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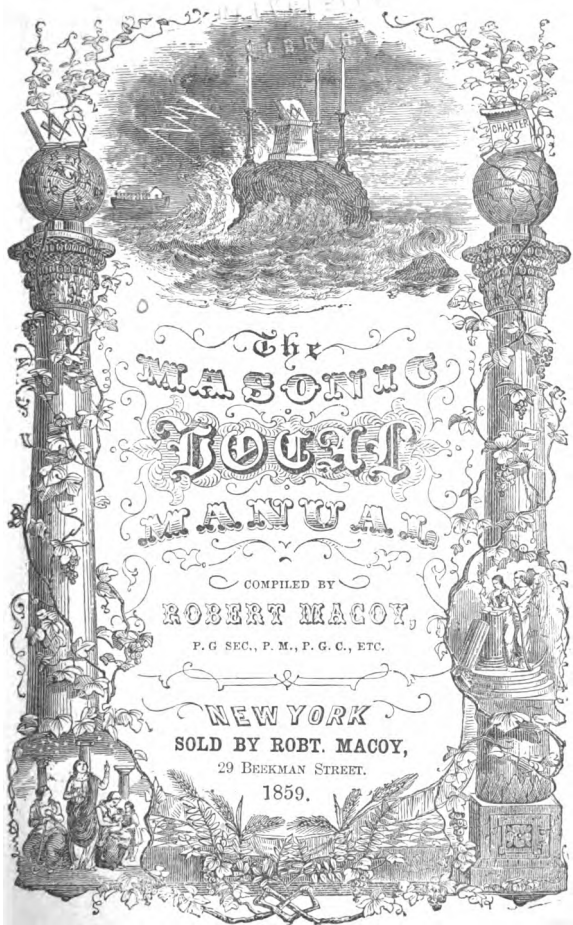
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The
MASONIC
BOOGEY
MANUAL

COMPILED BY
ROBERT MACOY,
P. G. SEC., P. M., P. G. C., ETC.

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P R E F A C E .

THE object of the present volume is to furnish LODGES, CHAPTERS, and APPROPRIATE CEREMONIALS, with a complete COLLECTION OF ODES for all practical purposes. Great care has been used in the selection: all light and trifling pieces were rejected, and it is believed that nothing has been admitted but such as will tend to advance the dignity of the Order, and elevate the moral character of its members.

The tones of music breathing the "concord of sweet sounds," speak a language to the soul richer in meaning than words can express, and add an inspiring influence, in unison with the sublime ceremonies of the Order, to enliven the mind; to cheer the drooping spirit, and assist in promoting the reciprocal sentiments of Brotherly Love and Charity.

The tunes selected and accompanying each piece, are old and familiar; but may be changed, by those having a knowledge of music, to other and probably more appropriate airs.

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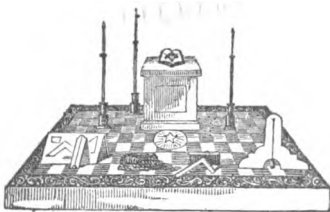
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ODES FOR THE LODGE.

1.

ODE TO MASONRY.

HAIL, MASONRY! we boast thy cheerful grace,
And own our union to an ancient race.
This boast is noble, Virtue makes it so,
And stamps the man who wears it, high or low, }
As he his actions to the world doth show.
Our order's age to TIME himself's unknown,
And still shall flourish when his sythe's laid down.
When th' æra came for NATURE to arise,
Pleas'd with the work she hasted thro' the skies;
BEAUTY, and STRENGTH, and WISDOM then arose,
Attendant to fulfill her various laws;
Quick th' immortals hasten'd to descry
Her great designs, and saw with wond'ring eye
Discord and darkness fly before her face,

And sweetest beauty fill the boundless space.
They saw the planets dance their wond'rous round,
By Attraction's secret force in order bound,
They saw the earth in glory rise to view;
Surpris'd they stood, each diff'rent scene was new.
The crowning wonder next arose, and charm'd
Their minds with greater force, for man was form'd;
In whom the various graces all were join'd,
And BEAUTY, STRENGTH and WISDOM were combin'd.
Their admiration then gave birth to praise,
'They sung the ARCHITECT in glorious lays.
Their lyres they tun'd with sweetest harmony,
And hail'd the matchless name of MASONRY.
Such is the genial pow'r whose laws we own,
Whose wisdom animates each duteous son.

When sad corruption tainted human kind,
And prejudice shed darkness o'er the mind,
Men fled her presence, dazzled at her light,
And chose to wander in the wilds of night;
Griev'd at the scene, reluctant she retir'd,
And in a sev'n-fold veil her face attir'd.
No more in public are her truths reveal'd,
From all, but a chosen few, she keeps conceal'd.
No mixed gaze, no clam'rous noise she loves,
Wisdom in soberness her mind approves;
But still (so 't is decreed) she must retain
Some among men her science to maintain,

For them the noblest fabrics now she rears,
To crown their virtues, and to ease their cares.
Within those walls no trivial merit's known,
No wild ambition. ENVY'S jealous frown,
Jaundic'd SUSPICION, SATIRE'S vengeful sneer,
Dare not intrude; immortal TRUTH is there.
FRIENDSHIP and LOVE, with all their charming train.
In MASONRY'S bright temples ever reign;
No characters are on her altars slain.
What though the weak may point with foolish sneer
At those who're Masons but by what they wear,
And sagely ask, if Masonry's so good,
Why are the lives of these so very rude?
Yet candid minds (and such ev'rywhere abound)
Will own the good, tho' bad ones may be found.
Search orders thro', e'en sacred are not free
From those who are not what they ought to be.
Still so exact are Masonry's bright rules,
They none offend, but vicious men or fools.
Long may the lodge remain the honor'd seat
Of each Masonic Virtue, good and great!
May every member as a Mason shine,
And round his heart its ev'ry grace entwine!
While here below, may Heav'n upon him show'r
Its choicest gifts, and in a distant hour,
Gently from the lodge below his soul remove
To the GRAND LODGE OF MASONRY above!

2.

THE LODGE.

'T is WISDOM, STRENGTH and BEAUTY,
 United, hand in hand,
 Support our glorious fabric,
 Which spreads o'er every land.

The steps within its ladder,
 By which aloft we climb,
 Are HOPE and kindly CHARITY,
 And spirit FAITH sublime.

The starry heaven, its canopy
 Curtained by angel wings;
 Whose kind protecting radiancy,
 A halo 'round us flings.

3.

MUSIC—

'T is Masonry unites mankind,
 To gen'rous actions forms the soul;
 In friendly converse all conjoin'd
 One spirit animates the whole.

Where'er aspiring domes arise,
 Wherever sacred altars stand;
 Those altars blaze unto the skies,
 Those domes proclaim the Mason's hand.

4.

ENTERED APPRENTICE.

OPENING.

MUSIC—*Dundee, C. M.*

Within our temple, met again,
With hearts and purpose strong,
We'll raise our notes of grateful praise,
With union in our song.

Around our altar's sacred shrine,
May Love's pure incense rise,
Bearing upon its mystic flame
Our music to the skies.

5.

MUSIC—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Come, brothers of the mystic tie—
Our social work begun—
We'll raise an opening song on high
To HIM, the HOLY ONE!
With hearts united, firm and free,
We round our altar stand;
Who best can work, and best agree
Are dearest in our band.

Come, kindle, at our holy fire,
Fraternal thoughts and kind;
Each worthy act and pure desire
Shall kindred wishes bind.
With hearts united, firm and free, &c.

6.

INITIATION.

MUSIC—*Auld Lang Syne.*

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 distills,
 Like Hermon's dew, so richly shed
 On Zion's sacred hills.

For there, the Lord of Light and Love,
 A blessing sent with pow'r:
 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.

7.

MUSIC—*Auld Lang Syne.*

How pleasant and how good it is,
 And beautiful to see,
 For Brethren (as Freemasons are)
 To live in unity.
 'Tis Heaven-like! and good for all,
 Who Masonry do love;

'T is the command from Him who reigns
Omnipotent above.

May Masons long united be,
Their thoughts to God direct;
Who was—and is—and will remain—
The World's Great Architect.

"Brotherly Love—Relief—and Truth,"
Freemasons do combine;
Masons agree, in "Faith and Hope,"
And "Charity" divine.

Oh! what a boon to Masons' hearts,
'T is to relieve distress;
And own from whom their good proceeds
Their health, their happiness.
Then Masons join to praise the Lord,
For blessings freely given;
And when we leave this earthly Lodge,
May we ascend to Heaven.

8.

INITIATION OF A CLERGYMAN.

MUSIC—Tallis' Chant.

When, met in Friendship's kindly name,
We round our altar stand,
Then each shall own Religion's claim,
And bow at her command.

When'er her messengers of peace
 Shall light our holy fire,
 Let each unworthy passion cease,
 Controlled each wrong desire.

Here let our heart-felt prayers unite
 For him who comes in love,
 Each Brother blest in that pure Light
 Reflected from above.

While traveling on life's weary road,
 No hand to guide us there,
 Then be the messenger of God
 A friend to soothe each care.

Thus fondly known the joys of time
 That brothers kindly prove,
 Our hopes shall point to that fair clime
 Where dwells IMMORTAL LOVE

9.

MUSIC—*Sterling.*

While journeying on our darksome 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 Conductör! then supply
 Thy holy aid, when time is o'er.

10.

MUSIC—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Behold! how good a thing it is,
 And how becoming well,
 For brethren, such as Masons are,
 In unity to dwell.
 Oh! 'tis like ointment on the head;
 Or dew on Zion's hill!
 For then, the Lord of Hosts hath said,
 Peace shall be with you still.

11.

MUSIC—*Dundee.*

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

12.

MUSIC—*Cephas.*

Deep in the quarries of the stone,
 Amid vast heaps of other rock;
 In darkness hid, to art unknown,
 We found this rude and shapeless block.
 Now shaped by art, its roughness gone
 And fit this noble work to grace;
 We lay it here, a corner-stone,
 Chosen and sure, in proper place.
 Within this stone there lies conceal'd
 What future ages may disclose,
 The sacred truths to us reveal'd,
 By Him who fell by ruthless foes.
 On Him, this corner stone we build,
 To Him, this edifice erect;
 And still, until this work's fulfill'd,
 May Heaven the workman's ways direct.

13.

MUSIC—*Ward.*

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.

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

14.

CLOSING.

MUSIC—*Sicilian Hymn.*

Now our social labors closing,
Homage of our hearts we pay;
Each in confidence reposing
Kindest thoughts that ne'er decay

Let us each, in time's commotion,
Heavenly light and truth implore
Thus we'll pass life's stormy ocean,
Landing on a happier shore.

15.

MUSIC—*Rule Britannia.*

To heaven's high Architect all praise,
All praise, all gratitude be given;
Who deign'd the human soul to raise
By mystic secrets sprung from heaven.

Sound aloud the great Jehovah's praise;
To him the dome the temple raise.

16.

FELLOW CRAFT.

OPENING.

MUSIC—*Bulerma.*

251

O welcome, brother, to our band,
 Tho' strong its numbers now,
 And high its lofty pillars stand,
 And noble arches bow.

O welcome—if thy heart be true,
 Thou'lt find with us a home;
 We're daily adding columns new
 Unto our glorious dome.

Now let our soulful prayers arise,
 For blessings on his brow,
 And bear our offering to the skies,
 For him who joins us now.

17.

MUSIC—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Come, Brothers of the Craft, unite,
 In generous purpose bound;
 Let holy love and radiant light
 In all our works be found.

Where columns rise in beauteous form,
 Untouch'd by time's decay,
 We'll fear no dark or threatening storm
 To cloud our passing day.

And as we pass life's journey o'er,
 Though trouble's waves may rise,
 Our faith shall rest on that bright shore
 Beyond the changing skies.
 Where columus rise, &c.

18.

MUSIC—*Ortonville.*

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 Thy saving grace
 Through all of coming time.

19.

INITIATION.

MUSIC—*What Fairy-like music.*

Come, Craftsmen, assembled our pleasure 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, join'd 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

20.

MUSIC—*Rule Britannia.*

Hail, Masonry, thou Craft divine!

Glory of earth, from heaven reveal'd;
Which doth with jewels precious shine,
From all but Masons' eyes conceal'd;
Thy praises due, who can rehearse,
In nervous prose or flowing verse.

All craftsmen true, distinguish'd are,
Our code all other laws excels;
And what's in knowledge choice and rare,
Within our breasts securely dwells.

The silent breast, the faithful heart,
Preserve the secrets of the art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
From beasts, whose roar the forest rends;
From the assaults of warriors bold,
The Mason's art mankind defends.

Be to this art due honor paid,

From which mankind receives such aid.

Ensigns of stato, that feed our pride,
 Distinctions troublesome and vain,
 By Masons true are laid aside:
 Art's free-born sons such toys disdain;
 Ennobled by the name they bear,
 Distinguish'd by the badge they wear

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
 Friendly converse of brotherhood,
 The lodge's lasting cement be,
 Which has for ages firmly stood.
 A lodge thus built, for ages past
 Has lasted, and shall ever last.

21.

In all your dealings take good care,
 Instructed by the friendly Square,
 To be true, upright, just and fair,
 And thou a Fellow Craft shall be.

The Level so must poise thy mind,
 That satisfaction thou shall find,
 When to another Fortune's kind.
 And that's the pride of Masonry.

The Compass t'other two compounds,
 And says, though angry on just grounds,
 Keep all your passions within bounds,
 And thou a Fellow Craft shall be.

Thus symbols of our order are
 The Compass, Level, and the Square;
 Which teach us to be just and fair:
 And that's the pride of Masonry.

22.

CLOSING.

MUSIC—*Sicilian Hymn.*

Soon we part; the word once spoken,
 Friend from friend in kindness goes;
 Thus, till time's last ties are broken,
 Be the claim each brother knows.

On the LEVEL met, forever
 May we stand upright and true;
 Friends on earth shall meet, and sever,
 With a better world in view.

23.

MUSIC—*Rockingham.*

Come, brothers, ere to-night we part,
 Join every voice and every heart—
 One solemn hymn to God we'll raise,
 One closing song of grateful praise.

Here, brothers, we may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happier shore;
 And there, released from toil and pain,
 Dear brothers, we shall meet again.

24.

MASTER MASON.

OPENING.

MUSIC—*Bruce's Address.*

Freemasons all, where'er ye be,
Sons of light, ye Masons free,
May virtue and may honor be
The Ornaments of Masonry.

With fervent zeal, with heart and hand,
May love cement our mystic band;
And for our cause let's make a stand,
For glorious Masonry.

Freemasons all from pole to pole,
May love unite and truth control;
If sorrows come what can condole,
Our griefs like Masonry.

With kindly smiles we all have met,
To welcome each and not forget,
The absent whom we now regret,
On grounds of Masonry.

Ye Craftsmen all may love impart,
A warmth unto each honest heart;
And oft consult that faithful chart,
The guide of Masonry.

And when the spirit hence has fled,

VOCAL MANUAL.

May angels o'er their pinions spread,
 And crown with bliss each Mason's head,
 With heavenly Masonry.

25.

Music—*Zerah.*

Come, Masters of the Art, unite,
 And may this meeting prove,
 To all th' assembled sons of light,
 A strengthened bond of love.
 May friendship and morality,
 And brotherly love, impart
 The spirit of pure harmony,
 To each and every heart.

26.

Music—*Auld Lang Syne.*

With Masters of the Art sublime,
 In solemn conclave met,
 Are found the dearest joys of time,
 Our hearts can ne'er forget
 Though dangers can be threat,
 Our hope is placed on God,
 Still traveling with a band,
 We trust a Friend
 Should foes
 No d

A Brother's hand shall be our stay,
 Our weary path to cheer.
 Though dangers threat, and perils rise,
 Our hope is placed above;
 Still traveling with the good and wise,
 We trust a Father's love

27

MUSIC—*The Birks of Invermay.*

Come, all ye gentle springs that move
 And animate the human mind,
 And by your energy improve
 The social bond by which we're join'd.

The happy lodge, of care devoid,
 And haggard malice always free,
 Shall by your aid be still employ'd
 In social love and harmony.

How must the heart with rapture glow
 When every nerve's with virtue strung,
 When from the kindly bosom flow
 Unfeign'd expressions of the tongue!

The social virtues thus practis'd,
 Express'd by symbols of our art,
 Engage us to be exercis'd
 In studiés that improve the heart.

28.

INITIATION.

MUSIC—*Bonny Doon.*

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 planet's 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,
 And spirits unto God return.

29.

MUSIC—*Sharon.*

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.

Rely your trust on Him alone,
Who rules all things above, below;
Send your petitions to his throne,
For he alone can help you now

30.

MUSIC—*Cistine Chapel.*

Eternal Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ;
While in thy temple we appear
To hail the Sovereign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

31.

MUSIC—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Let Masonry from pole to pole
 Her sacred laws expand,
 Far as the mighty waters roll,
 To wash remotest land:
 That virtue has not left mankind,
 Her social maxims prove,
 For stamp'd upon the Mason's mind
 Are unity and love.

Ascending to the 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.

32.

SONNET.

Hail, mystic Science! seraph maid,
 Imperial beam of light;
 In robes of sacred Truth array'd,
 Morality's delight.
 O give me Wisdom to design,
 And strength to execute;

In native Beauty e'er be mine,
 Benevolence, thy fruit.
 Unsullied pearl of precious worth,
 Most grateful to my soul,
 The social Virtues owe their birth
 To thy unmatch'd control.
 Celestial Spark, inspir'd by thee,
 We pierce yon starry arch on wings of piety.

33.

MUSIC—*Pleyel's Hymn.*

Solemn strikes the fun'ral 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,
 Seraph of celestial wing,
 To our fun'ral altar come;
 Waft this friend and brother home.
 There, enlarged, his soul shall see,
 What was veiled in mystery;
 Heavenly glories of the place
 Show his Maker face to face.

VOCAL MANUAL.

Lord of all below—above—
 Fill our souls with truth and love;
 As dissolves our earthly tie;
 Take us to Thy Lodge on high.

34.

Music—*Windham.*

Strange darkness gathers round the soul,
 And o'er it frightful billows roll;
 The victor, death, and all things drear
 Reveal their fearful powers here.

Disperse these clouds, some ray of light
 And bid the day revoke the night;
 Oh! God of light, extend thy hand
 And save us in this trying land.

Music—*Germa*

35.

Ah! when shall
 Who last we
 For three
 He lies

Behold! where mourning beauty bent,
 In silence o'er his monument,
 And wildly spread, in sorrow there,
 The ringlets of her flowing hair.

The future sons of grief shall sigh,
 While standing round in mystic tie,
 And raise their hands, Alas! to heaven,
 In anguish that no hope is given.

From whence we came or whither go,
 Ask me no more, nor seek to know,
 Till three shall meet, who form'd like them,
 The GRAND LODGE in Jerusalem.

36.

CLOSING.

MUSIC—*Sicilian Hymn.*

Soon to part in friendly feeling,
 Will the Master's call be made;
 Kindly words, the thoughts revealing,
 Tell of joys that never fade.

Soon will our GRAND MASTER call us
 From the changeful joys of time;
 Then no grief can e'er befall us,
 In a blest and holy clime.

37.

MUSIC—*Boylston.*

Now, brothers, we must part,
 Where we have met in peace,
 Where harmony its joys impart,
 And strife and discord cease.

We on the Level meet,
 Upon the Square we part;
 May truth and love, and friendship sweet,
 Pervade each brother's heart.

Here, Lord, before we part,
 Help us to bless thy name;
 Let every tongue, and every heart,
 Praise and adore the same.

38.

MUSIC—*Arlington.*

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.

39.

MUSIC—*Sweet Home.*

Farewell, till again we shall welcome the time
Which brings us once more to our fame-cherished
shrine;

And though from each other we distant may roam,
Again may all meet in this, our dear lov'd 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 called to the Grand Lodge on high,
May each be prepared, when the summons shall
come,

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

May every dear brother find heaven a home.

40.

MUSIC—*America.*

Hail! universal Lord!

By heaven and earth ador'd:

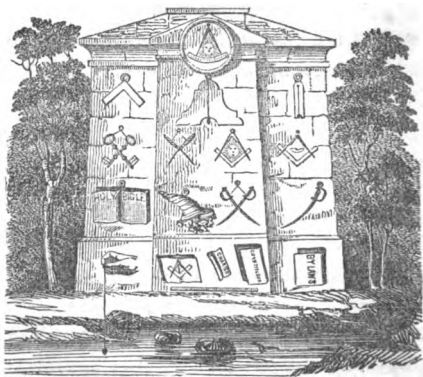
All hail! great God!

Before thy name we bend,

To us thy grace extend,

And to our prayer attend.

All hail! great God!



ODES FOR ANCIENT CEREMONIES.

41.

CONSTITUTING A LODGE.

Music—Here's a health.

Hail, mysterious, glorious Science,
Which to discord bids defiance;
Harmony alone reigns here:
Come let's sing to him that rais'd us,
From the rugged path that maz'd us,
To the Light that we revere!

Glorious science, glorious science!
 Hail, mysterious, glorious science;
 Which to discord bids defiance;
 Harmony alone reigns here.

42.

MUSIC—*Faintly as tolls the evening chime.*

Joyfully in the lodge we meet,
 Fondly each other as brethren greet,
 Soon as the door is closely tiled,
 Masonry issues her precepts mild.
 List, brothers, list! the solemn prayer
 Fervently floats upon the air.

Why should we to the world unfold,
 Secrets as precious as beaten gold?
 Yet the accepted, true, and free,
 Who are so ready to teach as we?
 Hail we, and claim we, heart and hand,
 Brethren, the noblest of the land.

With solemn prayer the lodge we close,
 Who may not safely then repose?
 Nature's great Architect's name invoke?
 Terror shall fly like scattering smoke.
 Sing, brothers, sing, no danger fear,
 Masonry reigns all powerful here.

43.

Music—*America.*

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 prayer to-day,
Turn not thy face away,
 O Lord, our God!
Heaven, 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 heavens 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 Savior, God!

When in this Lodge we're met,
 And at thine altar set,
 O, do not us forget,
 Our Savior, God.

44.

CONSECRATION.

MUSIC—*America.*

Hail, Masonry divine!
 Glory of ages, shine;
 Long may'st thou reign!
 Wher'er thy lodges stand,
 May they have great command,
 And always grace the land;
 Thou art divine!

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!

Hiram, the architect,
 Did all the Craft direct
 How they should build;

| | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--------------------|
| Sol'mon, great Israel's king, Did mighty blessings bring, And left us room to sing, Hail, royal Art! | } | CHORUS 3 TIMES. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--------------------|

45.

MUSIC—*Brattle Street.*

While thee we seek, protecting Power
 Be our vain wishes still'd;
 And may this CONSECRATED HOUR
 With better hopes be filled.

In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand we see!
 Each blessing to our souls most dear,
 Because conferred by thee.

My lifted eyes without a tear
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart will rest on thee.

46.

MUSIC—*Lawton, or Amlin.*

How blest the sacred tie, that binds
 In sweet communion kindred minds!
 How swift the heavenly course they run
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

Together oft they seek the place
 Where Masons meet with smiling face;
 How high, how strong their raptures swell,
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
 When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
 Then shall they meet in realms above—
 A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

47.

INSTALLATION.

MUSIC—*Rule Britannia.*

When earth's foundation first was laid,
 By the Almighty Artist's hand;
 'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,
 Established by his strict command.

Hail! mysterious, Hail, glorious Masonry!
 That makes us ever great and free.

In vain mankind for shelter sought,
 In vain from place to place did roam,
 Until from heaven, from heaven he was taught.
 To plan, to build, to fix his home.

Hail! mysterious, &c.

Illustrious hence we date our Art,
 And now in beauteous piles appear,

We shall to endless, to endless time impart,
How worthy and how great we are.

Hail! mysterious, &c.

Nor we less fam'd for every tie,
By which the human thought is bound;
Love, truth and friendship, and friendship socially,
Join 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.

48.

MUSIC—*Redeeming Love.*

When heaven's Great Architect Divine
Raised world on world in kind design,
Then form on earth was laid;
Fraternal thoughts conferred on man,
By love inspired the social plan,
And social hearts obeyed.

While wandering on our clouded way,
Compassion shed its kindly ray,
A guide to lead the blind;

Conducted by a holy light,
 With generous love and mystic rite,
 The purest joys we find.

With skill to work, and wise to guide,
 No pain shall come, no thought divide,
 Where hearts with heart agree;
 Then let us to our altar bring
 The dearest offering while we sing,
 United, true and free.

49.

MUSIC—*Bright rosy morning.*

Behold! in the EAST, our new MASTER appear;
 Come, brothers, we'll greet him with hearts all
 sincere;
 We'll serve him with freedom, fervor and zeal,
 And aid him his duties and trust to fulfil.

In the WEST see the WARDEN, with LEVEL in hand,
 The Master to aid and obey his command.
 We'll aid him with freedom, 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 its flight,
 We'll aid him, &c.

49.

MUSIC—Zerah.

Accept the trust we offer thee,
Our Master and our guide;
May justice, truth, and purpose high,
In all thy power abide.

God help in thy extended charge,
To keep our temple fair;
To rear it higher—higher still,
The temple of thy care.

Oh! lead us by the light of truth,
To walk in wisdom's way,
'Thro' all the trying paths of life,
To realms of endless day.

50.

MUSIC—America.

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.

51.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONES.

MUSIC—*Laneboro.*

Great Architect of earth and heaven,
 By time nor space confined,
 Enlarge our love to comprehend,
 Our Brethren, all mankind.

Where'er we are, whate'er we do,
 Thy presence let us own;
 Thine Eye, all-seeing, marks our deeds,
 To Thee all thoughts are known.

While nature's works and science's laws,
 We labor to reveal,

O! be our duty done to Thee,
With fervency and zeal.

With Faith our guide, and humble Hope,
Warm Charity and Love,
May all at last be raised to share,
Thy perfect light above.

52.

Masons uniting raise the hallow'd pile,
Sacred to virtue, by science plann'd;
Power celestial o'er the fabric smile,
And join in kindred tones th' exulting band.

Strength, mighty artist! lay the ample base—
Wisdom stretch forth thy potent wand—
Beauty adorning, give the modest grace— [hand.
And, science, though complete with sovereign

53.

MUSIC—*America.*

Let Masons' fame resound
Thro' all 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 always 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.

54.

O glorious Builder of the vaulted skies,
Almighty Architect of earth and heaven,
Come down to bless the Mason's enterprise,
To thee, O God, and faith and bounty given.

A home to Friendship and to Love we raise,
Where ages yet to come shall sound our Maker's
praise.

Oh, make its keep foundations firm and fast,
O bless the rearing of the mighty pile;
And when to Thee its spires look up at last,
Upon the finished work and workmen smile.
Nor less the inner works of kindness bless,
And make the Mason's labor peace and happiness.

Enlarge our spirit—let our means improve;
Enforce our faith—make strong our mystic ties;
Exalt our friendship and refine our love,
And let our hearts be pure before thine eyes;
So that while God approves, the world may see
How great and good a thing is ancient Masonry.

Aid us to wipe the widow's bitter tears;
Help us to hear the orphan's lonely cries;
Be present when we soothe a brother's cares,
And be our strength in all calamities.
For what can we, as one or many do,
Unless, O Lord, with thee our labors we pursue?

O, therefore, Builder of the vaulted skies,
Almighty Architect of earth and heaven,
Come down to bless the Mason's enterprise,
To Thee, O God, and faith and bounty given

A home to friendship and to love we raise,
 Where ages yet to come shall sound our Master's
 praise.

55.

“ Let there be light,” th' Almighty spoke;
 Refulgent streams from chaos broke,
 To illume the rising earth!
 Well pleased the great Jehovah stood;
 The power supreme pronounced it good,
 And gave the planets birth!
 In choral numbers Masons 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 the mind:
 By choice selected, lo! we stand,
 By friendship join'd, a social band!
 That love, that aid mankind!
 In choral numbers Masons join, &c.

The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
 All wants our ready hands supply,
 As far as power is given;
 The naked clothe, the pris'ner free,
 These are thy works, sweet Charity!
 Revealed to us from heaven.
 In choral numbers Masons join, &c

56.

MUSIC—*Turin.*

Placed in form the corner stone—
 True and trusty, brothers own—
 Come and bring, in thought sincere,
 Hands to help, and hearts to cheer.

 Come and bring, in thought sincere,
 Hands to help, and hearts to cheer.

Marked with love the Master's will—
 Kindly proved the work of skill—
 Beauteous forms in grace shall rise
 'Neath the arch of favoring skies.

 Beauteous forms in grace shall rise
 'Neath the arch of favoring skies.

Join we now our offering true,
 While our homage we renew;
 Bear to him whose praise we sing
 Thanks that from each bosom spring.

 Bear to Him whose praise we sing,
 Thanks that from each bosom spring.

When on earth our work is o'er,
 Be a dearer life in store;
 Each in form, in heart upright,
 Taught by Truth's unerring light.

 Each in form, in heart upright,
 Taught by Truth's unerring light.

57.

DEDICATION OF MASONIC HALLS.

MUSIC—*Old Hundred.*

Great Architect of heaven and earth,
To whom all nature owes its birth;
Thou spake! 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.

58.

MUSIC—*Migdol.*

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

Dedication to Freemasonry.

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

Dedication to Virtue.

Come Charity, with goodness crowned,
 Encircled in thy heavenly robe;
 Diffuse thy blessings all around,
 To every corner of the globe.

Dedication to Universal Benevolence.

To heaven's high Architect all praise,
 All praise, all gratitude be given,
 Who deign'd the human soul to raise,
 By mystic secrets sprung from heaven.

59.

MUSIC—Indian Philosopher.

When darkness veiled the hopes of man,
 Then LIGHT with radiant beams began
 To cheer his clouded way;
 In graceful FORM, to soothe his woes,
 Then BEAUTY to his vision rose,
 In bright and gentle ray.

Immortal ORDER stood confessed,
 From furthest EAST to distant WEST,
 In columns just and true;

The faithful PLUMB and LEVEL there,
 Uniting with the mystic SQUARE,
 The temple brought to view.

Descending then from heaven, Most High,
 Came CHARITY with tearful eye,
 To dwell with feeble man;
 HOPE whispered peace in brighter skies,
 On which a trusting FAITH relies,
 And earth's best joys began.

Abroad was seen the boon of Heaven,
 Fraternal LOVE was kindly given,
 And touched each kindred heart;
 The SONS OF LIGHT with transport then,
 In kindness to their fellow-men,
 Unveiled the MYSTIC ART.

Let grateful pæans loudly rise,
 O'er earth's domains, to azure skies,
 As time shall onward move;
 A brother's joy and woe shall be,
 Undying bonds to mark the FREE,
 To wake a brother's love.

60.

Music—Golden Hill.

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.

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.

61.

Music—Sterling.

All honors to our Master pay,
Who bade our holy temple rise;
While here we journey on our way,
Our thanks shall reach to farthest skies.

Dedication to Freemasonry.

We hail our holy patron's name,
 Whose bright example guides us still;
 His highest honors we proclaim,
 While grateful thanks our temple fill.

Dedication to Virtue.

While thus we seek, in pure desire,
 Immortal bliss in realms above,
 Our hearts shall kindle at the fire
 Whose light is universal love.

Dedication to Universal Benevolence.

This well-form'd lodge shall long endure,
 Through rolling years preserve its prime;
 Upon a rock it stands secure,
 And braves the rude assaults of time.

62.

MUSIC—Rule Britannia.

The two last lines of each verse are Chorus

When heaven design'd that man should know
 All that was good and great below,
 This was the happy, choice decree,
 The blessings of Freemasonry

Hence peace and friendship deign to smile,
 Instructive rules the hours beguile:
 In social joy and harmony
 Are spent the hours of Masonry.

To Beauty's shrine they homage pay,
Its power they know and own its sway;
And this their boast will always be,
Success to love and Masonry.

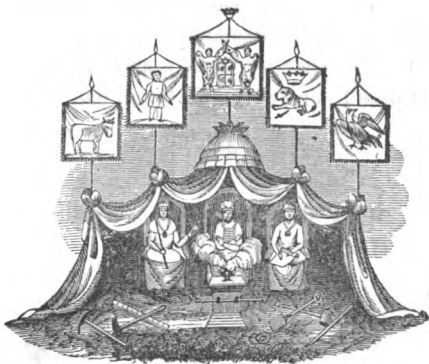
When taste and genius both combine,
To shape the stone or draw the line;
In fair proportion, just and free,
All own the power of Masonry.

Whate'er in sculptur'd skill we prize,
Or domes are rear'd, or structures rise,
Such wonders mankind ne'er could see,
But from the help of Masonry.

An edifice we're proud to own,
Of wood not made, nor yet of stone;
Whose angles, squares and symmetry,
Are emblems of Freemasonry.

'Tis founded on a Brother's Love,
Relief and Truth its pillars prove;
Its corner-stone is Charity;
The building's then Freemasonry.

By nature rear'd, improv'd by art,
The mansion view—a Mason's heart!
Which ne'er was equal'd, all agree,
When model'd by Freemasonry.



ODES FOR THE CHAPTER.

62.

MARK MASTER.

MUSIC—Sterling.

Accept, Great Builder of the skies,
Our heart-felt acts of sacrifice!
Each brother found a living stone,
While bending low before Thy throne.

Let holy love our work still be,
Inspiring hopes that rest on **THEE!**
Thus, when we see a brother's woe,
Our hearts shall feel the love we owe.

While Craftsmen true their work prepare,
 With thoughts unstained, and holy care,
 May each be fitly formed, and placed
 Where LOVE DIVINE his hopes had traced.

63.

MUSIC—*America.*

MARK MASTERS gather near;
 Hail our Grand Overseer,
 With heart and voice;
 Each in his station known
 As some fair corner stone,
 Before our Master's throne,
 Let all rejoice!

May the Grand Architect
 Keep us as sons elect,
 While time shall stand;
 To Heaven our prayers shall rise,
 In grateful sacrifice,
 All hearts to solemnize
 In friendship's band.

64.

MUSIC—*America.*

MARK MASTERS all appear,
 Before the Chief O'erseer,
 In concert move;

Let him your work inspect,
For the Chief Architect,
If there be no defect,
 He will approve.

You have passed 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 imposters are
Mixed with the worthy there,
Caution them to beware
 Of the right hand.

(Ceremonies.)

Now to the praise of those
 Who triumph'd 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.

65.

MUSIC—*Greenville.*

Now each brother marked with kindness,
 Leaves the calm retreat of love;
 Holy light to mental blindness
 Flows, like mercy from above.
 Now each brother marked, &c.

O'er life's tempest, hope delaying,
 As the gentle, trembling dove,
 Ere that hope is found decaying,
 Friends will meet, and Heaven approve.
 Now each brother marked, &c.



66.

PAST MASTER.

Music—America.

Come, and with generous will,
 Past Master, bring your skill,
 Our work to prove;
 Calm each invading storm,
 Each erring thought reform,
 With Truth each bosom warm,
 Inspired by love.

Firm as our columns stand,
 Be each approved command,
 Where Brothers dwell;
 Let notes of kindness roll
 Over each trusting soul;
 Far as from pole to pole,
 Let anthems swell!

67.

While Science yields a thousand lights
 To irradiate the mind,
 Let us that noblest art pursue
 Which dignifies mankind.
 So to Masonry huzza!
 So to Masonry huzza!
 Whose art and mystery coincide
 With gospel and with law.

The pompous dome, the gorgeous hall,
 The temple's cloud-capp'd tower,*
 The Mason's glory shall proclaim,
 Till Time's remotest hour.

Then to Masonry, &c.

Yet he who thinks our art confined
 To mere domestic laws,
 As well might judge great Nature's works
 Sprung up without a cause.

Religion's all enlighten'd page
 We spread before our eyes;
 By which we're taught those steps to trace,
 Which lead us to the skies.

The good Freemason so will prove,
 To all and every where;
 Upon the Level still to meet,
 And part upon the Square.

Upon this rock we'll stand, when worlds
 To oblivion are consign'd,
 And vision's baseless fabric like,
 Leave not a rack behind.

* Alluding to the beautiful passage from SHAKESPEARE.

“The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a rack behind.”

68.

MOST EXCELLENT MASTER.

All hail to the morning
 That bids us rejoice;
 The temple's completed,
 Exalt high each voice;
 The cap-stone is finish'd,
 Our labor is o'er;
 The sound of the gavel
 Shall hail us no more.

To the Power Almighty, who ever has guided
 The tribes of old Israel, exalting their fame ;
 To Him who hath govern'd our hearts undivided,
 Let's send forth our voices to praise His great
 name.

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

(Ceremonies.)

**There is 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 master,
Invested with honors, and power to preside;
Among 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

69.

MUSIC—*America.*

See, from the Orient rise
 Bright beams to bless our eyes,
 All hearts to cheer!
 Let all, with one consent,
 Impelled by true intent,
 Become Most Excellent,
 In love sincere.

Where rise our 'Temple spires,
 Bring hearts with pure desires—
 Offerings most true!
 Whate'er in time shall be,
 Let all the good and free
 Faithful to HEAVEN'S decree,
 Their vows renew.

70.

ROYAL ARCH.

MUSIC—*Rule Britannia.*

Almighty Sire! our heavenly King,
 Before whose sacred name we bend,
 Accept the praises which we sing,
 And to our humble prayer attend!
 All hail, great Architect divine!
 This universal frame is thine,

Thou, who didst Persia's king command
A proclamation to extend,
That Israel's sons might quit his land,
Their holy temple to attend.

All hail, great Architect, &c.

That sacred place, where three in one
Comprisd thy comprehensive name;
And where the bright meridian sun
Was soon thy glory to proclaim.

Thy watchful eye, a length of time,
The wond'rous circle did attend;
The glory and the power be thine,
Which shall from age to age descend.

On thy omnipotence we rest,
Secure of thy protection here;
And hope hereafter to be blest,
When we have left this world of care.

Grant us, great God! thy powerful aid
To guide us through this vale of tears;
For where thy goodness is display'd,
Peace soothes the mind, and pleasure cheers.

Inspire us with thy grace divine,
Thy sacred law our guide shall be;
To every good our hearts incline,
From every evil keep us free

71.

Music—Safely through another week.

Joy! the sacred Law is found,
Now the temple stands complete,
Gladly let us gather round,
Where the Pontiff holds his seat.
Now he spreads the volume wide,
Opening forth its leaves to-day,
And the monarch by his side,
Gazes on the bright display.

Joy! the secret vault is found;
Full the sunbeam falls within,
Pointing darkly under ground,
To the treasure we would win.
They have brought it forth to light,
And again it cheers the earth;
All its leaves are purely bright,
Shining in their newest worth.

This shall be the sacred mark.
Which shall guide us to the skies,
Bearing like a holy ark,
All the hearts who love to rise;
This shall be the corner-stone,
Which the builders threw away,
But was found the only one
Fitted for the arch's stay.

72.

MUSIC—*Greenville.*

Lowly now we bend before Thee,
 Holy guide in life's dark way!
 Great High Priest! may each adore Thee,
 Led by Truth's unerring ray!

Lowly now we bend before Thee,
 Holy Guide in life's dark way!

Grateful thanks in hearts are swelling,
 While protection still we pray:
 Still be heard the thanks we're telling,
 As the scenes of time decay.

Lowly now we bend before Thee,
 Holy Guide in life's dark way!

73.

CLOSING.

MUSIC—*Shirland.*

Companions we have met,
 And passed a peaceful hour;
 These moments may we ne'er forget,
 But hope and pray for more.

Thro' this, and every night,
 Lord, grant us sweet repose,
 Now aid us by thy holy light,
 This Royal Arch to close.



FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

No Freemason can be interred with the formalities of this Order, unless it be at his own request, or by that of some of his family, (foreigners and transient brethren excepted;) nor unless he has been advanced to the degree of Master Mason, and from this rule there can be *no exception*. Fellow Crafts and Entered Apprentices are not entitled to funeral obsequies; nor to attend the Masonic processions on such occasions.

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 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, whatever 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 shall 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 insure 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 worn."

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 SAVIOR, 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 public 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 having 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 until 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 praises, 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 fatherless, in the hour of their desolation; and that the same benevolent SAVIOR, 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.

The following or some other suitable HYMN may be sung.

MUSIC—*Dead March in Saul.*

Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb;
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.

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

Here, brother, sleep, beneath the stone
 Which tells a mortal here is laid,
 Rest here, 'till God shall from his throne,
 The darkness break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
 Attend, O earth! God's sov'reign word;
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
 He must ascend to meet his Lord.

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.





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