

THE
MASONIC CONCORDIA.

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A COLLECTION OF ODES

FOR THE

**Various Ceremonies and Festivals**

OF THE

**MASONIC FRATERNITY.**

COMPILED FROM THE "MYSTIC CHORD" BY

**GEO. F. ILSLEY, P. M., E. C., etc.**



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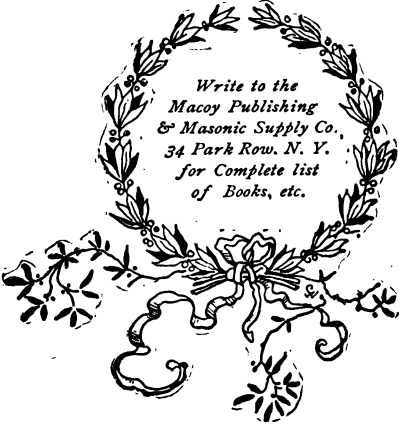
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## PREFACE.

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THE "MASONIC CONCORDIA" is especially designed as a Manual for the Lodge. The Odes have been selected entirely from the "*Mystic Chord*"—a collection of Odes and Music which has been received with great favor by the Fraternity throughout the United States:—they will be found in sufficient variety for all the ceremonies of the Craft, on all occasions, whether public or private.

It will be observed that each Ode has the name of a Tune affixed; also, a Page, which, in all cases, refers to a corresponding page in the "*Mystic Chord*," on which will be found the Tune. It does not necessarily mean that one is obliged to sing that particular Tune; he is at liberty to select any other better suited to his taste or memory, which can easily be done, as the Metre of each Ode is added.



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# OPENING.

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## 1. Tune—Welton, L. M.

(Page 18, Mystic Chord.)

GREAT GOD, behold before thy throne,  
A band of brothers lowly bend ;  
Thy sacred Name we humbly own,  
And pray that thou wilt be our friend.

A band of brothers may we live,  
A band of brothers may we die ;  
To each may God, our Father, give  
A home of peace above the sky.

## 2. Tune—Autumn. 8's & 7's.

(P. 23, M. C.,

Heavenly Father, gently bless us,  
Lead our every thought above,  
Let no earthly care oppress us,  
May we all be filled with love.  
Let no jarring thought divide us,  
Sweetest harmony be ours,  
Wisdom's richest feast provide us,  
As we pass these happy hours.

Father ! hear the prayer we offer,  
For repose we do not cry,  
But for grace that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

Be our strength in every weakness,  
 In our doubt be thou our guide,  
 Thro' each peril, thro' each danger,  
 Draw us nearer to thy side.

### 3. Tune—Home Again.

(P. 24, M. C.)

Met again, met again, in this lov'd retreat ;  
 And oh ! it fills our souls with joy,  
 Our brothers here to greet ;  
 Here friendship beams from every eye,  
 And smiles on every face ;  
 There's naught on earth can break the tie  
 That binds us to this place.

Trusting hearts, trusting hearts, here each  
 other greet ;  
 And oh ! beside our happy home,  
 There's not a place so sweet ;  
 The pride of wealth, the pride of birth,  
 We keep without our door ;  
 Receive the humblest son of earth,  
 If true, we ask no more.

Friendship sweet, friendship sweet, lingers  
 round the place,  
 And on each heart 'tis grav'd in lines,  
 That time cannot efface ;  
 We meet in peace, we work in love,  
 And part upon the square ;  
 And unto Him who rules above,  
 Lift up our voice in prayer.



## 4. Tune—America. 6's &amp; 4's.

(P. 29, M. C.)

Glad hearts to Thee we bring,  
 With joy Thy name we sing,  
     Father above,  
 Creation praises Thee,  
 Thy bounty's full and free,  
 In all around we see,  
     Emblems of love.

Unite our souls in love,  
 Smile on us from above,  
     Till life is o'er :  
 Then gather us to Thee,  
 Thy kingdom, Lord, to see,  
 In thine own fold to be  
     Forevermore.

## 5. Tune—Wood. 7's.

(P. 22, M. C.)

Holy Lord, lend now thine ear,  
 While our grateful song we raise ;  
 May devotion, pure, sincere,  
     Mingle with our notes of praise.

Help us at this sacred hour,  
 Send the cares of earth away ;  
 May we feel thy Spirit's power,  
     While we chant our solemn lay.

Fill our hearts with holy fear,  
 While we feel Thy presence nigh ;  
 Let contrition's gentle tear,  
 Moisten every Brother's eye.

6. Tune—Allendale. C. M.

(P. 28, M. C.)

As morning breeze in balmy Spring,  
 Or Summer's gentle shower ;  
 As joyous notes the May birds bring,  
 Or perfume of wild flower ;  
 So sweet to me the quiet eve,  
 I meet with such as you,  
 And round the altar vow to cleave  
 To ev'ry Brother true.

'Tis there we feel the joys that rise  
 In each true Mason's heart ;  
 As in the scenes of life he tries  
 To act a Brother's part ;  
 'Tis there the heart may speak its joy,  
 Its trouble and its fear ;  
 No cowan near, that can annoy,  
 No dull unfriendly ear.

There Faith, and Hope, and Charity,  
 In brightest colors shine ;  
 While Truth, and Love, and Unity,  
 Proclaim our Art divine ;

There Friendship smiles on every face,  
 For such as you and me ;  
 Oh ! may I ever find a place  
 Among th' Accepted Free.

7.           Tune—Rose of Allendale.   C. M.  
 (P. 34, M. C.)

O God, we lift our hearts to thee,  
 And grateful voices raise,  
 We thank Thee for this festive night,  
 Accept our humble praise ;  
 Here may our souls delight to bless,  
 The God of truth and grace ;  
 Who crowns our labors with success,  
 Among the rising race.

May each unholy passion cease,  
 Each evil thought be crushed,  
 Each anxious care that mars our peace,  
 In faith and love be hushed.  
 Oh ! may we all in love abound,  
 And Charity pursue ;  
 Thus shall we be with glory crowned,  
 And love as angels do.

8.           Tune—Newark.   7's.  
 (P. 31, M. C.)

Lord, we come before thee now,  
 At thy feet we humbly bow,  
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
 Let the time of joy return ;  
 Those who are cast down, lift up,  
 Make them strong in Faith and Hope.

Grant that all may seek and find,  
 Thee, a God supremely kind ;  
 Heal the sick, the captive free,  
 Let us all rejoice in Thee.

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## CLOSING.

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9. Tune—Arlington. C. M.

(P. S. M. C.)

Now we must close our labors here,  
 Though sad it is to part ;  
 May Love, Relief, and Truth sincere,  
 Unite each Brother's heart.

Now to our homes let's haste away,  
 Still filled with love and light ;  
 And may each heart, in kindness say,  
 Good night, Brother, good night.

## 10. Tune—My Mother Dear.

(P. 39, M. C.)

How sweet when shades of evening  
Steal o'er the land and sea ;  
To meet upon the level here ;  
Among th' Accepted Free,  
Where kindly words and warm embrace  
Await each faithful heart ;  
Oh, earth can boast no happier place,  
And no sublimer art ;  
We're Brothers here,  
And this our prayer,  
Heav'n bless each Mason Brother.

From all the world's commotion,  
Its troubles and its care,  
Here, come to pass a quiet hour,  
We Brothers of the square ;  
Here eye to eye, and heart to heart,  
We join in mystic rite ;  
And when upon the square we part,  
'Tis with a kind Good Night ;  
We're Brothers dear,  
And this our prayer,  
Heav'n bless each Mason Brother.

11.

**Marshall. 8's & 7's.**

(P. 36, M. C.)

Soon we part, let kind affection  
 Be in all our acts displayed ;  
 Show by word, and deed, and action,  
 Truth, and love, and friendly aid.

Soon will our Grand Master call us  
 From his present bond of love ;  
 And, if worthy, will install us  
 In the Great Grand Lodge above.

Let us then, in bonds fraternal,  
 Ever, ever onward move ;  
 Let our ties be the eternal  
 Chain of Brotherhood and Love.

12.

**Tune—Evening.**

(P. 41, M. C.)

As the evening shades descending,  
 Earth and sky together blending,  
 Brothers true their way are wending,  
 To their quiet, loved retreat,  
 Pleasant smile and friendly token,  
 Greeting warm and kind words spoken,  
 Wait them here in chain unbroken,  
 Wait them e'er when Brothers meet.

Now around the altar bending,  
 While all thoughts are upward tending,  
 Every heart to heaven is sending,  
 Fervent prayers and grateful praise.

Trusting Faith each bosom filling,  
 Hope like Hermon's dew distilling,  
 Love, each evil passion stilling,  
 Thus may ever pass our days.

Brightly shine the stars above us,  
 Warmly beat the hearts that love us,  
 Firm we stand, a band of Brothers,  
 Link'd in Love and Unity,  
 Wealth nor honors here encumber,  
 And when strikes the mystic number,  
 Home we go to peaceful slumber,  
 Singing "Peace and Harmony."

12

## Gamble. C. M.

(P. 43, M. C.)

An hour with you, an hour with you,  
 No care, or doubt, or strife,  
 Is worth a weary year of woe,  
 In all that sweetens life.  
 One hour with you, and you, and you,  
 Bright links in mystic chain,  
 Oh, may we oft these joys renew,  
 And often meet again.

Your eyes with Love's own language free,  
 Your hand grips strong and true,  
 Your tongues, your hearts, do welcome me,  
 To spend an hour with you.

One hour with you, and you, and you,  
 Bright links in mystic chain,  
 Oh, may we oft these joys renew,  
 And often meet again.

I come when eastern skies are bright,  
 To work my Mason's due ;  
 To labor, is my chief delight,  
 And spend an hour with you,  
 One hour with you, and you, and you  
 Bright links in mystic chain,  
 Oh, may we oft these joys renew,  
 And often meet again.

I go when evening gilds the West,  
 I breathe the fond adieu,  
 And hope again, by fortune blest,  
 To spend an hour with you.  
 One hour with you, and you, and you,  
 Bright links in mystic chain,  
 Oh, may we oft these joys renew,  
 And often meet again.

'4. Tune—Manhattan. 11's.

(P. 40, M. C.)

Come, Brothers Accepted, come join in our  
 song ;

In soft swelling measure the glad notes prolong ;

Our labor is over, the summons has come,

To lay by the trowel, and hie to our home :

Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;

We lay by the trowel, and hie to our home.



In Friendship we meet, and in Friendship we  
 part,  
 United in purpose, united in heart ;  
 O thus be it ever, where'er we may roam,  
 Till we meet, ne'er to sever, in heaven our  
 home,  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
 Till we meet, ne'er to sever, in heaven our  
 home.

**15. Tune—Scots Wha Hae.**

(P. 46, M. C.)

Friends, the parting hour has come,  
 Each must hie him to his home ;  
 Ere we go before the throne,  
 Let us humbly kneel ;  
 Humbly ask the God of grace,  
 To send down upon the place,  
 Blessings meet for every case,  
 Every brother's weal.

On the Level did we meet,  
 Pass'd the hour in friendship sweet,  
 Happy here again to greet  
 Each Accepted one ;  
 Ere we part, join hand in hand,  
 Firmly woven thus our band,  
 May each Brother faithful stand,  
 Till life's labor's done.

Part we, now upon the Square,  
 Trusting in our Father's care ;  
 May each craftsman's daily prayer  
 Reach the Master's throne ;  
 Till we meet in endless day,  
 So may each direct his way,  
 He shall hear his Father say,  
 Faithful servant, come.

16. Tune—Nearer my God to Thee.

(P. 50, M. C.)

Brothers, we meet again,  
 . Too soon to part ;  
 May Friendship bless this hour,  
 And warm each heart ;  
 Tones that we love to hear,  
 Shall dwell upon the ear,  
 As we in accents clear,  
 Repeat, Good Night.

Brothers, once more farewell !  
 Time bids us part ;  
 Fond mem'ry long shall dwell  
 Around each heart ;  
 May Heav'n its blessings send,  
 And peace our paths attend ;  
 Until we meet again,  
 Farewell, Good Night.

17. **Tune—Home, Sweet Home.**(P. 3<sup>o</sup>, M. C.)

Farewell, till again we shall welcome the time  
Which shall bring us once more to our fame  
cherish'd shrine ;

And tho' from each other we distant may roam,  
Again may all meet in this our dear loved home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;

May every dear brother find joy and peace at  
home.

And when our last parting on earth shall draw  
nigh,

And we shall be call'd to the Grand Lodge on  
high,

May each be prepared when the summons shall  
come

To meet our Grand Master in heaven our home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;

May every dear brother in heaven find a home.

18. **Tune—**

(P. 44, M. C.)

We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the  
Square ;

What words of precious meaning those words  
Masonic are !

Come, let us contemplate them, they are worthy  
of our thought,

With the highest and the lowest and the  
rest they are fraught

We meet upon the Level, tho' from every  
station come,  
The king from out his palace, and the poor man  
from his home ;  
For the one must leave his diadem outside the  
Mason's door,  
And the other find his true respect upon the  
checkered floor.

We part upon the Square, for the world must  
have its due,  
We mingle with the multitude, a cold, un-  
friendly crew ;  
But the influence of our gatherings in memory  
is green,  
And we long upon the Level to renew the  
happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal ; we are  
hurrying to it fast,  
We shall meet upon the Level there, when the  
gates of death are past :  
We shall stand before the Orient, and our  
Master will be there,  
To try the Blocks we offer by his own unerring  
Square.

We shall meet upon the Level there, but never  
thence depart ;  
There's a mansion—'tis all ready for each trust-  
ing, faithful heart :

There's a mansion, and a welcome, and a multi-  
tude is there,  
Who have met upon the Level and been tried  
upon the Square.

Let us meet upon the Level then, while labor-  
ing patient here,  
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor  
be severe ;  
Already in the Western sky the signs bid us  
prepare,  
To gather up our working tools and part upon  
the Square.

Hands round, ye faithful Masons, form the  
bright fraternal chain,  
We part upon the Square below to meet in  
heaven again.  
Oh ! what words of precious meaning those  
words Masonic are,  
We meet upon the Level and we part upon the  
Square.

**E**NTERED **A**PPRENTICE.

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**19. Tune—Tappan. C. M.**  
(P. 7, M. C.)

Almighty Father ! God of Love—  
Behold thy servant here,  
O may he trust in Thee above,  
Free thou his heart from fear.

Tho' darksome skies shall o'er him lower,  
And dangers fill the way,  
Support him with thy gracious power,  
And be his constant stay.

**20. Uxbridge. L. M.**  
(P. 10, M. C.)

Supreme Grand Master ! God of power !  
Be with us in this solemn hour ;  
Smile on our work, our plans approve,  
Fill every heart with hope and love.

Let each discordant thought be gone,  
And love unite our hearts in one ;  
May we in union strong combine,  
In work and worship so divine.

## 21. Tune—Arlington. C. M.

(P. 8, M. C.)

Behold how pleasant and how good,  
For Brethren such as we,  
Of the Accepted Brotherhood,  
To dwell in unity !

'Tis like the oil on Aaron's head,  
Which to his feet distils,  
Like Hermon's dew so richly shed  
On Zion's sacred hills.

For there the Lord of Light and Love  
A blessing sent with power ;  
Oh ! may we all this blessing prove,  
E'en life forevermore.

On Friendship's altar rising here,  
Our hands now plighted be—  
To live in love with hearts sincere,  
In peace and unity.

## 22. Tune—Hartshorn. L. M.

(P. 9, M. C.)

Far from the world's cold strife and pride,  
Come join our peaceful, happy band ;  
Come, stranger, we your feet will guide,  
Where Truth and Love shall hold command.

Although in untried paths you tread,  
 And filled, perhaps, with anxious fear,  
 A Brother's faithful hand shall lead,  
 Where doubt and darkness disappear.

Here may you in our labors join,  
 And prove yourself a Brother true ;  
 All sordid, selfish cares resign,  
 And keep our sacred truths in view.

23.           Tune—Dundee.   C. M.

(P. 5, M. C.)

Spirit of power and might ! behold  
 Thy willing servant here ;  
 With thy protection him infold,  
 And free his heart from fear.

Tho' darksome skies may o'er him lower,  
 And dangers fill the way ;  
 Support him with Thy gracious power,  
 And be his constant stay.

24.           Tune—Uxbridge.   L. M.

(P. 10, M. C.)

While journeying on our homeward way,  
 By love fraternal gently led,  
 Supreme Conductor ! Thee we pray  
 To smooth the dangerous path we tread.



No fear shall cross the trusting heart,  
 Our faith reposed on Him above ;  
 No dearer joy can life impart  
 Than gently breathes in words of love.

When earthly ties shall fade and die,  
 When earthly joys shall come no more,  
 Supreme Conductor ! then supply  
 Thy holy aid, when time is o'er.

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**F**ELLOW **G**RAFT.

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25. Tune—Balerma. C. M.

(P. 11, M. C.)

May our united hearts expand,  
 With love's refreshing showers ;  
 Whose warm and kindling glow is felt  
 To cheer our saddest hours.

Before our treasured shrine we bow,  
 In gratitude sublime,  
 Imploring still God's saving grace,  
 Through all of coming time.

26. **Tune—Anderson. 11's.**

(P. 12, M. C.)

Come, Craftsmen, assembled our pleasures to  
 share,  
 Who walk by the Plumb and who work by the  
 Square,  
 While traveling in love on the level of time,  
 Sweet hope shall light on to a far better clime.  
 We'll seek in our labors the Spirit divine,  
 Our temple to bless and our hearts to refine,  
 And thus to our altar a tribute we'll bring,  
 While joined in true friendship our anthem we  
 sing.

See Order and Beauty rise gently to view,  
 Each Brother a Column, so perfect and true ;  
 When Order shall cease, and when Temples  
 decay,  
 May each fairer Columns immortal survey.

27. **Tune—Sicilian Hymn.**

(P. 13, M. C.)

Brothers, faithful and deserving,  
 Now the second rank you fill,  
 Purchased by your faultless serving,  
 Leading to a higher still.

Thus, from rank to rank ascending,  
 Mounts the Mason's path of love,  
 Bright its earthly course and ending,  
 In the glorious Lodge above.

28.           **Tune—Mabie. C. M.**

(P. 69, M. C.)

Our vows, our prayers, we now present,  
 Before Thy throne of grace :  
 God of our Fathers ! be the God  
 Of their succeeding race.

Oh ! spread thy covering wings around,  
 Till all our wanderings cease,  
 And, at our Father's loved abode,  
 Our souls arrive in peace.

29.           **Tune—New York. L. M.**

(P. 14, M. C.)

Thus far the Lord has led me on,  
 Thus far His power prolongs my days,  
 And every evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of His grace.

Oh ! may His love, with sweet control,  
 Bind every passion of my soul ;  
 Bid every vain desire depart,  
 And dwell forever in my heart.

30.           **Tune—Mabie. C. M.**

(P. 68, M. C.,

Happy is he who trusts the Lord,  
 And follows His commands ;  
 Who lends the poor without reward,  
 Or gives with liberal hands.

As pity dwells within his breast,  
 To all the sons of need,  
 So God shall answer his request  
 With blessings on his seed.

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**M**ASTER **M**ASON.

---

**31.** Tune—Balerma. C. M.

(P. 11, M. C.)

Few are the days, and full of woe,  
 Oh, man, of woman born !  
 Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,  
 And shalt to dust return."

Determined are the days that fly,  
 Successive o'er thy head ;  
 The numbered hour is on the wing  
 Which lays thee with the dead.

**32.** Tune—Hamilton. 7's.

(P. 15, M. C.)

Hear my prayer ! Jehovah, hear !  
 Listen to my humble cries ;  
 See the day of trouble near,  
 Heavy on my soul it lies.

Hide not then Thy gracious face,  
 When the storm around me falls ;  
 Hear me, O thou God of grace,  
 In the time Thy servant calls.

**33. Tune—Bonnie Doon. L. M.**  
 (P. 16, M. C.)

Let us remember in our youth,  
 Before the evil days draw nigh,  
 Our Great Creator and His Truth,  
 Ere memory fail and pleasure fly,  
 Or sun, or moon, or planets light  
 Grow dark, or clouds return in gloom ;  
 Ere vital spark no more incite,  
 When strength shall bow and years consume,

Let us in youth remember Him  
 Who formed our frame, and spirits gave,  
 Ere windows of the mind grow dim,  
 Or door of speech obstructed wave ;  
 When voice of bird fresh terrors wake,  
 And music's daughters charm no more,  
 Or fear to rise, with trembling shake,  
 Along the path we travel o'er.

In youth to God let memory cling,  
 Before desire shall fail or wane ;  
 Or e'er be loosed life's silver string,  
 Or bowl at fountain rent in twain ;  
 For man to his long home doth go,  
 And mourners group around his urn ;  
 Our dust to dust again must flow,

## 34. Tune—Hebron. L. M.

(P. 19, M. C.)

Dangers of every form attend  
 Your steps, as onward you proceed,  
 No earthly power can now befriend,  
 Or aid you in this time of need.

Confide your trust in Him alone  
 Who rules all things above, below ;  
 Send your petitions to His throne,  
 For He alone can help you now.

## 35. Tune—Alida. C. M.

(P. 17, M. C.)

The Lord unto thy prayer attend,  
 In trouble's darksome hour ;  
 The name of Jacob's God defend,  
 And shield thee by His power.

Should friends and kindred, near and dear,  
 Leave thee to want and die,  
 May Heaven make thy life its care,  
 And all thy need supply.

## 36. Tune—Hamburg. L. M.

(P. 20, M. C.)

Death, like an ever flowing stream,  
 Sweeps us away—our life's a dream,  
 An empty tale—a morning flower—  
 Cut down and withered in a day.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,  
 And kindly lengthen out our span,  
 Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be  
 Prepared to die and dwell with Thee.

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## INSTALLATION.

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37. Hebron. L. M.

(P. 19, M. C.)

Let Masons ever live in Love ;  
 Let Harmony their blessings prove ;  
 And be the sacred Lodge—the place  
 Where Freedom smiles in every face.

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.

Let Masons then, with watchful eye,  
 Regard the works of Charity ;  
 Let Union, Love, and Friendship meet,  
 And show that Wisdom's ways are sweet.

## 38. Tune—Pleyel's Hymn. 7's.

(P. 51, M. C.)

Unto thee, Great God, belong  
 Mystic rites, and sacred song ;  
 Lowly bending at Thy shrine,  
 Hail ! Thou Majesty divine !

Glorious Architect above—  
 Source of Light, and source of Love !  
 Here, Thy light and love prevail ;  
 Hail ! Almighty Master, hail !

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

Heavenly Father, grant that we,  
 Blest with boundless Charity,  
 To th' admiring world may prove  
 Happy they who dwell in Love.

Join, oh earth ! and as you roll  
 East to West, from pole to pole,  
 Lift to Him your grateful lays,  
 Join the Universal praise.



39. Installation Ode. 11's.

(p. 61, M. C.)

Behold! in the East our new Master appear,  
Come, Brothers, we'll greet him with hearts  
all sincere.

CHORUS :

We'll serve him with freedom, with fervor and  
zeal,  
And aid him his duties and trust to fulfill.

In the West, see the Warden with Level in  
hand,  
The Master to aid and obey his command.

CHORUS :

We'll aid him with freedom, with fervor and  
zeal,  
And help him his duties and trust to fulfill.

In the South, see the Warden by Plumb stand  
upright,  
Who watches the sun and takes note of his  
flight.

CHORUS :

We'll serve him with freedom, with fervor and  
zeal,  
And aid him his duties and trust to fulfill.

## 40. Tune—America. 6's &amp; 4's.

(P. 60, M. C.,)

Hail ! Brother Masons, hail !  
 Let friendship long prevail,  
     And bind us fast.  
 May harmony and peace  
 Our happiness increase,  
 And friendship never cease,  
     While life shall last.

Sincerity and love,  
 Descendants from above,  
     Our minds employ ;  
 Morality our pride,  
 And Truth our constant guide,  
 With us are close allied,  
     And form our joy.

We on the Level meet,  
 And every Brother greet,  
     Skilled in our art :  
 And when our labor's past,  
 Each Brother's hand we'll grasp,  
 Then, on the Square at last,  
     Friendly we'll part.

May wisdom be our care,  
 And virtue form the Square,  
     By which we live,  
 That we at last may join  
 The heavenly Lodge sublime,  
 Where we shall perfect shine  
     With God above.

NNIVERSARY.

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41. Tune—Hamburg. L. M.

(P. 20, M. C.)

Hail ! Masonry, thou craft divine !  
 Come, Brethren, let us cheerful join  
 To celebrate this happy day,  
 And homage to our Master pay.

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.

Come, Brethren, cheerful join with me  
 To sing the praise of Masonry ;  
 The noble, faithful, and the brave,  
 Whose Art shall live beyond the grave.

42. Tune—Jerusalem. C. P. M.

(P. 55, M. C.)

Arise ! and blow thy trumpet, Fame !  
 Freemasonry aloud proclaim,  
 To realms and worlds unknown ;  
 Tell them, 'twas this great David's son,  
 The wise, the matchless Solomon,

The solemn temples, cloud capt towers,  
 The aspiring domes, are works of ours,  
 By us those piles were raised :  
 Then bid mankind with songs advance,  
 And thro' the ethereal vast expanse  
 Let Masonry be praised.

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.

Still louder, Fame ! thy trumpet blow ;  
 Let all the distant regions know  
 Free-Masonry is this :  
 Almighty Wisdom gave it birth,  
 And Heaven has fixed it here on earth  
 A type of future bliss !

43. Tune

P. M.

(P. 56, M. C.)

Joyous, joyous, now each heart's emotion,  
 Ardent, ardent, be the soul's devotion ;  
 Swell the songs of grateful praise ;  
 Welcome to this day of days !  
 Friendship, Friendship here is full as ocean.

Father, mother, of your love ye mind us,  
 Brothers, Brothers, to your hearts ye bind us;  
 Here we pledge our best return,  
 Love within our hearts shall burn,  
 Ever, ever there 'till death shall find us.

Spirit, boundless ! angels bow before thee ;  
 Father, gracious ! humbly we adore thee ;  
 Raise we now our grateful song,  
 Thou our pleasures dost prolong,  
 Father ! guide us, guide us, we implore thee.

## D E D I C A T I O N .

44. Tune—Old Hundred. L. M.

(P. 57, M. C.)

Great Architect of Heaven and Earth,  
 To whom all nature owes its birth ;  
 Thou spoke ! and vast Creation stood,  
 Surveyed the work—pronounced it good.

Lord, can'st Thou deign to own and bless  
 This humble dome, this sacred place ?  
 Oh ! let Thy Spirit's presence shine  
 Within these walls—this house of Thine.

'Twas reared in honor of Thy name ;  
 Here kindle, Lord, the sacred flame :  
 Oh ! make it burn in every heart,  
 And never from this place depart.

Lord, here the wants of all supply,  
 And fit our souls to dwell on high ;  
 From service in this humble place,  
 Raise us to praise Thee, face to face.

45. Tune—Noble. P. M.

(P. 58, M. G.)

Let there be Light ! th' Almighty spoke !  
 Relulgent streams from chaos broke,  
 To illumine the rising earth !  
 Well pleased, the Great Jehovah stood,  
 The Power Supreme pronounced it good,  
 And gave the planets birth !  
 In choral numbers let us join,  
 To bless and praise this light divine !

Parent of Light ! accept our praise !  
 Who shedd'st on us Thy brightest rays,  
 The light that fills our mind !  
 By choice selected, lo ! we stand,  
 By Friendship joined, a social band,  
 That love, that aid mankind.  
 In choral numbers let us join  
 To bless and praise this light divine !

The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,  
 All wants our ready hands supply,  
 As far as power is given ;  
 The naked clothe, the prisoner free,  
 These are thy works, sweet Charity,  
 Revealed to us from Heav'n.  
 In choral numbers let us join  
 To bless and praise this light divine !

46. Tune—Dort. 6's & 4's.

(P. 59, M. C.)

Thou ! who art God alone,  
 Accept before Thy throne  
 Our fervent prayer !  
 To fill, with light and grace,  
 This house, Thy dwelling place,  
 And bless Thy chosen race,  
 O God ! draw near.

As through the universe,  
 All nature's works diverse,  
 Thy praise accord ;  
 Let faith upon us shine,  
 And Charity combine  
 With Hope, to make us Thine,  
 Jehovah ! Lord.

Spirit of Truth and Love,  
 Descending from above,  
 Our hearts inflame,  
 Till Masonry's control  
 Shall build in one the whole,  
 A Temple of the soul  
 To Thy great name.

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## LAYING FOUNDATION STONE.

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47. Tune—Dort. 6's & 4's.

(P. 59, M. C.,

Let Mason's fame resound  
 Through all the nations round,  
 From pole to pole ;  
 See what felicity,  
 Harmless simplicity,  
 Like electricity,  
 Runs through the whole.

When in the Lodge we're met,  
 And in due order set,  
 Happy are we :  
 Faith, Hope, and Charity,  
 Love and Sincerity,  
 Friendship and Unity,  
 Are ever free.



Long may our Craft be 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.

48.

Tune. 7's. & 6's.

(P. 54, M. C.)

Round the spot—Moriah's hill—  
 Masons meet with cheerful will ;  
 Him who stood as King that day,  
 We as cheerfully obey ;  
 Lord, we love Thy glorious name,  
 Give the grace Thou gavest them.

Round the spot, thus chosen well,  
 Brothers, with fraternal hail,  
 Gather in your mystic ring,  
 Mystic words, and joyful sing ;  
 Lord, our hearts, our souls are Thine,  
 On our labors deign to shine.

Round the spot may Plenty reign,—  
 Peace, with spirit all benign ;  
 Unity, the golden three—  
 Here their influence ever be.  
 Lord, these jewels of Thy store,  
 Send them bounteous, flowing o'er.

Round the spot, where now we stand,  
 Soon will stand another band ;  
 We to other worlds must go,  
 Called by Him we trust below.  
 Lord ! thy Spirit grant, that they  
 All Thy counsel may obey.

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## CONSECRATION.

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49.

Tune—Old Hundred.

(P. 57, M. C.)

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 and 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, distrest, shall want no more.

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## FUNERALS.

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50.

Tune—Hiram. P. M.

(P. 52, M. C.)

Bear him home, his bed is made  
 In the stillness of the shade ;  
 Bear the Brother to his home ;  
     Bear, oh, bear him home ;  
 Home, where all his toils are o'er,  
 Home, where journeying is no more,  
 Bear him home, no more to roam ;  
     Bear the Brother home.

Lay him down—his bed is here—  
 See, the dead are resting near ;  
 Lay the wanderer gently down ;  
     Lay him gently down.  
 Lay him down, let nature spread  
 Starry curtains o'er his head ;  
 Gently lay our Brother down ;  
     Gently lay him down.

Ah ! not yet for us the bed,  
 Where the faithful pilgrim's laid !  
 Through life's weariness and woe,  
 Still our footsteps go ;  
 Let us go, and on our way,  
 Faithful journey, faithful pray ;  
 Boldly, Brother pilgrims, go !  
 Boldly let us go !

51. Tune—Roberts. C. M.

(P. 53, M. C.)

As, bowed by sudden storms, the rose  
 Sinks on the garden's breast,  
 Down to the grave our Brother goes,  
 In silence there to rest.

No more with us his tuneful voice  
 The mystic hymn shall swell ;  
 No more his cheerful heart rejoice,  
 When peals the Sabbath bell.

But far away, in cloudless sphere,  
 Amid a sinless throng,  
 He's joining, with celestial ear,  
 The everlasting song.

No more we'll mourn our absent friend,  
 But lift our earnest prayer,  
 That when our work of life shall end,  
 We all may join him there.

## 62.           Tune—Roberts. C. M.

(p. 53, M. C.)

What sounds of grief in sadness tell  
A Brother's earthly doom !  
No more in life's fair scenes to dwell,  
A tenant of the tomb.

No more the friendly hand now pressed ;  
No gently whispered word ;  
He finds a long, unbroken rest,  
Where rules his Heavenly Lord.

All earthly joys and sorrows o'er,  
Each changing hope or fear ;  
He sees the light of that fair shore  
Without a sigh or tear.

Then bring to Him, whose only care  
That better Temple forms,  
Our wish that all may gather there,  
Beyond life's coming storms.

## 53. Chant—No. 1.

(P. 77, M. C.)

*ENTERED APPRENTICE.*

Behold ; how good and how | pleasant it | is, |  
 For Brethren to | dwell to- | gether in | unity ; |  
 'Tis like the precious ointment up- | on the |  
 head |

That ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's  
 beard, that went down to the | skirts of |  
 his— | garment. |

As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that de-  
 scended upon the mountains of | Zion ; |  
 For there the Lord commanded the blessing,  
 even | life for- | ever | more. |

## Chant—No. 2.

*FELLOW CRAFT.*

(P. 79, M. C.)

Thus he shewed me : | and be- | hold, |  
 The Lord stood upon a wall, made by a plumb  
 line, with a | plumb line | in his | hand ; |  
 And the Lord said unto me, Amos, | what  
 seest | thou ? |

And I— | said a | plumb— | line.

Then said the Lord, Behold, I will set a plumb  
 line in the midst of my | people | Israel, |  
 I will not again | pass by | them any | more. |

## Chant—No. 3.

*MASTER MASON.*

(P. 80, M. C.)

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy  
youth, while the evil | days come | not, |

Nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say,  
I | have no | pleasure | in them. |

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or  
the | stars be not | darken'd, |

Nor the clouds re- | turn | after the | rain.

In the days when the keepers of the house shall  
tremble, and the strong men shall | bow  
them- | selves, |

And the grinders cease, because they are few  
and those that look | out of the | win-  
dows be | darkened, |

And the doors shall be shut in the streets when  
the sound of the | grinding is | low. |

And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird,  
and all the daughters of | music | shall be  
brought | low ; |

And when they shall be afraid of that | which  
is | high, |

And | fears shall | be in the | way, |

And the almond tree shall flourish, and the  
grasshopper shall be a burden, and de- |  
sire shall | fail. |

Because man goeth to his long home, and the  
 mourners | go a- | bout the | streets, |  
 Or ever the silver chord be loosed, or the  
 golden | bowl be | broken ; |  
 Or, the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or  
 the wheel | broken | at the | cistern ; |  
 Then shall the dust return to the | earth as it |  
 was, |  
 And the spirit shall re- | turn unto | God who |  
 gave it. |

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## CEREMONY FOR FUNERALS.

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The ceremonies which are observed on the  
 occasion of funerals are highly appropriate ;  
 they are performed as a melancholy Masonic  
 duty, and as a token of respect and affection to  
 the memory of a departed Brother. No Mason  
 can be interred with the formalities of the  
 Order, unless he has been advanced to the  
 third degree. Fellow Crafts and Apprentices  
 are not entitled to funeral obsequies. All the  
 Brethren who walk in procession should ob-



serve, as much as possible, an uniformity in their dress. Black clothes, with white gloves and aprons, are most suitable.

The Brethren being assembled at the Lodge room, (or some other convenient place,) the presiding officer opens the Lodge in the third degree; and, having stated the purpose of the meeting, a procession is then formed, which moves to the house of the deceased, and from thence to the place of interment.

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#### ORDER OF PROCESSION AT A FUNERAL.

Tyler, with drawn Sword ;  
 Stewards, with White Rods ;  
**Musicians**, (if they are Masons,) otherwise they follow the Tyler ;  
 Master Masons ;  
 Senior and Junior Deacons ;  
**MARSHAL**. Secretary and Treasurer ;  
 Senior and Junior Wardens ,  
 Mark Masters ;  
 Past Masters ;  
 Royal Arch Masons ;  
 Select Masters ;  
 Knights Templars ;  
**The Holy Writings**, on a cushion, covered with black cloth, carried by the oldest (or some suitable) member of the Lodge ;

The Master ;  
Clergy ;

The  
with the insignia  
Pall Bearers.

COFFIN.

Body  
placed thereon.  
Pall Bearers.

When the procession arrives at the place of interment, the Members of the Lodge form a circle round the grave ; the Officers take their position at the head of the grave and the Mourners at the foot. The following exhortation is then given :

### FUNERAL SERVICE AT THE GRAVE.

**BRETHREN :**

The solemn notes that betoken the dissolution of this earthly tabernacle, have again alarmed our outer door, and another spirit has been summoned to the land where our fathers have gone before us. Again we are called to assemble among the habitations of the dead, to behold the "narrow house appointed for all

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**NOTE.**—If a past or present Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, or Grand Warden, should join the procession of a private Lodge, proper attention is to be paid to them. They take place after the Master of the Lodge. Two Deacons, with black rods, are appointed by the Master to attend a Grand Warden ; and when the Grand Master or Deputy Grand Master is present, the Book of Constitutions is borne before him, a Sword Bearer follows him, and the Deacons, with black rods, on his right and left.

living." Here, around us, in that peace which the world cannot give, sleep the unnumbered dead. The gentle breeze fans their verdant covering, they heed it not; the sunshine and the storm pass over them, and they are not disturbed; stones and lettered monuments symbolize the affection of surviving friends, yet no sound proceeds from them, save that silent but thrilling admonition, "seek ye the narrow path and the straight gate that lead unto eternal life."

We are again called upon to consider the uncertainty of human life; the immutable certainty of death, and the vanity of all human pursuits. Decrepitude and decay are written upon every living thing. The cradle and the coffin stand in juxtaposition to each other; and it is a melancholy truth, that, so soon as we begin to live, that moment also we begin to die. It is passing strange, that notwithstanding the daily mementoes of mortality that cross our path; notwithstanding the funeral bell so often tolls in our ears, and the "mournful procession" go about our streets, that we will not more seriously consider our approaching fate. We go on from design to design, add hope to hope, and lay out plans for the employment of many years, until we are suddenly alarmed at the approach of the Messenger of Death, at a moment when we least expect him, and which we probably conclude to be the meridian of our existence.

What, then, are all the externals of human dignity, the power of wealth, the dreams of ambition, the pride of intellect, or the charms of beauty, when Nature has paid her just debt? Fix your eyes on the last sad scene, and view life stript of its ornaments, and exposed in its natural meanness, and you must be persuaded of the utter emptiness of these delusions. In the grave all fallacies are detected, all ranks are leveled, and all distinctions are done away.

While we drop the sympathetic tear over the grave of our deceased Brother, let us cast around his foibles, what ever they may have been, the *broad mantle of Masonic charity*, nor withhold from his memory the commendation that his virtues claim at our hands. Perfection on earth has never yet been attained; the wisest, as well as the best of men, have gone astray. Suffer, then, the apologies of human nature to plead for him who can no longer extenuate for himself.

Our present meeting and proceedings will have been vain and useless, if they fail to excite our serious reflections, and strengthen our resolutions of amendment. Be then persuaded, my Brethren, by the uncertainty of human life; and the unsubstantial nature of all its pursuits, and no longer postpone the all-important concern of preparing for Eternity. Let us each embrace the present moment, and while time and opportunity offer, prepare for that great change when the pleasures of the world are

be as poison to our lips, and happy reflections of a well-spent life afford the only consolation. Thus shall our hopes be not frustrated, nor we hurried, unprepared, into the presence of that all-wise and powerful Judge, to whom the secrets of every heart are known. Let us resolve to maintain, with greater assiduity, the dignified character of our profession. May our *faith* be evinced in a correct moral walk and deportment; may our *hope* be bright as the glorious mysteries that will be revealed hereafter; and our *charity* boundless as the wants of our fellow-creatures. And having faithfully discharged the great duties which we owe to GOD, to our neighbor and ourselves; when at last it shall please the Grand Master of the Universe to summon us into His Eternal presence, may the *trestle-board* of our whole lives pass such inspection that it may be given unto each of us to "eat of the hidden manna," and to receive the "white stone with a new name written," that will ensure perpetual and unspeakable happiness at His right hand.

*(The Master, then presenting the apron, continues.)*

"The lamb-skin, or white apron, is the emblem of innocence, and the badge of a Mason. It is more ancient than the golden fleece or Roman eagle; more honorable than the star and garter, when worthily won."

*(The Master then deposits it in the grave.)*

This emblem I now deposit in the grave of our deceased Brother. By it we are reminded of the universal dominion of Death. The arm of Friendship cannot interpose to prevent his coming; the wealth of the world cannot purchase our release; nor will the innocence of youth, or the charms of beauty propitiate his purpose. The mattock, the coffin, and the melancholy grave, admonish us of our mortality and that, sooner or later, these frail bodies must moulder in their parent dust.

*(The Master, holding the evergreen, continues.)*

This *evergreen*, which once marked the temporary resting place of the illustrious dead, is an emblem of our faith in the immortality of the soul. By this we are reminded that we have an immortal part within us, that shall survive the grave, and which shall never, never, never die. By it we are admonished, that, though like our Brother, whose remains lie before us, we shall soon be clothed in the habiliments of DEATH and deposited in the silent tomb; yet, through the merits of a divine and ascended SAVIOUR, we may confidently hope that our souls will bloom in Eternal Spring.

*(The Brethren then move in procession round the place of interment, and severally drop the sprig of evergreen into the grave; after which, the pub-*

*lic grand honors are given. The Master then continues the ceremony at the grave, in the following words :)*

From time immemorial, it has been the custom among the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, at the request of a Brother, to accompany his corpse to the place of interment, and there to deposit his remains with the usual formalities.

In conformity to this usage, and at the request of our deceased Brother, whose memory we revere, and whose loss we now deplore, we have assembled in the character of Masons, to offer up to his memory, before the world, the last tribute of our affection ; thereby demonstrating the sincerity of our past esteem for him, and our steady attachment to the principles of the order.

The Great Creator has been pleased, out of his infinite mercy, to remove our Brother from the cares and troubles of this transitory existence, to a state of endless duration, thus severing another link from the fraternal chain that binds us together ; may we, who survive him, be more strongly cemented in the ties of union and friendship ; that, during the short space allotted us here, we may wisely and usefully employ our time ; and, in the reciprocal intercourse of kind and friendly acts, mutually promote the welfare and happiness of each other. Unto the grave we have consigned the

body of our deceased Brother ; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; there to remain till the trump shall sound on the resurrection morn. We can cheerfully leave him in the hands of a Being who has done all things well who is glorious in Holiness, fearful in Praise, doing Wonders.

To those of his immediate relatives and friends, who are most heart-stricken at the loss we have all sustained, we have but little of this world's consolation to offer. We can only sincerely, deeply and most affectionately sympathize with them in their afflictive bereavement. But in the beautiful spirit of the Christian's theology, we dare to say that He, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," looks down with infinite compassion upon the widow and the fatherless, in the hour of their desolation ; and that the same benevolent Saviour, who wept while on earth, will fold the arms of His love and protection around those who put their trust in HIM.

Then, let us improve this solemn warning, that at last, when the "sheeted dead" are stirring, when the "great white throne" is set, we shall receive from the Omniscient Judge the thrilling invitation, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."



54. Tune—Pleyel's Hymn. 7's.

(P. 51, M. C.)

Solemn strikes the funeral chime,  
Notes of our departing time,  
As we journey here below,  
Through a pilgrimage of woe.

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

Here another guest we bring,—  
Seraphs of celestial wing,  
To our funeral altar come,  
Waft our friend and Brother home.

Lord of all below, above,  
Fill our souls with Truth and Love ;  
As dissolves our earthly tie,  
Take us to Thy Lodge on high.

The service is here concluded with the following, or some suitable prayer :

**ALMIGHTY** and most merciful Father, we adore Thee as the God of Time and of Eternity. As it has pleased Thee to take from the light of our abode one dear to our hearts, we beseech Thee to bless and sanctify unto us this dispensation of Thy Providence. Inspire our hearts with wisdom from on high, that we may glorify Thee in all our ways. May we realize that Thine All-seeing Eye is upon us, and be influenced by the spirit of Truth and Love to perfect obedience, that we may enjoy the Divine Approbation here below. And when our toils on earth shall have ceased, may we be raised to the enjoyment of fadeless light and immortal life in that kingdom where Faith and Hope shall end, and love and joy prevail through Eternal Ages.

And Thine, O righteous Father, shall be the glory forever. Amen.

Thus the service ends, and the procession returns in form to the place whence it set out, when the necessary duties are complied with, and the business of Masonry is renewed. The insignia and ornaments of the deceased, if an officer of a Lodge, are returned to the **Master**, with the usual ceremonies.

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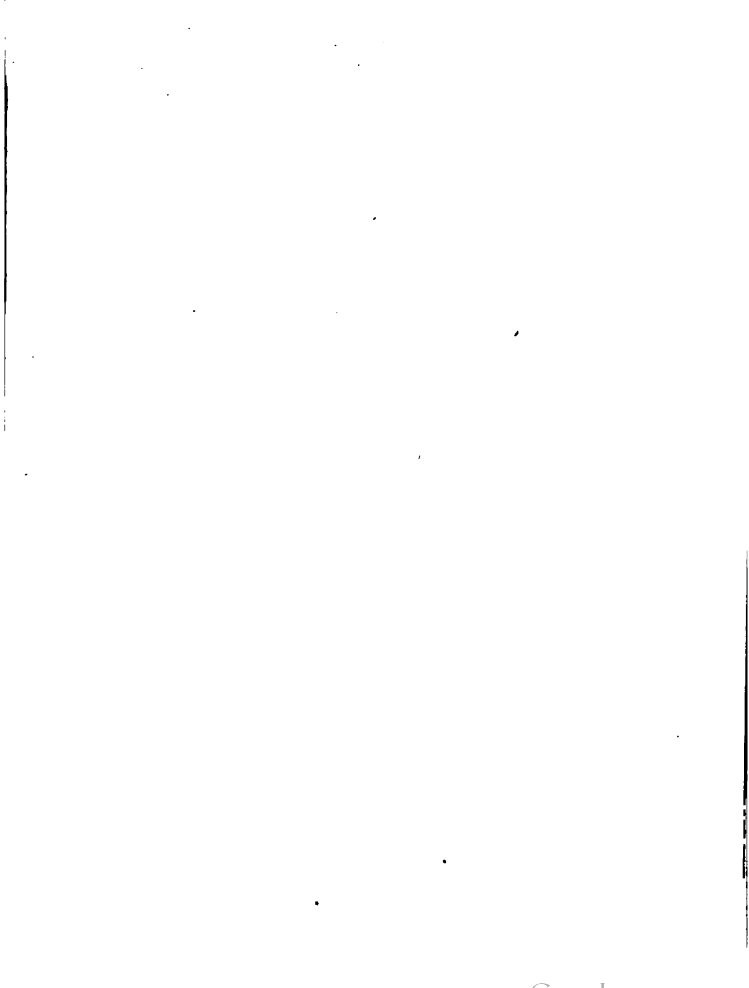
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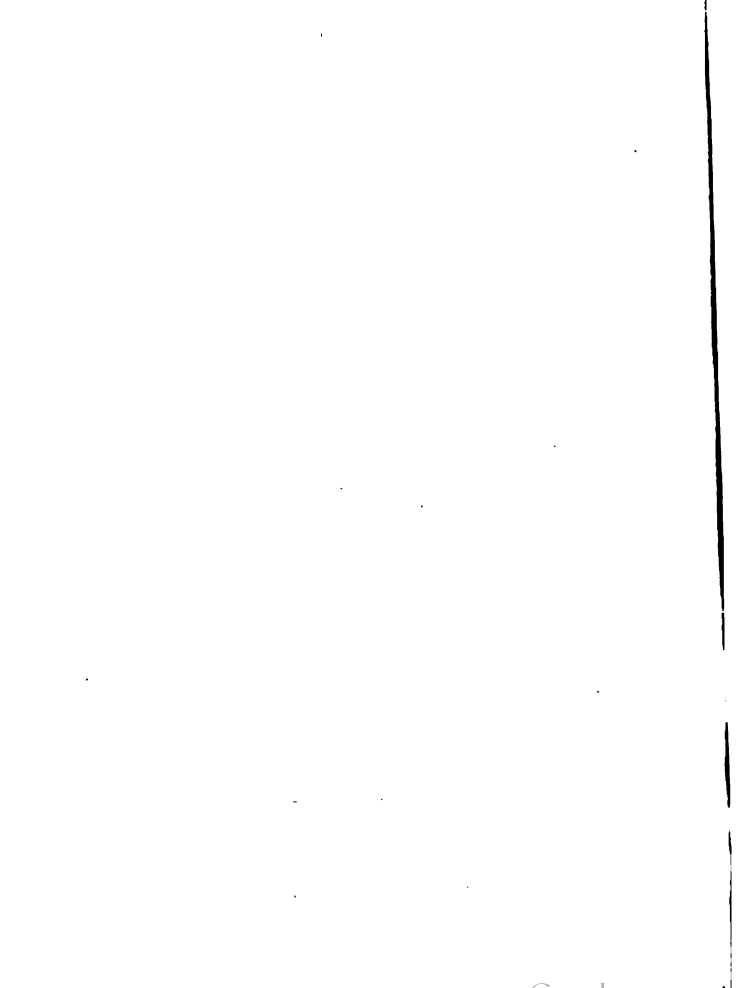
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