers of the psalms.
'How blest the sacred tie that binds, In union sweet, according minds.' [Mrs. Barbauld.]
Emerson's address at the opening of the Concord Free Public Library contains this paragraph:
"Now if you can *kindle the imagination* by a new thought, by heroic histories, by uplifting poetry, instantly you expand,--are cheered, inspired, and become wise and even prophetic. Music works this miracle *for those who have a good ear;* what omniscience has music! so absolutely impersonal, and yet every sufferer feels his secret sorrow reached.
Yet to a scholar the book is as good or better."

Emerson's concept of music is that it embodies one of nature's paradigms, one of nature's 'unfathomable powers' that exists everywhere, in everything:

Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.

The 'music' in Emerson's verse points the way to a '*World-Song*' of all-encompassing *ideational* comprehensiveness.

The question the *Emerson Garland* poses is*: c*an Emerson's verse be effectively *sung*?
The unspoken *reading* of poetry - "*these silent guides'* - can work its wonders, opening our thoughts to meditation and insight. Read aloud, poetry is given the breath of life and the sensuousness of the word-sounds. When declaimed with rhetorical emphasis, the intensity of the poem's inner voices can develop dramatic characterization. But when lifted into song, Emerson's verse can raise our gathered spirits to a world that could be, that would be a '*World-Song'*.

Since Puritan times through Emerson's generation, the rhyming of lessons - from the *New England Primer* (for catechising) to the *McGuffey Reader* - were commonplace. The congregation's singing of metered psalmody commenced at the time of the Puritan's *setting down* in the New World on through to the singing of Watts' psalm paraphrases in Jeremy Belknap's *Sacred Poetry*, the book used by Emerson as a boy in his father's Church.

The strict rules of psalmody were employed by Emerson in his three poetic texts written to be sung at local gatherings. Had he continued in the ministry, he would have joined the great 19th century outpouring of Unitarian hymn writers: Chadwick, Clarke, the Frothinghams , father and son, Eliza Lee Cabot Follen, Furness, Gannett, Hedge, Samuel Johnson, Sarah White Livermore, Samuel Longfellow, Lunt, Parker, Pierpont, Sears, Jones Very, Henry Ware, Jr, Robert Cassie Waterston and more. Yet as lecturer and poet, Emerson too continued to employ these psalmic meters and rhymed couplets.
An Emerson Garland begins the task of introducing into gatherings Emerson's '*World-Song*' as the congregation's song.

Emerson's poetry will long continue to radiate the Spirit of America, its faith and its freedoms.
An Emerson Garland is offered as a beginning through which we can take our part in singing the *World-Song* of this American original.
In this way, we bond our spirits together with that of the spirit of Emerson's '*World-Song*'.

Recommended Reading/Bibliography/Web Sites/Credit

Joel Porte & Saundra Morris - **Cambridge Companion to RWE**, Cambridge U Press, 1999
Introduction: Joel Porte - *Representing America - the Emerson Legacy*
1 - David Robinson - *Transcendentalism*
2 - Phyllis Cole - *RWE in his family*
5 - Robert Richardson, Jr - *Emerson and Nature*
11 - Saundra Morris - *Meter-Making arguments: Emerson's Poems*
12 - Michael Lopez - *The Conduct of Life: Emerson's anatomy of power*
Robert D Richardson, Jr - **Emerson: The Mind on Fire**, a biography, U of California Pr,1995
Pamela Schirmeister - **Less Legible Meanings**; *Between Poetry and Philosophy in the work of Emerson*, Stanford U Press, 1999
Hyatt W Waggoner - **Emerson as Poet**, Princeton U Press, 1974

History
John Nicholls Booth - **The Story of the Second Church**, The Old North, 1649 Boston, 1959 (privately published)
Chandler Robbins - **A History of the Second Church**, or Old North, in Boston, Boston, 1852 (John Wilson & Son, 22 School Street)
The Second Church in Boston, **Commemorative Services**, held on the completion of Two Hundred and Fifty Years since its foundation 1649-1899, Boston, 1900, published by the Society

Web sites
www.fscboston.org First and Second Church in Boston, 66 Marlborough Street, Boston 02116 Garland order blank (Pew, Choir, or Tutor copies) from office@fscboston.org
www.uua.org Unitarian Universalist Association, Boston, MA Headquarters Emerson link [search]
www.uua.org/uuhs Unitarian Universalist Historical Society
www.RWE.org Texts of the poems, essays, etc, for downloading. Calendar of Events
www.ralphwaldoemerson.net Multiple listings of research sites.

Credit must be paid where credit is due, and of the many expressions of thanks for support of this project, I would like to acknowledge, initially, the Society and the Trustees of the First and Second Church in Boston whose continued interest in history and in music has been a constant source of encouragement over the many years of my association. Of singular importance to this project have been the Chair of the Standing Committee, Nancy Sullivan, and the Senior Minister of First and Second Church, Stephen Kendrick. Their affirmation was decisive.
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David A Johnson carries in his head a consummate grasp of Unitarian Universalist hymnody while in his heart there glows the warmth of the experienced practitioner.
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To all of these I owe a great debt of gratitude. The limitations of the work are entirely my own.

An Emerson Garland

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SUBJECT INDEX

APPENDIX

Texts written to be sung: *Concord Hymn, Ode, Ordination Hymn*