MASONICK

MELODIES
NOTE:


Lilynne is a talented pianist and singer, who distinguishes herself by playing for a large number of Masonic events, including Master Masons’ Installations; thus her familiarity, devotion and following of the music of the Master Mason’s antiquity.

It should be appreciated that Freemasonry composes a unique culture, which embodies all of the arts – including Masonic music.
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 shown 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.

Acknowledgements.

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.
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 MASTONS.


BY BR. LUKE EASTMAN.

"Music we have too ........
Yet no base strain excite unchaste desire,
No unwonten sounds profane Urania's lyre—
There Concord and Decorum bear the sway,
And moral music tunes the instructive lay—
For thee shall Music strike the harmonious lyre,
And while she charms the ear, Morality inspires—"

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

1818,
District of Massachusetts, to wit:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-first day of January,
(L. S.) A. D. 1813, 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:

"Masonic Melodies, being a choice selection of the most approved Masonic Songs, Duets, Glee, Catches, Cannons, Hyms, Odes, Dirges and Choruses, appropriate to all Masonic 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 unwhaste desire,
No wanton sounds profane Urania's lyre—
There onde ord 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.
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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, Glee's, &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. 26, A. L. 5817.
PROLOGUE.

As lately, brethren, from the lodge I came,
Warmed 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 Astraea plac'd,
And soft-ey'd Charity the other grace'd;
Humanity, the general friend, was there,
And Pity, dropping the pathetic tear:
There too was Order;—there with rosy mien
Blithe Temperance shone, and white rob'd Truth was seen:
There, with a key, suspended to his breast,
Silence appear'd;—his lips his finger press'd:
With these, soft warbling an instructive song,
Sweet Music, gaily smiling, tripp'd along.
Wild laughter, clam'rous noise, and mirth ill broil.
The brood of folly, at his presence fled.
The Genius spoke,—"My son, observe my train.
"Which, of my order different parts explain,
"Look up—behold the bright Astraea 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;
"Temperance 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.
Fort, or Forte, 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.
Mezzo voce, implies a moderate strength of voice, and a delicate
and pleasing style.
Mezzo Forte, moderately loud—not so loud as Forte.
Moderato, moderate.
Piano, or Piu, 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 "parting," 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'Almighty spoke!

Second Voice.

"Let there be Light!" th'Almighty spoke!

Bass.

Refulgent streams from chaos broke,

Refulgent streams from chaos broke,

2d verse.  Parent of Light! accept our praise,

Who shed'st on us thine brightest rays,

3d verse.  The widow's tear, the orphan's cry.

All wants our ready hands supply.
T'il lume the rising earth!

Pian.

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

Cres.

The Pow'r supreme pronounc'd it good,

2d verse. The light, that fills the mind;
By choice selected, let we stand,
By friendship join'd, a social band,

3d verse. As far as pow'r is giv'n:
The naked cloth'd, the pris'ner free,
These are thy works, sweet Charity;
For.

And gave the planets birth!

And gave the planets 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.

Piu.

Cres.

Hail! mysterious, glorious science, Hail! mysterious, glorious science, Hail! mysterious, glorious science, Which to discord bids defiance, Harmony.
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

raisd us From the rugged path, that maz'd us, To the
Light, that we revere,
To the Light, that we revere.
Hail, mysterious, glorious science,
glorious science, Which to discord gives de-

Pia.

finance, Harmony a - lone reigns here,

For.

Har - mo - ny a - lone reigns here.
CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Andante.

How great is the pleasure, how

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-geth-er 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! mysterious, hail, glorious Masonry;

That makes us ever great and free.

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 Clarity;
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-masonry aloud proclaim, To realms and worlds unknown:

Arise, and blow thy trumpet, Fame! Free-masonry aloud proclaim, To realms and worlds unknown:

Arise, and blow thy trumpet, Fame! Free-masonry aloud proclaim, To realms and worlds unknown:
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 praise'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 Heaven's has fix'd it here on earth,
A type of future bliss!
GLEE.

Muirick, 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! Masonry divine! Glory 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!
lodges stand, May they have great command, And

lodges 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 Is’r’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, Mysterious pow'rs a-
dor'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 witt'rd 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 abhor'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 deplo'red,
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.

Glorious Art! which fires the mind With sweet Harmony and Love; Surely thou wast first design'd, A foretaste of the joys above, 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 never felt can know, How

Ah, who that never felt can know, How

heavy hangs the day, When all the heart holds

heavy hangs the day, When all the heart holds

dear below Is absent far away. Ah,

dear below Is absent far away. Ah,
who, that never felt, can tell how swiftly flies the hour, Which at last, dangers past, brings back joys, withering fast, life's a sky, over joys, withering fast, life's a sky, over

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

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

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

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.**

**Almighty Father! God of Love! Saviour!**

**Bassoon.**

Cried, eternal king of kings! From thy celestial courts above, Send beams of grace on seraph's wings; O!
may they, gild with light divine, Shed
on our hearts inspiring rays; While

Expressivo.  

Lentando.

bending at this sacred shrine, While

Cres.  
ad lib.  

a tempo.

bending at this sacred shrine, We offer
mystic songs of praise.

Faith! with divine and heav’ward 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 unmov'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, of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy;
Painted vapour glow-worm fire,
Temperate sweet, that never can cloy:

Hope, thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find:
Both. *Mezzo For.*

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

Deal out pleas- ures un-pos-sest;

With thy dreams my fan- ncy fill,

And in wish-es make me blesf.
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?

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

sigh, Let us praise thy hon - our'd name, By
loving truly 'till we die, By loving truly.
truly, By loving truly, By loving truly, 'till we die.
CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Vivace.

1. To our mysti-cal Art! be long
2. May concord and har-mo-ny,
3. When our mu-sick with sen-ti-ment

life and pro-sur-ity, May it flour-ish with
ever a-bound, And di-vi-sions here
chastely com-bines, Pure friend-ship shall
us, and so on to pos-ter-i-ty;
on-ly in our musick be found;

riv-et what har-mon-y joins.
IN TIMES OF OLD DATE.

SONG.

In times of old date, when, as stories relate, Good men to the gods had admission;

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

By offering an humble petition.

Some few, who remained in their morals unstain’d,

Submissively made application,

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

To shield them from wicked invasion.
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' various employments were skil'd in;
Each handled his tool, 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 gilder.

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 c'wr 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.

Gather your roses while you may,

Gather your roses while you may,

Old time is ever flying,

Old time is ever flying,

And that same flow'r, which smiles to day,

And that same flow'r, which smiles to day,
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?

LARGO.

DUET.

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

friends to sev-er! 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 faithful, so true, so
so faithful, so true,
true, so faithful, Go, and may bliss,
so true, so faithful,

\textit{ad lib.} 1

Go, and may bliss, may bliss be-
tide thee. So
2. a tempo, pianissimo.

Each guardian angel ever guide; For ever more adieu! for ever more, for ever more, for ever more, adieu! adieu! adieu!
'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Andante Affetuoso.

'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

Ad lib. A tempo.

Rose-bud is nigh, To reflect 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.

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,

And dear shall be the night we parted, And dear shall
leitando.

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

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

with the lapse of time decay, 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
meet, Fill high to him, Fill high to him,

Fill high to him that's far away! far away!

Fill high, Fill high, Fill high,

Fill high, Fill high, Fill high,

Fill high to him that's far away!
Moderato Expressivo.

Long be the flame of memory found,

Alive within your social glass, long be the flame of memory found,

Alive within your social
social glass, 
Alive within your's
ALLEGRO. Piu.

social glass. Let that be still the
social glass. Let that be

Cres.

magic round. Let that be still the magic round,
still the magic round, be still the magic round,

Piu. Cres.

O'er which oblivion dares not pass, Let
O'er which oblivion 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 obli-vion
round, the magick round, O'er which obli-vion
dares not pass, Let that be still the magick round, the
dares not pass, Let that be still the magick
mag-ick round, mag-ick round,
64

Ad lib.

O'er which oblivion 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-honour'd his
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.

ANDANTE. Piu.

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

Mezza voce.

Peace to thy gentle

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
Death's but the gate to immortality,
gate to immortality, to immortality, the gate to immortality,
SWEET IS THE MEMORY.

DUET......WORDS BY BROTHER GARDNER.

Moderato Affettuoso.

Sweet is the memory of the night,

When first we saw the secret light;

Dear to our souls shall ever be

The mysteries of Masonry.
Grateful to thee our hearts we bend,
O Masonry, 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 canst 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
tell the Art, which guides the spheres, Blest Ma-son-

Sweet Min-strel, who to mortal ears Can'st
tell the Art, which guides the spheres, Blest Mason-

tell the Art, which guides the spheres, Blest Ma-son-
ry, all hail! With nature's birth thy laws began
ry, all hail!
ry, all hail! With nature's birth thy laws began

To rule on earth fraternal man, And still in

To rule on earth fraternal 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 fraternal man, And

To rule on earth fraternal man,

To rule on earth fraternal man, And
still in heav'n prevail.
And still in heav'n prevail.
still in heav'n prevail.

O'er matter's modes thy mystick away
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 provide,
When wayward fate beguiles;
The tears, thou shedst 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 lovest 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.

ALLEGRO. Dolce.

Praise the Grand Master, Praise the Grand Dolce.

Praise the Grand Master, Praise the Grand Master of the

Praise the Grand Master,
Finis.

**Universal Lodge. Praise the Grand Master,**

**For.**

Praise the Grand Master of the **Universal 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, Praise the Grand Master of the

Praise the Grand Master,

Praise the Grand Master,

**Universal Lodge. Praise the Grand Master,**

**For.**

Praise the Grand Master of the **Universal Lodge.**
ODE FOR DEDICATION.

Tempo di Marcia.

Hail, to the day! when assembled in Union,

Springs, at the altar of Friendship and Truth, Pledge

of our fairest, our dearest communion, The flow-

ret, which blooms in perennial youth. Hail, to the

day! when assembled in Union, Springs, at the altar of Friendship and Truth, Pledge of our fairest, our

dear est commu - nion, The flow' ret, which blooms in per-
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' nest
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 flowers 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-

Let Masonry from pole to pole, Her sacred laws ex-
Pand, far as the mighty waters roll, to wash remotest land, to wash remotest land: That virtue has not left mankind, her social maxims prove; For
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.
HUMANITY.

SONG........BY J. H.

Humanity's soft gentle band Unites us to each other; And every heart and

every band Should try to save a brother.

Not only should the kindred tie Incline us to

be kind; But every tear, that dims the eye,

should wound the feeling mind.

We're children of one family,

And earth, our common mother:

When sorrow and distress we see,

With joy relieve a brother.

Humanity! thou gift divine,

The mind is cold and dark,

That will not to thy voice incline.

Nor feel the pitting spark.
MARK MASTER'S SONG.

TO BE SUNG DURING THE CLOSING CEREMONY.

Mark Masters, all appear Before the

Mark Masters, all appear Before the

Mark Masters, all appear Before the

Chief O'eraseer, in concert move; Let him your

Chief O'eraseer, in concert move; Let him your

Chief O'eraseer, in concert move; Let him your
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 defect, He will approve.
no defect, He will approve.
no defect, He will approve.

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 31st 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 fools
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.
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
proudly 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 silver halo o'er thy head.

BOTH. For. Cres.

No ruffian, lawless steps intrude To blast the joys of solitude; But peace and meditation dwell, Sweet inmates of the hermit's cell.
To quench thy thirst the rock shall flow,
To feed thee sweetest fruits shall grow,
Soft dreams shall nature's waste repair,
Then deign an hermit's but to share.
WIND GENTLE EVERGREEN.

CATCH—FOR THREE VOICES.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade,
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,

Around the tomb, where Sophocles is laid:
With blushing roses and the clasping vine:
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.
HENCE FOREVER, BANEFUL SORROW.

GLEE—FOR THREE VOICES.

ANDANTE. \textit{Pia.}

\begin{align*}
&\text{Hence, for ever baneful sorrow! Heart} \\
&\text{corroding cares, away! Why should bodings}
\end{align*}
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, Harmony and Peace, Toasting round our
dom, Harmony and Peace, Toasting round our

dom, Harmony and Peace, Toasting round our

fav’rite lasses, Toasting calm and lasting bliss.
fav’rite lasses, Toasting calm 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, So-
cure from flattery'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-
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 Deity's word Through all chaos was heard, And the universe rose at the sound; And the universe 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, Charity! thou heav'nly grace,
O, Charity! thou heav'nly grace,

All tender, soft and kind; A friend to
All tender, soft and kind; A friend to

all the human race, To all, that's
all the human race, To all, that's
good and kind. The man of charity extends to all his liberal hand;

His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,
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'ly King! Before whose sacred name we bend, Accept the praises, which we sing, And to our humble pray'r attend; Thou, who didst Persia's king command 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, This 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 name,
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’n’s 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
temple's completed, Exalt high each voice:

Cres.

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 Israel, exalting their fame; To

tribes of old Israel, exalting their fame; To
Companions assemble
On this joyful day,
Th' occasion is glorious,
The key-stone to lay;
Fulfilled is the promise
By the Ancient of Days,
To bring forth the capstone,
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.

CLEE....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 vexation They shall find alas!

Nothing but vexation They shall find, alas!

Shipwreck'd sailors we, On life's flattering sea,

Shipwreck'd sailors we, On life's flattering
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-

action Who their hopes would place, Nothing

but vexation they shall find, alas!

but vexation they shall find, alas!
BY SHADY WOODS.

CATCH—FOR THREE VOICES.

1

By shady woods and purling

2

And would not for the world be

3

For who, alas! can happy

Streams, I spend my life in pleasing dreams.

Taught To change my false, delightful thought:

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.
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 found — — — — — — 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.

VIVACE.

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 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 he 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,
Degrading 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 adamantine chain.
HAIL SACRED ART.

HYMN.

Andante.

Hail! sacred art! by Heav’n design’d

Hail! sacred art! by Heav’n design’d

A gracious blessing for mankind;

A gracious blessing for mankind;

Peace, joy and love thou dost bestow,

Peace, joy and love thou dost bestow,
us thy votaries below. Bright slow, On us thy votaries below. Bright wisdom's footsteps here we trace, From Solomon, from Solomon, From Solomon, from Solomon,
Solomon, the prince of peace,

Whose righteous maxims still we hold

More precious than rich Ophir's gold.

Solomon, the prince of peace,

Whose righteous maxims still we hold

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.

L.H.D.

To the Knight Templar's awful dome, Where glorious 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 suote,
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 see them, see them move; But the bird, that shares our dwelling, Is the mild and gentle dove. But the bird, that shares our
dwellings, is the mild and gentle dove, is the mild and gentle 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

with oppressive light; But the moonshine,
mild and tender, Long detains the lover's sight; But the moonshine, mild and
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.

ANDANTE VIVACE.

SONG.

Fidelity 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' he intended re-

turning no more, Derry down, down, down, derry down.
Then Merely 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'ny deicides,
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'ring 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.
MAISON'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 foreign lands must hie, Pursuing fortune's slipp'ry ba'; With melting heart and brimful eye, I'll mind you still when far a-way.
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 he-guiles, With thee I'll rove,

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

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 blest, Amidst thy sweet enchantment blest,

sweet enchantment blest, thy sweet enchantment blest.

Ad lib. A Tempo.

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.

SOLDIERS.

VIVACE.

To Old Hiram in heav'n, where he sat in full glee, A few brother Masons sent up a petition, That he their Inspirer and Patron would be, To help Mason's Orphans, and mend their condition.

DEUET.

The Gods were all mute, When he mention'd the suit, They gave their consent and donations to boot:
Trio.

Then who would not wish, like celestials divine, In a
cause like the present, to cheerfully join?  

The messenger flew to our Royal Arch Dome,
Where the Masons were seated, in great expectation—
The Tyte was ready—announced he was come,
When the Lodge was resumed, ev'ry man in his station.
Our Grand Master there,
Fell'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.

Tenor. Unto Thee, great God! belong

Mystic rites and sacred song; Lowly bending at thy shrine, We hail thy majesty divine.

Basso. Unto Thee, great God! belong

Mystic rites and sacred song; Lowly bending at thy 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 sovereign 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 suffering poor;
Thousands by this our Lodge be blest,
'Till worth, distress, 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 Among a band of brothers, The cup of joy goes gaily round, Each shares the bliss of others. Sweet roses grace the thorny way. Along this vale of sorrow; The flowers that shed their leaves today.
Shall bloom again tomorrow, shall bloom again tomorrow.

Chorus. Fin.

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

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

ALLEGRO.

Come, come all noble souls, whose skill in musick's
art do join in this society to bear a part;

For in this pleasant grove we'll sit, we'll drink and sing,
And imitate those cheerful birds now in the spring.

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

Our offering at their shrine is love and harmony.
SONG FOR ST. JOHN'S FESTIVAL.

WORDS BY BROTHER WM. J. WHIPPLE, ESQ.

VIVACE.

When chaos invested the face of the deep, And to darkness, confusion and discord gave birth, The fiat of heaven mid the tumult was heard, And nature obey'd the omnipotent word. Jehovah's great mandate was, 'Let there be light;' And harmony
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 PATRON, St. John.

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, etc.

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 never 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-

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

mind; 'Tis like the sacred un-e-ction
shed, On Aaron's venerable head;

Pia.

When bath'd in fragrancy, re-

spire His reverend heard and
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.

MODOERATO. 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
heart, as thine, sweet counterpart of bliss above, Thyself source, guardian, guardian, and ward of love; Thyself source, guardian, guardian, and reward of love; Thyself source, guardian,
Vivace. F.

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

Father of mankind His dele-
gate on earth, on earth as-sign'd;

Taught thee to bless, ex-alt and charm.
Bade thee aspiring nature

warm; Bade thee aspiring

nature warm; Assist each

bursting virtue's birth, And ripen tender
sense. And ripen tender sense, ripen tender

sense to worth; Gave thee to banish

pain, despair and fear, To check th' encroaching

woe and starting 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

Pian.

songs we raise; O, in thy temple,

songs we raise; O, in thy temple,

songs we raise; O, in thy temple
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.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful

Unveil thy bosom, faithful

tomb, Take this new treasure to
tomb, Take this new treasure to

thy trust, And give these sacred
thy trust, And give these sacred
relics room To slumber in

the silent dust. And give these

sacred relics room To slumber in

sacred relics room To slumber in
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 away,
Sure is our fate, to moulder in the clay.
Rise, immortal soul,

Pia.

way, Sure is our fate, to moulder

For.

in the clay. Rise, immortal soul,
Above thine earthly fate, Time yet is
Above thine earthly fate, Time yet is

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.

Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven; Bread of

For.

Pia.

Pia.
Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
    Strong Deliverer,
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;
    Sons 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.
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,
Wait a Friend and Brother home.

There, enlarg'd, his soul will see
What was veil'd in mystery;
Hea'ny 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
burst from heav’ns exalted throne! Je-
ho-vah gave the stern decree, And
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.

ALLEGRO.

Father of our feeble race,

Wise, compassionate,

and kind; Spread o'er nature's

drive
ample face, Flows thy goodness,

ample face, Flows thy goodness,

Flows thy goodness unconfined.

Flows thy goodness unconfined.

Musing in the silent grove,

Musing in the silent grove.

89
Or the busy walks of men, Still we trace thy wondrous love.

Claiming large returns again.

Claiming large returns again.
LORD, what offering 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 offering bring,
Love to Thee, and all mankind.
GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH.

Vivace. Pia. L.H.D

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

ever-more, Worthy the Lamb!

ever-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,
   Praise 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
   Praise 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.

Music—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 fabric 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 whene'er we meet,
Chant Alleluja's sweet,
And three times three repeat,
Jehovah's praise.
ENTERED APPRENTICES' SONG.

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

Come let us prepare, We brothers that are As-
semble'd on merry occasion; Let's be happy and sing, For

Come let us prepare, We brothers that are As-
semble'd on merry occasion; Let's be happy and sing, For

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

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 mystery 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
As a Free and an Accepted Mason? {Chorus, 3 times}
THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

Glee—For Three Voices.


Blow, warden, 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 warden 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 merrily.

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
merrily, the feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.

First Voice. Solo.

The warden 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 espied, 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 we have fought in the holy land, And we've won the victory, For with valiant might did the Christians fight, And made the proud Pagans fly.

Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight, Come lay thy armour by, And for the good tidings
thou dost bring, We'll feast us merrily, merrily

merri ly. For all in my castle shall rejoice

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, merrily.

Air Solo.

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

And the feast, the feast eat merrily.

And the feast, the feast eat merrily.

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 merrily, The:

And the feast, the feast eat merrily, The:

feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.

feast eat merrily, merrily, merrily.
CATCH.

FOR THREE VOICES.

Divine Cecelia, goddess, heav'nly

That we to nations, yet unborn, may

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, To thee, bright saint, to love and harmony.
SONG.

*Andante Adagio.*

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, graspt in friendship, diff-
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.
202

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.

Hark! the Hiram sounds to close, And
Hark, the clock repeats high twelve, It
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.

Leve met, And we always part upon the square.
EPILOGUE.

CLOATH'D with this honour'd Badge, I now appear,
Owing 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, resigned 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 shivering wanderers from the cold:
To feed the hungry—bid them eat and live,
And to the thirsty lip the cup to give;
To visit wretches tortured 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 self-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 different 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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EASTERN STAR ADDENDUM

As of the year 2000, the general thought was that the Order of the Eastern Star had no historic music of its own. Suffice it to say that such a notion was seriously mistaken; as Robert Macoy included unique Eastern Star music in his “Adoptive Rite.” That work also included unique Eastern Star artwork, which should have survived the 1800s; but somehow failed. Given that the modern Eastern Star ritual borrowed heavily from that work, it is surprising that the music and art wasn’t also brought forward; or at least emulated.

However, it should also be noted that the Order of the Eastern Star also seems to have also lost track of two great history books on the origins and evolution of the Order, one written by Willis Engle (1899) and another by Harold Voorhis (1901).

In any event, the Eastern Star art and music are included in this section, in the interest of preserving important Masonic art forms.
TRIBUTE TO JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER

RUTH
TRIBUTE TO RUTH


1. Widow, mourning for the dead, 'Midst the golden harvest
   Mourning, Beats the sun thy aching head? Burns the mission; Thy Redeemer, Ruth, is nigh—Marks thee

2. Stand, then, mournfully and sigh; Raise thy hands in meek sub-
   stubble 'neath thy tread? No kind look thy gaze returnings, These poor parcels all thy store? Surely
   turnings, These poor parcels all thy store? Surely God will give thee more, Surely God will give thee more.

   through a gracious eye, Knows thy lonely, sad con-
   diations: All thou'st given him and more Shall be rendered from his store, Shall be rendered from his store
ESTHER
TRIBUTE TO ESTHER

1. See, oh King, the suppliant one, Pale and trembling at the throne! See the golden crown she bears, And the silken robe she wears; Whiter, now, Pardon, favor, bounty show, Naughtin

2. Mercy's golden wand extend, While her gentle head shall bend: Meekly o'er thy scepter brighter than their sheen, Is the woman's soul within! all thy broad domain. Like the woman's soul within!
TRIBUTE TO MARTHA


1. Raise thy hands above, sweet mourner, Higher,
2. He has wept for human sorrow, Let thy

high - er, toward the throne! Ah, he sees thee,
sor - rows with him plead; Raise thy hands in

hears thy sto - ry, Hears and feels that plaintive moan.
faith, and doubt not, He hath pow - er o'er the dead.
TRIBUTE TO ELECTA

1. When cares press heavy on the heart, And all is gloom a-round, Where shall we fix the heavy eye
   2. Thine, true E-lec-ta, thine which tells, Of his dis-tress and thine! The Cross upon whose rugged limbs

   In all this mortal bound? What emblem hath the Ye both did bleed and pine! The Cross by heavenly

   mourner here? What love to warm, what light to cheer? wisdom given To raise our thoughts from earth to heaven.