



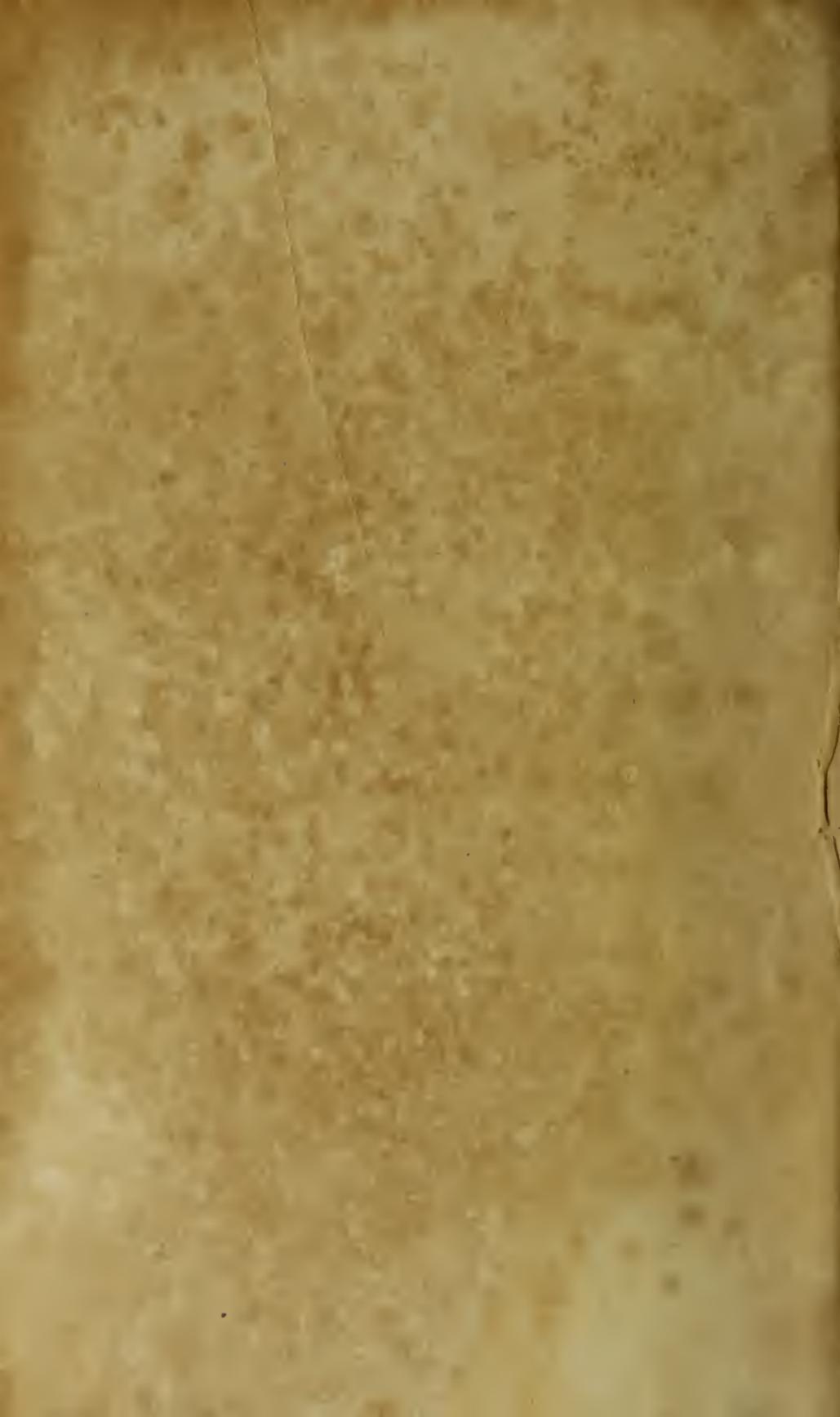
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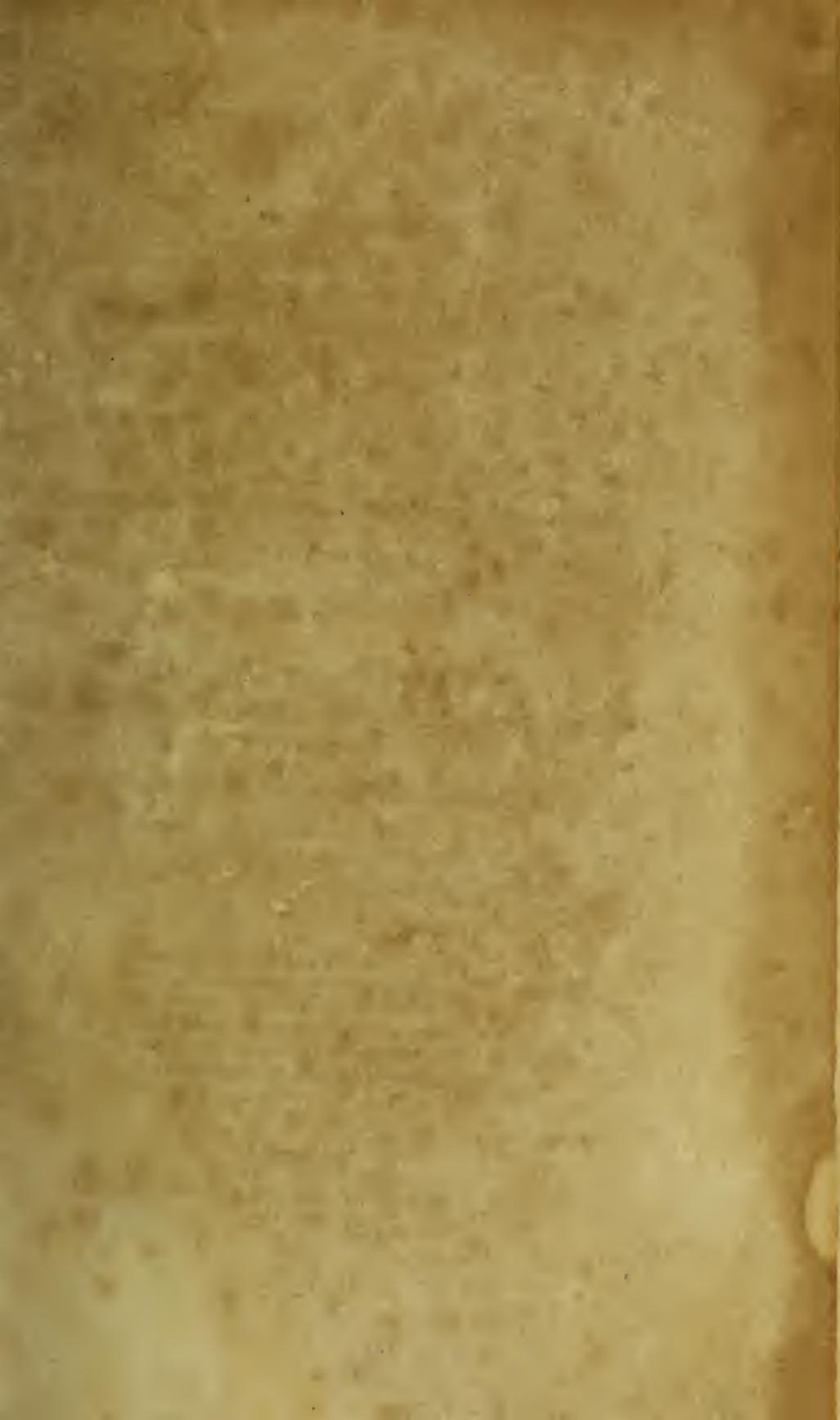
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THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS INSTITUTION IN 1660 TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY JOHN VAN DER HAEGHE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

LONDON: PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, LTD., BUNGAY, SUFFOLK

1927

MASONICK MELODIES,

BEING

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF THE MOST

APPROVED MASONICK SONGS,

DUETS,		HYMNS,
GLEES,		ODES,
CATCHES,		DIRGES, AND
CANNONS,		CHORUSES.

APPROPRIATE TO ALL MASONICK OCCASIONS,

THE WHOLE

Set to Musick:

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

THE MOST ANCIENT AND HONORABLE FRATERNITY

OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

.....
BY BR. LUKE EASTMAN.
.....

“Musick we have too;
Yet no loose strains excite unchaste desire,
No wanton sounds profane Urania’s lyre—
There Concord and Decorum bear the sway,
And moral musick tunes the instructive lay—
For thee shall Musick strike the harmonious lyre,
And while she charms the ear, *Morality* inspire.”

BOSTON....PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY T. ROWE.

.....
1818.

253807

District of Massachusetts, to wit :

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-first day of January, (L. S.) A. D. 1818, and in the forty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, LUKE EASTMAN, of the said District, has deposited in this Office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, *to wit :*

“ Masonick Melodies, being a choice selection of the most approved Masonick Songs, Duets, Glees, Catches, Cannons, Hymns, Odes, Dirges and Choruses, appropriate to all Masonick occasions ; the whole set to Musick : and respectfully dedicated to the most ancient and honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. By Br. Luke Eastman.

“ Musick we have too
Yet no *loose* strains excite unchaste desire,
No *wanton* sounds profane Urania's lyre—
There *concord* and *decorum* bear the sway,
And *moral* musick tunes the instructive lay—
For *thee* shall Musick strike the harmonious lyre
And, while she charms the ear, *morality* inspire.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned :” and also to an Act entitled, “An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned ; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical, and other Prints.

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

MORE than a year has elapsed, since the compilation of the Masonick Melodies was commenced, but the Publisher hopes his patrons will find a compensation for the delay, in the care and labor, bestowed on the selection and correction of the work. The want of success in most of the former productions of this kind has shewn that the Craft are not yet provided with a book, which satisfactorily unites harmony with sentiments, corresponding with the pure and benevolent principles of their Institution. The Compiler assures them that his best exertions have been used to present a work free from vulgar and objectionable sentiments, and which contains nothing but what will harmonize with their moral designs. The musick is of an approved style, and at the same time simple and may be read by those of moderate musical acquirements. The upper part through the book, excepting the 70th page, is the air, and set for the first voice, and most of the pieces, which are harmonized for two or more voices, may be sung in the air as solos.

The book is now presented to the Fraternity; and that it may meet their approbation and deserve their patronage is the earnest wish of

THE COMPILER.

Acknowledgments.

THE Compiler takes this method cheerfully to tender his deserved obligations to his friends, who have aided him in the compilation and patronage of the MASONICK MELODIES: particularly his much respected brothers, the gentlemen of the Committees, appointed to inspect his work in manuscript, for their friendly attention and assistance; and also to Mr. J. Hart, for his kind aid in correcting most of the harmony, and from whose musical fund he has been favored with a few beautiful and original airs.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

THE undersigned, a Committee, appointed by the GRAND LODGE of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for that purpose, have examined the manuscript copy of Brother LUKE EASTMAN'S COLLECTION OF MASONICK SONGS, DUETS, &c. and, in the name of the GRAND LODGE, we recommend it to the Fraternity and the publick, as a judicious and chaste collection...in which taste, decorum, and a reference to the principles and objects of the craft have been faithfully observed.

TIMOTHY BIGELOW,
JOSIAH BARTLETT,
AUGUSTUS PEABODY,
MATTHEW S. PARKER,
BENJAMIN SMITH,

} Committee of the
Grand Lodge.

Boston, Aug. 25, A. L. 5817.

THE undersigned, appointed by the GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER of Massachusetts, a Committee to examine a Work containing a *Collection of Masonick and Sentimental Songs, Duets, Glces, &c.* for the use of the Fraternity, by Companion LUKE EASTMAN, having attended to the duty assigned them, and being duly authorised by the said Grand Chapter, do hereby recommend it as a compilation peculiarly appropriate to the principles and usages of our Order, and worthy the patronage of the Fraternity.

HENRY FOWLE,
ROBERT LASH, Jun.
JOHN J. LORING,
ZECHARIAH G. WHITMAN,

} Committee of the
Grand Chapter.

Boston, Sept. 2d, A. L. 5817.

PROLOGUE.

AS lately, brethren, from the lodge I came,
Warm'd with our royal order's purest flame;
Absorb'd in thought;—before my ravish'd eyes,
I saw the Genius, MASONRY, arise:
A curious hieroglyphic robe he wore,
And in his hand the sacred volume bore:
On one side was divine Astræa plac'd,
And soft-ey'd Charity the other grac'd;
Humanity, the gen'ral friend, was there,
And Pity, dropping the pathetic tear;
There too was Order;—there with rosy mien
Blithe Temp'rance shone, and white rob'd Truth was seen.
There, with a key, suspended to his breast,
Silence appear'd;—his lips his finger prest:
With these, soft warbling an instructive song,
Sweet Music, gaily smiling, tripp'd along.
Wild laughter, clam'rous noise, and mirth ill bred,
The brood of folly, at his presence fled.
The Genius spoke,—“ My son, observe my train,
“ Which, of my order diff'rent parts explain,
“ Look up—behold the bright *Astræa* there,
“ She will direct thee how to use the Square;
“ *Pity* will bid thee grieve, with those who grieve,
“ Whilst *Charity* will prompt thee to relieve;
“ Will prompt thee ev'ry comfort to bestow,
“ And draw the arrow from the breast of woe;
“ *Humanity*, will lead to honour's goal,
“ Give the large thought, and form the gen'rous soul;
“ Will bid thee thy fraternal love expand,
“ To virtue of *all* faiths,—and ev'ry land.

“ *Order* will kindly teach her laws of peace,
 “ Which discord stop, and social joys increase;
 “ *Temp’rance* instruct thee all excess t’ avoid,
 “ By which fair fame is lost, and health destroy’d:
 “ *Truth*, warn thee ne’er to use perfidious art,
 “ And bid thy tongue be rooted in thy heart;
 “ *Silence*, direct thee never to disclose,
 “ Whate’er thy brethren in thy breast repose;
 “ For thee shall *Musick* strike the harmonious lyre,
 “ And whilst she charms the ear, *morality* inspire.
 “ These *all* observe;—and let thy conduct shew,
 “ What real blessings I on man bestow.”

He said, and disappear’d:—and Oh! may we,
 Who wear this honor’d badge, accepted, free,
 To ev’ry grace and virtue temples raise,
 And by our useful works our order praise.

EXPLANATION

Of the Musical Terms, used in the following Work:

Adagio, denotes the slowest movement.

Ad. libitum, or *ad. lib.* gives the performer liberty to use his own time and style.

Allegro, directs a movement quick and *lively*.

Allegro, ma non presto, quick, but not very quick.

Allegretto, slower than *Allegro*.

Andante, expresses a time slow, and a performance distinct, exact, and tender.

Andantino, not so slow as *Andante*.

Affettuoso, denotes a style delicate and affecting.

Crescendo, or *Cres.* requires a strain to be gradually swelled in tone.

Diminuendo, or *dim.* signifies the opposite to *Crescendo*.

Dolce, is used to imply a style soft and sweet.

Expressivo, to be performed with feeling and expression.

Forte, or *For.* denotes the strain to be sung full and loud.

Fortissimo, with the fullest tone.

Grazioso, requires a smooth, flowing and graceful style.

Largo, denotes a time slower than *Andante*.

Legato, shews that the notes in the strain should be performed with ease and connexion.

Lentando, directs the notes in the passage, from the first to the last, to be performed with increasing slowness.

Mezza voce, implies a moderate strength of voice, and a delicate and pleasing style.

Mezzo For. moderately loud—not so loud as *For.*

Moderato, moderate.

Piano, or *Pia.* soft and gentle, opposite to *Forte*

Pianissimo, or *P. P.* in the softest manner, opposite to *Fortissimo*.

Pomposo, implies a style of grandeur and dignity.

Rinforzando, or *r. f.* shews the note, to which it applies, to be struck with particular force.

Sforzando, or *s. f.* same as *r. f.*

Tempo, or *A tempo*, restores the former and usual time.

Tempo di Marcia, denotes a martial movement.

Vivace, requires a brisk and animated style.

ERRATA.

- Page 57 For three, read four sharps.
78 For first, read third mode, common time.
111 For "*purling*," read *pearling*.
112 For first, read third mode, common time.
114 For "*A Mason's Daughter*," read *When first a Mason, &c.*
132 For *p*, read *P*, in the word *poverty*.
139 In air, first brace, third bar, for sem. quaver on A, read G.
146 Chorus, first brace, tenor, third bar, for quaver on E, read F.
154 For "*Inspiring*," read *In pious*.

MASONICK MELODIES.

HYMN.

FOR DEDICATION OR INSTALLATION.....BY J. H.

FIRST VOICE. *Andante.*



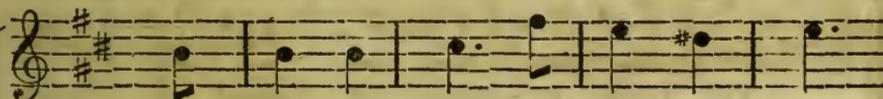
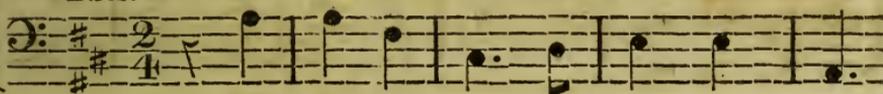
' Let there be Light! th' Almigh - ty spoke!

SECOND VOICE.

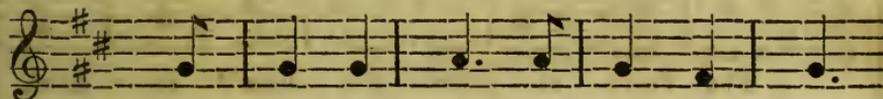


' Let there be Light! th' Almigh - ty spoke!

BASS.



Re - ful - gent streams from cha - os broke,



Re - ful - gent streams from cha - os broke,



2d verse.

Parent of Light! accept our praise,
Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays,

3d verse.

The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
All wants our ready hands supply,

T'il - lume the ris - ing earth!

T'il - lume the ris - ing earth!

Pia.

Well pleas'd the great Je - ho - vah stood,

Well pleas'd the great Je - ho - vah stood,

Cres.

The Pow'r su - preme pro - nounc'd it good,

The Pow'r su - preme pro - nounc'd it good,

2d verse.

The light, that fills the mind;
 By choice selected, lo! we stand,
 By friendship join'd, a social band,

3d verse.

As far as pow'r is giv'n;
 The naked clothe, the pris'ner free,
 These are thy works, sweet Charity;

For.

And gave the plan - ets birth!

And gave the plan - ets birth!

CHORUS.

In choral numbers Masons join,

In choral numbers Masons join,

To bless and praise this Light divine!

To bless and praise this Light divine!

Repeat the last Chorus.

2d verse. That love, that aid mankind.
Chorus. In choral, &c.

3d verse. Reveal'd to us from Heav'n.
Chorus. In choral, &c.

HYMN.

To be sung in the foregoing Musick.

GREAT ARCHITECT! supreme, divine,
 Whose wisdom plann'd the grand design,
 And gave to nature birth;
 Whose word with light adorn'd the skies,
 Gave matter form, bade order rise,
 And bless'd the new-born earth:

Chorus. 'Till love shall cease, 'till order dies,
 To Thee masonick praise shall rise.

O, bless this love-cemented band,
 Form'd and supported by thy hand,
 For Charity's employ;
 To shield the wretched from despair,
 To spread through scenes of grief and care,
 Reviving rays of joy.

Chorus. 'Till love, &c.

The lib'ral Arts, by Thee design'd,
 To polish, comfort, aid mankind,
 We labor to improve;
 While we adore Jehovah's name,
 Pour on our hearts the melting flame,
 And mould our souls to love.

Chorus. 'Till love, &c.

GLEE.

ALLEGRO MA NON PRESTO.

*Pia.**Cres.*

Hail! myster'ous, glor'ous science, Hail! mys-

Hail! mys-

For.

ter'ous, glor'ous science, Hail! myster'ous, glor'ous

ter'ous, glor'ous science, Hail! myster'ous, glor'ous

science, Which to discord bids defiance, Harmo-

science, Which to discord bids defiance, Harmo-

ny alone reigns here, Harmony alone reigns

ny alone reigns here, Harmony alone reigns

Mezzo For.

here. Come let's sing

here. Come let's sing to Him that

Pia.

To the

rais'd us From the rugged path, that maz'd us, To the

For.

Light, that we revere, To the Light, that we re-

Light, that we revere, To the Light, that we re-

Pia.

vere. Hail, myster'ous,

vere. Hail, myster'ous,

glor'ous science,

For.

Hail, myster'ous, Hail, myster'ous

Hail, myster'ous, Hail, myster'ous

glor'ous science,

glor'ous science, Which to discord gives de-

glor'ous science, Which to discord gives de-

Pia.

fi - ance, Har - mo - ny a - lone reigns here,

fi - ance, Har - mo - ny a - lone reigns here,

For.

Har - mo - ny a - - lone reigns here.

Har - mo - ny a - - lone reigns here.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

ANDANTE.

1

How great is the pleasure, how

2

How great is the pleasure, how

3

Sweet, sweet, how

sweet the de-light, When love and soft

sweet the de-light, When love, soft

sweet the de-light, When harmony, sweet

mu-sick to-gether u-nite!

love, and mu-sick u-nite!

harmony and love do u-nite!

ODE TO CHARITY.

Musick, see page 19.

OFFSPRING of Heav'n, mankind's best friend,
 Bright Charity, inspire the lay;
 On these terrestrial shores descend,
 And quit the realms of cloudless day :

Chorus. To Thee our constant vows are paid,
 Thy praise we hymn, Angelick Maid.

When Vulcan rages unconfin'd,
 And Neptune mourns his baffled pow'r;
 When flames aspiring with the wind,
 To Heaven's high arch resistless tow'r :

Chorus. 'Tis thou our hearts with pity's glow,
 Inspir'st to feel for human wo.

The house a dismal ruin lies,
 Where mirth late tun'd her lyre of joy;
 And tears of anguish fill your eyes,
 Poor orphan girl, and houseless boy :—

Chorus. But thou, sweet maid, with pity's glow,
 Inspir'st each heart to sooth their wo.

Come then, all-bounteous as thou art,
 And hide thee from our sight no more;
 Touch ev'ry soul, expand each heart,
 That breathes on freedom's chosen shore :

Chorus. Columbia's sons with pity's glow
 Inspire to feel for human wo:

ODE FOR INSTALLATION.

ANDANTE.

When earth's foun - da - tion first was laid, By

the Al - - migh - ty Ar - - tist's hand,

'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,

Es - tab - lish'd by his strict command.

CHORUS. *Pia.*

Hail! myster'ous, hail, glor'ous Masonry ;

Hail! myster'ous, hail, glor'ous Masonry ;

That makes us ev - - er great and free.

That makes us ev - - er great and free.

Repeat For.

As man throughout for shelter sought,
 In vain from place to place did roam,
 Until from heaven, from heaven he was taught
 To plan, to build, to fix his home.
 Hail! mysterious, &c.

Hence illustrious rose our art,
 And now in beauteous piles appear;
 Which shall to endless, to endless time impart,
 How worthy and how great we are.
 Hail! mysterious, &c.

Nor we less fam'd for ev'ry tie,
 By which the human thought is bound ;
 Love, truth, and friendship, and friendship socially,
 Join all our hearts and hands around.
 Hail ! mysterious, &c.

Our actions still by virtue blest,
 And to our precepts ever true,
 The world admiring, admiring shall request
 To learn, and our bright paths pursue.
 Hail ! mysterious, &c.

ODE.

To be sung in the foregoing Musick.

LET Masons ever live in love ;
 Let harmony their blessings prove ;
 And be the sacred Lodge the place,
 Where freedom smiles in ev'ry face.
 Live Free-masons, Free-masons live and love,
 And shew your types are from above.

Behold the world all in amaze,
 Each curious eye with transport gaze ;
 They look, they like, they wish to be,
 What none can gain, except he's free.
 Live Free-masons, &c.

Let Masons then, with watchful eye,
 Regard the works of Charity ;
 Let Union, Love and Friendship meet,
 And shew that Wisdom's ways are sweet.
 Live Free-masons, &c.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

ANDANTINO.

Arise, and blow thy trumpet, Fame! Free-mason-

Arise, and blow thy trumpet, Fame! Free-mason-

Arise, and blow thy trumpet, Fame! Free-mason-

ry aloud proclaim, To realms and worlds unknown:

ry aloud proclaim, To realms and worlds unknown:

ry aloud proclaim, To realms and worlds unknown:



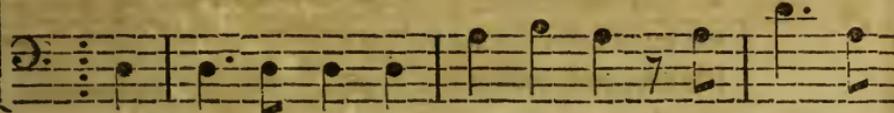
Tell them 'twas this great David's son, The wise, the



Tell them 'twas this great David's son, The wise, the



Tell them 'twas this great David's son, The wise, the



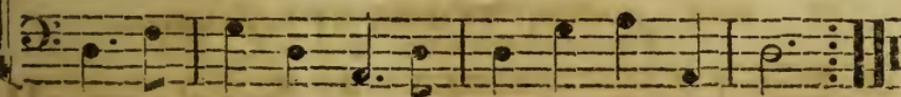
matchless Solomon, Priz'd far above his throne.



matchless Solomon, Priz'd far above his throne.



matchless Solomon, Priz'd far above his throne.



The solemn temples, cloud-capt towers,
 Th' aspiring domes, are works of ours,
 By us those piles were rais'd ;
 Then bid mankind with songs advance,
 And through th' ethereal vast expanse
 Let Masonry be prais'd !

We help the poor in time of need,
 The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
 'Tis our foundation stone :
 We build upon the noblest plan,
 For friendship rivets man to man,
 And makes us all as one. *Chorus 3 times.*

Still louder, Fame ! thy trumpet blow ;
 Let all the distant regions know
 Free-masonry is this :
 Almighty Wisdom gave it birth,
 And Heav'n has fix'd it here on earth,
 A type of future blizs !

GLEE.

Musick, see page 26.

LET Mason's fame resound,
 Throughout the nations round,
 From pole to pole :
 See what felicity,
 Harmless simplicity,
 Like Electricity,
 Runs through the whole.

Such sweet variety,
 Ne'er had society,
 Ever before :
 Faith, Hope, and Charity,
 Love and sincerity,
 Without temerity,
 Charm more and more.

When in the Lodge we're met,
 And in due order set,
 Happy are we :
 Our works are glorious,
 Deeds meritorious,
 Never censorious,
 But great and free.

Masons have long been free,
 And may they ever be,
 Great as of yore :
 For many ages past,
 Masonry has stood fast ;
 And may its glory last,
 Till time's no more.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Hail! Ma - son - ry divine! Glo - ry of

ages shine, Long may'st thou reign; Where'er thy

2d verse.

Great fabrics still arise,
 And grace the azure skies,
 Great are thy schemes :
 Thy noble orders are
 Matchless beyond compare,
 No art with thee can share ;
 Thou art divine !

lodes stand, May they have great command, And

lodes stand, May they have great command, And

al - ways grace the land; Thou art di - vine!

al - ways grace the land; Thou art di - vine!

3d verse.

Hiram, the Architect,
 Did all the Craft direct
 How they should build;
Sol'mon, great *Isr'el's* king,
 Did mighty blessings bring,
 And left us room to sing,
 Hail! royal ART! *Chorus three times,*

HYMN FOR CONSECRATION.

Musick, see page 26.

HAIL, universal Lord !
 By Heav'n and earth ador'd,
 All hail, Great God !
 Before thy throne we bend,
 'To us thy grace extend,
 And to our pray'r attend !
 All hail, Great God !

O, hear our pray'r to day,
 Turn not thy face away ;
 O Lord, our God !
 Heav'n, thy dread dwelling-place,
 Cannot contain thy Grace,
 Remember now our race,
 O Lord, our God !

God of our fathers hear,
 And to our cry be near,
 Jehovah, God !
 The Heav'ns eternal bow,
 Forgive in mercy now
 Thy suppliants here, O thou,
 Jehovah, God !

'To Thee our hearts do draw,
 On them O write thy law,
 Our Saviour, God !
 When in this Lodge we're met,
 And at thine Altar knelt,
 O, do not us forget,
 Our Saviour, God !

ROYAL ARCH SONG.

ANDANTE POMPOSO.

When or'ent Wisdom beam'd serene, And

pillar'd Strength a - rose; When Beauty ting'd the

glowing scene, And Faith her mansion chose; Ex-

ulting bands the fabrick view'd, Myster'ous pow'rs a-

*Pia. sf**sf*

cor'd; And high the Tripple Union stood, And

high the Tripple Union stood, That gave the *mystick*

word, - - - - That gave the *mystick* word, - - - - And

high the Tripple Union stood, That gave the *mystick* word.

Pale Envy wither'd at the sight,
 And frowning at the pile,
 Call'd Murder from the realms of night,
 To blast the glorious toil ;
 With ruffian outrage, join'd in woe,
 They form the league abhorr'd,
 And wounded Science felt the blow,
 That crush'd the *mystick* word.

Concealment, from sequester'd grave,
 On sable pinions flew,
 And o'er the sacrilegious grave,
 Her veil impervious threw ;
 Th' associate band in solemn state,
 The awful loss deplor'd,
 And Wisdom mourn'd the ruthless fate,
 That whelm'd the *mystick* word.

At length through time's expanded sphere,
 Fair Science spreads her way,
 And warm'd by truth's refulgence clear,
 Reflects the kindred ray ;
 A second fabrick's tow'ring height
 Proclaims the *sign* restor'd,
 From whose foundation, brought to light,
 Is drawn the *mystick* word.

To depths obscure, the favour'd Trine
 A dreary course engage,
 'Till through the Arch the ray divine
 Illumes the sacred page !
 From the wide wonders of this blaze,
 Our antient *sign's* restor'd,
 The Royal Arch alone displays
 The long lost *mystick* word.

GLORIOUS ART.

DUET.

Glor'ous Art! which fires the mind With sweet

Harmo - ny and Love; Surely thou was't

first de - sign'd, A fore - taste of the

joys a - bo - - - - - ve, A foretaste



Pleasures on thee always wait,
 Thou reformest Adam's race;
 Strength and Beauty in thee meet,
 Wisdom's radiant in thy face.

Arts and virtue now combine,
 Friendship raises social mirth,
 All, united to refine
 Man from grosser parts of earth.

Stately temples now arise,
 And on lofty columns stand;
 Mighty domes attempt the skies,
 To adorn this happy land.

Thy precepts too, the christian's creed,
 Point to blissful realms above,
 When from earthly ark we're freed,
 Like the patriarchal dove.

GLEE.

For the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist.

WORDS BY BROTHER GARDNER.

ANDANTE. *Pia.*

Ah, who that nev - er felt can know, How

heavy hangs the day, When all the heart holds

dear below Is absent far a - way. Ah,

For.

who, that never felt, can tell How swiftly flies the

hour, Which at last, Dangers past, Brings back

joys, with'ring fast, Life's a sky, o - ver-

Life's a sky,

Pia.

cast, Sunbeams play or tempests low'r. Life's a

cast, Sunbeams play or tempests low'r. Life's a

o - - ver - - cast, play or tempests low'r.

For.

sky, o - ver - cast, Sunbeams play or tempests

sky, o - ver - cast, Sunbeams play or tempests

low'r, Sunbeams play or tempests low'r.

low'r, Sunbeams play or tempests low'r.

Many a weary sun had set,
 Ere thine, St. John, arose;
 Many an eye must still be wet,
 Before the day shall close :
 O, may we on thy natal day
 Thy sainted spirit feel,
 Dry the eye,
 Hush the sigh
 Of the low and the high;
 Sorrow's dart none may fly,
 But its wound our Art can heal.

The sigh, though hush'd, the tear, though dry'd,
 Though sorrow pain no more ;
 Yet poor's the bliss to earth ally'd,
 When earthly scenes are o'er :
 But heav'n descended Masonry
 'Th' immortal world unveils ;
 There Decay,
 Old and grey,
 With no ruin marks his way ;
 There shall Virtue safely stay,
 Heav'n ne'er promises and fails.

ODE FOR DEDICATION.

BY J. H.

ANDANTE.

AL - MIGH - TY FATHER! God of Love! Sa-

Bassoon.

cred, e - - ter - nal king of kings! From

thy ce - - les - - tial courts a - - bove, Send

beams of grace on ser - aph's wings; O,

may they, gild with light di - - vine, Shed

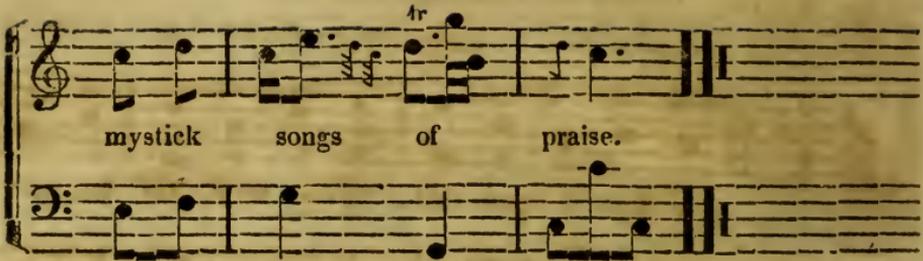
on our hearts in - spir - - ing rays; While

Expressivo. *tr* *Lento.*

bend - ing at this sa - - cred shrine, While

Cres. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

bending at this sa - - - - cred shrine, We of - fer



Faith! with divine and heav'nward eye,
 Pointing to radiant realms of bliss,
 Shed here thy sweet benignity,
 And crown our works with happiness;
 Hope! too with bosom, void of fear,
 Still on thy steadfast anchor lean,
 O, shed thy balmy influence here,
 And fill our breasts with joy serene.

And thou, fair Charity! whose smile
 Can bid the heart forget its woe,
 Whose hand can misery's care beguile,
 And kindness' sweetest boon bestow,
 Here shed thy sweet, soul-soothing ray;
 Soften our hearts, thou Pow'r divine!
 Bid the warm gem of pity play,
 With sparkling lustre, on our shrine.

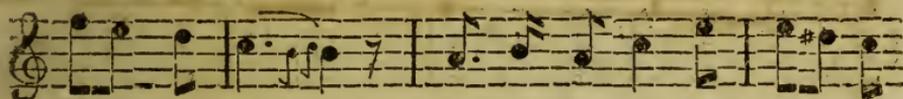
Thou, who art thron'd 'midst dazzling light,
 And wrapp'd in brilliant robes of gold,
 Whose flowing locks of silv'ry white
 Thy age and honor both unfold,
 Genius of Masonry! descend,
 And guide our steps by thy strict law;
 O, swiftly to our temple bend,
 And fill our breasts with solemn awe.

IS THERE A HEART.

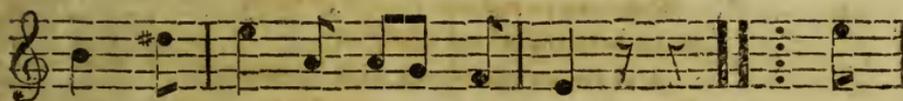
SONG.



Is there a heart, that never lov'd, Nor felt soft



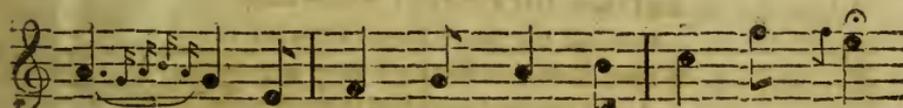
wom - an's sigh? Is there a man can mark un-



mov'd, Dear woman's tear - ful eye? Oh,



bear him to some distant shore, Or sol - i - ta - ry



cell, Where none but savage monsters roar,



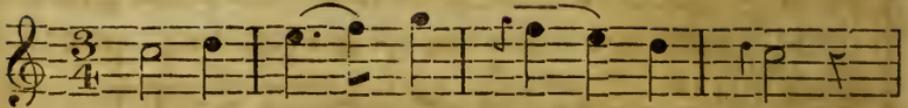
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear,
 A spell in ev'ry sacred sigh,
 To man, to virtue dear;
 And he, who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone should live,
 Nor taste that joy, which care beguiles,
 That joy, her virtue gives.

HOPE, 'THOU NURSE.

DUET.

BY WEIDON.

First Voice. ANDANTE. Pia.

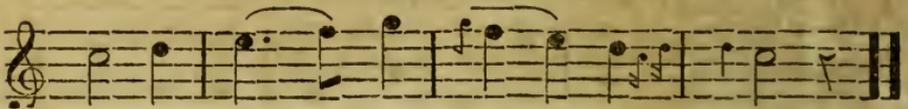
Hope, thou Nurse, of young de - - sire,



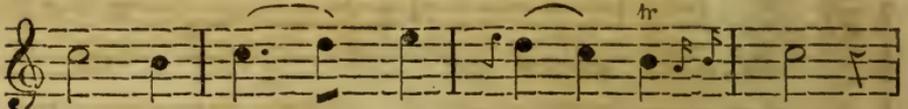
Fai - ry prom - i - - - ser of joy ;



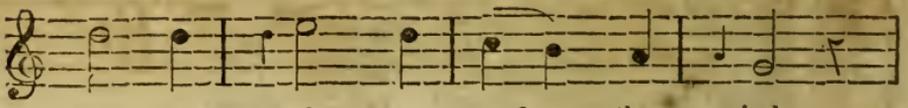
Painted vapour glow - - worm fire,



Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy :

Second Voice. Pia.

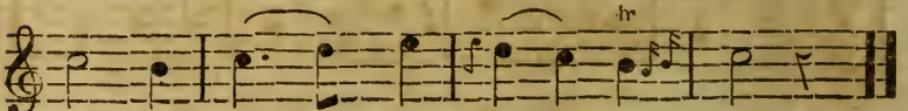
Hope, thou ear - - nest of de - - light,



Soft - est sooth - er of the mind ;



Balmy cor - - dial, pros - pect bright,



Sur - est friend the wretch - ed find :

BOTH. *Mezzo For.*

Kind de - - ceiv - er, - flat - - - ter still,

Deal out pleas - - ures un - - - pos - - sest;

With thy dreams my fan - - - - cy fill,

And in wish - - es make me blest.

WHAT IS LIFE OF LOVE BEREFT?

DUET.

First Voice.

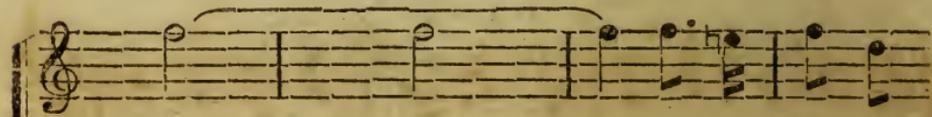
What is life, what is life of love bereft,

Second Voice.

When its heav'nly joys are fled? Lives the heart that



love has left, Is there life when love is dead? Is there



life - - - - - Is there life when



Lives the heart that love has left?

love is dead, Is there life when love is dead? dead? dead?

When our ills were first fill'd up, When our ills were
When our ills were first fill'd up, were

first fill'd up, Love the sweet'ning drop did give, Love the

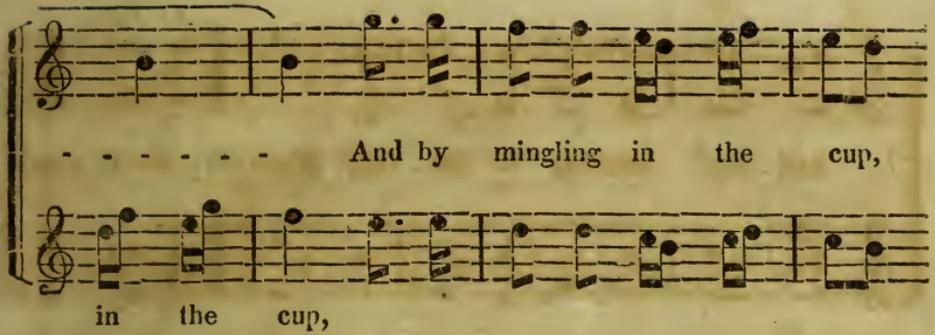
sweet'ning drop did give; And by mingling in the cup,

And by mingling in the cup, Made it worth man's

while to live, , Made it worth man's while to live,

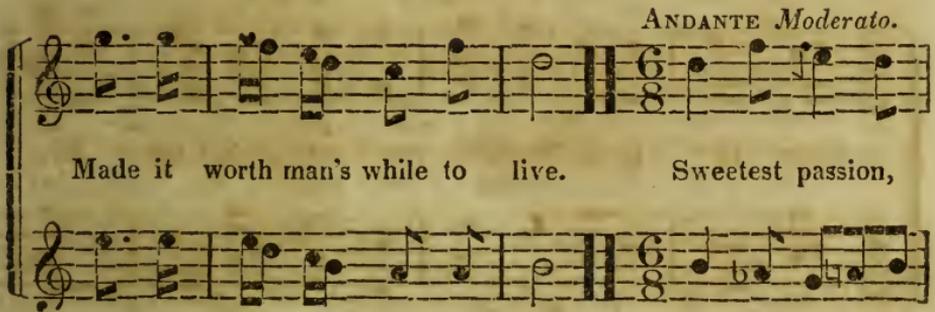
And by mingling in the cup,
Made it worth

Made it worth man's while to live
Made it worth man's while to live; And by mingling

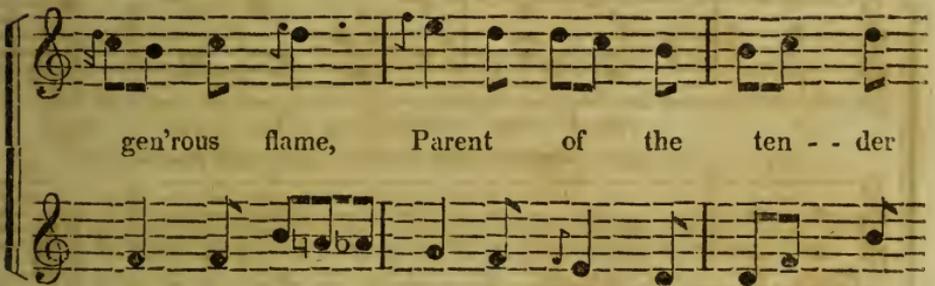


And by mingling in the cup,
in the cup,

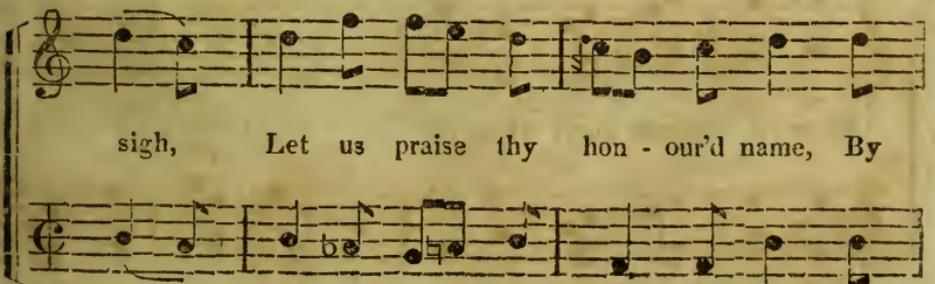
ANDANTE Moderato.



Made it worth man's while to live. Sweetest passion,



gen'rous flame, Parent of the ten - - der



sigh, Let us praise thy hon - our'd name, By

Ad Lib.

lov - ing tru - ly 'till we die, By loving

tru - - ly, By loving tru - ly, By lov - ing

tru - - - ly, 'till we die.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

VIVACE.

1
To our mys - ti - - cal Art! be long

2
May concord and har - mo - ny,

3
When our mu - sick with sen - ti - ment

life and pros - - per - i - ty, May it flourish with

ev - er a - - - - bound, And di - - vi - sions here

chastely com - - - bines, Pure friendship shall

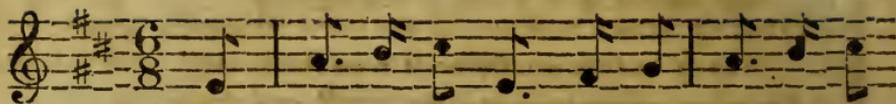
2
us, and so on to pos - ter - - i - ty;

3
on - - - ly in our musick be found;

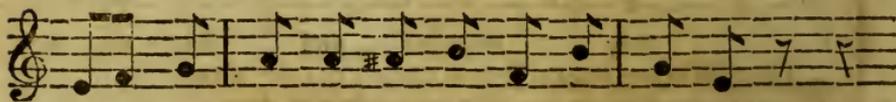
1
riv - - - et what har - mo - ny joins.

IN TIMES OF OLD DATE.

SONG.



In times of old date, when, as stories re-



late, Good men to the gods had ad - mis - sion;



When those, who were griev'd, might with ease be reliev'd,



By off'ring an humble pe - - ti - tion.



Some few, who remain'd in their morals un - stain'd,



Sub - - mis - sive - ly made ap - - pli - - ca - tion,



To build a retreat, if the gods should think meet,



To shield them from wicked in - va - sion.

Delighted to find, there was yet in mankind,
 Some laudable sentiment planted ;
 Without hesitation, they gave approbation,
 And quickly their wishes were granted :—
 Then for Artist's they sought, and fam'd Architects brought,
 Who th' var'ous employments were skill'd in ;
 Each handled his tools, both by science and rules,
 And straightway proceeded to building.

Then Wisdom began, first to sketch out the plan,
 By which they were all to be guided ;
 Each order she made, was exactly obey'd,
 When the portions of work were divided :—
 'The first corner stone, was by Charity done,
 But Strength was the principal builder ;
 When for Mortar they cry'd, 'twas by Friendship supply'd,
 And Beauty was carver and guildler.

Having long persever'd, a grand Temple was rear'd,
 A refuge from Malice and Envy ;
 Where all who reside, are in Virtue employ'd,
 Nor dread the assaults of an en'my :—
 But if in his rage he should ever engage
 In th' attempt, it would e'er be prevented ;
 'The door is so high, that in vain would he try,
 'The wall is so strongly cemented,

The gods all agreed, 'twas an excellent deed,
 And to show the affection they bore 'em,
 Atreasure they gave, which the tenants still have,
 Secur'd in the *Sanctum Sanctorum* :—
 Thus bless'd from above, with a token of love,
 Each Brother with joy should receive it ;
 Safe lock'd in his heart, it should never depart,
 'Till call'd for by Heav'n, that gave it.

GATHER YOUR ROSES.

GLEE.

ANDANTE.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring three staves (treble, vocal, and bass) in G major and common time. The melody includes a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Gather your ro - ses while you may,"

Musical notation for the second system, featuring three staves. The melody concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are: "Old time is ev - - er fly - - - ing,"

Musical notation for the third system, featuring three staves. The melody concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are: "And that same flow'r, which smiles to day,"

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody. The middle staff is a treble clef with a simpler melody. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a bass line. The lyrics 'To - - mor - row, may be dying.' are written below the top two staves.

To - - mor - row, may be dying.

To - - mor - row, may be dying.

Wisely improve the present hour,
 Be innocently merry ;
 Slight not the pleasures in your pow'r,
 Which will not, cannot tarry.

Ever let virtue be your guide,
 While merg'd in fleeting pleasure ;
 All other objects else beside
 Can prove no lasting treasure.

'Though time must fly, though flow'rs may fade,
 And pleasures prove uncertain ;
 In Friendship's path we'll ever tread,
 'Till Death shall drop the curtain !

AND MUST WE PART FOREVERMORE?

DUET.

LARGO.

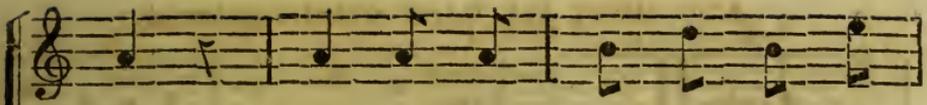
And must we part for - - ev - er - more? Hard fate, such

friends to sever! And must we part for - ev - er - more?

Hard fate, such friends to sev - er!

Expressivo.

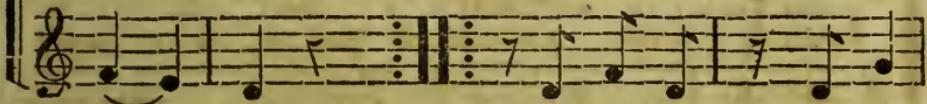
So faithful, so true, so faithful, so



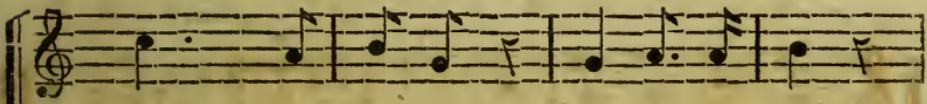
true, Go, and may bliss, may bliss be-



tide thee. So faith - ful, so true, so



so faithful, so true,



true, so faithful, Go, and may bliss,



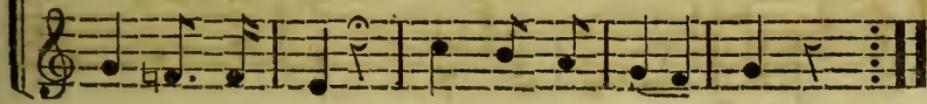
so true, so faithful,

ad lib.

1



Go, and may bliss, may bliss be - - tide thee. So



2

a tempo. pia.

hee. Each guardian an - gel ev - - - er

guide; For - - ev - er - more a - - dieu! for - ev - er -

dim.

more, for - ev - er - more, for - - ev - er - more,

pp

a - dieu! a - dieu! a - dieu!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

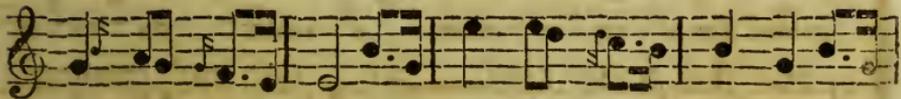
SONG.

ANDANTE *Affettuoso.*

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming



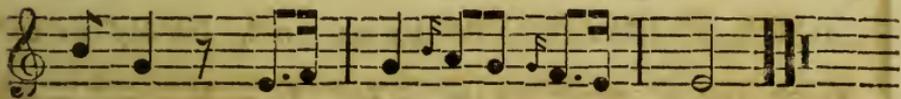
a - - lone, All her lovely companions are



faded and gone; No flow'r of her kindred, no



rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her



blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle the gems drop away;
 When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

NO, NEVER SHALL MY SOUL FORGET.

DUET.

Ad lib. A tempo.

No, never, never shall my soul forget

The friends I found so cordial hearted,

Dear, dear, dear shall be the day we met, the day we met,
dear shall be the day we met,

Pia. Express
And dear shall be the night we parted, And dear shall

lento.

be the night we parted, No - - - parted.

1 2

Oh! if regrets, how - ev - - er sweet, Must

with the lapse of time de - cay, Yet still, when

Must with the lapse of time decay, Yet still, when thus in

thus in mirth you meet, Yet still, when thus in mirth you

mirth you meet, Yet still, when thus in mirth, in mirth you

Cres.

meet, Fill high to him, Fill high to him,

Pia. Ad lib.

Fill high to him that's far a-way! far a-

Tempo.

way! far a-way! Fill high, Fill high, Fill high,

Fill high, Fill high, Fill high,

Ad lib.

Fill high to him that's far a-way!

Moderato Expressivo.

Long be the flame of memo - ry found,
 Long be the flame of mem - o - - - ry

A - - - live with - - in your so - cial
 A - live with - - in your so - - - cial

glass, Long, long be the flame of mem - o - - ry
 found, A - - live with - in your

found, A - - live with - in your
 A - - live with - - - in - - - - - your

so - cial glass, A - - live with - in your
 Alive with - in your

ALLEGRO. *Pia.*

so - - - cial glass. Let that be still the
 so - - - - cial glass, Let that be

Cres.

magick round, Let that be still the magick round,
 still the magick round, be still the magick round,

Pia.

Cres.

O'er which ob - - liv - ion dares not pass, Let
 O'er which ob - liv - ion dares not pass, Let that be

that be still the magick round, Let that be still the
still the magick round, Let that be still the magick

magick round, the magick round, O'er which ob - li - vion
round, the magick round, O'er which ob - li - vion

dares not pass, Let that be still the magick round, the
dares not pass, Let that be still the magick

mag - - - - - ick round,
round, the mag - - - - - ick round,

Ad lib.

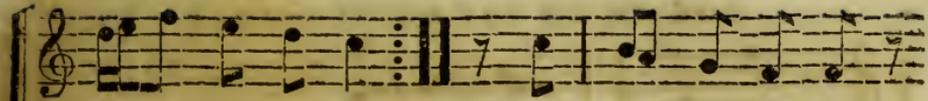
O'er which ob - - liv - - ion dares not pass.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

DUET.

A tempo.

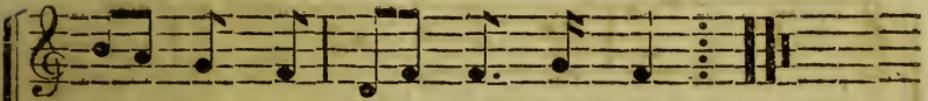
Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in
the shade, Where cold and un - hon - our'd his



rel - icks are laid; Sad, si - lent, and dark .



be the tears that we shed, As the night dew that



falls on the grass o'er his head !



But the night dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

PEACE TO THY GENTLE SHADE.

CANON, 4 IN 2.

ANDANTE. *Pia.**Mezza voce.*

Peace to thy gentle shade, thy soul is free, thy soul is

Peace to thy gen - - tle

Peace to thy gentle shade, thy

Peace to thy gentle shade, thy soul is

free, is free; Death's but the gate to immortal - i-

shade, thy soul is free, thy soul is free;

soul is free, thy soul is free, is free; Death's but the

free, thy soul is free; Death's but the gate to



ty, to im - mor - tal - i - - - ty.



Death's but the gate to im - mor - tal - i - - ty,



gate to im - mor - tal - i - - ty, to im - mor - - tal - - i -



im - mor - tal - i - ty, the gate to im - mortal - i -



Peace to thy gentle shade, thy soul is free.



the gate to immortal - i - - ty. Peace to thy shade.



ty. Peace to thy gentle shade.



ty. Peace to thy gentle shade, thy shade.

SWEET IS THE MEMORY.

DUET.....WORDS BY BROTHER GARDNER.

Moderato Affettuoso.

Sweet is the mem - 'ry of the night,

When first we saw the se - cret light;

Dear to our souls shall ev - - er be

The mys - ter - - ies of Ma - son - - ry.

Grateful to thee our hearts we bend,
 O Masoary, the poor man's friend ;
 Dark though the stream of life must flow,
 That it still rolls to thee we owe.

O we have try'd thee, try'd thee long,
 When hope had fled, when hope was strong,
 Brighter than all our fancy dream'd,
 Thy true, unfading love has beam'd.

Science may shoot its bright cold ray
 Across the pilgrim's painful way ;
 Honour may plant the laurel there,
 For fortune to usurp and wear :

Vain is their pow'r to warm, O Art,
 The chill, that settles round the heart ;
 Thou can'st alone beguile the hours,
 And strew our rugged way with flow'rs.

ODE FOR GRAND VISITATION.

WORDS BY R. T. PAINE, ESQ.

Allegro ma non Presto.

Sweet Min - strel, who to mortal ears Can'st

Sweet Min - strel, who to mortal ears Can'st

Sweet Min - strel, who to mortal ears Canst

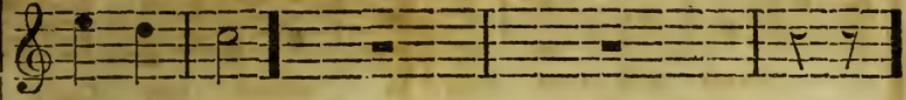
tell the Art, which guides the spheres, Blest Ma - - - son-

tell the Art which guides the spheres, Blest Mason-

tell the Art, which guides the spheres, Blest Ma - - - son-

Pia.

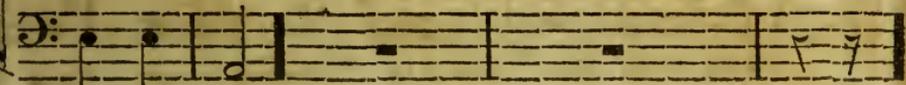
ry, all hail! With nature's birth thy laws be - gan



ry, all hail!



ry, all hail! With nature's birth thy laws be - gan



To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And still in



To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And still in



For.

heav'n prevail. With nature's birth thy laws began

With nature's birth thy laws began

heav'n prevail. With nature's birth thy laws began

To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And

To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man,

To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And

still in heav'n pre - vail.

And still in heav'n pre - vail.

still in heav'n pre - vail.

O'er matter's modes thy mystick sway
 Can fashion Chaos' devious way,
 To order's lucid maze;
 Can rear the cloud-assaulting tow'r,
 And bid the worm, that breathes its hour,
 Its humble palace raise.

From nascent life to being's pride,
 The surest boon thy laws providè,
 When wayward fate beguiles;
 The tears, thou shed'st for human wo,
 In falling shine like Iris' bow,
 And beam an arch of smiles.

Come, Priest of Science, truth array'd,
 And with thee bring each tuneful maid,
 Thou lov'st on Shinar's plains;
 Revive Creation's primal plan,
 Subdue this wilderness of man,
 Bid social *virtue* reign.

PRAISE THE GRAND MASTER.

CANON FOR FOUR VOICES.

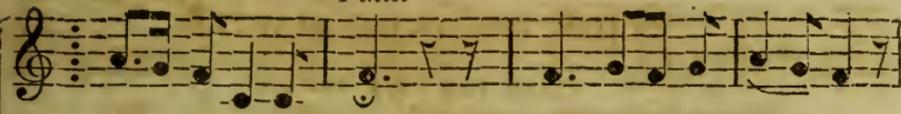
Composed by Dr. G. K. Jackson.

ALLEGRETTO. *Dolce.*

Musical score for the first system, featuring four staves. The first staff contains the melody with lyrics: "Praise the Grand Mas - ter, Praise the Grand *Dolce.*" The second staff has a rest followed by the lyrics "Praise the Grand". The third and fourth staves contain rests.

Musical score for the second system, featuring four staves. The first staff contains the melody with lyrics: "Mas - ter, Praise the Grand Master of the" and a dynamic marking *For.* above it. The second staff has lyrics: "Mas - ter, Praise the Grand Mas - ter, *Dolce.*" The third staff has lyrics: "Praise the Grand Mas - ter,". The fourth staff contains a rest.

Finis.



U - ni versal Lodge. Praise the Grand Master,

For.

Finis.



Praise the Grand Master of the U - ni versal Lodge.

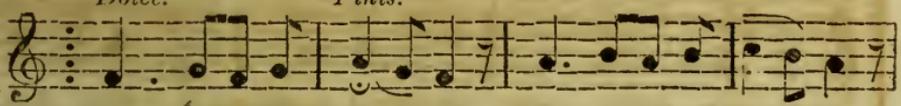
Finis.

For.



Praise the Grand Master, Praise the Grand Master of the
Dolce.

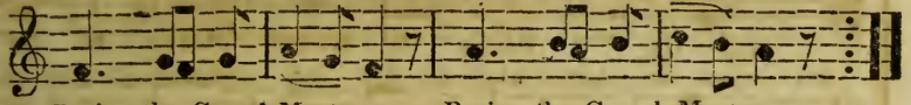
Finis.



Praise the Grand Master, Praise the Grand Master,



Praise the Grand Master, Praise the Grand Master of the



Praise the Grand Master, Praise the Grand Master,



U - ni versal Lodge. Praise the Grand Master,

For.

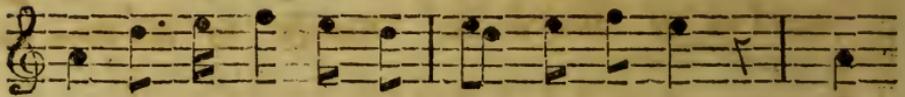


Praise the Grand Master of the U - ni versal Lodge.

ODE FOR DEDICATION.

Tempo di Marcia.

Hail, to the day! when as - sem - bled in Union,



Springs, at the al - tar of Friendship and Truth, Pledge



of our fairest, our dearest communion, The flow-



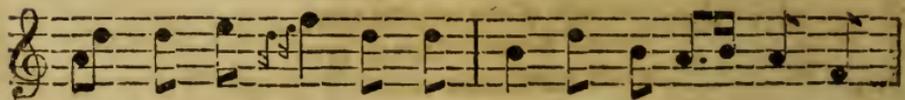
'ret, which blooms in per - en - ni - al youth. Hail, to the



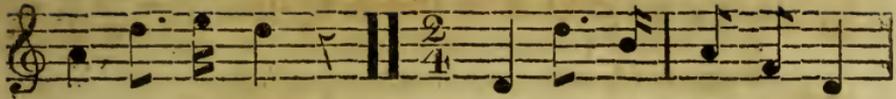
day! when as - sem - bled in Un - ion, Springs, at the al-



tar of Friendship and Truth, Pledge of our fairest, our



dearest com - mun - ion, The flow'ret, which blooms in per-

ALLEGRO. *Moderato.*

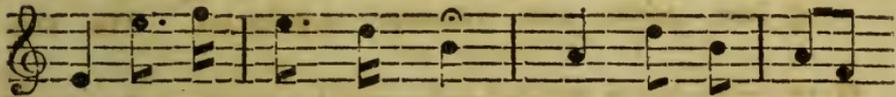
en - ni - al youth ; E'er has it flourish'd fair,



Sigh'd on by Heav'n's air, Nurtur'd by dew-drops, dis-



till'd from a - bove ; Bright o'er its natal bed,



Beams of gay light shall spread, Strength'ning the rays



of *Af - fec - tion* and *Love.*

Hail, to the Craft ! whose light, broadly beaming,
Streams from the loveliest *Star* of the sky ;
O'er sorrow's vale ever cheerfully gleaming,
Guiding to yonder bright temple on high ;
Still may that holy ray,
Type of Immortal day,
Light the lone path of the pilgrim along ;
'Till the Grand Masters 'hest
Bid all his labours rest,
Attuning his harp to the mystical song.

Long may each mason be firm in his duty,
 The grand and the useful in harmony join;
 Long in this Temple may Wisdom and Beauty,
 Stars of the high arch of Masonry, shine;
 Here may we often meet
 Each brother true to greet,
 Time strewing flow'rs o'er the swift rolling year;
 Here may fair Union rise,
 Here join the good and wise
 Charity, Friendship and Truth to revere.

Now to Creation's Great Builder ascending,
 Loud let the Chorus of Gratitude swell;
 Here, as before Him we humbly are bending,
 O! may He deign in this Temple to dwell;
 Here may the social fire
 Of Love to Heav'n aspire,
 Long from this Altar rise Incense of praise
 To the Eternal One,
 Our ceaseless shining Sun,
 Master of All—Holy, "Antient of Days!"

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

MODERATO.

Let Masonry from pole to pole, Her sacred laws ex-
 Let Masonry from pole to pole, Her sacred laws ex-

pand, Far as the mighty waters roll, To wash re - mot - est

pand, Far as the mighty waters roll, To wash re - mot - est

land, To wash remotest land: That virtue has not

land, To wash remotest land: That virtue has not

left mankind, Her social maxims prove; For

left mankind, Her social maxims prove; For

stamp'd upon the Mason's mind, Are u - ni - ty and

stamp'd upon the Mason's mind, Are u - ni - ty and

love, Are u - ni - - ty and love.

love, Are u - - ni - ty and love.

Ascending to her native sky,
 Let Masonry increase ;
 A glorious pillar rais'd on high,
 Integrity its base ;
 Peace adds to olive boughs entwin'd,
 An emblematic dove,
 As stamp'd upon the Mason's mind,
 Are unity and love.

MARK MASTER'S SONG.

TO BE SUNG DURING THE CLOSING CEREMONY.

Mark Mas - ters, all appear Before the

Mark Mas - ters, all appear Before the

Mark Mas - ters, all appear Before the

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with a repeat sign at the end of each line.

Chief O'erseer, In concert move; Let him your

Chief O'erseer, In concert move; Let him your

Chief O'erseer, In concert move; Let him your

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music, continuing from the first system. It features the same key signature and time signature. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are split across the staves.

work inspect, For the Chief Architect, If there be

work inspect, For the Chief Architect, If there be

work inspect, For the Chief Architect, If there be

no de - fect, He will ap - - prove.

no de - fect, He will ap - - prove.

uo de - fect, He will ap - - prove.

You, who have pass'd the Square,
 For your rewards prepare,
 Join heart and hand;
 Each with his mark in view,
 March with the just and true,
 Wages to you are due,
 At your command.

Hiram, the widow's son,
 Sent unto Solomon
 Our great Key-stone ;
 On it appears the name,
 Which raises high the fame
 Of all, to whom the same
 Is truly known.

Now to the Westward move,
 Where, full of strength and love,
 Hiram doth stand ;
 But if impostors are
 Mix'd with the worthy there,
*Caution them to beware
 Of the right hand.*

CEREMONIES.

Now to the praise of those,
 Who triumph o'er the foes
 Of mason's art ;
 'To the praiseworthy three,
 Who founded this degree ;
 May all their virtues be
 Deep in our hearts.

KNIGHT TEMPLAR'S SONG.

(Musick, see 81st page.)

GOD bless the worthy band,
 Who grace this happy land
 With valiant knights ;
 May the united Three
 Of the blest Trinity
 Cement the Unity
 Of all great lights.

Twelve once were highly lov'd,
 But one a Judas prov'd,
 Put out his fire ;
 May Simon haunt all fools,
 Who vary from our rules,
 May the heads of all such tools
 Rest high on spires.

No Turk nor Jew we'll fight,
 But in Religion's right
 We'll breathe our last ;
 Poor pilgrims begging, we
 Will our Jerusalem see ;
 All steps, true Knights, have we
 Gloriously pass'd.

Enter'd, pass'd, rais'd, and arch'd,
 And then like princes march'd
 Through rugged ways ;
 At length great light we saw,
 And poor old Simon too,
 Also the word and law,
 ' Glory and Praise.'

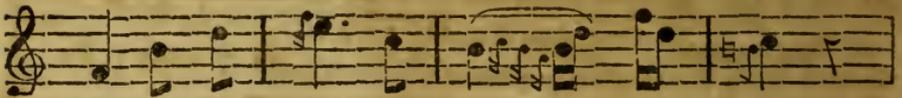
Then Knights, clasp hand in hand,
 None but Knights Templars stand
 In circle round ;
 May we e'er live in love,
 And ev'ry blessing prove,
 May manna from above
 Fall on this ground.

REST, HOLY PILGRIM.

(DUET-)

First Voice. Andante. Pia.

Rest, ho - ly pilgrim, rest, I pray,



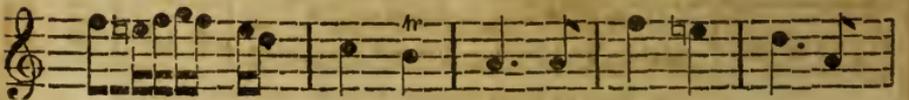
Dreary to Mecca's shrine thy way;



O deign an hermit's hut to share, Nor

*Second Voice.**Pia. rf. Cres.**For.*

proud - ly spurn his homely fare. But say from



whence thy sorrows flow, Impart each secret



source of woe; For time, I see, and grief have



spread A sil - ver ha - - - lo o'er thy head.

BOTH. *For.*

Cres.

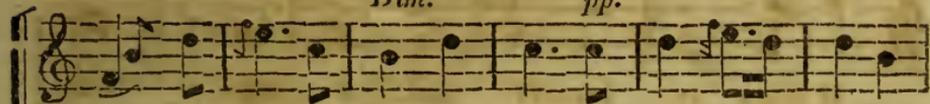


No ruffian, lawless steps in - trude To



Dim.

pp.

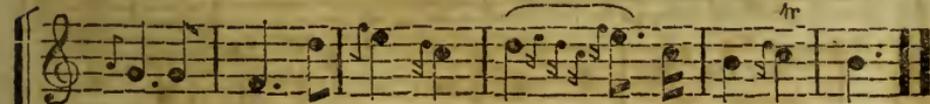


blast the joys of sol - i - tude; But peace and medi-

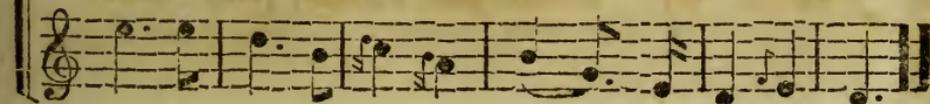


Cres.

tr



tation dwell, Sweet inmates of the hermit's cell.



Pia.

To quench thy thirst the rock shall flow, To

Legato.

feed thee sweetest fruits shall grow, Soft dreams shall nature's

waste repair, Then deign an her - mit's hut to share.

WIND GENTLE EVERGREEN.

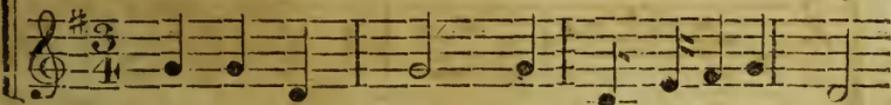
CATCH—FOR THREE VOICES.

1


 Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade,

2

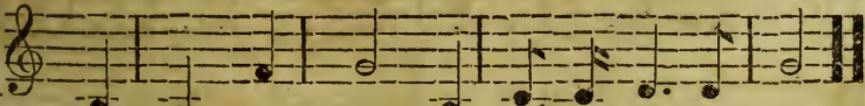

 Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine

3


 Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,

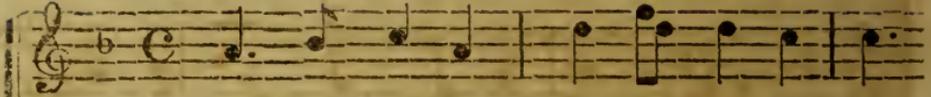
 2
 Around the tomb, where Sophocles is laid:

 3
 With blushing roses and the clustr'ing vine:

 1
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,

HENCE FOREVER, BANEFUL SORROW.

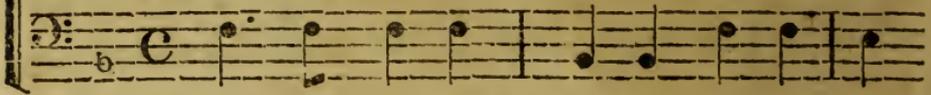
GLEE—FOR THREE VOICES.

ANDANTE. *Pia.*

Hence, for ever baneful sorrow! Heart



Hence, for ever baneful sorrow! Heart



Hence, for ever baneful sorrow! Heart



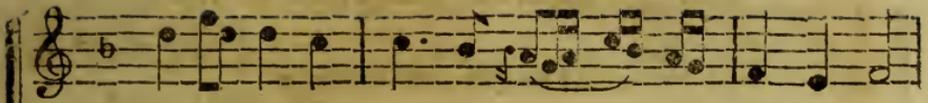
corroding cares, away! Why should bodings



corroding cares, away! Why should bodings



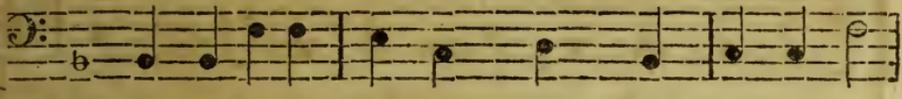
corroding cares, away! Why should bodings



of to-morrow Kill the pleasures of to-day?

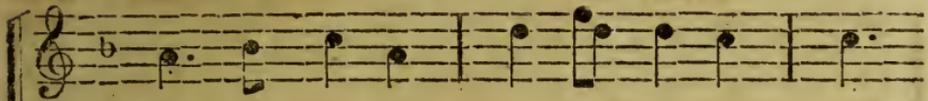


of to-morrow Kill the pleasures of to-day?



of to-morrow Kill the pleasures of to-day?

VIVACE. For.



Now to Friendship fill the glasses, Free-



Now to Friendship fill the glasses, Free-



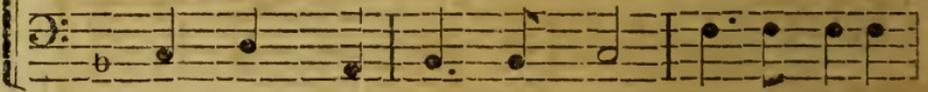
Now to Friendship fill the glasses, Free-



dom, Har - mo - ny and Peace, Toasting round our



dom, Har - mo - ny and Peace, Toasting round our



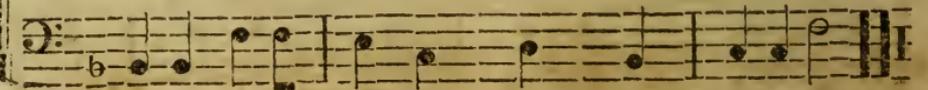
dom, Har - mo - ny and Peace, Toasting round our



fav'rite lasses, Toasting calm and lasting bliss.



fav'rite lasses, Toasting ca'm and lasting bliss.

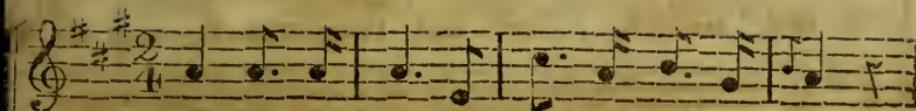


fav'rite lasses, Toasting calm and lasting bliss.

SWEET IS THE VALE.

DUET.

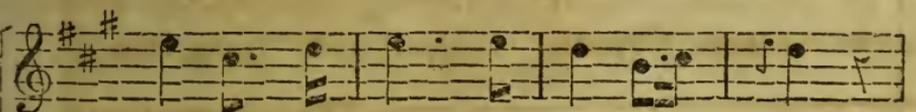
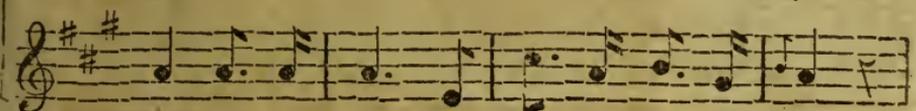
ANDANTINO.



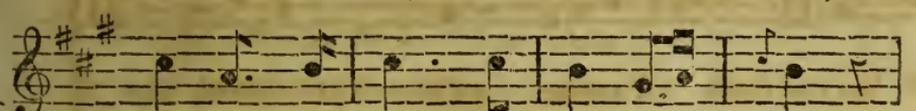
Sweet is the vale, where innocence resides,



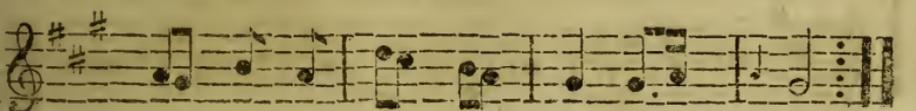
Sweet is the vale, where innocence resides,



Blest is the cot, where virtue dwells,

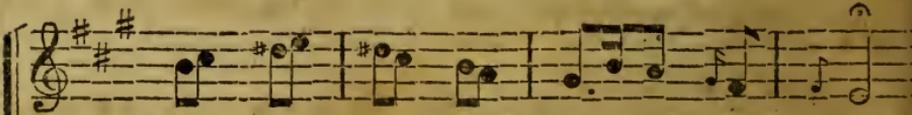


Blest is the cot, where virtue dwells.





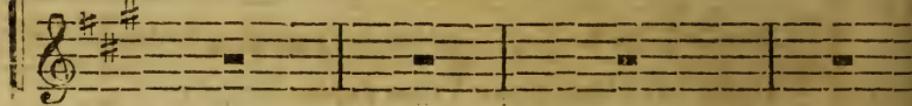
Where harmless love untaught presides, Se-

cure from flatt'ry's bane - ful spells;




This is the spot, and here I wish to live,




This is the spot, and here I wish to live, Des-



prising all, that wealth and pow'r can give, Des-

prising all, that wealth and pow'r can give.

*The following Masonick paraphrase on the preceding lines, to be sung
in the same Musick.*

Sweet is the Lodge, where Harmony resides,
 Blest is the Hall, where Virtue dwells,
 Where blissful Friendship e'er presides,
 Secure from Discord's baneful spells;
 This is the spot; and here I would improve,
 Despising all, that Jealousy can move.

WHEN THE DEITY'S WORD.

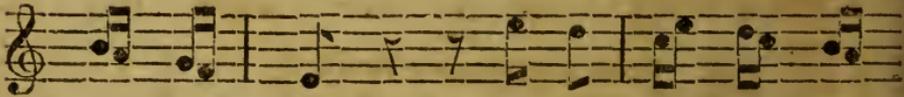
SONG.



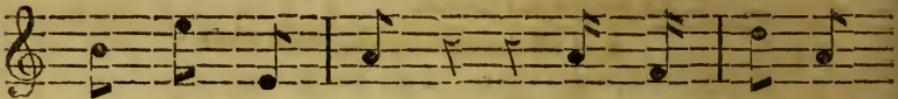
When the De - i - - ty's word Through all



chaos was heard, And the u - ni - verse rose



at the sound; And the u - ni - verse



rose at the sound; Trembling night skulk'd



away, Bursting light hail'd the day, And the



spheres did in concert re - - sound - - -



And the spheres did in concert resound.

Then the Grand Architect,
 In Omnipotence deck'd,
 Into order the mass did compound ;
 Made the Sun king of light,
 Crown'd the Moon, queen of night,
 And the Earth with an atmosphere bound.

Noble man then was form'd,
 With five senses adorn'd,
 Which the ruling five orders explain ;
 With the light of the Sun,
 Architecture begun,
 And till nature expires, 'twill remain.

Bible, Compass, and Square,
 As our ensigns we wear,
 The bright symbols of Wisdom profound ;
 And while these are our guide,
 Every mystery beside,
 As a foe to our art will be found.

CHARITY.

A HYMN.

ANDANTE. *Mezzo For.*

O, Char - i - - ty! thou heav'nly grace,

O, Char - i - - ty! thou heav'nly grace,

All tender, soft and kind; A friend to

All tender, soft and kind; A friend to

all the hu - man race, To all, that's

all the hu - man race, To all, that's

Pia.

good and kind. The man of chari-

good and kind. The man of chari-

ty extends To all his lib'ral hand;

ty extends To all his lib'ral hand;

For.

His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,

His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,

His pit - y may command.

His pit - y may command.

His pit - y may command.

He aids the poor in their distress—
 He hears when they complain;
 With tender heart delights to bless
 And lessen all their pain :
 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
 And all the sons of grief,
 In him a benefactor find,
 He loves to give relief.

'Tis love, that makes religion sweet,
 'Tis love, that makes us rise,
 With willing mind and ardent feet,
 To yonder happy skies :
 Then let us all in love abound,
 And Charity pursue ;
 Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,
 And love as angels do.

THUS HAPPILY MET.

SONG.

ANDANTINO.



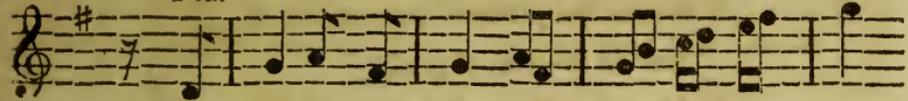
Thus hap - pi - - ly met, u - - ni - ted and



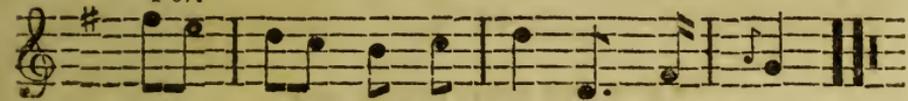
free, A foretaste of heaven we prove

For.

Then join heart and hand and firmly agree,

Pia.

Then join heart and hand and firmly a - - gree

For.

To cul - - ti - vate brother - - ly love.

With corn, wine and oil, our table replete,
 The Altar of friendship divine;
 Each virtue and grace the circle complete.
 With aid of the musical nine.

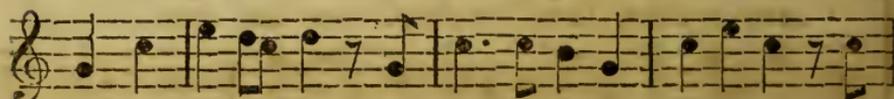
Thus blest and thus blessing in work so supreme,
 May Masonry daily increase;
 Its grand scheme of morals, our favorite theme.
 The source of contentment and peace.

ROYAL ARCH SONG.

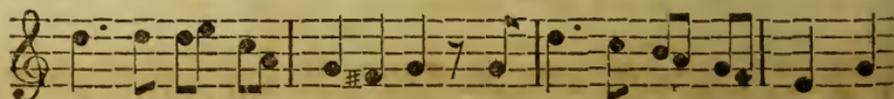
ANDANTE MODERATO.



Almighty Father! heav'nly King! Before whose



sacred name we bend, Accept the praises, which we sing, And



to our humble pray'r attend; Thou, who did'st Persia's king com-



mand A proclamation to extend, That Israel's host



might quit his land Their ho - ly Temple to attend;

CHORUS, *For.*

All hail! great Architect divine! This universal



All hail! great Architect divine! This universal



frame is thine, 'This u - - ni - ver - sal frame is thine,
 frame is thine, 'Th is u - - ni - ver - sal frame is thine,

Slow.

This u - - ni - ver - sal frame is thine.
 This u - - ni - ver - sal frame is thine.

That sacred place, where three in one
 Compris'd thy comprehensive,
 And when the bright meridian Sun
 Was soon thy glory to proclaim;
 Our glad hosannas, Sovereign King!
 'Thy welcome here shall e'er proclaim,
 And heav'ns eternal arches ring
 With thy revealed, holy name;
 All hail! great Architect divine!
 'This universal frame is thine,

MOST EXCELLENT MASTER'S SONG.

BY BROTHER T. S. WEBB.

To be sung when one is received into that Degree.

ANDANTE MODERATO.

All hail to the morning, That bids us rejoice; The

All hail to the morning, That bids us rejoice; The

temple's com - ple - ted, Ex - alt high each voice:

temple's com - ple - ted, Ex - alt high each voice:

Cres.

The cape-stone is finish'd, Our labour is o'er; The

The cape-stone is finish'd, Our labour is o'er; The



sound of the gavel shall hail us no more.



sound of the gavel shall hail us no more.

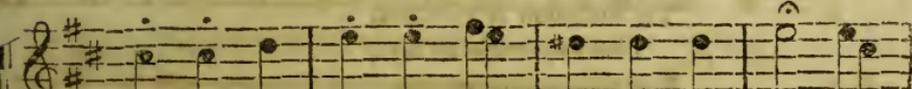
For.



To the Power Almighty, who ever has guided The



To the Power Almighty, who ever has guided The



tribes of old Is - rael, ex - - alt - ing their fame; To



tribes of old Is - rael, ex - - alt - ing their fame; To

Fortiss.

Him, who hath govern'd our hearts un - di - - vided, Let's

Him, who hath govern'd our hearts un - di - - vided, Let's

send forth our voices to praise his great name.

send forth our voices to praise his great name.

Companions assemble
 On this joyful day,
 Th' occasion is glorious,
 The key-stone to lay ;
 Fulfill'd is the promise
 By the ANCIENT OF DAYS,
 To bring forth the cape-stone,
 With shouting and praise.

Ceremonies.

There's no more occasion for level or plumb-line,
 For trowel or gavel, for compass or square ;
 Our works are completed, the Ark, safely seated,
 And we shall be greeted as workmen most rare.

Now those, that are worthy,
 Our toils who have shar'd,
 And prov'd themselves faithful,
 Shall meet their reward;
 Their virtue and knowledge,
 Industry and skill,
 Have our approbation,
 Have gain'd our good will.

We accept and receive them, most excellent masters,
 Invested with honors, and pow'r to preside;
 Amongst worthy craftsmen, wherever assembled,
 The knowledge of masons to spread far and wide.

ALMIGHTY JEHOVAH !

Descend now, and fill
 This Lodge with thy glory,
 Our hearts with good will !
 Preside at our meetings,
 Assist us to find
 True pleasure in teaching
 Good will to mankind.

Thy wisdom inspired the great institution,
 Thy strength shall support it, till nature expire;
 And when the creation shall fall into ruin,
 Its beauty shall rise through the midst of the fire !

ON THIS WORLD'S FOUNDATION.

GLEE.....FOR THREE VOICES.

On this world's foundation Who their hopes would place,

On this world's foundation Who their hopes would place,

Nothing but vex - a - tion They shall find a - - las !

Nothing but vex - a - tion They shall find, a - - las !

Shipwreck'd sailors we, On life's flatt'ring sea,

Shipwreck'd sailors we, On life's flatt'ring

Find it calm i'the morning, But the night returning,
 sea, 'Tis calm i'the morning, But the night returning,

Con Affettuoso.

On some rocky, rocky coast, On some rocky,
 On some rocky, rocky coast, On some rocky,

rocky coast, We, poor souls, are lost! lost!
 rocky coast, We, poor souls, are lost! lost!

We, poor souls, are lost! On this world's found-

a - tion Who their hopes would place, Nothing

but vex - - a - - tion they shall find, a - - - las!

BY SHADY WOODS.

CATCH—FOR THREE VOICES.

1
By shady woods and purling

2
And would not for the world be

3
For who, a - - - las! can happy

2
streams, I spend my life in pleasing dreams.

3
taught To change my false, delightful thought :

1
be, That does the truth of all things see!

GLEE—FOR THREE VOICES.

MUSICK BY BROTHER O. SHAW.

ANDANTE MODERATO.

Hail! Masonry, thou Art divine, Come,

brethren! let us cheerful join To celebrate this

happy day, And homage to our Master pay.

CHORUS.

*Cres. Ad lib.**For.*

To celebrate this happy day, And

homage to our Mas - - ter pay.

Hail! happy, blest and sacred place!
 Where friendship brightens every face,
 Where mystick Art adorns the chair,
 Resplendent with his upright square.

Next sing, my muse, our Warden's praise,
 With chorus loud, in tuneful lays;
 Oh! may these columns ne'er decay,
 Until the world dissolves away.

My brethren cheerful, join with me,
 To sing the praise of Masonry:
 The noble, faithful, and the brave,
 Whose art shall live beyond the grave.

A MASON'S DAUGHTER.

SONG.

ANDANTE.

When first a Mason I was made, What terrors

then did me invade! How sad I was alarm'd!

But when the solemn scene was o'er, My fears and terrors

were no more, I fou - - - - - nd I



For since a Brother I'm become,
 A member of the sacred room,
 The scene is alter'd quite;
 With pleasure now my hours do glide,
 With social Brethren by my side,
 I spend the cheerful night.

My grateful thanks I now return,
 And with sweet emulation burn
 Such favors to deserve:
 From Mason's ancient mystick rites,
 Which Truth with Friendship e'er unites,
 From such I'll never swerve.

Hail Masonry ! thou glorious art !
 Which to thy vot'ries dost impart
 Truth, Honor, Justice, Love ;
 Thy sacred name rever'd shall stand,
 In foreign climes and distant land,
 Which Slander ne'er shall move.

WHEN QUITE A YOUNG SPARK.



When quite a young spark, I was in the



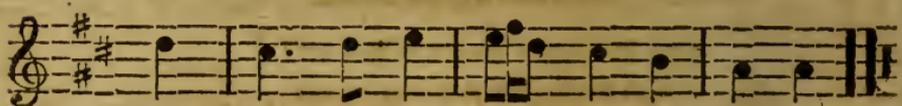
dark, And wanted to alter my station ;



I went to a friend, Who prov'd in the end,



A free and an accepted Ma - - - son,



A free and an accepted Mason.

At a door then I knock'd, which quickly unlock'd,

When he bid me to put a good face on ;

And not be afraid, for I should be made

A free and an accepted Mason,

My wishes were crown'd, soon a Master I found,
 Who made a most solemn Oration ;
 Then shew'd me the light, and gave me the right
 Sign, token, and word of a Mason.

How great my amaze, when I first saw the blaze
 And how struck with the mystick occasion !
 Astonish'd I found, tho' free I was bound
 To a free and an accepted Mason.

When clothed in white, I took great delight
 In the work of this noble vocation :
 And knowledge I gain'd, when the Lodge he explain'd
 Of a free and an accepted Mason.

I was bound, it appears, for seven long years,
 Which to me is of trifling duration :
 With freedom I serve, and devote every nerve
 To acquit myself like a good Mason.

Then join heart and hand, in order we'll stand,
 To our Master we'll pay veneration,
 Who taught us the Art, we will never impart,
 Unless to an accepted Mason.

SONG FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. JOHN.

Musick—See Page 116.

Let each brother sincere, th' occasion revere,
 Which to day bids us greet one another;
 May the holy St. John, though to rest he is gone,
 Still live in the heart of each brother.

He shew'd us the light, that shines ever bright,
 Oh! 'twas a divine revelation;
 That light of mankind, which gave sight to the blind;
 The lamp of each people and nation.

Let the love be inspir'd, by the Craft still admir'd,
 Our actions fore'er put a grace on:
 While his mem'ry goes round, let due order be found,
 And no honors withheld by a Mason.

No cause we'll espouse, which may virtue abuse,
 But like pillars support one another;
 Any soul in distress, may its sorrows express,
 Unreveal'd, yet reliev'd by a brother.

Superior's we own, yet we bow to no throne,
 Degrad'ing our worthy vocation;
 In Columbia's domain, freedom ever shall reign,
 Inspir'd and maintain'd by each Mason.

HYMN.

Tune—See Page 120.

Genius of Masonry descend,
 And with thee bring thy spotless train ;
 Constant our sacred rites attend,
 While we adore thy peaceful reign.

Bring with thee Virtue, brightest maid ;
 Bring Love, bring Truth, and Friendship here ;
 While social mirth shall lend her aid,
 To smooth the wrinkled brow of care.

Come Charity, with goodness crown'd,
 Encircled in thy heav'nly robe !
 Diffuse thy blessings all around,
 To ev'ry corner of the globe.

See where she comes, with pow'r to bless,
 With open hand and tender heart ;
 Which wounded is at man's distress,
 And bleeds at ev'ry human smart.

Ye happy few, who here extend
 In peaceful lines from east to west ;
 With fervent zeal the Lodge defend,
 And lock its secrets in your breast.

Since ye are met upon the Square,
 Bid love and friendship jointly reign :
 Be peace and harmony your care,
 They form an adamant chain.

HAIL SACRED ART.

HYMN.

ANDANTE.

First system of musical notation for 'Hail Sacred Art'. It consists of three staves: a soprano staff, an alto staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE'. The lyrics are: 'Hail! sacred art! by Heav'n design'd'.

Second system of musical notation. It consists of three staves: a soprano staff, an alto staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'A gracious blessing for mankind;'.

Third system of musical notation. It consists of three staves: a soprano staff, an alto staff, and a bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'Peace, joy and love thou dost bestow, On'.

us thy vo - - ta - - ries be - - - low. Bright
 stow, On us thy votaries be - - - low. Bright

wisdom's footsteps here we trace, From Solo-
 wisdom's footsteps here we trace,

mon, from Solomon, from
 From Sol - - o - - mon, from Sol - - o - - mon,

Sol - - o - - - mon, the prince of peace,

Sol - - o - - - mon, the prince of peace,

Whose righteous maxims still we hold

Whose righteous maxims still we hold

More precious than rich Ophir's gold.

More precious than rich Ophir's gold.

His heav'nly proverbs to us tell,
How we on earth should ever dwell ;
In harmony and social love,
To emulate the blest above ;
Now having Wisdom for our guide,
By its sweet precepts we'll abide ;
Nor from its path we'll ever stray,
'Till we shall meet in endless day.

Vain, empty grandeur shall not find
Its dwelling in a Brother's mind ;
A Mason, who is true and wise,
Its glittering pomp will e'er despise ;
Candor, friendship, joy and peace,
Within his breast shall have a place ;
Virtue and wisdom, thus combin'd,
Shall decorate the Mason's mind.

KNIGHT, TEMPLAR'S SONG.

ANDANTE.



To the Knight Templar's awful dome, Where glo-



rious knights in arms were drest, Fill'd with surprise I



slowly come, With solemn jewels on my breast.



A pilgrim to this house I came, With sandal,



scarf and scrip so white; Thro' rugged paths my feet



were led, All this I bore to be a Knight.

With feeble arm I gently smote,
 At the Knight Templar's mercy gate;
 What I beheld, when it was op'd,
 Was splendid, elegant, and great.
 Twelve dazzling lights I quickly saw,
 All chosen for the cross to fight;
 In one of them I found a flaw,
 And speedily put out that light.

Unite your hearts and join your hands,
 In ev'ry solemn tie of love,
 United each firm Templar stands
 The virtue of his cause to prove ;
 Until the world is lost in fire,
 By order of the Trinity,
 The amazing world shall still admire
 Our steadfast love and unity.

EAGLE WINGS THE CLOUDS IMPELLING.

DUET.

ALLEGRO MODERATO. *For.*

Eagle wings the clouds impelling,

Expressivo.

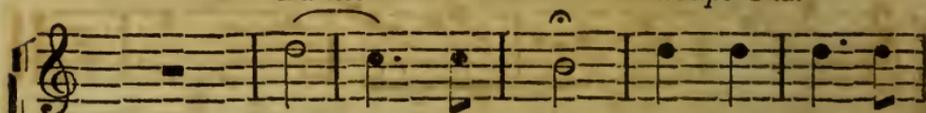
All with wonder see them move, see them move; Eagle



wings the clouds impelling, All with wonder



Ad lib. *Tempo Pia.*



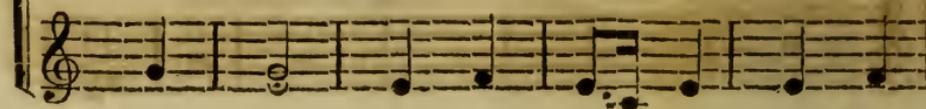
see them, see them move; But the bird, that




shares our dwelling, Is the mild and gen-




tle dove. But the bird, that shares our





dwelling, Is the mild and gentle



dove, Is the mild and gen - - tle dove.



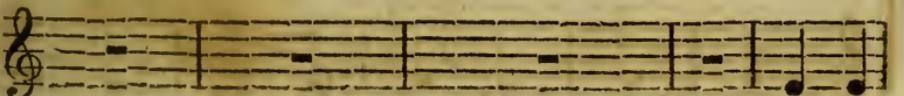
Second verse. For.



Suns, while pouring floods of splendour, Blind us



with oppressive light, with oppressive light; Suns, while





pouring floods of splendour, Blind us



Ad lib.

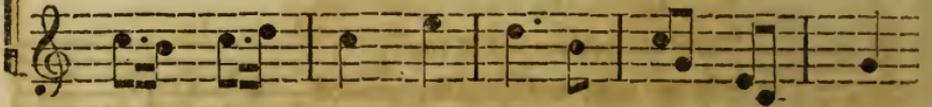
Tempo Pia.



with op - - pres - - sive light; But the moonshine,



mild and tender, Long detains the lov-



er's sight; But the moonshine, mild and



tender, Long de - - - tains the lover's

sight, Long de - - - tains the lover's sight.

The following Masonick lines, to be sung in the preceding Musick.

Hatred gives the world commotion,
 Thro' all nations see it rove ;
 But our mild soul-soothing passion
 Is fraternal, tender love.

Pure, the joys from Friendship flowing,
 Checking passion's angry tide ;
 Constant peace, delight bestowing,
 Make our days in pleasure glide.

FIDELITY.

SONG.

ANDANTE VIVACE.



Fi - del - i - ty once had a fancy to rove, And



therefore she quitted the mansions above; On earth she ar-



riv'd, but so long was her tour, Jove tho't she intended re-



turning no more, Derry down, down, down, derry down.



Then Merc'ry was hasten'd in quest of the dame,
 And soon to this world of confusion he came;
 At Paris he stopp'd, and enquir'd by chance,
 But heard that Fidelity ne'er was in France.

The god then to Portugal next took his rout,
 In hopes that in Lisbon he might find her out;
 But there he was told she had mock'd superstition,
 And left it for fear of the grand inquisition.

Being thus disappointed, to Holland he flew,
 And strictly enquired of an eminent Jew;
 When Mordecai readily told him thus much,
 Fidelity never was lik'd by the Dutch.

Arriving in London, he hasten'd to court,
 Where numbers of little great men do resort;
 Who all stood amaz'd, when he ask'd for the dame,
 And swore they had scarce ever heard of the name.

To Westminster Hall did the god next repair,
 In hopes with dame Justice she might be found there;
 For both he enquired; when the court answer'd thus,
 "The persons you mention, sir, ne'er trouble us."

Then bending his course to the Cyprian grove,
 He civilly ask'd of the young god of love;
 The urchin reply'd, "Cou'd you think here to find her,
 "When I and my mother, you know, never mind her?"

"In one only place you can find her on earth,
 "The seat of true friendship, love, freedom, and mirth:
 "To a lodge of Freemasons then quickly repair,
 "And you need not to doubt but you'll meet with her there."

SONG.

Musick, see page 130.

As poverty once, in a fit of despair,
Sat weeping with sorrow, and press'd down with care ;
Smiling Hope came to ask, what her countenance told,
That she was expiring with hunger and cold.

Derry down, &c.

Come, rise, said the sweet smiling cherub of joy,
The anguish you suffer, I'll quickly destroy ;
Take me by the hand ; and your sorrows dispel,
I'll lead you for succor to Charity's cell.

Then poverty rose ; Hope soften'd her pain ;
Though long did they search for the goddess in vain ;
Towns, cities, and countries they travers'd around,
For Charity's bounty was hard to be found.

At length at the door of a Lodge they arriv'd,
Where their spirits, exhausted, the Tyler reviv'd,
Who, when ask'd, as 'twas late, if the dame had gone home ?
Said " No, for kind Charity was last in the room."

The door being open'd, in Poverty came,
Was cherish'd, reliev'd, and caress'd by the dame ;
Whilst each brother present, the vot'ry to save,
Obey'd his own feelings and cheerfully gave.

How poor is the man, who Freemas'nry derides,
Where this lovely virtue forever presides,
In the scriptural maxim let's ever accord,
" What we give to the poor, we but lend to the Lord."

ODE.

WRITTEN BY N. H. WRIGHT.

Musick, see page 134.

How blest is he, whose gen'rous soul
 Will, to the needy, joy impart ;
 Who bids the streams of pity roll,
 To cheer the helpless wand'rer's heart.

The houseless orphan, doom'd to roam,
 Shall oft repeat the good man's name,
 And when he leaves his shelt'ring dome,
 Through ev'ry wand'ring tell his fame.

Nor shall the widow's fervent prayer
 For him, unheeded, rise above,
 But soar to heav'nly regions fair,
 And reach th' Eternal Throne of Love.

For him the matin-song shall rise,
 And evening-vesper soft ascend,
 Imploring God, who rules the skies,
 To bless the child of sorrow's friend,

* And when his earthly course is run,
 His path of duty faithful trod,
 A better world shall view his Sun
 Shine with his SAVIOUR and his GOD.

* *Repeat the last half of the Musick.*

MASON'S ADIEU.

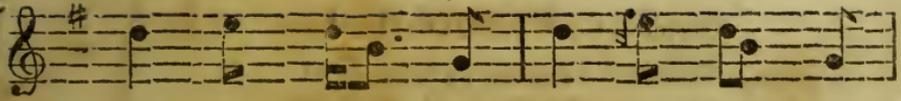
WORDS BY BURNS.

Adieu, a heart warm, fond, adieu,

Ye brothers of our mystic tie; Ye

favour'd and en - - light - - en'd few, Com-

pan - - ions of my social joy; Tho'



I to for - - eign lands must lie, Pur-



su - - ing for - tune's slipp'ry ba'; With



melting heart and brimful eye, I'll



mind you still when far a - - wa.



Oft have I met your social band
 To spend a cheerful, festive night;
 Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
 Presiding o'er the sons of light:
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write,
 Those happy scenes when far awa.

May freedom, harmony and love,
 Cement you in the grand design;
 Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
 The glorious Architect, divine;
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still guided by the plummet's law,
 'Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you, farewell, whose merits claim
 Justly that highest badge to wear,
 May heaven bless your noble name,
 To Masonry and friendship dear;
 My last request permit me then,
 When yearly you assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear;
 To him, your friend, that's far awa.

COME HOPE.

DUET.

MUSICK BY J. H.

ANDANTE EXPRESSIVO.

Come Hope, Come hope, thou queen of
 Come hope,

end - - less smiles, Whose aid the woes of

life be - - - guiles, With thee I'll rove,

With thee I'll rest, Amidst thy sweet en-

chantment · blest, Amidst thy sw - - - - ect

enchantment blest ; With thee I'll rove, With

thee I'll rest, With thee I'll rove, With thee I'll

rest, With thee I'll rove, With thee I'll rest, A-



midst thy sweet enchantment ble - - - st, Amidst thy




sweet enchantment blest, thy sweet enchantment



blest, thy sweet enchantment blest.

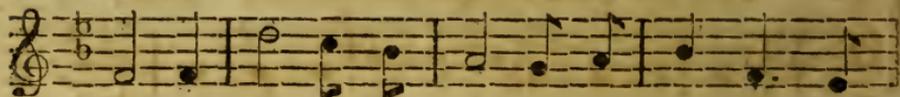
I feel, I feel thy gladsome ray
 Dawn on my soul like rising day ;
 My heart no more shall feel its care,
 For joyful HOPE inhabits there.

ROYAL ARCH SONG.

SOLO. VIVACE.



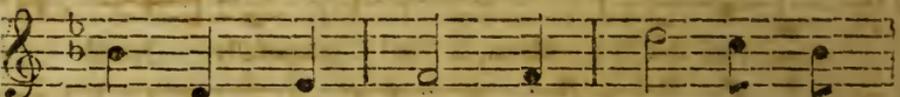
To Old Hiram in heav'n, where he sat in full



glee, A few brother Masons sent up a pe-



ti - - tion, That he their In - spir - er and



Patron would be, To help Mason's



Orphans, and mend their con - - di - - tion.

RUE. T.



The Gods were all mute, When he mention'd the suit, They



gave their consent and do - no - tions to boot :



TRIO.



Then who would not wish, like celestials divine, In a



Then who would not wish, like celestials divine, In a



cause like the present, to cheerfully join?



cause like the present, to cheerfully join?



The messenger flew to our Royal Arch Dome,

Where the Masons were seated, in great expectation—

The Tyler was ready—announc'd he was come,

When the Lodge was resum'd, ev'ry man in his station.

Our Grand Master there,

Fill'd the Royal Arch chair;

When he read—ev'ry Brother with rapture did stare;

Rejoiced! that the Gods, with donations divine,

To assist Mason's Orphans did cheerfully join.

Straight the news was made publick, the brotherhood ran

To announce to all Masons old Hiram's direction;

They bow'd to the summons, and all, to a man,

Put together their mites for the orphan's protection.

Wives, Widows, and Maids,

And men of all trades,

To our Lodge they came running to offer their aids;

And all, to contribute donations who join,

For the Orphans of Masons, are surely divine!

HYMN FOR INSTALLATION.

MUSICK BY J. H.

Soprano. ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.

Tenore. Unto Thee, great God! belong Mystic

Basso. Unto Thee, great God! belong Mystic

rites and sacred song; Lowly bending at thy

rites and sacred song; Lowly bending at thy

shrine, We hail thy majesty divine.

shrine, We hail thy majesty divine.

Glorious Architect above,
 Source of light and source of love ;
 Here thy light and love prevail,
 Hail! Almighty Master hail!

Whilst in yonder regions bright,
 The Sun by day, the Moon by night;
 And the Stars, that gild the sky,
 Blazon forth thy praise on high.

Join Oh Earth; and as you roll
 From East to West, from pole to pole;
 Lift to HIM your grateful lays,
 Join the universal praise.

Warm'd by thy benignant grace,
 Sweet Friendship link'd the human race;
 Pity lodg'd within the breast,
 Charity became her guest.

There the naked, raiment found;
 Sickness, balsam for its wound;
 Sorrow, comfort; hunger, bread
 Strangers, there a welcome shed.

Still to us, O God! dispense
 Thy divine benevolence;
 Teach the tender tear to flow,
 Melting at a Brother's woe.

Like Samaria's son, that we,
 Blest with boundless charity,
 To th' admiring world may prove,
 They dwell in God, who dwell in love.

HYMN FOR CONSECRATION.

* *Musick—See Page 142.*

Master Supreme, accept our praise,
Still bless this consecrated band ;
Parent of Light, illumine our ways,
And guide us by thy sov'reign hand.

May Faith, Hope, Charity, divine,
Here hold their undivided reign ;
Friendship and Harmony combine
To soothe our cares, to banish pain.

May Wisdom here disciples find,
Beauty unfold her thousand charms ;
Science invigorate the mind,
Expand the soul, that virtue warms.

May pity dwell within each breast,
Relief attend the suff'ring poor ;
Thousands by this our Lodge be blest,
'Till worth, distrest, shall want no more :

**In singing this Hymn to the foregoing Musick, it is necessary to use the Appogiatures at the beginning of each line.*

SONG FOR A FESTIVAL.

WRITTEN BY MONTGOMERY.

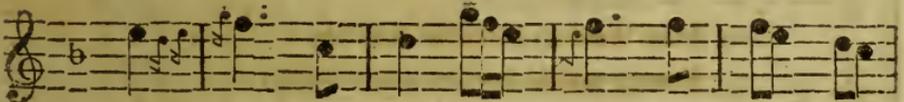
ANDANTE MODERATO.



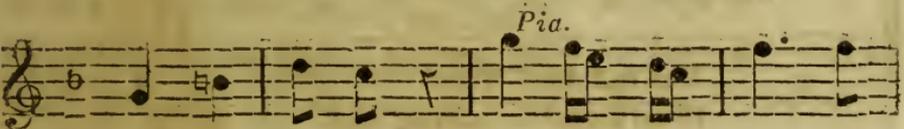
When Friendship, Love and Truth abound A-



mong a band of brothers, The cup



of joy goes gaily round, Each shares the



bliss of others. Sweet roses graze the



thorny way, Along this vale of sorrow;



The flow'rs that shed their leaves to day,

Cres.

Shall bloom a - - gain to - - - mor - row, Shall



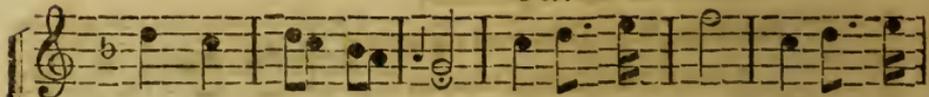
bl - - - - - oom again to - - mor - row.

CHORUS. *Pia.*

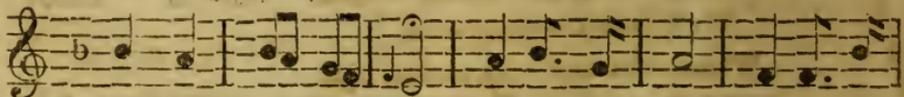
How grand in age, how fair in youth, Are holy



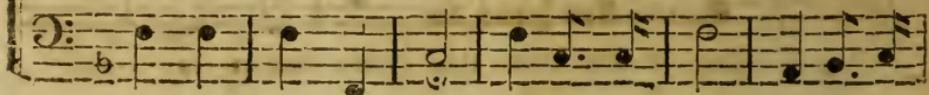
How grand in age, how fair in youth, Are holy

*For.*

Friendship, Love and Truth; How grand in age, How fair in



Friendship, Love and Truth; How grand in age, How fair in



youth, Are holy Friend - ship, Love and Truth.
 youth, Are holy Friend - ship, Love and Truth.
 youth, Are holy Friend - ship, Love and Truth.

On Halcyon wings our moments pass,
 Life's cruel cares beguiling ;
 Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
 In gay good humour smiling ;
 With ermine beard and forelock gray,
 His reverend front adorning,
 He looks like Winter, turn'd to May,
 Night, soften'd into morning.
Chorus—How grand, &c.

From these delightful fountains flow
 Ambrosial rills of pleasure ;
 Can man desire, can heaven bestow
 A more resplendent treasure ?
 Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
 We'll form a constellation,
 Where ev'ry star, with modest light,
 Shall gild his proper station.
Chorus—How grand, &c.

COME ALL NOBLE SOULS.

GLEE.

ALLEGRETTO.

Come, come all noble souls, whose skill in musick's

Come, come all noble souls, whose skill in musick's

art do join in this so - ci - e - ty to bear a part;

art do join in this so - ci - e - ty to bear a part;

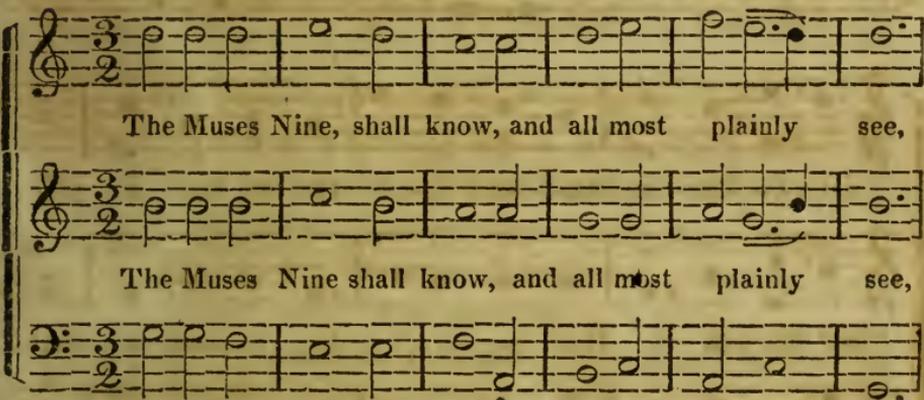
For in this pleasant grove we'll sit, we'll drink and sing,

For in this pleasant grove we'll sit, we'll drink and sing,



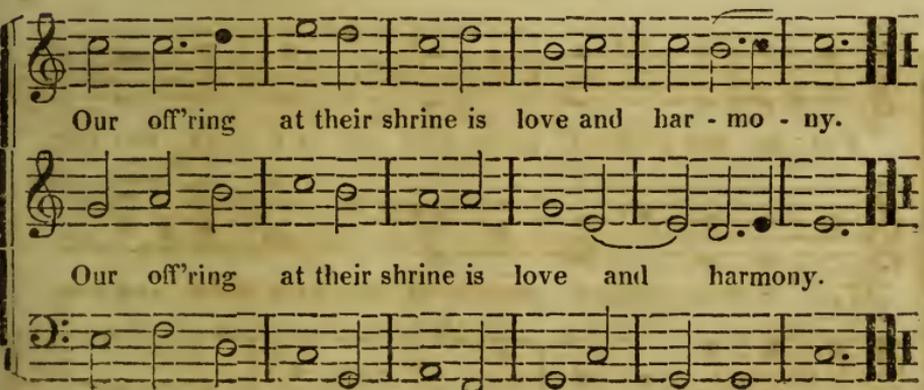
And imitate those cheerful birds now in the spring.

And imitate those cheerful birds now in the spring.



The Muses Nine, shall know, and all most plainly see,

The Muses Nine shall know, and all most plainly see,



Our off'ring at their shrine is love and har - mo - ny.

Our off'ring at their shrine is love and harmony.

SONG FOR ST. JOHN'S FESTIVAL.

WORDS BY BROTHER WM. J. WHIPPLE. ESQ.

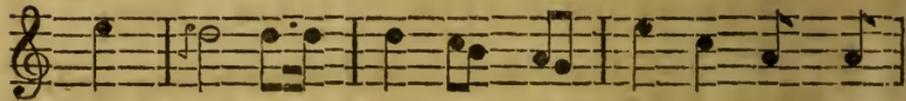
VIVACE.



When chaos in - vest - ed the face of the



deep, And to darkness, con - - fu - sion and discord



gave birth, The fi - at of heaven mid the



tumult was heard, And nature o - - bey'd the



om - - nip - o - tent word. Je - - ho - vah's great



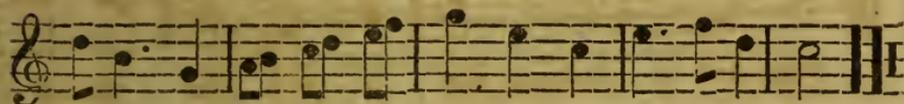
mandate was, 'Let there be light;' And harmony



triumph'd o'er discord and night. Je - - - hovah's great



mandate was, 'Let there be light;' And har - mo - ny



triumph'd, And harmony triumph'd o'er discord and night.

What joy fill'd the earth, when the herald of love,
 On a Mission of mercy dispatch'd from above,
 While the choir of high heaven re-echo'd the strain,
 Proclaim'd "On earth peace, and good will towards men;"
 What raptures ecstatick, were born on the sound,
 That spread the glad tidings creation around.

Thus the moral world joy'd, when the shadows of night
 Were chas'd from the soul by th' effulgence of Light;
 When by Wisdom contriv'd, in Beauty array'd,
 And by strength well supported, our Lodge stood display'd;
 With the "Olive of Peace" Freemasonry rose,
 And dissention was hush'd on the breast of repose.

The guage marks our work, and it measures our space;
 And the gavel prepares the rude mass for its place;
 The plumb, square, and level are tools of our trade;
 And the magical cement the trowel doth spread;
 Relief, Truth and Love our grand principles are,
 And the emblem of innocence joyful we wear.

To perform to acceptance we'er ever inclin'd,
 Our duty to God, to ourselves and mankind;
 Thus our course through this life of probation we steer,
 And when Reason we follow, no danger we fear;
 Our square and our compass are ne'er misapplied,
 Our trust is in God—and his WORD is our guide.

The passage of life to convey us safe o'er,
 While we pray for the breeze, let us ply to the oar;
 To the Grand Lodge in heaven for admission we pray,
 And FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY point out the way,
 To that blest consummation we press gladly on,
 And take for our Model, our PA'TRON, St. Jôhn.

Then in prayer Masons join, to our MASTER above,
 That our lodges on earth may be lodges of love;
 That the whole race of man may hereafter be blest,
 Through Eternity's day in the mansions of rest;
 Then shout, Brethren, shout in harmonious glee,
 In unison shout the meet—"So mote it be."

SONG.

Musick—See page 130.

Behold in a Lodge we dear Brethren are met,
 And in proper order together are set;
 Our secrets to none but ourselves shall be known,
 Our actions to none but Freemasons be shown.
 Derry down, &c.

Let brotherly love be among us reviv'd;
 Let us stand by our laws, that are wisely contriv'd;
 And then all the glorious creation shall see,
 That none are so loving, so friendly as we.

Bursting bright on the view, and saluting the skies,
 See temples and buildings resplendently rise;
 With Wisdom contriv'd, and with Beauty refin'd,
 With Strength to support, and the building to bind.

The noble, grand structures will always proclaim
 What honor is due to a Freemason's name;
 E'en ages to come, when our work they shall see,
 Will strive with each other like us to be free.

What though some of late by their folly would show,
 They fain would deride what they gladly would know;
 Let ev'ry true Brother their folly despise,
 And our ancient grand secrets keep hid from their eyes.

Then, Brethren, let's all put our hand to our heart,
 And resolve from true Masonry ne'er to depart;
 And when the last trumpet on earth shall descend,
 Our Lodge will be clos'd, and our secrets shall end.

ODE.

Proper to be sung at the opening of a Lodge.

LOCK HOS.

ALLEGRETTO. Mezzo For.

What joy, when brethren dwell com-

Instrumental.

Pia.

bin'd, In - spir - ing u - - ni - - - ty of

Cres.

mind; 'Tis like the sacred unc - - - - tion

shed, On Aaron's ven - - - er - a - ble head;

Pia.

When bath'd in fra - gran - - - cy, re-

spire His rev - - - 'rend beard and

For.

rich - - - at - - - tire, His rev - - - 'rend

beard and rich at - - - tire.

Like dews, which, trickling from the sky,
 In pearly drops on Hermon lie ;
 Or balmy vapours, which distil
 On Zion's consecrated hill ;
 For there the Lord his blessing plac'd,
 And these with life eternal grac'd.

HYMN.

Musick, see page 154.

Grant me kind Heav'n what I request,
 In Masonry let me blest;
 Direct me to that happy place,
 Where Friendship smiles in ev'ry face;
 Where freedom and sweet innocence
 Enlarge the mind and cheer the sense.

Where scepter'd Reason, from her throne,
 Surveys the Lodge, that makes us one;
 And harmony's delightful sway,
 Forever sheds ambrosial day;
 Where we blest Eden's pleasure taste,
 And balmy joys are our repast.

Our Lodge the social virtues grace,
 Fair Wisdom's rules we fondly trace;
 While nature, open to our view,
 Points out the paths, we should pursue;
 Let us e'er live in lasting peace,
 And may our happiness increase.

No prying eye can view us here,
 Our mystick secrets we revere;
 Our well form'd laws set mankind free,
 And give relief to misery;
 The poor, oppress'd with want and grief,
 Gain from our liberal hand relief.

ODE TO CHARITY.

HAR. SAC.

MODERATO. *Mezzo For.*

Hail, hail, fairest daughter of the sky, fairest

daughter of the sky; Hail, gentle, lovely

Charity, Hail, gentle, lovely Charity, What

name so fit, to grace our song; To dwell

the length'ning notes among? What name so fit,

to grace our song; To dwell the length'ning

VIVACE.

notes among? To wa - - - ken mu - sick's

no - - blest part, To glad the sympathising

P.

heart, as thine, sweet counterpart of bliss a-

love, Thyself source, guardian, guardian, and re-

ward of love; Thyself source, guardian, guardian,

and reward of love; Thyself source, guardian,

Vivace. F.

guardian and reward of love? D. C. Thee the great

Father of mankind His dele-

gate on earth, on earth as - - sign'd;

P.
Taught thee to bless, ex - - - alt and charm;

Bade thee as - - - pir - - ing na - - - ture

warm; Bade thee as - - - - - pir - - - ing

F.
na - - - - - ture warm; As - - - sist each

bursting virtue's birth, And ripen tender

P.

sense, And ripen tender sense, ripen tender

F.

sense to worth; Gave thee to banish

Dim.

pain, despair and fear, To check th' encroaching

wo and start - - - ing tear.

HYMN FOR DEDICATION,

OR OTHER PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

Words by Rev. Brother T. M. Harris.

Great source of light and love, To thee our

Great source of light and love, To thee our

Great source of light and love, To thee our

Pia.

songs we raise; O, in thy temple,

songs we raise; O, in thy temple,

songs we raise; O, in thy temple

For.

Lord, above, Hear and accept our praise.

Shine on this festive day,
 Succeed its hop'd design :
 And may our Charity display
 A love resembling thine.

May this fraternal band,
 Now consecrated, bless'd,
 In Union all distinguish'd stand,
 In Purity be dress'd.

May all the sons of peace,
 Their ev'ry grace improve ;
 'Till discord thro' the nations cease,
 And all the world be Love.

HYMN.

WORDS BY REV. BROTHER T. M. HARRIS.

Musick, see page 164.

Blest be the tie, that binds
 Our hearts in virtuous love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathising tear.

When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all Eternity.

FUNERAL HYMN.

MUSICK BY HANDEL.

ADAGIO.

Unveil thy bosom, faith - - - ful

Unveil thy bosom, faith - - - ful

tomb, Take this new treasure to

tomb, Take this new treasure to

thy trust, And give these sa - - cred

thy trust, And give these sa - - cred

relics room To slumber in

relics room To slumber in

the si - - - lent dust. And give these

the si - - - lent dust. And give these

sa - - - cred rel - - - ics room To slum-

sa - - - cred rel - - - ics room To slum-

ber in the si - - lent dust.

ber in the si - - lent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the silent sleepers here,
 And Angels watch their soft repose.

So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son,
 Past through the grave, and blest the bed ;
 Rest here, dear Saint, 'till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his high throne, illust'rous Morn,
 Attend, O Earth, his sov'reign word ;
 Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
 He must ascend to meet his Lord.

DIRGE, OR FUNERAL HYMN.

MUSICK BY HANDEL.

Adagio.

Few are our days, those few we dream a-

Few are our days, those few we dream a-

Pia.

way, Sure is our fate, to moulder

way, Sure is our fate, to moulder

For.

in the clay. Rise, immortal soul,

in the clay. Rise, immortal soul,

Pia. *For.*

Above thine earthly fate, Time yet is

Above thine earthly fate, Time yet is

Above thine earthly fate, Time yet is

Pia.

thine, but soon it is too late.

thine, but soon it is too late.

thine, but soon it is too late.

Lo! midnight's gloom invites the pensive mind,
 Pale is the scene, but shadow's there you'll find;
 Rise immortal soul, shun glooms, pursue thy flight.
 Lest hence thy fate be like the gloomy night.

Hark! from the grave, oblivion's doleful tones;
 There shall our names be moulder'd like our bones;
 Rise, immortal soul, that hence thy fame may shine
 Time flies and ends! Eternity is thine.

[ROYAL ARCH HYMN.]

MUSICK BY LOCKHART.

POMPOSO.

Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this

Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this

*Pia.**For.*

barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me

barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me

Pia.

with thy pow'ful hand; Bread of heaven; Bread of

with thy pow'ful hand; Bread of heaven; Bread of

For.

heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through ;
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

DIRGE.

MUSICK BY PLEYEL.

LARGO.

Solemn, strikes the fun'ral chime-- Notes of

Solemn, strikes the fun'ral chime-- Notes of

Solemn, strikes the fun'ral chime-- Notes of

our de - part - ing time, As we journey here

our de - part - ing time, As we journey here

our de - part - ing time, As we journey here

be - - low 'Thro' a pilgrimage of woe.

be - - low 'Thro' a pilgrimage of woe.

be - - low 'Thro' a pilgrimage of woe.

be - - low 'Thro' a pilgrimage of woe.

Mortals, now indulge a tear,
 For *Mortality* is here!
 See, how wide her trophies wave
 O'er the slumbers of the grave!

Here, another Guest we bring!
 Seraphs, of celestial wing,
 To our fun'ral-altar come,
 Waft a *Friend* and *Brother* home.

'There, enlarg'd, his soul will see
 What was veil'd in mystery;
 Heav'nly glories of the place
 Shew his *MAKER*—'face to face.'

LORD of all below, above,
 Fill our souls with *Truth* and *Love*:
 As dissolves our *Earthly Tie*,
 'Take us to thy *Lodge on High*!

TRUTH—AN ODE.

‘Let there be light,’ the first command, That
 ‘Let there be light,’ the first command, That

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

burst from heav'ns ex - - alt - - ed throne! Je-
 burst from heav'ns ex - - alt - - ed throne! Je-

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

ho - - - vah gave the stern de - - cree, And
 ho - - - vah gave the stern de - - cree, And

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

forth im - - - me - - diate radiance shone.

forth im - - - me - - diate radiance shone.

The Sun, that glorious orb of day,
 Was order'd to assume his sphere;
 To shed on earth th' enliv'ning ray,
 To shine abroad from year to year.

But there's a light, a brighter light,
 Than Sun or nature e'er could claim;
 'Tis shed through all creation's space,
 And bears a great and glorious name.

This light has shone since man was born,
 And will e'er shine till world's decay;
 Its brightness far exceeds the morn,
 With it the gloomy night is day.

Then let us search for this great Light,
 Which shines with such refulgence broad;
 Its name is Truth; and that alone
 Can bring our wand'ring souls to God.

HYMN.

HAR. SAC.

ALLEGRETTO.

Father of our fee - - ble race,

Father of our fee - - ble race,

Wise, com - - - pas - sion— Wise, com - - - pas-

Wise, com - - - pas - sion— Wise, com - - - pas-

sion - - - ate and kind; Spread o'er nature's

sion - - - ate and kind; Spread o'er nature's

am - ple face, Flows thy goodness,

Flows thy goodness un - - con - - fin'd.

Musing in the si - lent grove,

Or the busy walks of men, Still

Or the busy walks of men, Still

we trace thy wond'rous love,

we trace thy wond'rous love.

Claiming large re - - - turns a - - gain.

Claiming large re - - - turns a - - gain.

LORD, what off'ring shall we bring

At thine Altar, when we bow ;

Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,

Whence the kind affections flow.

Soft compassion's feeling soul,

By the melting eye express'd ;

Sympathy, at whose control,

Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

Willing hands to lead the blind,

Bind the wound, or feed the poor ;

Love, embracing all mankind,

Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heav'nly King,

Thus to shew our grateful mind ;

Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,

Love to Thee, and all mankind.

GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH.

VIVACE. *Pia.*

Glory to God on high! Let earth and skies reply.

Glory to God on high!

For. *Pia.*

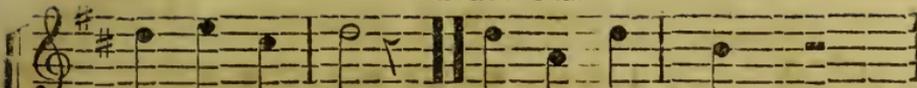
Praise ye his name! His love and grace adore,

Praise ye his name! His love and grace adore,

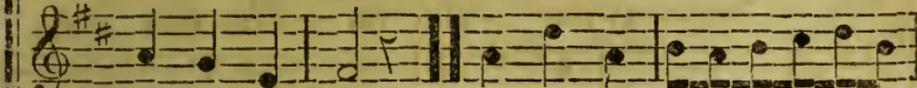
P. *For.*

Who all our sorrows bore, Sing aloud evermore,

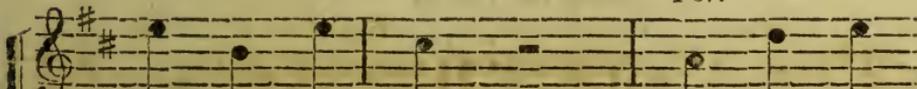
Who all our sorrows bore, Sing aloud evermore.

CHORUS. *Pia.*


Worthy the Lamb! Worthy the Lamb!



Worthy the Lamb! Worthy the Lamb!

For.


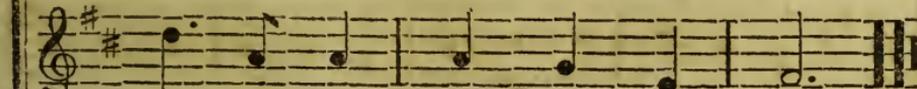
Worthy the Lamb! Sing aloud



Worthy the Lamb! Sing aloud



ev - - er - more, Worthy the Lamb!



ev - - er - more, Worthy the Lamb!

Jesus, our Lord and God,
 'Bore sins' tremendous load,
 Praise ye his name!
 Tell what his arm hath done,
 What spoils from death he won,
 Sing his great name alone,
 Worthy the Lamb!

While they, around the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name;
 Those, who have felt his blood
 Sealing their peace with God,
 Sound his dear fame abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb!

Join all ye ransom'd race,
 Our holy Lord to bless;
 Praise ye his name!
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb!

What, tho' we change our place,
 Yet we shall never cease
 Praising his name!
 To him our songs we bring,
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And without ceasing, sing
 Worthy the Lamb!

Then let the hosts above,
 In realms of endless love,
 Praise his great name!
 To Him ascribed be
 Honour and majesty;
 Through all eternity,
 Worthy the Lamb!

ODE.

Musick—See Page 22.

Hail, mystic Light ! whose holy flame
 Can cheer the weak, the fierce can tame,
 And raise the trembling soul !
 Hail, sacred source of human skill !
 Hail, great director of the will !
 Star of the mental pole !

Hail, Masonry ! thou first, thou last,
 Of all the scope by mind embrac'd ;
 Thou teacher, friend, and guide ;
 'Tis thine to bid the desert smile,
 To raise the science-trophied pile,
 And bind the rushing tide.

What thanks should Western Masons pay,
 Reliev'd from foreign regal sway,
 To see her Rulers deign,
 Inspir'd with sacred zeal, to raise
 The watch-tower of our mortal days,
 Of truth the awful fane.

Rome sees a *Bigot Priest* ascend,
 To persecute each injur'd friend
 Of the masonick ray ;
 And foul *Iberia*, self-undone ;
 Sees now essay her *Regal Son*
 To hide the blaze of day.

Vain—vain the wish—the banner here,
 The good, the wise, the great revere,
 And join the countless throng ;
 Around their Altar while the band,
 In an eternal union, stand,
 And raise the grateful song.

AN ODE

FOR THE FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN.

Musick—See Page 182, as far as Chorus.

E'ER this vast world was made,
 Or its foundation laid,
 A Lodge was held:
 Cherub and Cherubim,
 Seraph and Seraphim,
 Join'd in one glorious hymn
 To three in one.

God their Grand Master was,
 Fix'd their unerring laws;
 By his decree:
 Faith, Hope and Charity;
 Modest humility,
 And noble secrecy,
 All laws divine.

Then to geometrize,
 Built yon grand arch the skies;
 And hung this ball:
 Far as creation hence,
 Through the dark void immense
 Did light and joys dispense
 While Angels sung.

Thus was this fabrick rais'd,
 While hosts angelick gaz'd,
 In God's Grand Lodge:

While all the spheres sublime,
 In one harmonious chime,
 Hail'd the grand birth of time,
 Masonry's date.

God then their Master Grand,
 To Angels gave command,
 Assume your wings:
 To bless the world around
 Bear these glad tidings down;
 Let Masonry resound,
 Throughout the globe.

Thus pure from Heaven on high,
 Ev'n from yon blue arch'd sky,
 Came down our art:
 Pure as our aprons white,
 Or snow on Andes' height;
 Then with supreme delight
 Its truths unfold.

And may our constant theme,
 Lauding our King supreme,
 Be grateful love:

May we when'er we meet,
 Chant Allelujahs sweet,
 And three times three repeat,
 Jehovah's praise.

} *Chorus, three times.*

ENTERED APPRENTICES' SONG.

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

Come let us prepare, We brothers that are As-

sembled on merry occasion; Let's be happy and sing, For

life is a spring, To a Free and an Accepted Mason.

The world is in pain
 Our secrets to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on :
 They ne'er can divine
 The word or the sign
 Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

'Tis *This* and 'tis *That*,
 They cannot tell *what*,
 Why so many great men in the nation
 Should aprons put on,
 'To make themselves one
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

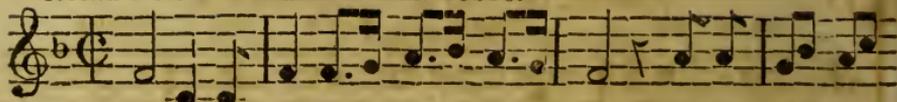
Great kings, dukes and lords,
 Have laid by their swords,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on ;
 And thought themselves fam'd,
 To have themselves nam'd
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
 And just to the fair,
 They'll trust us on any occasion ;
 No mortal can more
 The ladies adore
 Than a free and an Accepted Mason.

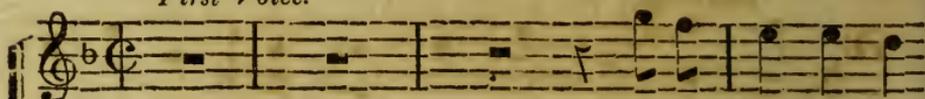
Then join hand in hand,
 By each Brother firm stand,
 Let's be merry, and put a bright face on ;
 What mortal can boast }
 So noble a toast } *Chorus, 3 times.*
 As a Free and an Accepted Mason ? }

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

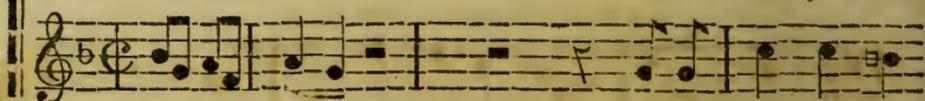
GLEE—FOR THREE VOICES.

Second Voice. MODERATO GRAN GUSTO.

Blow, warder, blow thy sounding horn, And thy banner

First Voice.

in the holy land,



wave on high,

in the holy land,



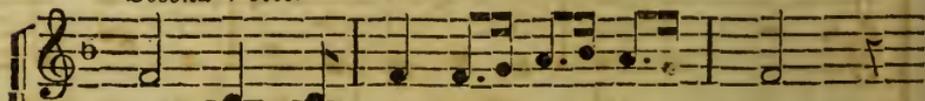
For the Christians have fought in the holy land,



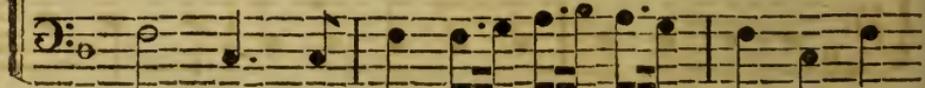
And have won the victory, And have won the victory.



And have won the victory, And have won the victory.

*Second Voice.*

Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,



his horn

And his banner wav'd on high;

Bass Solo.

Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,

And the feast, the feast eat mer - ri - - ly.

First Voice.

Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung, And the

And the

feast, the feast eat merrily. Let the mass be sung,

eat merrily. Let the mass be sung,

feast, the feast eat merrily.

and the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat

and the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat

merrily, the feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.

merrily, the feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.

First Voice. Solo.

The warder look'd from his tow'r on high, As far as he could see:

I see a bold Knight, and by his red Cross, He

I see a bold Knight, and by his red Cross, He

comes from the east country. Then loud the warder
comes from the east country,

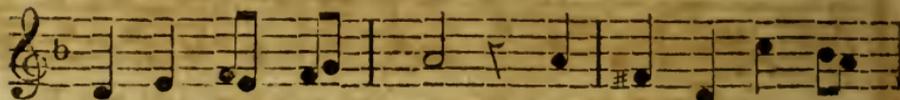
blew his horn, And call'd till he was hoarse;

I see a bold Knight, and on his shield
I see a bold Knight, and on his shield

bright He beareth a flaming Cross.
bright He beareth a flaming Cross.

Second voice.

Then down the Lord of the [#]castle came, The



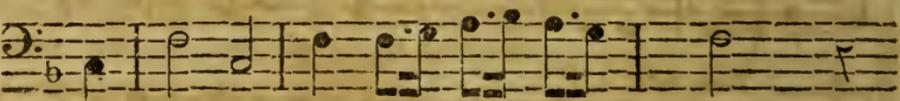
Red Cross Knight to meet, And when the Red Cross



Knight he esp'd, Right loving he did him greet.

First voice.

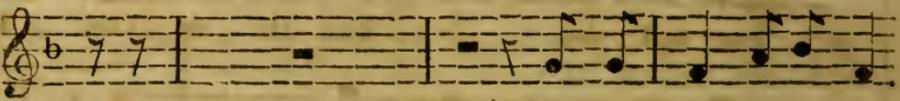
Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight



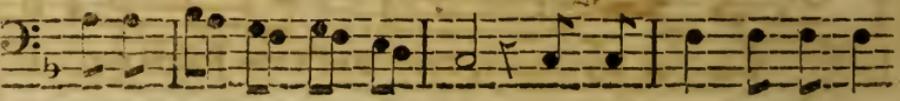
Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross Knight,



For thy flame's well known to me; And the mass shall be sung,



For thy flame's well known to me; And the mass shall be sung,



and the bells shall be rung, And we'll feast right merrily.

and the bells shall be rung, And we'll feast right merrily.

merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, merrily.

merrily, And we'll feast right merrily, merrily, merrily.

Bass Solo.

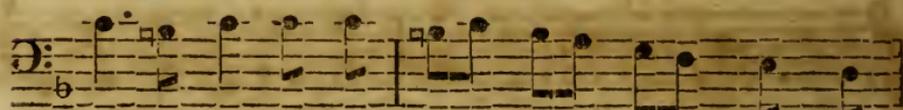
O, I am come from the holy land, Where saints did

live and die, Be - - hold the de - vice I

bear on my shield, The Red Cross Knight am I:



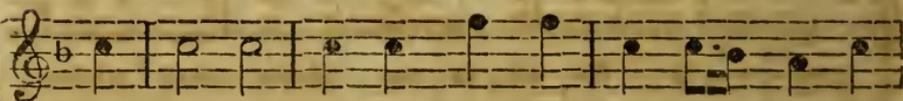
And we have fought in the holy land, And we've won the



vic - to - ry, For with val - - iant might did the



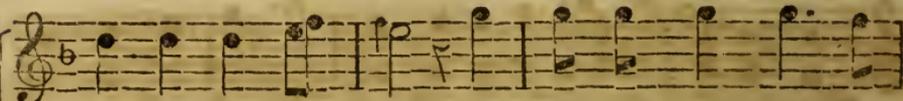
Christians fight, And made the proud Pagans fly.



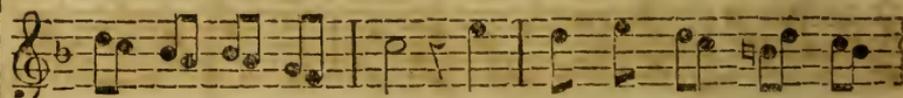
Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight, Come



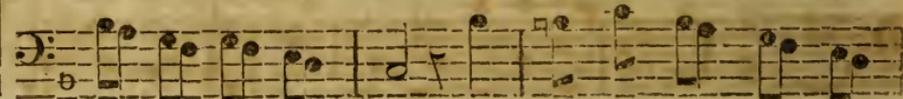
Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight, Come



lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings



lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings



thou dost bring, We'll feast us merrily, merrily,

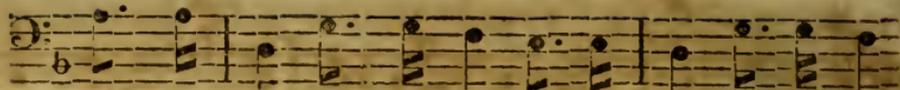
thou dost bring, We'll feast us merrily, merrily,

mer - ri - ly. For all in my castle shall rejoice

mer - ri - ly. For all in my castle shall rejoice

That we've won the victory, That we've won the victory :

That we've won the victory, That we've won the victory :

Bass Solo.

And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,



And the feast eat merrily, mer - ri - ly.

Air Solo.

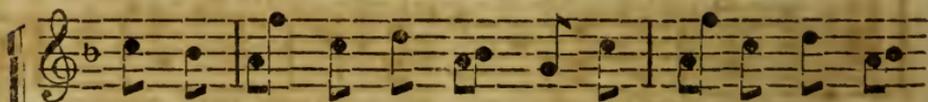
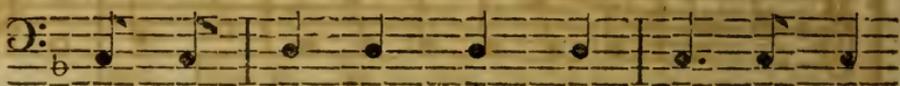
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,



And the feast, the feast eat mer - - ri - - ly.



And the feast, the feast eat mer - - ri - - ly.



And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,



And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,



And the feast, the feast eat mer - ri - - ly, The

And the feast, the feast eat mer - ri - - ly, The,

feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.

feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.

CATCH.

FOR THREE VOICES.

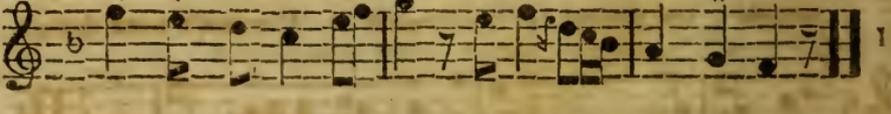
1  Di - - vine Cecelia, goddess, heav'nly

2  That we to nations, yet unborn, may

3  Then shall this day for ever sacred

 maid, Bless us, thy humble vot'ries, with thine aid;

 prove, That musick is the only food for love,

 be, T'o thee, bright saint, to love and harmony.

SONG.

Andante Affettuoso.

Oh! think when misfortune has wither'd the heart, How



cheering a brother to find; What blessings the



voice of a friend can impart To the drooping, dis-



consolate mind! The hand, grasp'd in friendship, dif-



fuses a charm, Can smooth the deep furrows of care;



Can fate's stern decree of its terrors disarm, And



banish the gloom of despair. Can fate's stern decree



of its terrors disarm, And banish the gloom of despair.

SONG.

WRITTEN BY N. H. WRIGHT.

Allegretto. Mezza Voce.

Ah! why should the heart be depress'd, When its



fondness is treated with scorn? The couch, that with



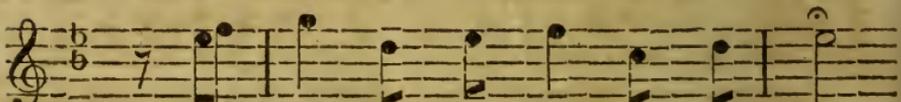
roses is dress'd, In its softness conceals a rude



thorn, In its softness conceals a rude thorn,



In its softness conceals a rude thorn,



The couch, that with roses is dress'd,



In its softness conceals a rude thorn.

The bright eye of beauty may beam
 With a light, like the meteor glare ;
 But her victim may wake from his dream,
 And hope may be chang'd to despair.

Like the rainbow, which shines from the cloud,
 Her allurements awhile may deceive ;
 Till joy is enwrapp'd in a shroud,
 And the mourner is left but to grieve.

But Friendship has charms, which endure,
 Its birth was in regions above ;
 'Tis a passion, like heaven, most pure,
 For it sprang from the fountain of love.

Then let not the heart be depress'd,
 If one treat its fondness with scorn ;
 It may find in a Brother's warm breast
 The rose, that conceals not a thorn.

HARK! THE HIRAM.

CATCH.

1
Hark! the Hi - ram sounds to close, And

2
Hark, the clock re - peats high twelve, It

3
Coming, coming, coming, sir, the stewards cry, With a

we from work are free; We'll drink and sing, to

can't strike more we all well know, Then ring, ring, ring, ring,

bowl to soothe all care, We're a social set, on the

Hiram king, And the craft, with a cheerful three times three.

ring the bell For another bowl before we go.

1
leave met, And we always part upon the square.

EPILOGUE.

CLOATH'D with this honour'd Badge, I now appear,
Owning myself a MASON ;

.
. . . What our Order teaches I will shew ;
The lessons you *must* love—when once you know.
It always bids us humbly to adore
TH' ALMIGHTY ARCHITECT,—by whose great pow'r
The universe was built ;—to his decree,
Which wisdom ever guides, resign'd to be.
It makes us zealous in our country's cause,
True to its rulers, faithful to its laws ;
Forever bids us, with the strictest care,
To act with all the world upon the square ;
Never to publish a frail neighbour's shame,
Or filch away a brother's honest name ;
'To be sincere ;—his secrets ne'er reveal,
And him to serve, with fervency and zeal.
With true PHILANTHROPY it warms our breast,
With useful zeal to succour the distress'd ;
Bids us shew mercy, when we have the pow'r,
And to the houseless stranger ope the door ;
The naked with warm vestments to infold,
And guard the shiv'ring wand'ers from the cold ;
'To feed the hungry—bid them *eat* and live,
And to the thirsty lip the cup to give ;
To visit wretches tortur'd by disease,
Make smooth their bed, and pour the balm of ease.
'The widow's tale, the orphan's cry to hear,
And from their eyes wipe off affliction's tear
" To know each office, each endearing tie,
" Of soft-eyed, heav'n-descended CHARITY.

EPILOGUE.

Upright it bids us walk ;—to put a rein
On sensual appetites,—and pride restrain.
It roots out narrow notions from the mind,
And plants a gen'rous love for all mankind;
Regards not modes of faith, but cries, unite
With ALL, who work by the nice rule of right ;
All have one Father ;—all good men and true,
In diff'rent roads, the same great end pursue.
When to the LODGE we go—that happy place,
There, faithful Friendship smiles in ev'ry face.
What tho' our joys are hid from public view,
They on *reflection* please, and must be true.
'The Lodge, the social virtues fondly love ;
There, wisdom's rules we trace, and so improve :
There we, (in moral architecture skill'd)
Dungeons for Vice—for Virtue temples build ;
Whilst sceptred reason from her steady throne,
Well pleas'd surveys us all, and makes us one.
There Concord and Decorum bear the sway,
And *moral* Musick tunes th' instructive lay :
There on a pleasing level all appear,
And Merit only is distinguish'd *there*.
Fraternal Love and Friendship *there* increase,
And decent Freedom reigns, and lasting Peace.
SECRETS we have—and those we gladly shew
To PROPER PERSONS—who apply to know.

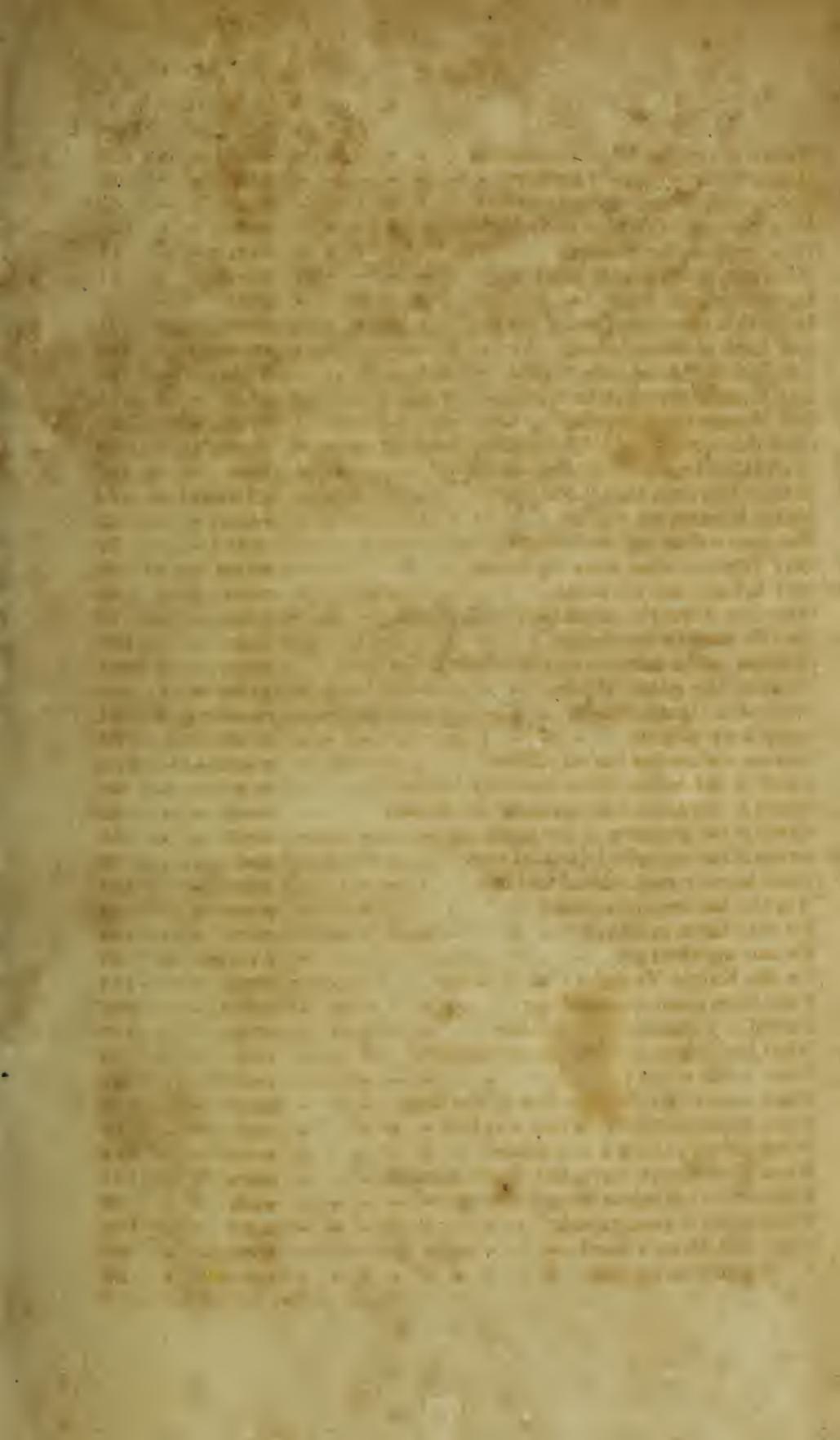
.....
Thus I the lessons, which we're taught, have shewn,
Which surely *must* be lov'd, as soon as known ;
If e'er with these, our actions disagree,
Censure the MEN—but blame not Masonry :
We do not blame, when christians go astray,
The light, that came from heav'n to shew their way.

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