

Shaker Music.

63702

(9175)

#12, 530

SHAKER MUSIC.

INSPIRATIONAL HYMNS AND MELODIES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

Resurrection Life and Testimony

OF THE

SHAKERS.

"AND THE COMMON PEOPLE HEAR THEM GLADLY."

ALBANY, N. Y.

WEED, PARSONS AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

1875.

INDEX.

A.

D.

B.

E.

C.

F.

INDEX.

G.

Good Night.

69.

J.

H.

K.

I.

L.

M.

INDEX.

P.

N.

Q.

O.

R.

S.

INDEX.

W.

T.

X.

U.

Y.

V.

Z.



2.	c	e' e'	4	c	b' b'	16	c	c' d'	e	e' d'	e	c' e'	4	e	e e	e g	e
2.	e	g. g	9	f	g. g	9	e	f g	g	g. g	a	a' f'	4	c	c c	c c	g

Good night to all, good night to all. Sweet are the sounds from the lips as they fall. Bidding the blessing of

2.	g' c'	c' e'	4	a	d' d'	d	g	a' b'	c	c' b'	c	c' a'	9	g	i g	r e	c
4.	c	e' e'	4	f	d' g	9	c	c e	c	c' c'	f	f' f'	4	c	c c	c c	c

9	e	g	9	c	d' c'	b' b'	c	e	g. g	9	e	g' f'	e	g e	f	f' c'	4	c c c
6	c' b'	f'	4	g	b' c'	g g	e	g	c' d'	4	c	c e	c c g	g	g' f'	4	e	e f e

slumber and rest. Daintily tarry till moon gilds the west. Bidding the blessing of slumber and rest. Daintily

d	c' e'	f'	4	e	f e	d' d'	g	c	d' e'	e'	4	g	e g	g	e c	c	c' a'	g	g g
9	g. g	4	g	g g	g g	c	c	g. g	.	4	c	c c	c c c	f	f' f'	4	c c c		

c e e	b	c' c'	4	e	g' f'	e e	d	f e	d	d' d'	d' c'	e d e	c f
e g g	g	g. g	9	c	c' d'	e e	b	b' c'	16	b	b' b'	b g g g	e f

tarry till moon gilds the west. Peace, like an angel spreads to her wings, Love, her pure sister, sweetly sings.

g' c'	d	c' e'	4	c	e' f'	g g	g	d' e'	16	g	b' d'	f' d'	c' c'	g
c c c	g	g. g	4	c	e e	c c	g	g g	9	g	g g	g g c c	c f	

<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>
<i>e</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>g</i>
Good night,	good night to	all	
<i>g</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>g</i>

Sti-Anna Miss.

Welcome, Good Angels.

Op. 3.

Welcome good angels! I feel you are near, With comforting love, this my spirit doth cheer

This my spirit doth cheer, While I am sailing o'er life's stormy sea. O good angels watch over me! watch over me

Poetry and choir by L. Pyperall.

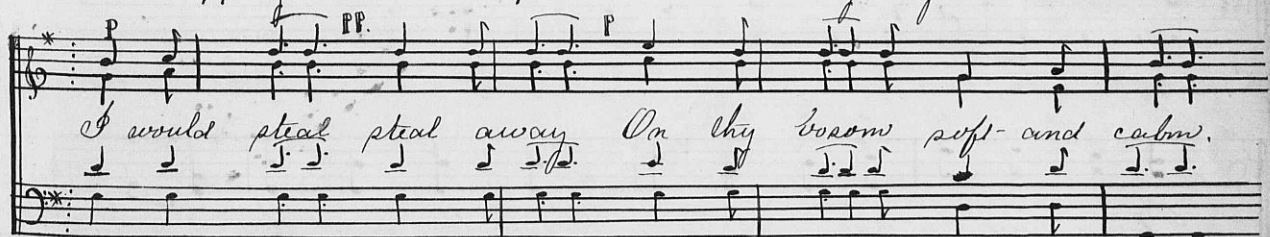
A. B. Heard 1877.



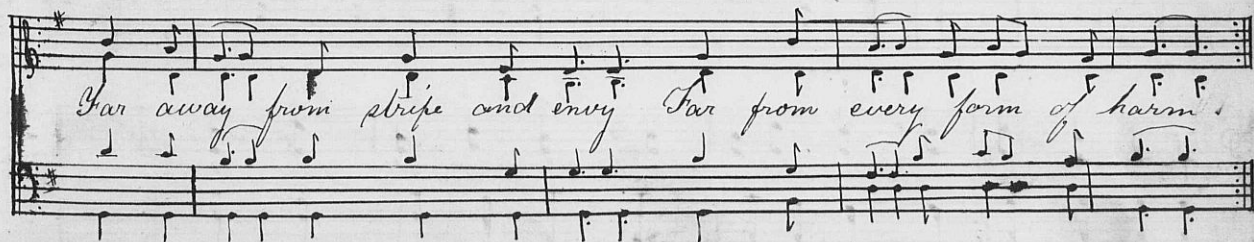
Gently glide, life's silvery river, Bear me to some peaceful vale,
 Bright the glories round me beaming, Yet they shall not tempt away,
 Let thy purges waft me onward, I will breast what ere may come,



To the shores of sweet contentment Where no bitter winds assail
 I would near the low-ly valley And in faith improve my day
 For the rippling music whispers - Nearing you eternal home.



I would steal steal away On thy bosom soft and calm.



Far away from strife and envy Far from every form of harm.

1. Dying daily! 'tis the conscious Evo-
lu-tion of the soul,

In a life of endless progress, As the ages onward roll

Dying, just as seasons changing Leave the forms that pass away

Warmer life, new growth unfolding, Unites the old with sure decay.

2.

Dying to the loves of nature;
 Self and selfishness they hold
 In a sphere too cramped and narrow
 For the being to unfold.
 Dying unto worldly honor
 Glory's vainly boasted name
 Laurel wreath of truth immortal
Never crowned the sons of fame.

3.

Dying unto bitter envy,
 Jealousy and vain conceit
 Demon spoilers of the blessing
 Shared where peace and union meet
 Dying to life's sordid grasping
 Love of power and worldly gain
 That would rob a needy brother,
Stealing not his want or pain.

4.

Dying to a lofty spirit
 Overbearing, proud and high
 Looking not with gentle pity
 When the lowly passeth by,
 Dying unto false pretences,
 Held in pure Religion's name
 Cant, hypocrisy and grandeur,
Yelken probes for sin and shame.

5.

Dying! that in resurrection
 Grand and true the soul may rise
 Noble type of Godlike image
 Wrought thro' perfect sacrifice,
 Life is in the Christian's triumph
 When from sin and bondage free
 Lo! the prince of darkness cometh
And can find no place in me.

Voices sweet as angel whis-pers, Come to us from yonder clime,
 Living souls with hope resplendant And a spirit formed anew,

Gentle as the evening zephyrs To their song of love di-vine
 Catch the joyous notes triumphant Swell the chorus, rich and true

Happy with us blest immortals We would learn the heavenly song
 These have left the world forever Turned from darkness unto light

Press toward the shining portals Whence the mel-o-dy was born
Thus renouncing every error That the spirit's growth would block.

3.

Ye who still are waiting-watching for the bright and morning star
See, the dawn is fast approaching and the gates are left ajar!
And the Bridegroom now appeareth with his Bride in raiment white
Hear ye what the Spirit saith, "Come, receive the truth the light."

4.

Not in measured form tis given nor in dogmas of the past
Word of life flows down from heaven, void of priestly cant or caste
Tis the Rock of Revelation, tis the gift of God to man
Showing all whence comes salvation the established gospel plan.

When evening zephyrs whisper Of shadows of the night When twilight nearer gathers
 When morn'ns with its brightness or in gloom We find the toil of Lon,
 It is a constant blessing From eve to morning light A scene of holy union
 Thus have well fraught with labor Bring goodness rich and deep and ~~is~~ ^{our} stronghold

And shed her mellow light - Then in this realm of beauty We feel the magic spell.
 Still in our hearts hath room And joy-ow in its mission We hail each opening day
 From morn to shades of night We store the fruits of conquest - Within life's treasury
 Her mission pure and true Her labor is the watchword That will redeem the earth

That stills the world of action And bids the world farewell
 Go forth to meet the burdens That throng the pilgrim's way
 And day and night bring nearer The ransom of the free
 It is re-qui-em - ^{quies} - ^{scence} ^{of} ^{our} ^{souls} Her glory and her worth.

Within the courts of Zion Doth heaven's order shine and sacred is the union
 Good angels are inviting the humble and sincere all things are ready waiting

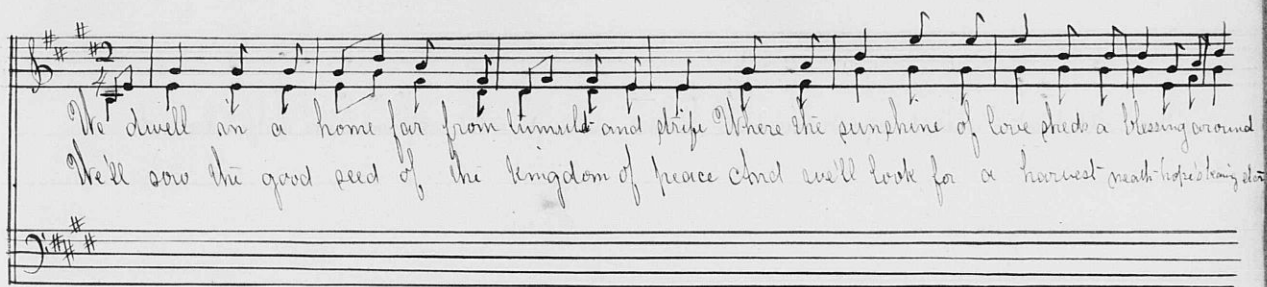
That flows from spheres divine Ev-er, ev-er glowing With light from
 Come with-out doubt or fear Weed not the cloud that darkens and dims the

realms above and streams of joy overflowing make ours a home of love.
 sun's bright rays The lightnings flash betoken a brighter clearer day.

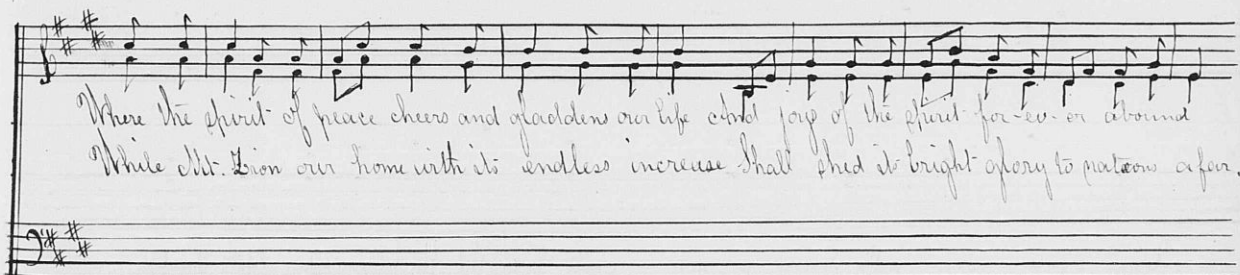
I know that my Redeemer lives Through faith I hear his voice
 Is not a wealth of precious stores Nor fashion fame nor pride
 The great command "sell all thou hast and follow after me
 For every pec - u - nia we make Of kindred house or land.

He speaks to all the pure in heart Whose made the precious pearl their choice
 That satisfies the longing soul Or fills the ev - er aching void
 Was meant for all the human race Who would God's glo - ry see
 He gave a hundred fold a more For firm and true the promise stands.

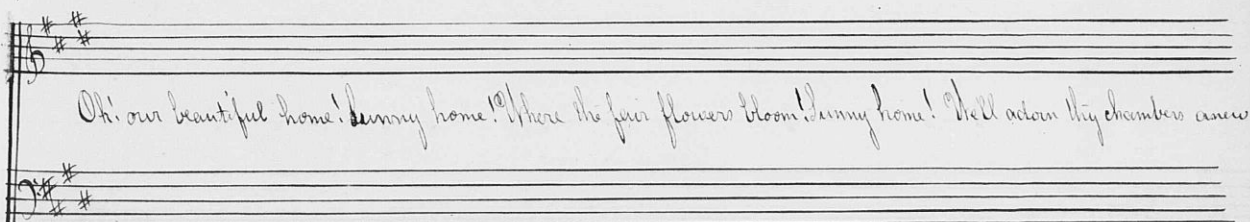
The precious pearl of lasting worth The gem we all may wear lies hid in Wisdom's ladygate Whom seek may find at there.



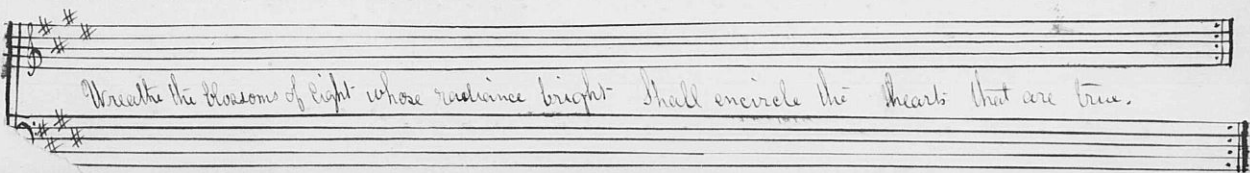
We dwell in a home far from tumult and strife Where the sunshine of love sheds a blessing around
We'll sow the good seed of the kingdom of peace and we'll look for a harvest - wealth - hope - bring it



Where the spirit of peace cheers and gladdens our life and joy of the spirit for ev-er abound
While Mt. Zion our home with its endless increase shall shed its bright glory to nations afar.



O! our beautiful home! Sunny home! Where the fair flowers bloom! Sunny home! We'll adorn thy chambers anew



Wreath the blossoms of light whose radiance bright - shall encircle the hearts that are true.

Thou who hast walked upon the waves, and calmed the storm on Galilee,

Come forth again with power to save and bid the faithless come to thee!

For tempest-tossed like those of old
are hearts depressed with doubt, and fear.

May such through faith in joy behold
A blessed saviour ever near.

