# SONGS IN THE NIGHT

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Songs in the Night by Ben. Roy. Shaw & Clement B. Shaw

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### BEN. ROY. SHAW & CLEMENT B. SHAW

## SONGS IN THE NIGHT





#### Ben. Roy. Shaw,

WITH A CLOSING POEM BY HIS SON

CLEMENT B. SHAW.

WOOSTER, OHIO: CLAPPER'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 1887.



#### ° ° ° DEDICATION. ° ° °

To all who have been friends in my dark hours of affliction, as a slight tribute of gratitude and esteem, this little volume is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

## SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

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D. R. ROBINSON, BINDER, WOOSTER, O.

#### SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

"But none saith, Where is God, my Maker,
Who giveth songs in the night?"

—Job, XXXV; 10.

GONGS in the night!—They are stealing

O'er us with faith-giving power;

Voices of love are revealing

God in the gloomiest hour.

Paradise opens her portals

When the last day-beam expires;

Music, then, made by immortals,

Flows from celestial lyres.

Sounds of euphonious numbers,
Ringing with rhythm and rhyme,
Come to us oft in our slumbers,
Bringing a charm in their chime;
And when our slumbers are broken,
Darkness is dearer than light—
Since the Inspirer hath spoken:
"God giveth songs in the night."

Songs for the sightless are sounding Softly thro' all the long night; Symphonies sweetest abounding Send to his sorrow delight; Voices of visitants vernal, Mingle at midnight and morn; Visions of Springtime supernal, Bright in his bosom are born.

Nature and Heaven uniting
Sing to the silent and sad;
Wooing and warmly inviting
All to rejoice and be glad.
Join the sweet chorus, O daughters
Of music, and emulate these;
Join with the winds and the waters,—
Join with the birds and the bees!

Take from your temple of treasures,
Teeming with beautiful things,
Melting, mellifluous measures,
Such as the nightingale sings;
Ye who have glad hearts and voices,
Full of affection and song,
Sing till the saddest rejoices—
Sing till the weakest is strong.

Sing to the sleepless and sighing Songs such as seraphs have sung; Drive away doubts from the dying— Keep away cares from the young! Songs in the night ever sounding, Still let your harmonies roll! Symphonies sacred surrounding, Solace and cheer the sad soul.

Floweret, and forest, and fountain,
All have song-voices for me;
Melodies melt o'er the mountain;
Music floats up from the sea.
Music the sweet stars are sending
Down from their archway of light;
Air, earth, and ocean are blending
'Neath the pavilion of night!

Angels to woo and to win me,
Sent from the sweet choirs above,
Down to the spirit within me,
Sing of the Fountain of Love.
O! Let our hearts ever praise Him—
Author of life, love and light!
Pæans of gratitude raise Him
"Who giveth songs in the night."

