THE

MYSTIC CHORD,

A COLLECTION OF

Masonic Odes and Melodies

FOR THE

CEREMONIES AND FESTIVALS

OF THE

FRATERNITY,

TO WHICH IS ADDED A

CHOICE SELECTION OF MISCELLANEOUS MUSIC,

BY

CHESTER W. MABIE.

Eleventh Edition.

MASONIC PUBLISHING & SUPPLY CO.

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We have carefully examined the MYSTIC CHORD, published by Bro. CHESTER W. MABIE, and take pleasure in recommending it to the favorable notice of the Craft, as a valuable addition to the various text books in use in Masonic bodies. We are pleased with the judgment, taste, and skill evinced in the arrangement of the various melodies contained in his book, and believe that it will supply a want that has long been felt, by members of the Fraternity, because the book has been prepared especially to accommodate mixed voices—in large assemblies. The melodies are flowing and graceful, are written within the compass of any voice, and are easily learned.

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JAMES M. AUSTIN, Grand Secretary, *State of New York.*

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THOMAS K. ALFORD, Organist, *New York.*

ELIAS P. ST. JOHN, Organist, *New York.*

A. G. CANN, Organist, *Newark, New Jersey.*

PREFACE.

Contemplating the general associations of man, it is remarkable how few of their gatherings are brought to a successful issue without the accompaniment of Music; on almost all the occasions that invite him from the busy world of Art, Commerce or Industry, or from the home of his family to join in other than the most ordinary of his pursuits. Music forms a part, at least, and in many instances a principal feature of his social enjoyments; there is nothing that arouses the passions, elevates the soul, and exalts man, stimulating him to greater moral attainments than this force—Music—the science of harmonious sounds appealing alike to the better nature of humanity wherever it be, the magnificent echoes of the thunder of the Great Architect rolling thro' space, or the plaintive air, for aid from those dependent, the power of Music over the mind for good has never been defined, for it is of itself immeasurable; divested of it, a Nation or a Church, have nothing but the very nakedness of a people, or crude religion, without beauty or grace. Masonry whose ideal empire is founded on the good of man, to his fellow cannot hide the formality of its ritual but by bringing to its aid this poetic outpouring of the soul.

In presenting the Mystic Chord, to the fraternity, the Author feels that it is no novelty, no innovation, but a time honored custom in most if not all Lodges having facilities, and from a close observation of the wants, has taken pains to cull from many flowers those only having fragrance and adaptability to the special use intended. As a creative of that moral which all admit is so essential a feature in our rites and ceremonies the memory of which still rings in the ears of those devotees who proudly rejoice in the name of Mason, to the craft, this work is humbly dedicated, in the faith that it will meet the wants of many, and be received in a fraternal spirit by all who believe that the strength and support of the Masonic Institution is Peace and Harmony.

The favor with which the Mystic Chord has been received, and the recognition by the Craft of its general adaptability to the use of Lodges has emboldened the author to issue the second edition; in presenting which it is confidently hoped that the same generous patronage awarded to the work, will be merited, and extended to the present carefully revised and enlarged edition

The Mystic Chord.

ENTERED APPRENTICE.

DUNDEE. C. M. (PG. 20, CONCORDIA.)

1. Spir - it of power and might! be - hold, Thy will - ing servant here;

2. Tho' darksome skies may o'er him lower, And dangers fill the way:

With thy pro - tec - tion him in - fold, And free his heart from fear.

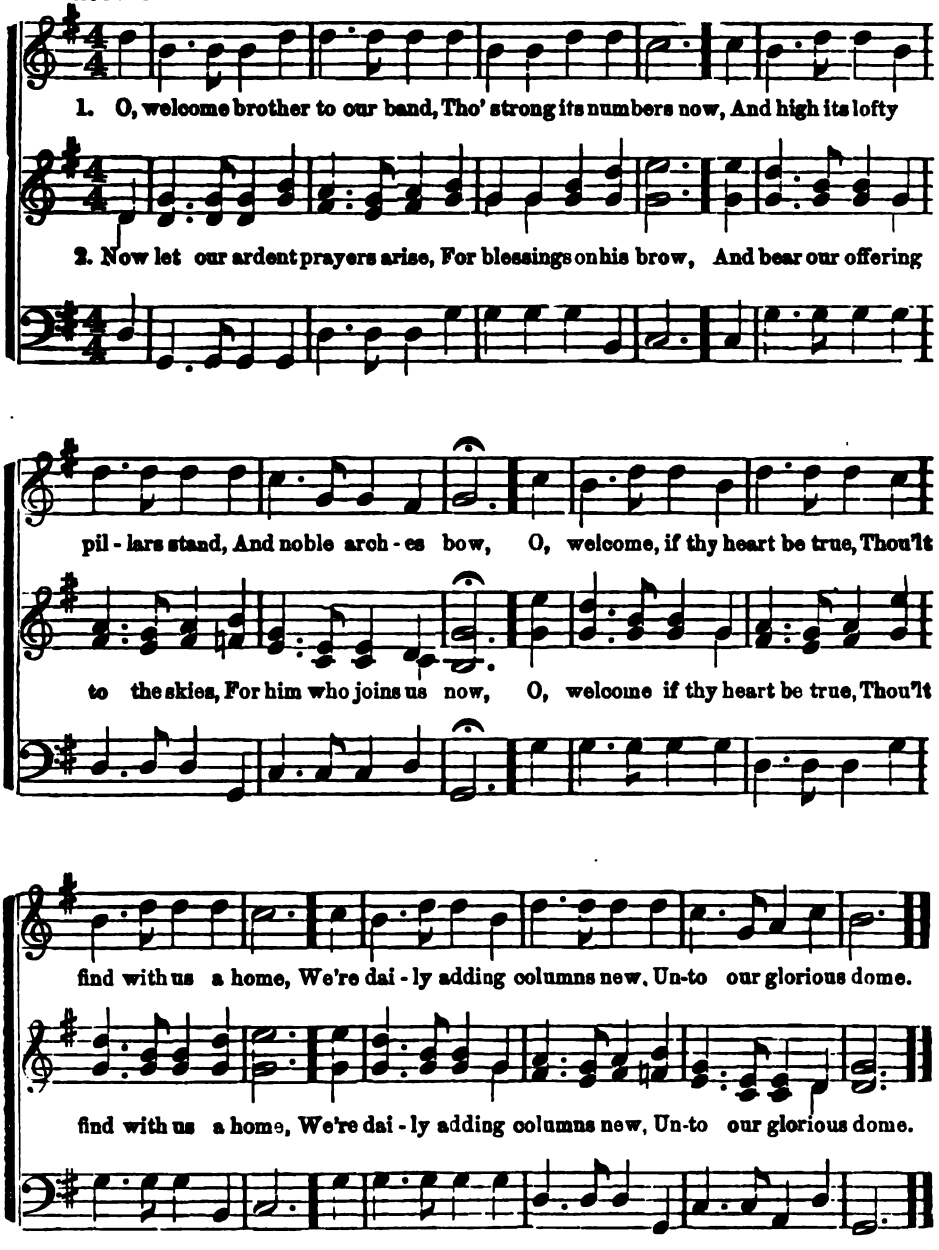
Sup - port him with thy gracious power, And be his con - stant stay.

2. *Master Mason.*

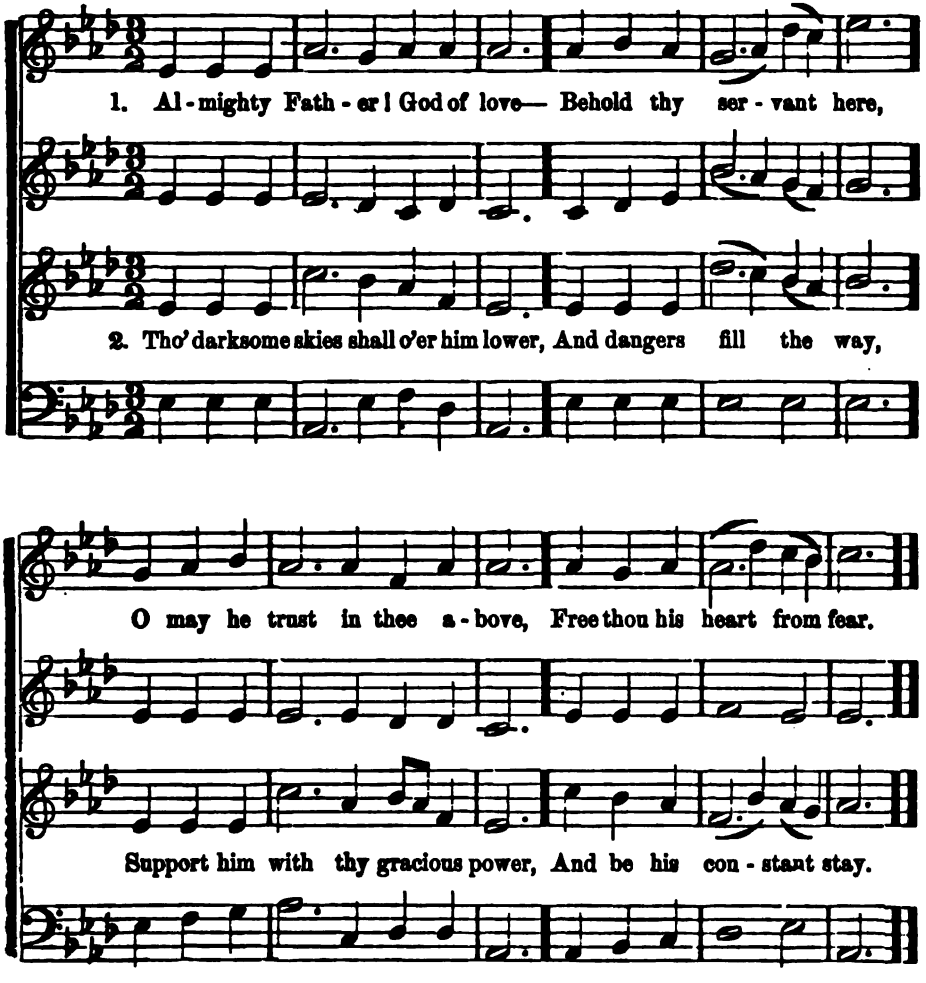
1 Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

AULD LANG SYNE.



TAPPAN. (PG. 18, CONCORDIA.) G. KINGSLEY.



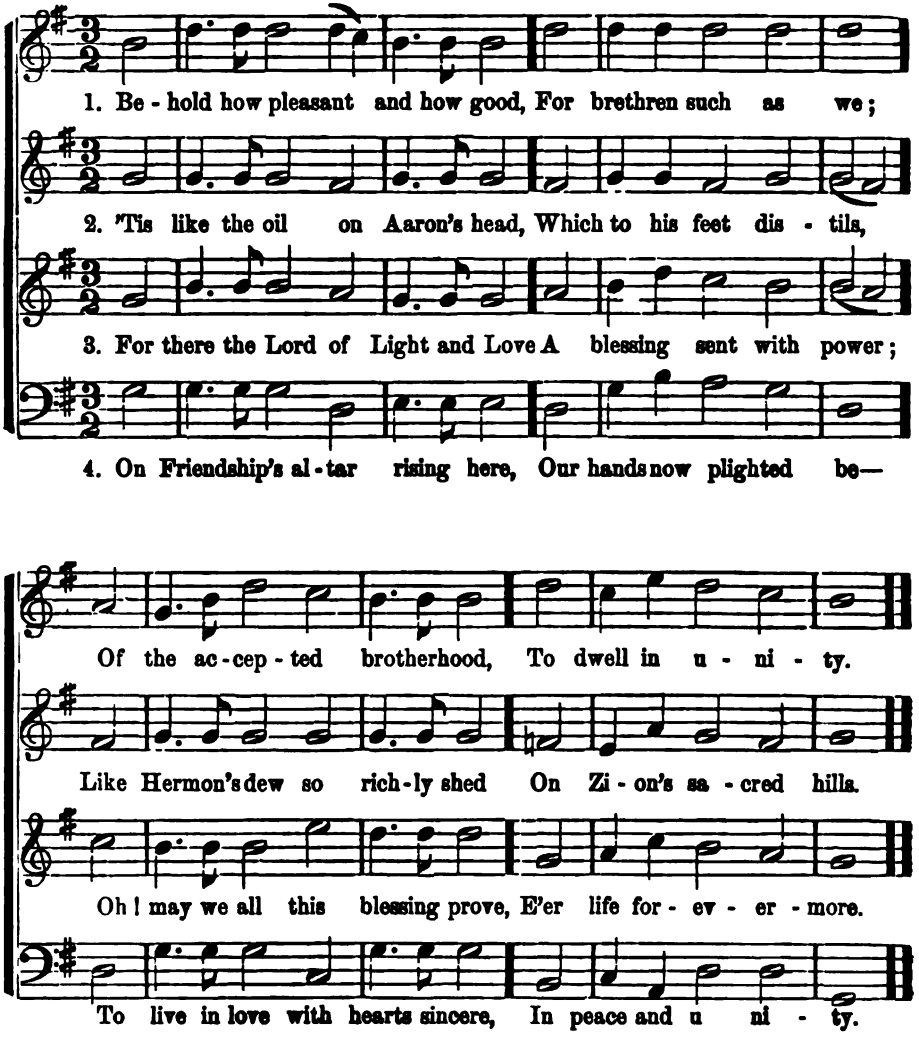
5 *Fellow Craft.*

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

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

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

ARLINGTON. C. M. (PG. 19, CONCORDIA.)

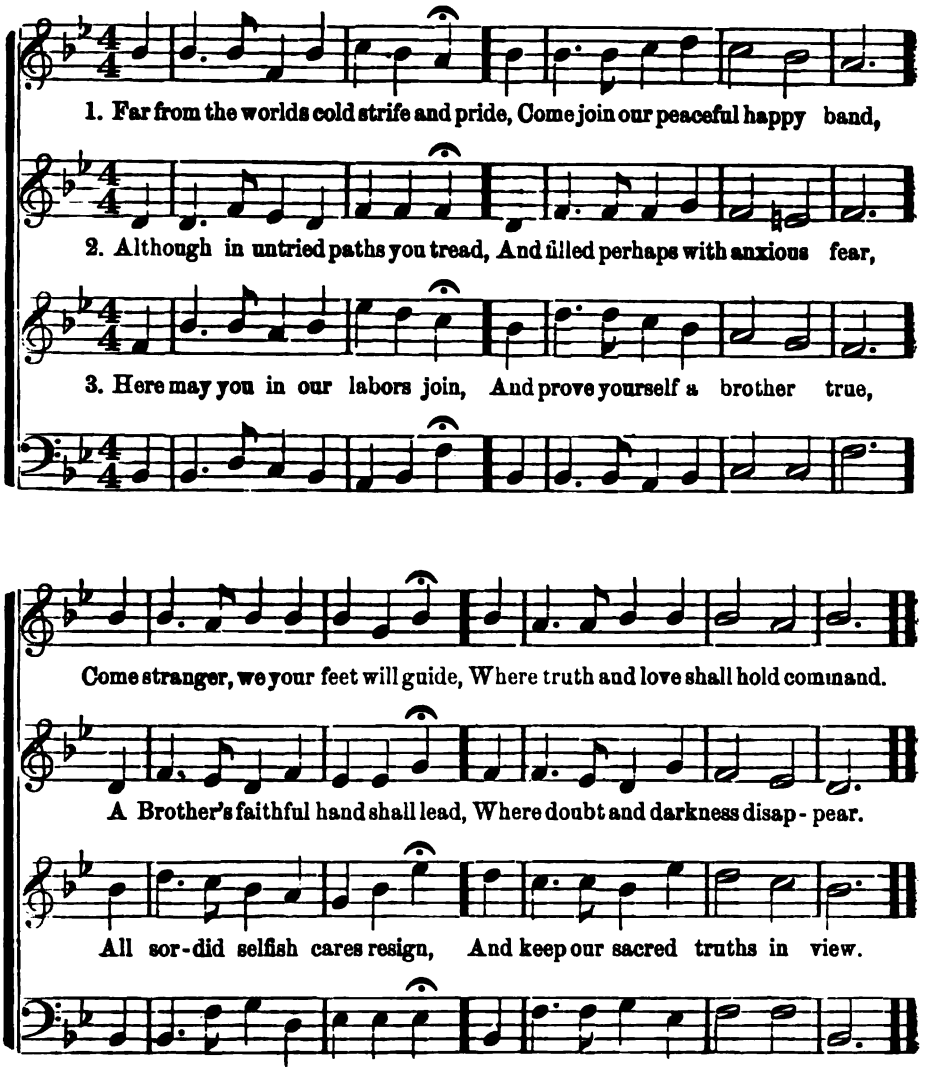


7 *Closing.* (PG. 8, CONCORDIA.)

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

2 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.

HARTSHORN. L. M. (PG. 19, CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.

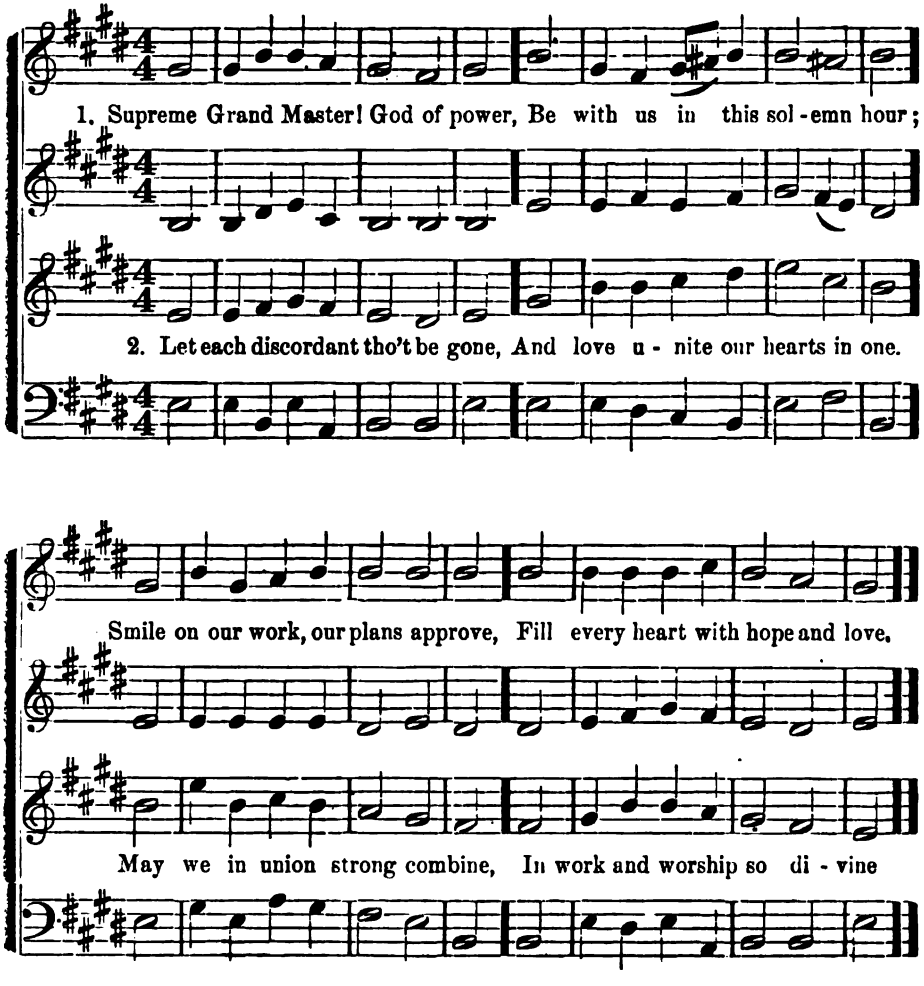


9 *Closing.*

1 As from this place we go once more,
Thy blessing, Father, we implore;
Still may we keep the heavenly way,
And try to serve thee day by day.

2 And 'till again we gather here,
Help us to labor in thy fear;
Thy Truth impart, thy love distil,
That we may know and do thy will.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. (PG. 18, CONCORDIA.)



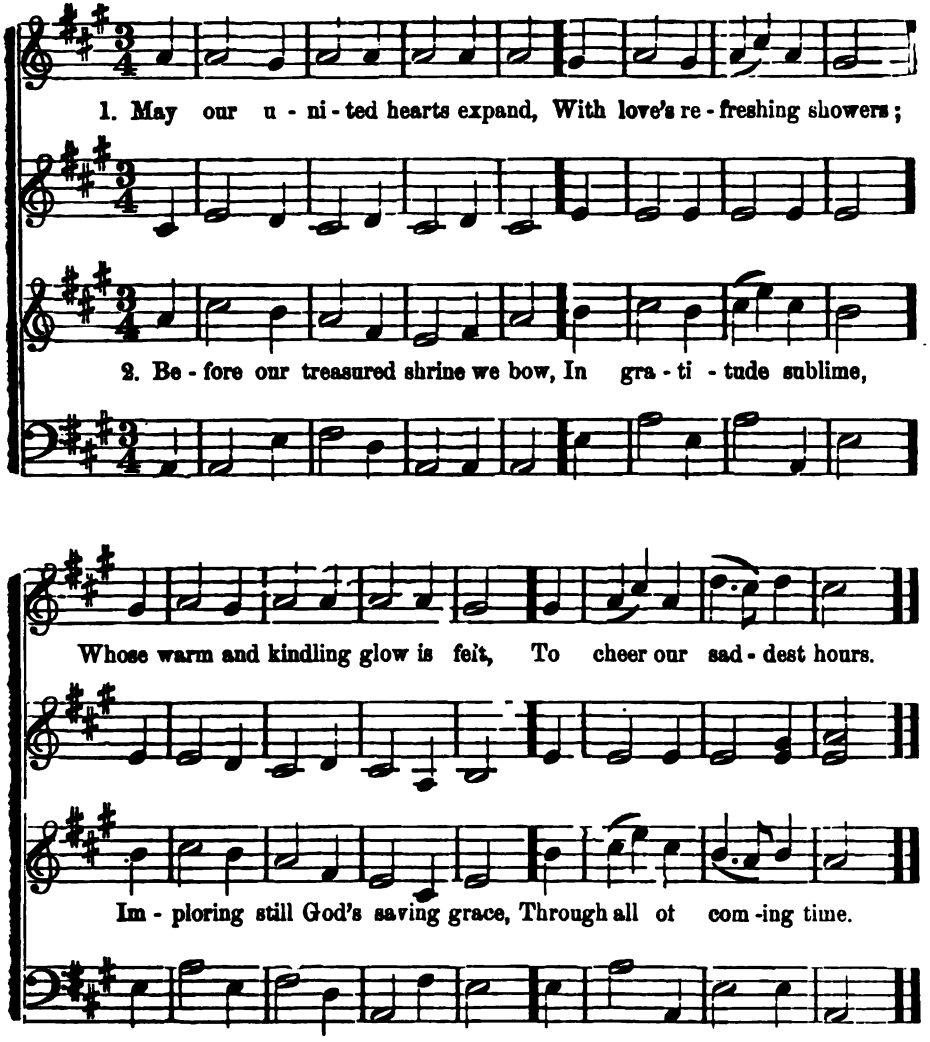
11 *Entered Apprentice.* (PG. 20, CONCORDIA.)

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

2 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.

3 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.

BALERMA. C. M. (PG. 21, CONCORDIA.)



13 ***Master Mason.*** (PG. 24, CONCORDIA.)

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

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

FELLOW CRAFT.

ANDERSON. 11s. (PG. 22, CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. Come, Craftsmen, assembled our pleasure to share, Who walk by the plumb and who

2. We'll seek in our labors the spir - it divine, Our temple to bless and our
3. See, Or - der and Beauty rise gently to view, Each brother a column so

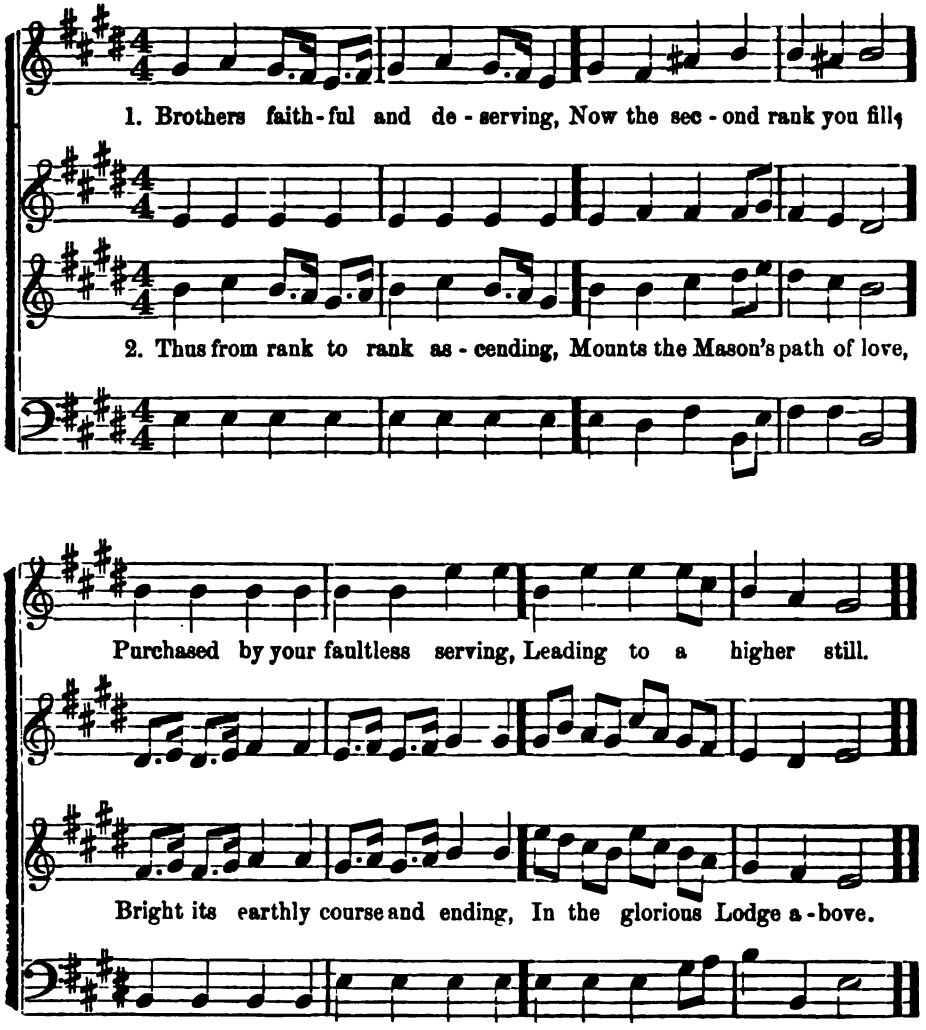
work by the square, While travelling in love on the lev - el of time,

hearts to re - fine, And thus to our al - tar a tri - bute we'll bring,
per - fect and true, When Or - der shall cease, and when tem - ples de - cay,

Sweet hope shall light on to a far bet - ter clime.....

While joined in true friendship our anthem we sing.....
May each, fair - er columns im - mor - tal sur - vey.....

SICILIAN HYMN. (PG. 22, CONCORDIA.)

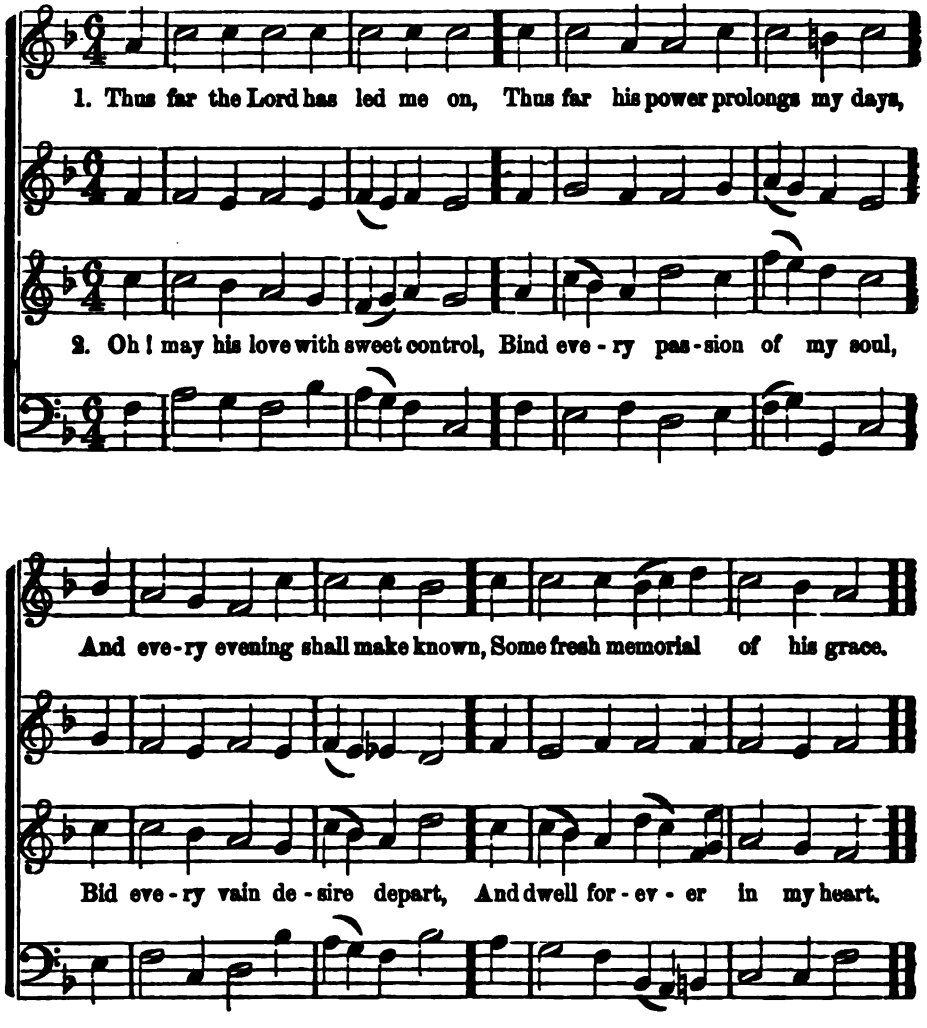


16 *Opening.*

1 Heavenly Father, deign to bless us,
Lead our every thought above,
Let no earthly care oppress us,
May we all be fill'd with love.

2 Let no jarring thought divide us,
Sweetest harmony be ours:
Wisdom's richest feast provide us,
As we pass these happy hours.

NEW-YORK. L. M. (PG. 23, CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.

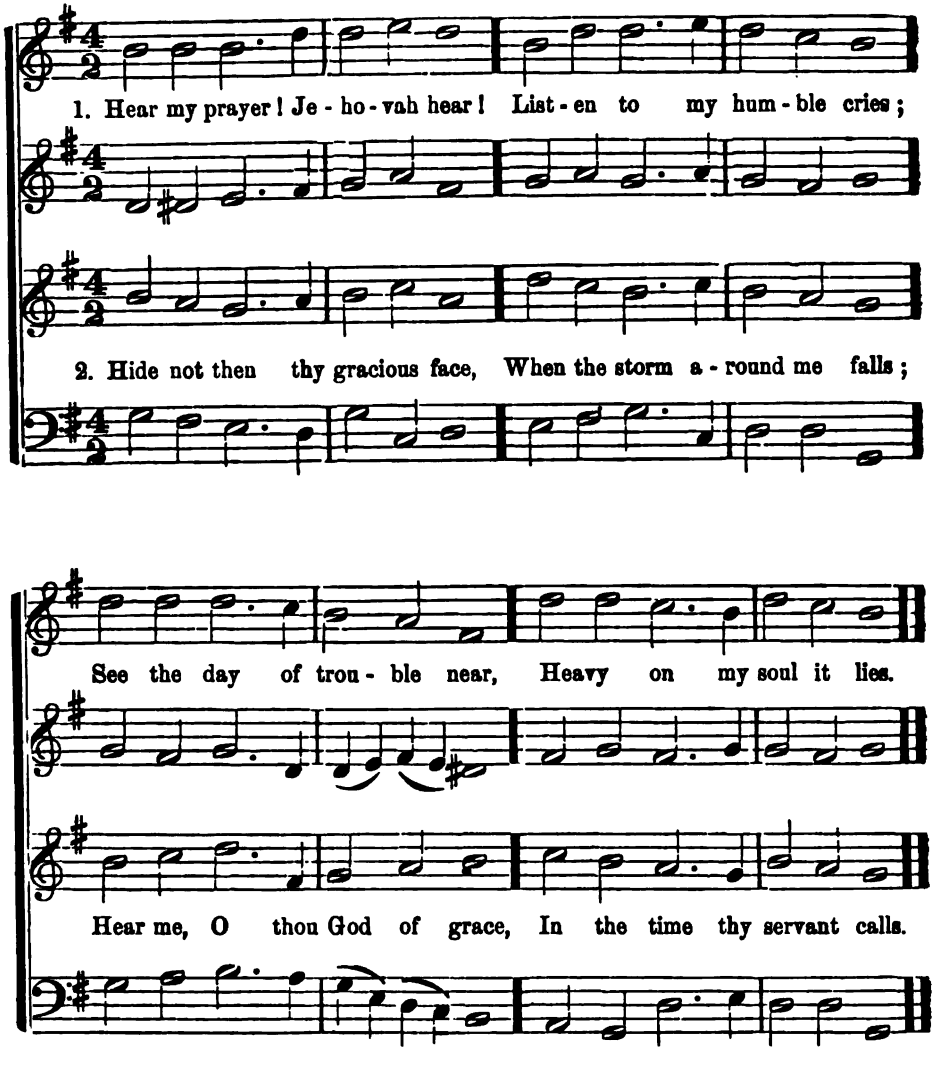


18 *Closing.*

1 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.

2 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.

HAMILTON. 7s. (PG. 24, CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.

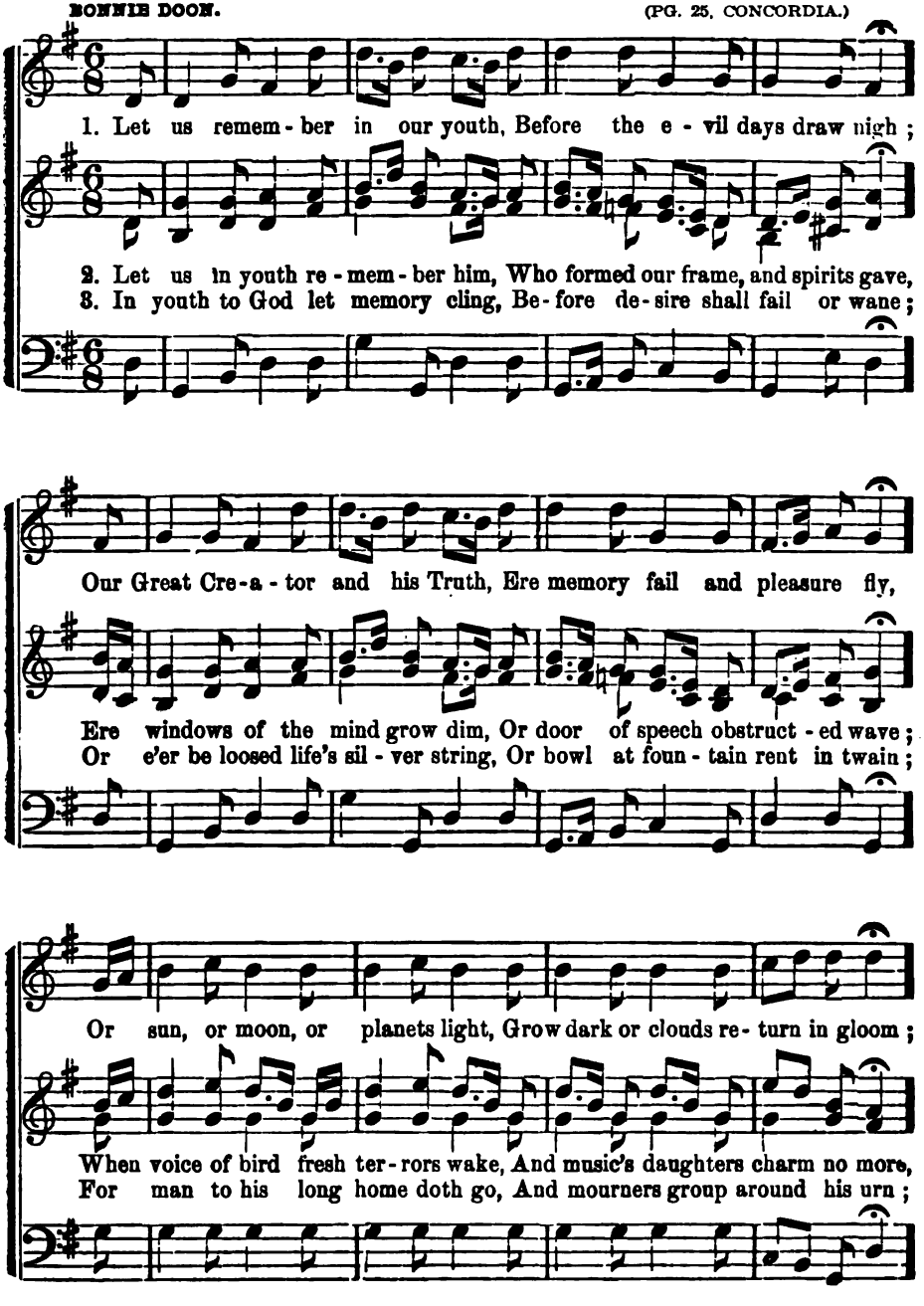


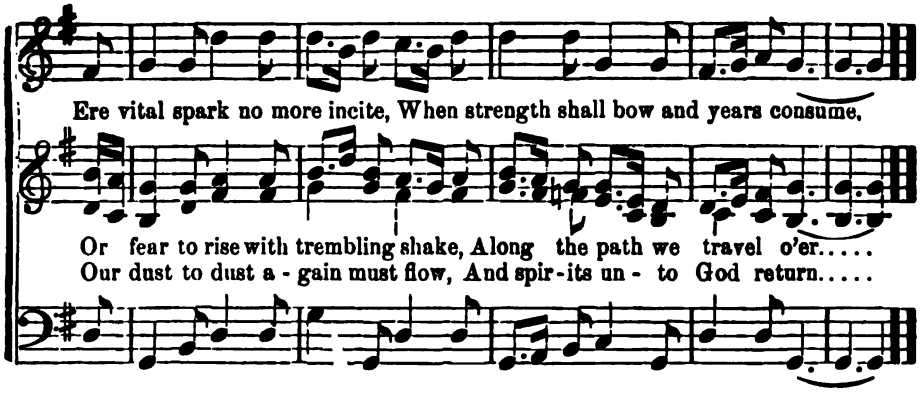
20 *Closing.*

1 Heavenly Parent! ere we part,
Send thy blessing to each heart;
Make us loving, true, and kind;
Make us one in heart and mind.

2 May we for each other care;
Each his Brother's burden bear:
Fill our souls with love divine;
Keep us, Lord, forever thine.

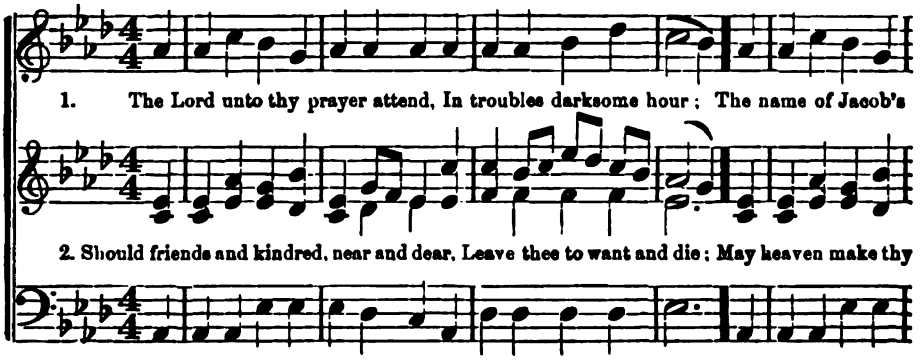
BONNIE DOON. (PG. 25, CONCORDIA.)

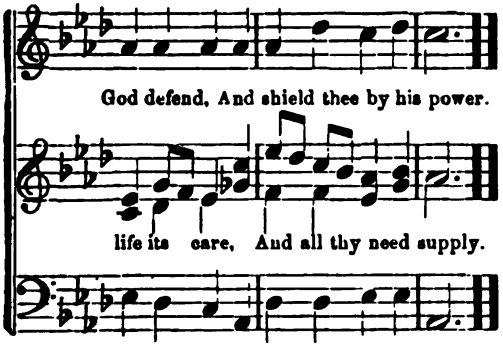




MASTER MASON.

ALIDA. C. M. (PG. 26, CONCORDIA.)



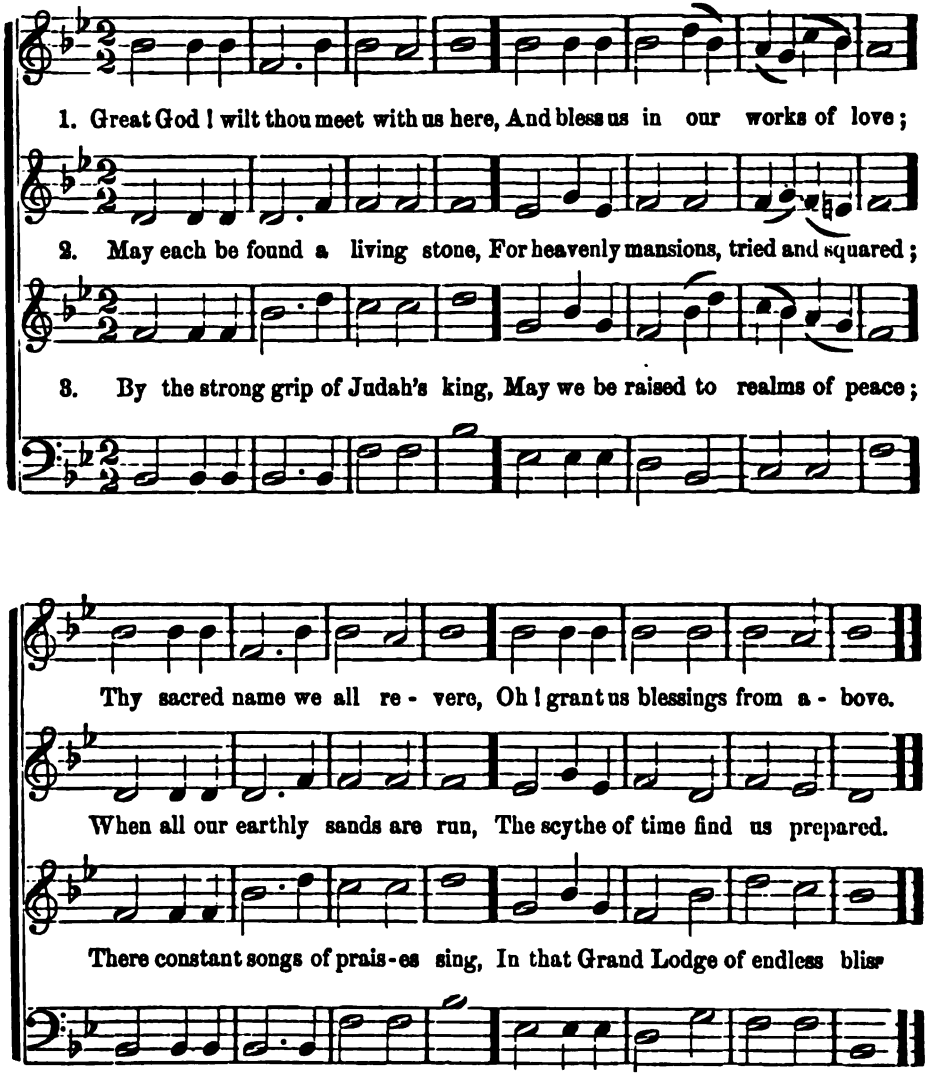


23. *Master Mason.*

1 Almighty Father! gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of our days!
Thy mercies let our hearts record,
In songs of grateful praise.

2 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise us to the skies.

WELTON. L. M. (PG. 3, CONCORDIA.)

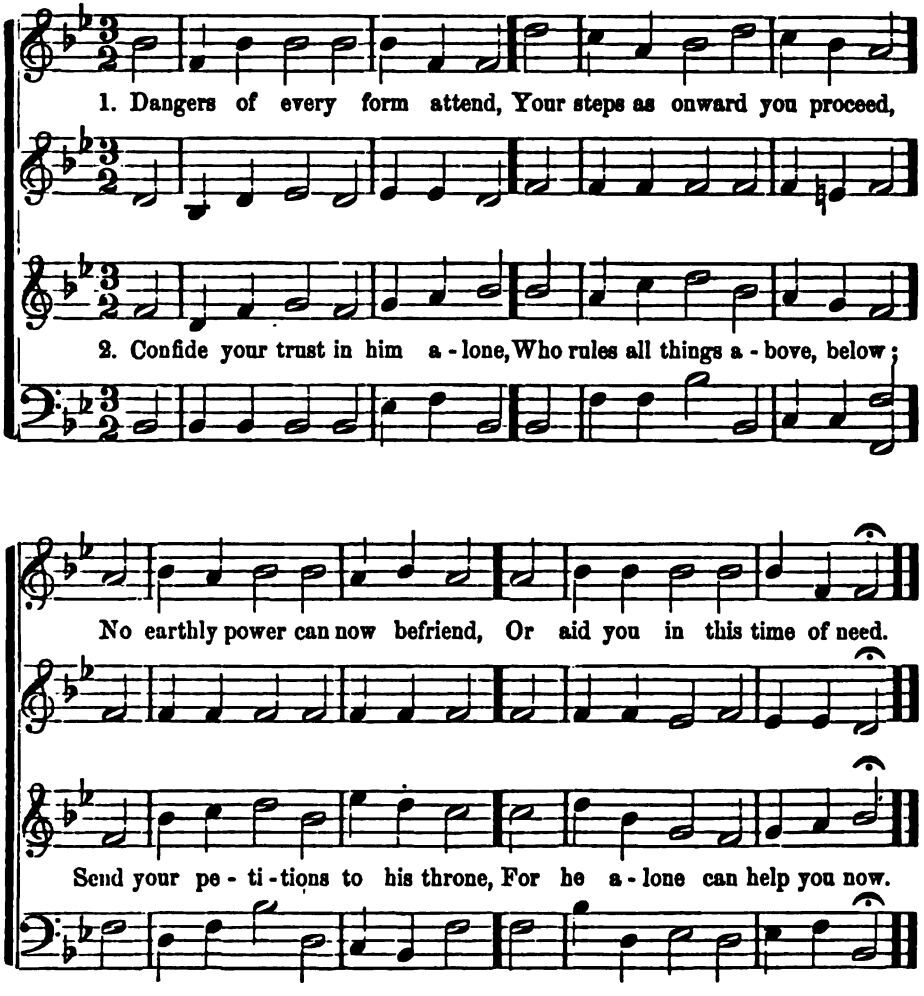


25. *Opening.*

1 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.

2 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.

HEBRON. L. M. (PG. 26, CONCORDIA.)



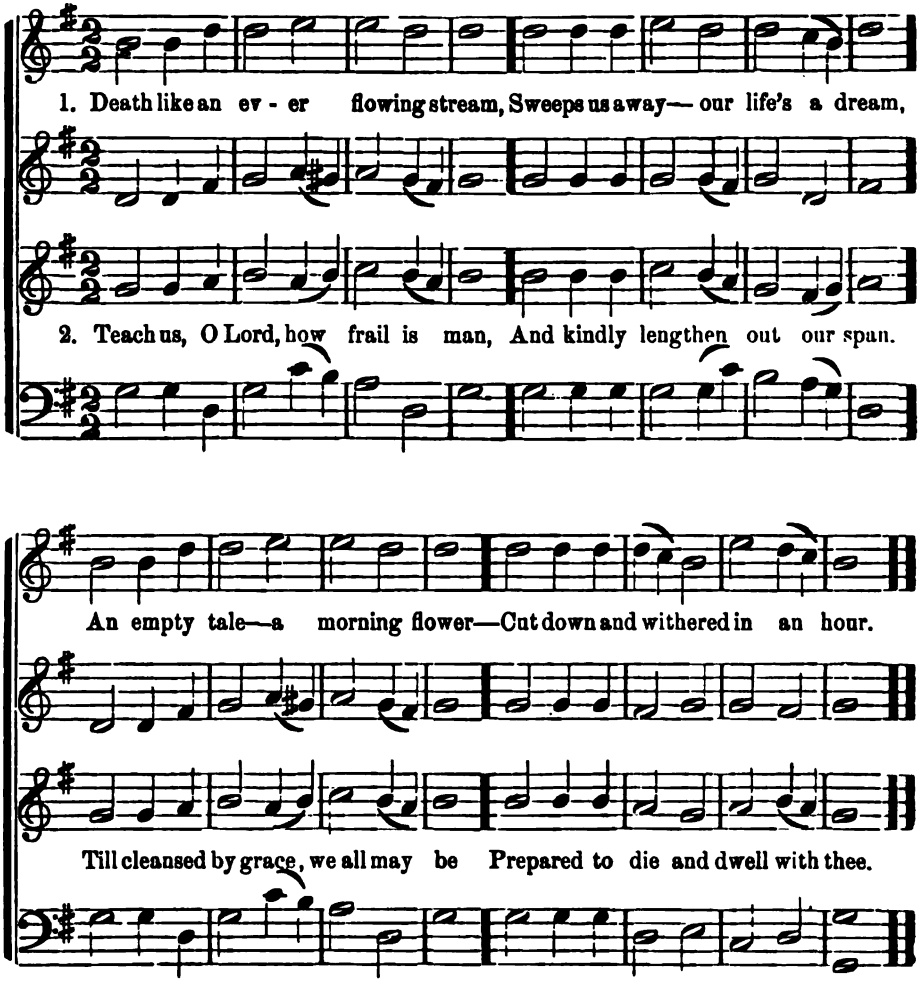
27 *Installation.* (PG. 27, CONCORDIA.)

1 Let Mason's ever live in love;
Let harmony their blessings prove;
And be the sacred Lodge—the place,
Where freedom smiles in every face.

2 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

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

HAMBURG. L. M. (PG. 26, CONCORDIA.)



29 *Anniversary Ode.* (PG. 31, CONCORDIA.)

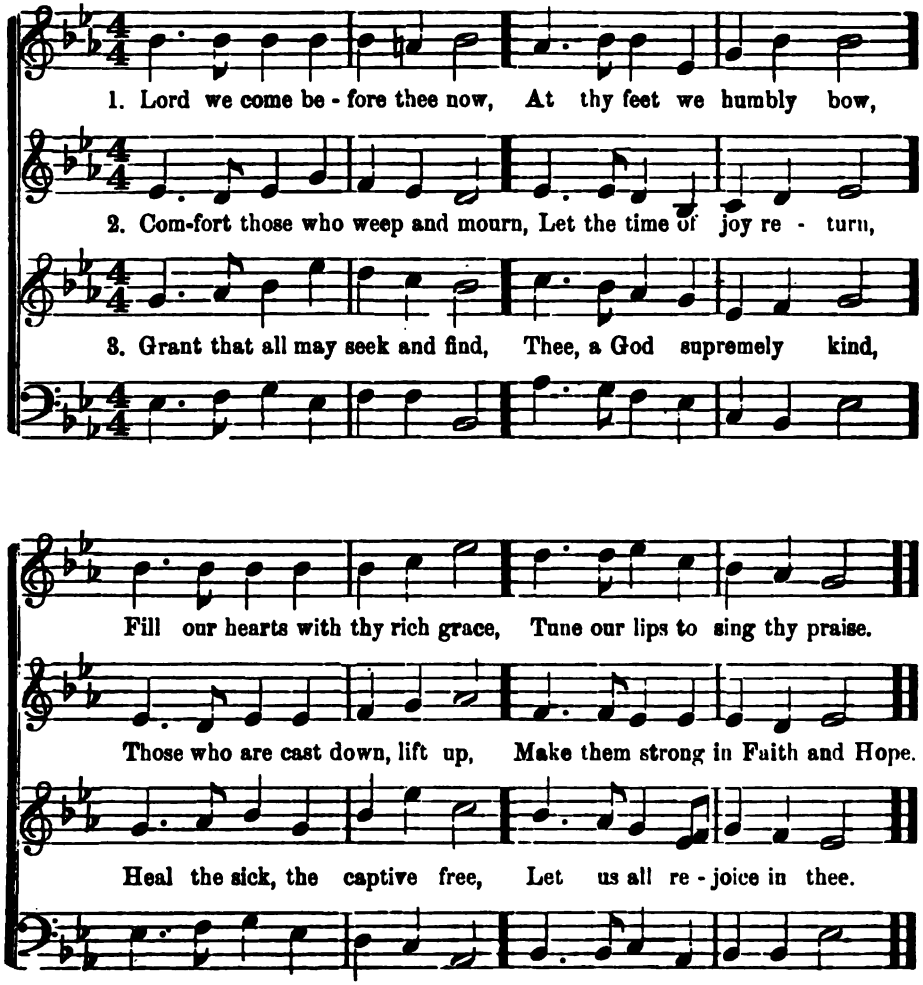
1 Hail! Masonry, thou craft divine!
Come, brethren, let us cheerful join,
To celebrate this happy day,
And homage to our Master pay.

2 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.

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

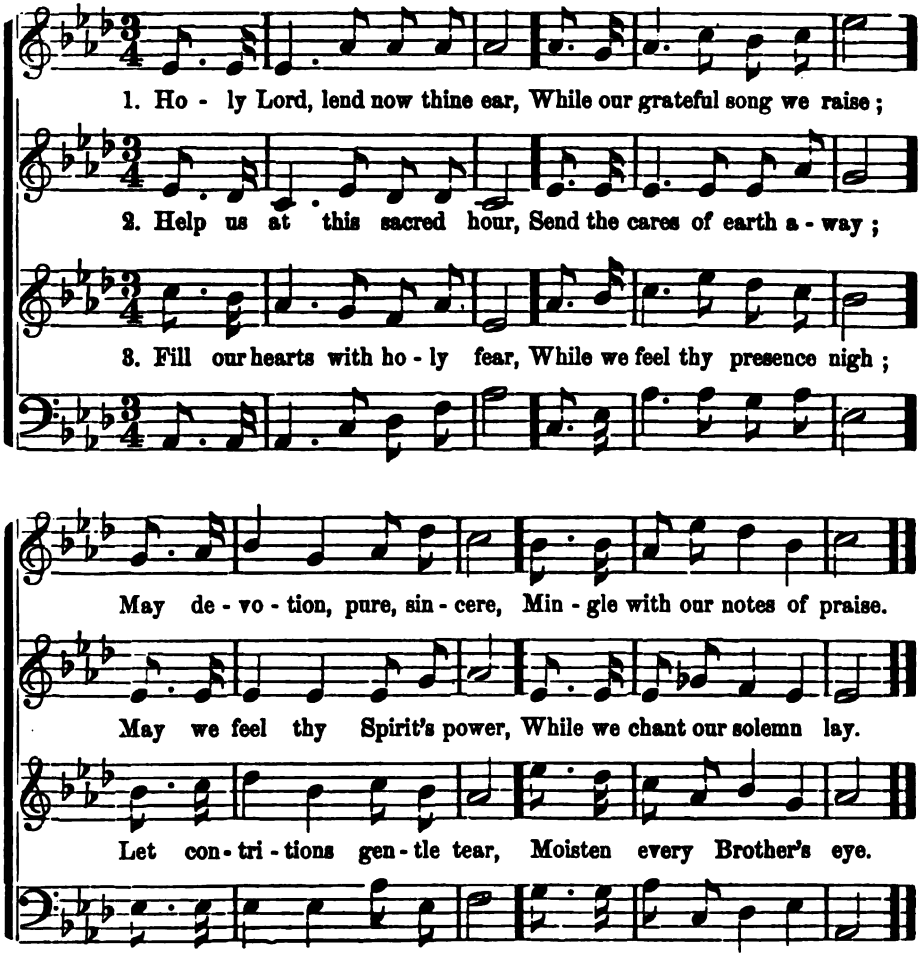
LORD WE COME BEFORE THEE NOW.

NEWARK. 7s. (PG. 7, CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.



HOLY FATHER.

WOOD. 7s. (PG. 5, CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.



32 *Opening.*

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then from care and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

33 *Opening or Closing.*

1 Holy Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Life and peace to us impart;
Dwell thyself in every heart.

2 May we constant grow in grace,
And with vigor run the race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

MANT. (PG. 3, CONCORDIA.)

1. Heavenly Father, gently bless us, Lead our every thought above, Let no earthly

2. Father! hear the prayer we offer, For repose we do not cry, But for grace that

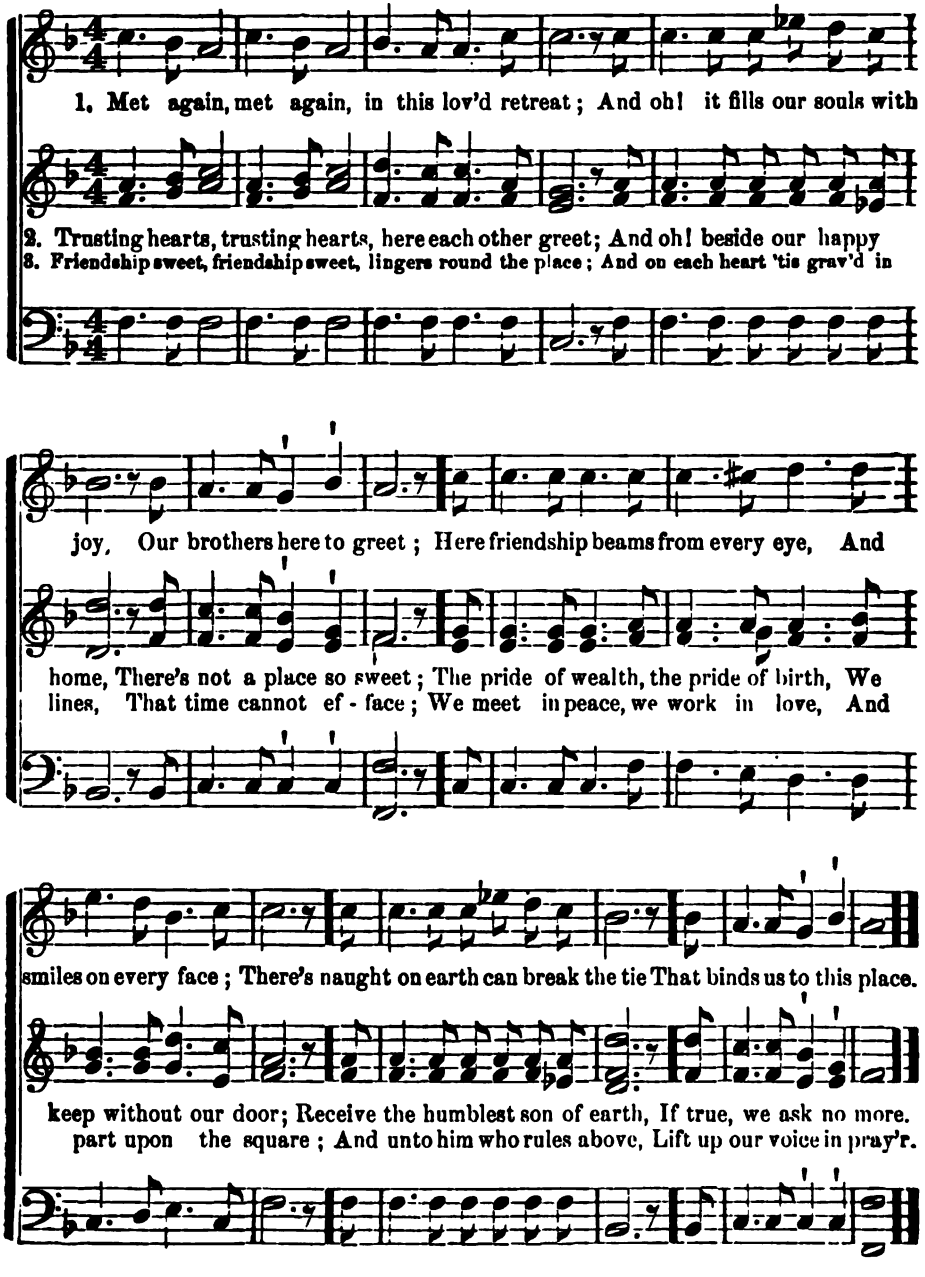
care oppress us, May we all be filled with love, Let no jarring thought divide us, Sweetest

we may ever, Live our lives courageously, Be our strength in every weakness, In our

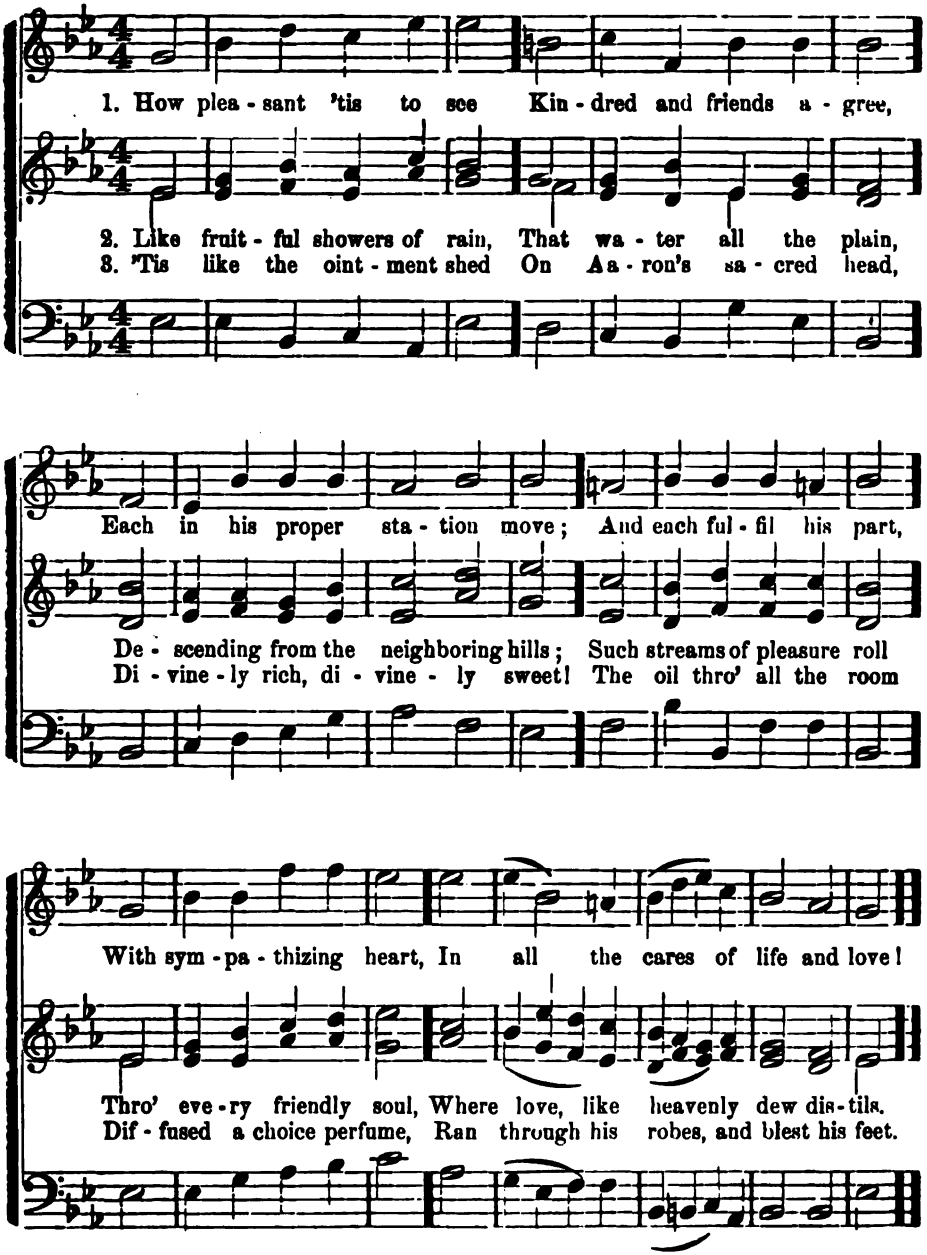
harmony be ours, Wisdom's richest feast provide us, As we pass these happy hours.

doubt be thou our guide, Thro' each peril, thro' each danger, Draw us nearer to thy side.

HOME AGAIN. (PG. 4, CONCORDIA.) Words by G. W. CHASE.



SILVER STREAM. S. P. M. C. W. MABIE.



BRETHREN ALL WHERE'ER YOU BE.

CONDIT.

Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. Brethren all, where'er you be, Sons of Light, ye Masons Free, Honor

2. Masons all from pole to pole, Love may guide. and truth control, Sorrows
3. Craftsmen all may love im-part Warmth in-to each honest heart, Oft con-

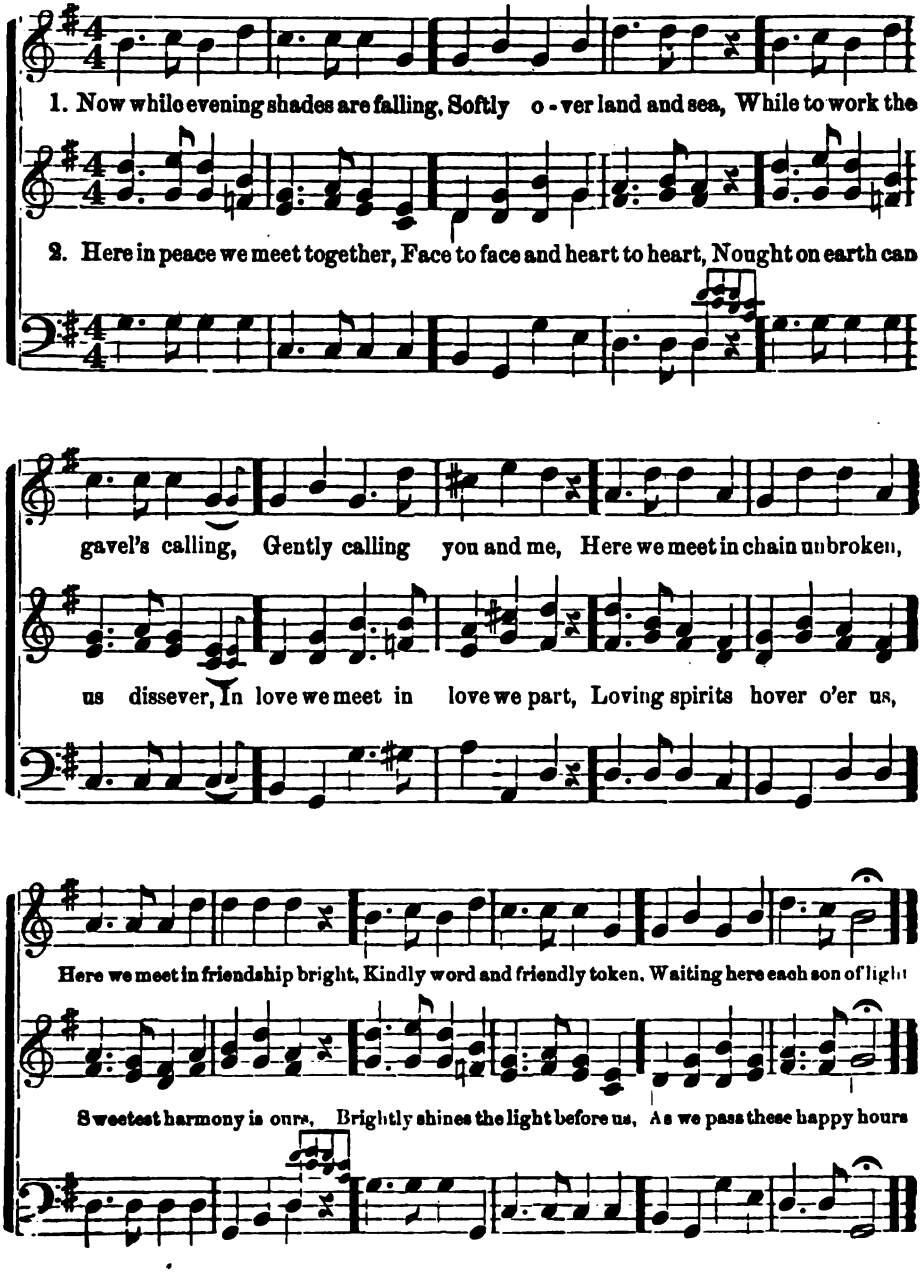
Truth and Virtue be, Pride of Masonry, Fervent zeal, with heart and hand, Love-ce-

come—what can condole Griefs like Masonry, Kindly smiling we have met, Welcome
sult that faithful chart, Guide of Masonry, When the spirit hence hath fled, Angel-

mented, mystic band, Firm, undaunt-ed make us stand, Glorious Mason-ry.

each, and ne'er for-get, Absent ones whom we re-gret, Friends in Mason-ry.
guards their pinions spread, Joyful crown each Mason's head, Heavenly Masonry.

WOODRUFF. 8s. & 7s. Words by G. W. CHASE.



AS MORNING BREEZE IN BALMY SPRING.

Words by G. W. CHASE.
ALLENDALE. C. M.

Music by C. W. MABIE.
(PG. 6, CONCORDIA.)

1. As morning breeze in balmy spring, Or summer's gentle shower; As joyous notes the

2. 'Tis there we feel the joys that rise In each true Mason's heart; As in the scenes of

3. There Faith, and Hope, and Charity, In brightest colors shine; While Truth, and Love, and

May birds bring, Or perfume of wild flow'r; So sweet to me the qui - et eve, I

life he tries To act a brother's part; 'Tis there the heart may speak its joy, Its

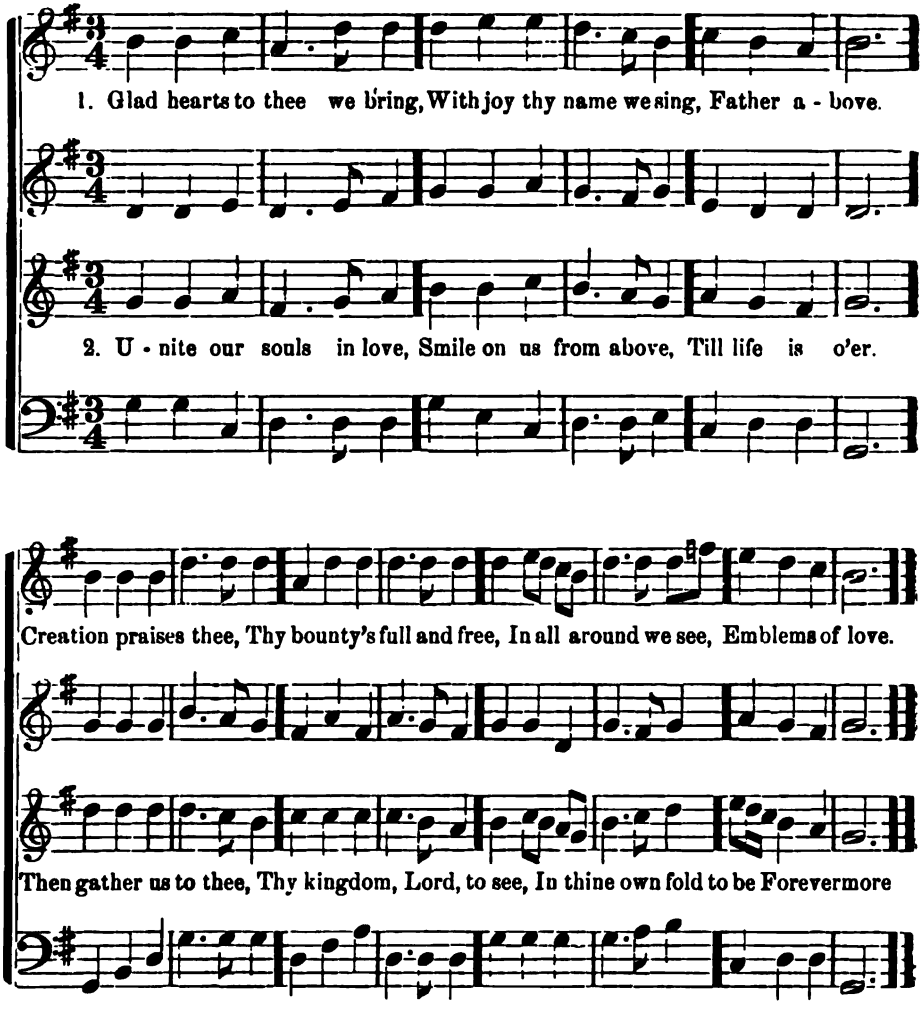
U - ni - ty, Proclaim our Art divine; There Friendship smiles on every face, For

met with such as you, And round the altar vow to cleave to ev'ry brother true.

trouble and its fear; No cow-an near, that can annoy, No dull unfriendly ear.

such as you and me; Oh! may I ever find a place Among th'Accepted free.

AMERICA. (PG. 5, CONCORDIA.)



40 *Closing.*

1 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.

2 When our last labor's o'er,
And scenes of life no more
Charm our frail sight;
Then in God's holy care,
May each protection share,
Bliss find unending there,
In perfect light.

HOW SWEET WHEN SHADES OF EVEN.

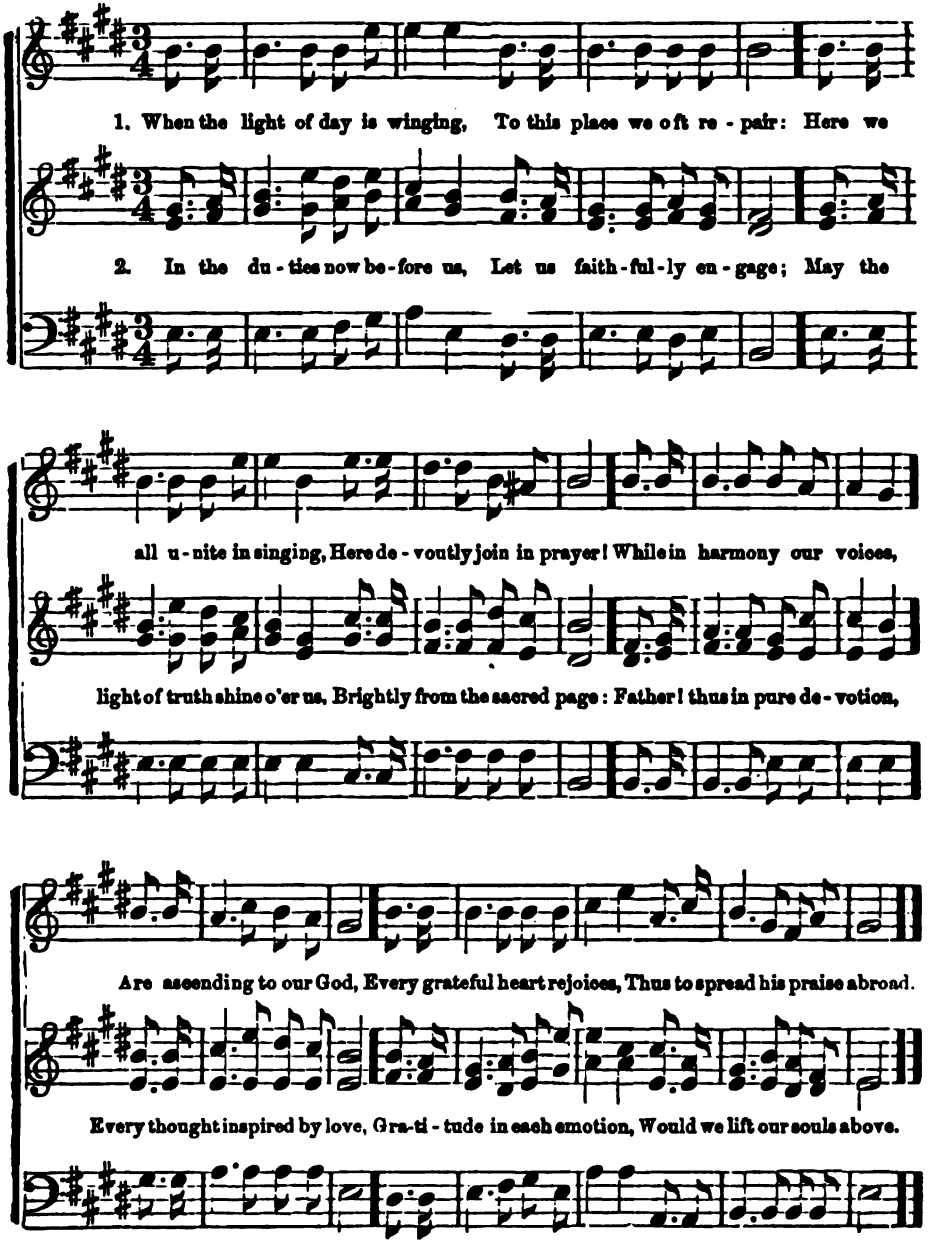
Words by G. W. CHASE. Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. How sweet when shades of e - ven Steal o'er the hill and plain; When the
2. We meet up - on the le - vel, What e'er the name we bear; And
3. Here Love, like sun of summer, Im - parts both light and heat; There's

moon lights up the heaven; To meet in peace a - gain; To meet in peace again, A -
when complete our labor, We part upon the square, We part upon the square, Like
not where'er we wander, An - other place so sweet, An - other place so sweet, Nor

mong th' Accepted free: Oh, the happiness, dear brother, To meet with such as thee.
brothers true and free: Oh, the happiness, dear brother, To meet with such as thee.
hearts so true and free: Oh, the happiness, dear brother, To meet with such as thee.

WATERMAN. 8s & 7s. Music by C. W. MABIE.



COME BROTHERS OF THE PLUMB AND SQUARE.

Words by G. W. CHASE. Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. Come, Brothers of the plumb and square, Come, join in cheerful song; Let eve - ry heart and

2. In love we meet, in peace we part; We walk by plummet's line; While Friendship dwells with-

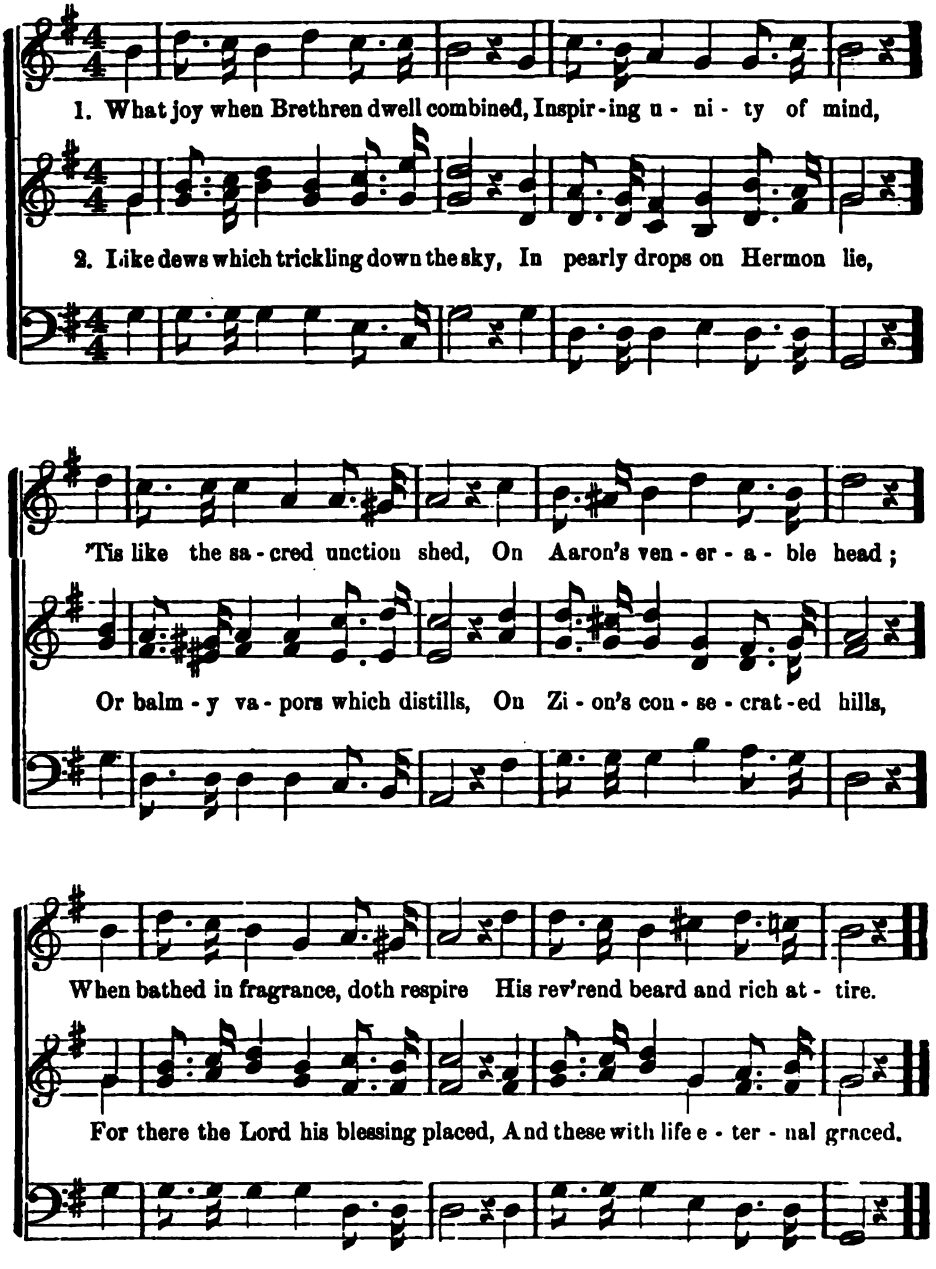
voice prepare The glad notes to prolong, We're Brothers, by a mystic tie, We're Brothers true and

in each heart That owns the craft di - vine, 'Mid all the toils and cares of earth, We steady keep our

free, Then let the song as - cend on high.—God speed Free - ma - son - ry.

way; With Faith, and Hope, we wait the birth Of an E - ter - nal day.

ROCKWELL. Music by C. W. MABIE.



O GOD WE LIFT OUR HEARTS TO THEE.

ROSE OF ALLENDALE. (PG. 7, CONCORDIA.)

1. O God we lift our hearts to thee, And grateful voices raise, We thank thee for this

2. May each unholy passion cease, Each evil thought be crushed, Each anxious care that

festive night, Accept our humble praise, Here may our souls delight to bless, The

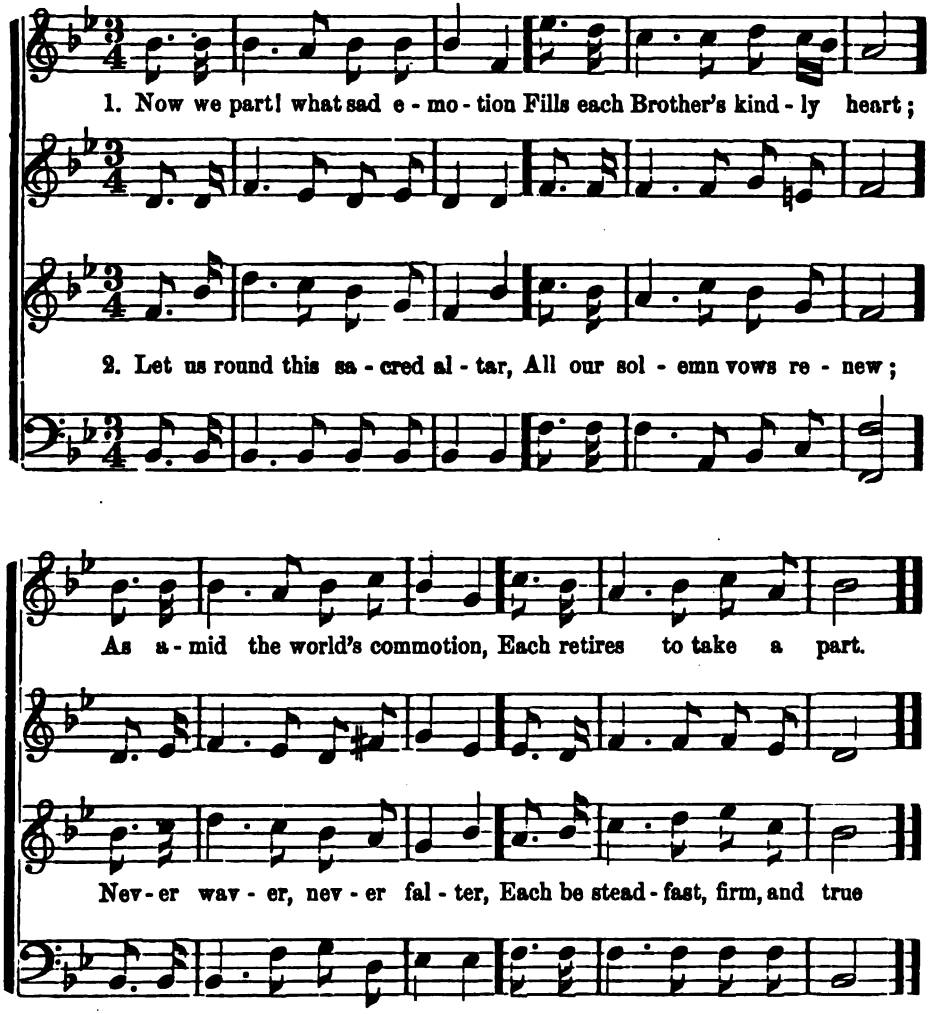
mars our peace, In faith and love be hushed, Oh! may we all in love abound, And

God of truth and grace; Who crowns our labors with success, Among the rising race.

Charity pursue; Thus shall we be with glory crowned, And love as angels do.

NOW WE PART!

WALNUT GROVE. 8s & 7s. Music by C. W. MABIE.



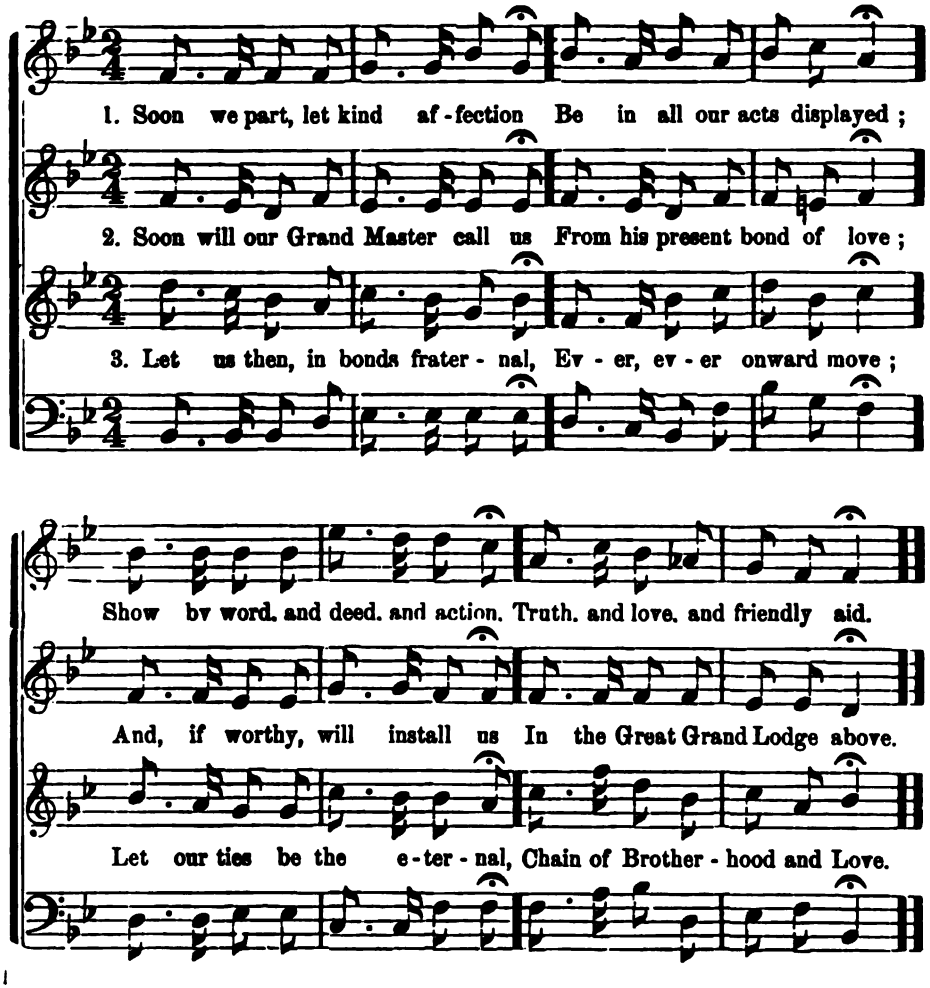
45 *Closing.*

1 Lo! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
Yet the sun that ever shineth,
Fills our souls with heavenly light.

2 While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, with thine evening blessing,
Rest we safe beneath thy wing.

SOON WE PART.

MARSHALL. 8s & 7s. (PG. 10, CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.



47 *Closing*

1 Lo! the day at last declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
Yet the sun that ever shineth
Fills our souls with heavenly light.

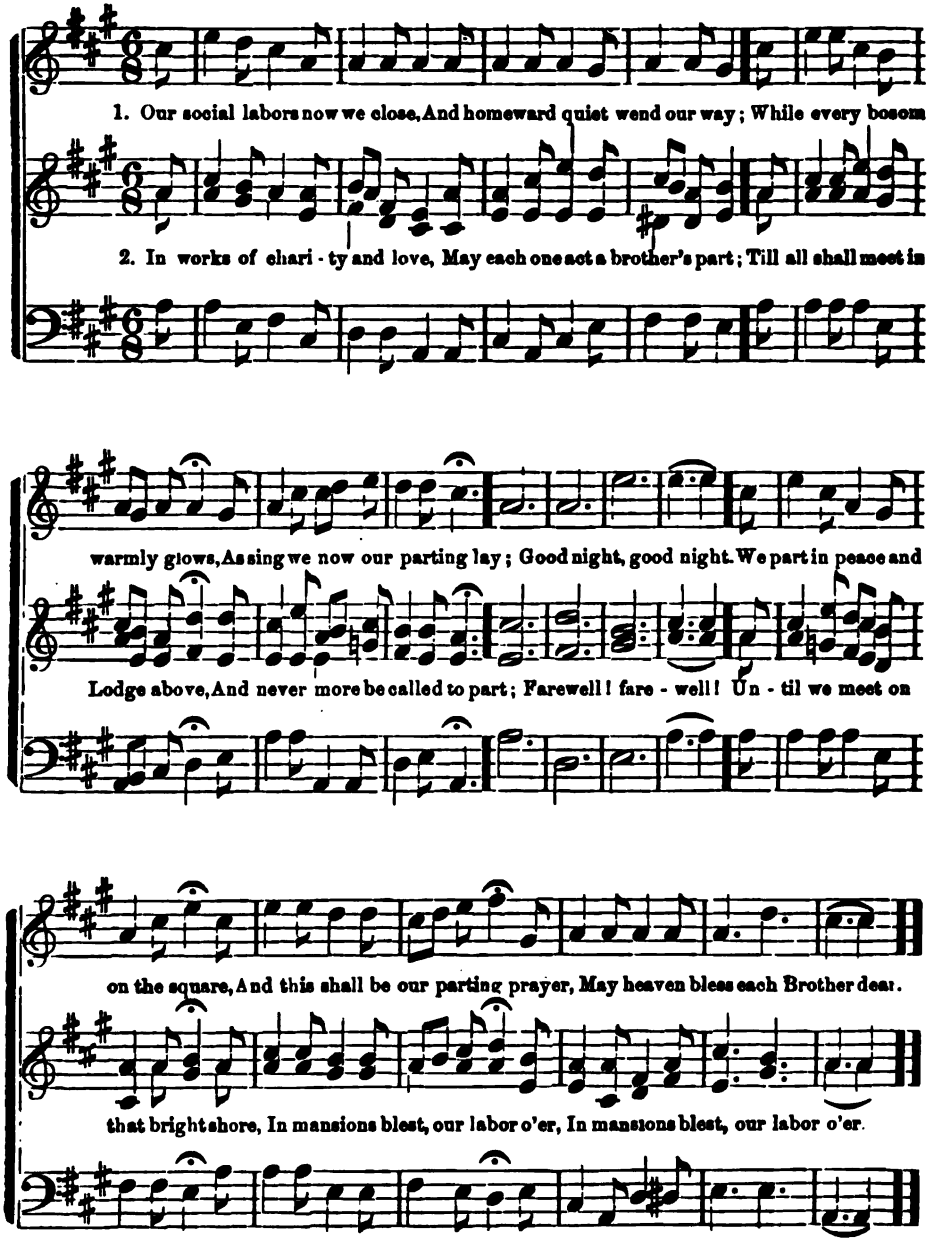
2 While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, with thine evening blessing,
Rest we safe beneath thy wing.

48 *Closing.*

1 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

2 Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Music by C. W. MABIE.



HOME, SWEET HOME. (PG. 15, CONCORDIA.) Words by G. W CHASE

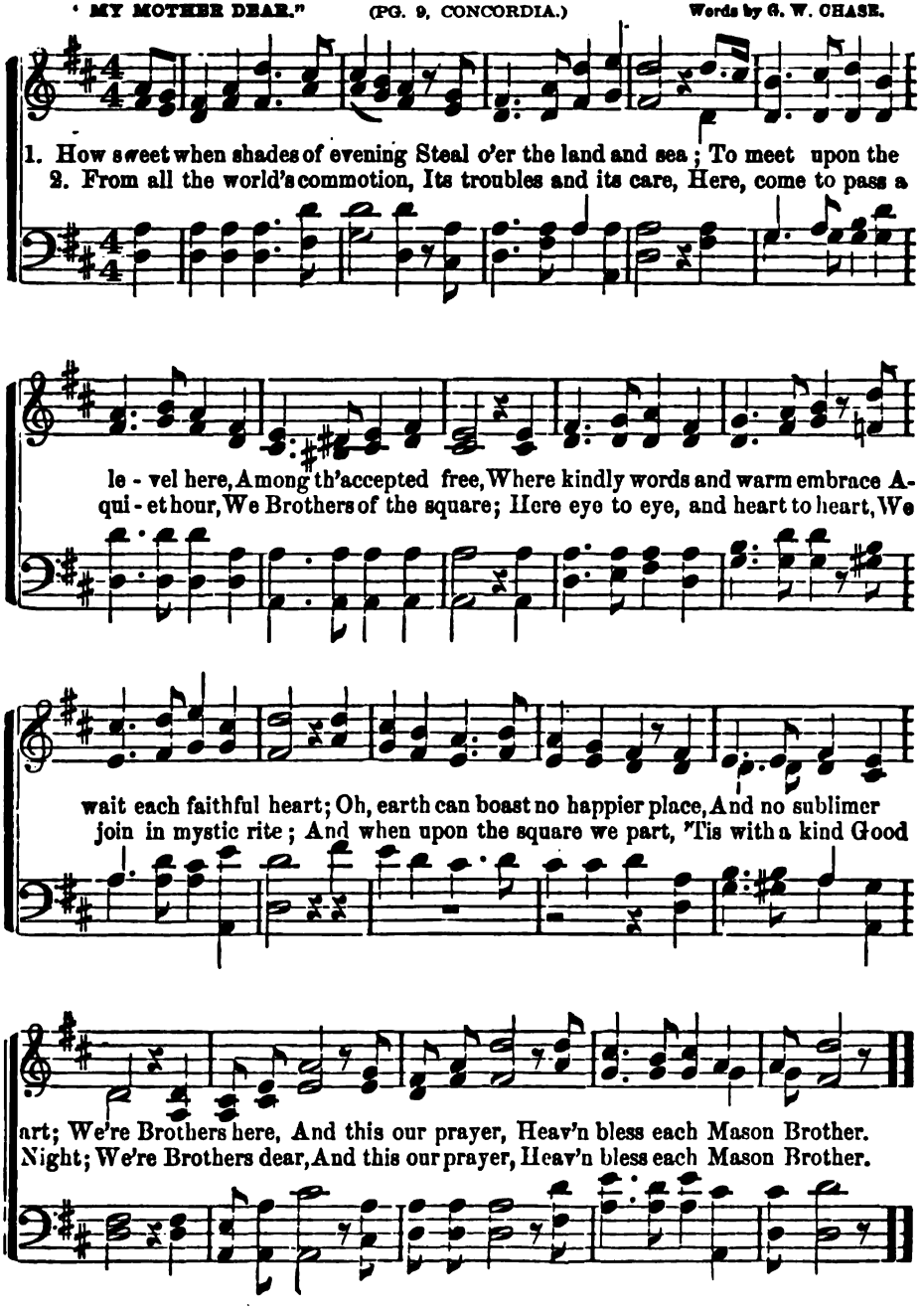
1. Farewell, till a - gain, we shall welcome the time Which brings us once
2. And when our last parting on earth shall draw nigh, And we shall be

more to our fame cherish'd shrine, And tho' from each other we distant may
call'd to the Grand Lodge on high; May each be prepared when the summons shall

roam; Again may all meet in this our dear loved home. Home, home,
come To meet our Grand Master in heaven our home. Home, home,

sweet, sweet home; May every dear brother find joy and peace at home.
sweet, sweet home; May every dear brother in Heaven find a home.

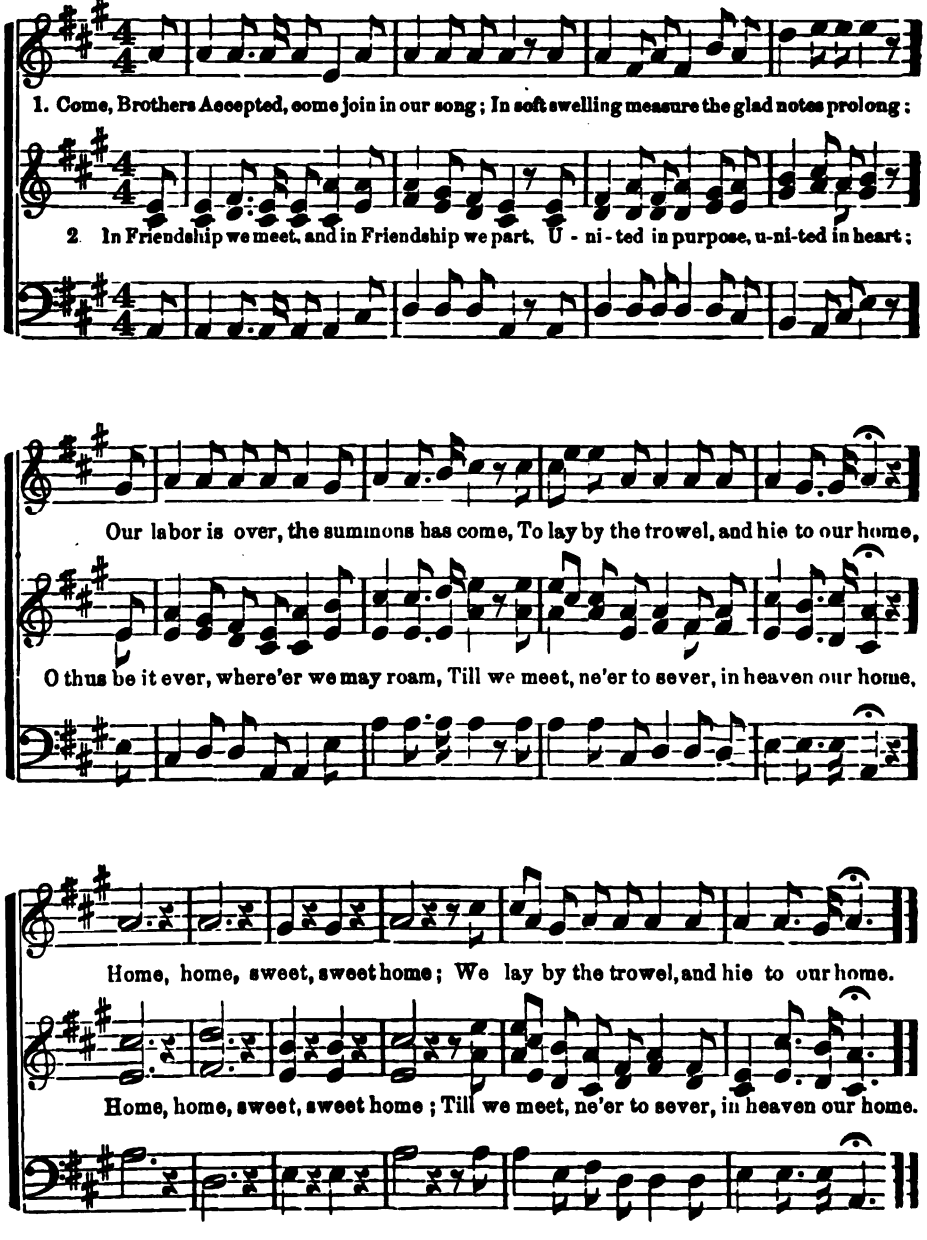
"MY MOTHER DEAR." (PG. 9, CONCORDIA.) Words by G. W. CHASE.



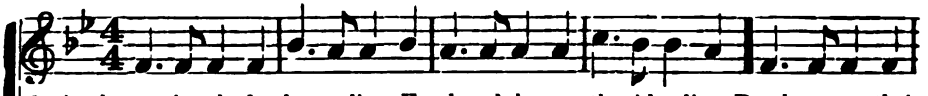
COME, BROTHERS ACCEPTED.

Words by G. W. CHASE. Music by C. W. MABIE

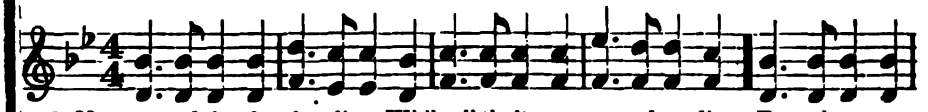
MANHATTAN. 11s. (PG. 12. CONCORDIA.)



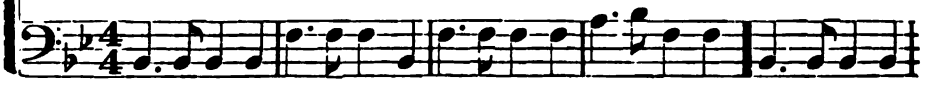
EVENING. (PG. 10, CONCORDIA.) Words by G. W. CHASE.

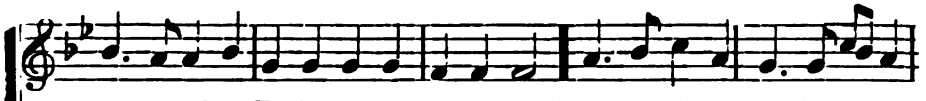


1. As the evening shades descending, Earth and sky together blending, Brothers true their

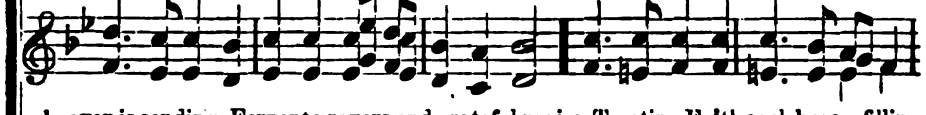


2. Now around the altar bending, While all tho'ts are upward tending, Every heart to
3. Brightly shine the stars above us, Warmly beat the hearts that love us, Firm we stand, a

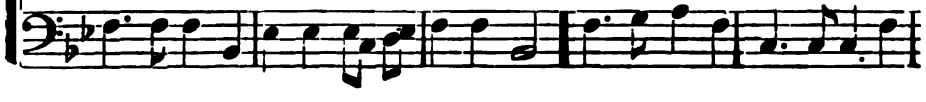


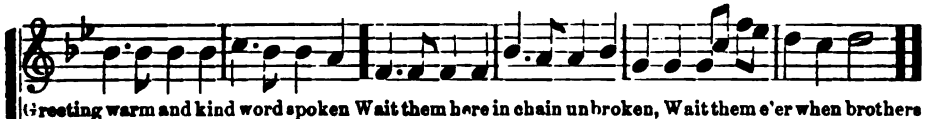


way are wending, To their quiet, loved retreat, Pleasant smile and friendly token



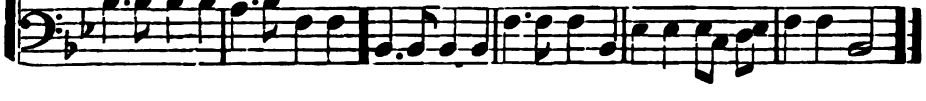
heaven is sending, Fervent prayers and grateful praise, Trusting Faith each bosom filling
band of brothers, Link'd in Love and Uni - ty, Wealth nor honors here encumber





Greeting warm and kind word spoken Wait them here in chain unbroken, Wait them e'er when brothers [meet.

Hope like Hermon's dew distilling, Love, each evil passion stilling, Thus may ever pass our days.
And when strikes the mystic number, Home we go to peaceful slumber, Singing "Peace and Harmony."



GOOD NIGHT.

Music by C. W. MABIE

1. Good night, good night, and peace be with you, Peace, that gentlest, parting strain;

2. Good night, good night, but not for-ev-er, Hope can see the morning rise;
3. Good night, good night, O soft-ly breathe it, 'Tis a prayer for those we love:

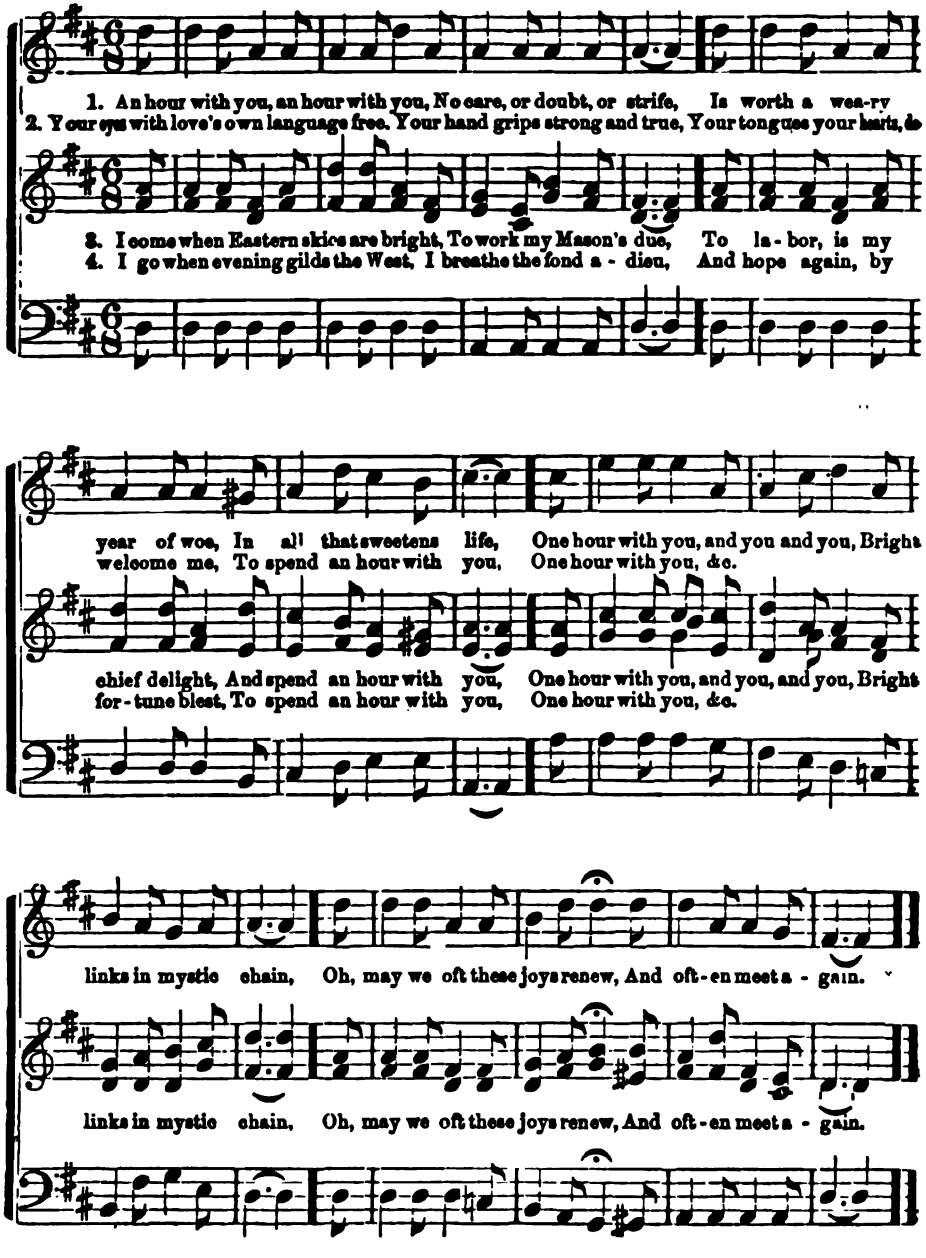
Soft it falls, like dew on blossoms, Cherish-ing with-in our bosoms,

Many a pleasant scene be-fore us, As if an-gels hovered o'er us,
Peace to night, and joy to morrow; For our God, who shields the sparrow,

Kind desires to meet again, Kind desires to meet again, Good night, Good night.

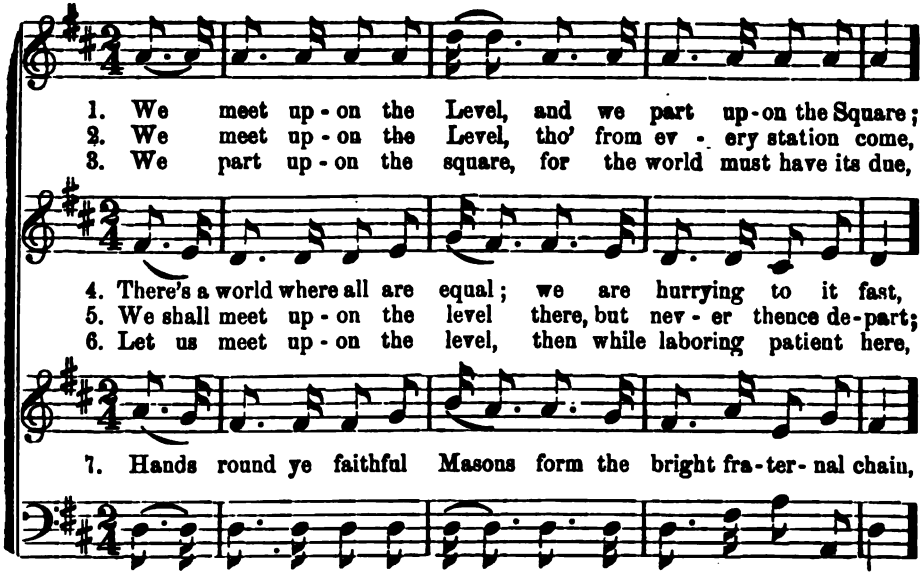
Bearing blessings from the skies, Bearing blessings from the skies, Good night, Good night.
Hears us in his courts above, Hears us in his courts above, Good night, Good night.

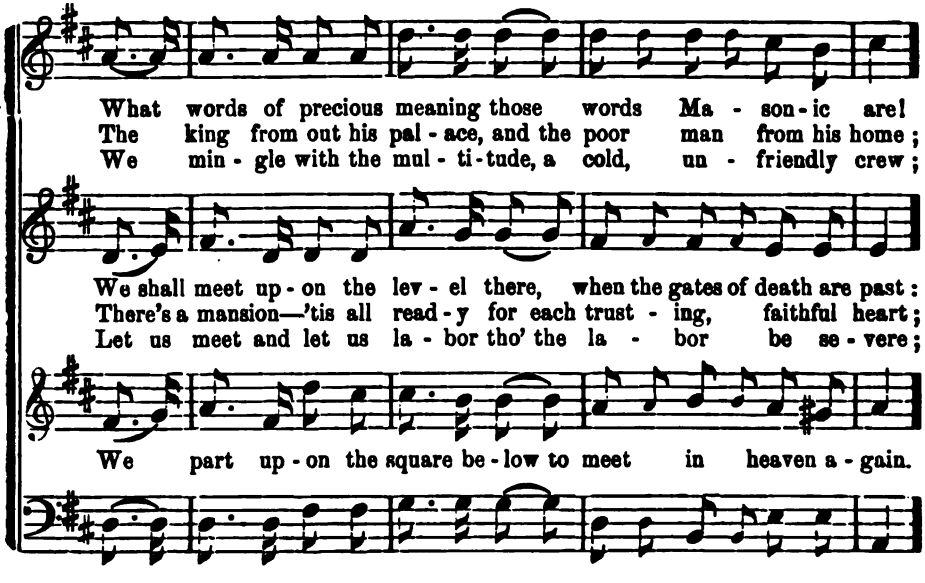
GAMBLE. C. M. (PG. 11, CONCORDIA.) Words by BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

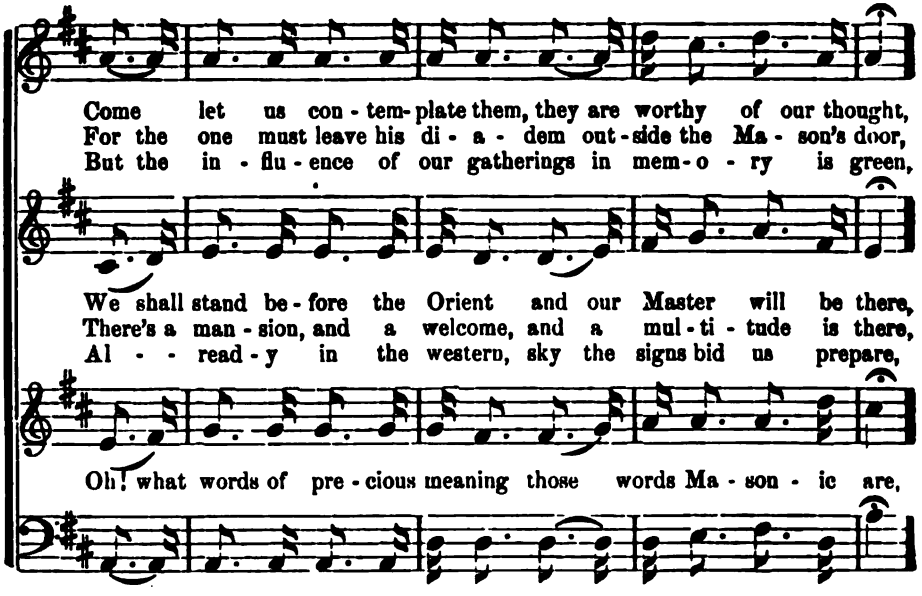


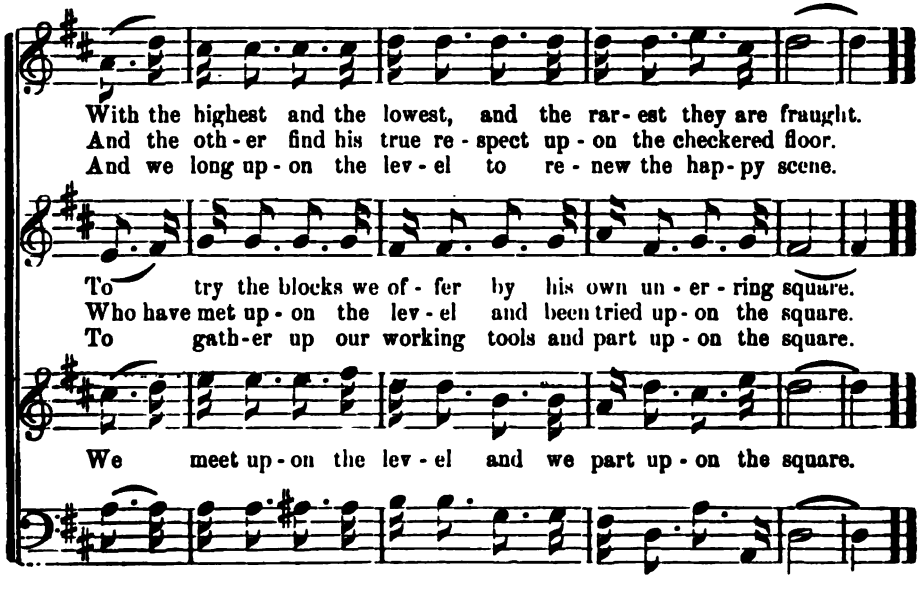
(PG. 15, CONCORDIA.)

Written by the Bro. ROB MORRIS.



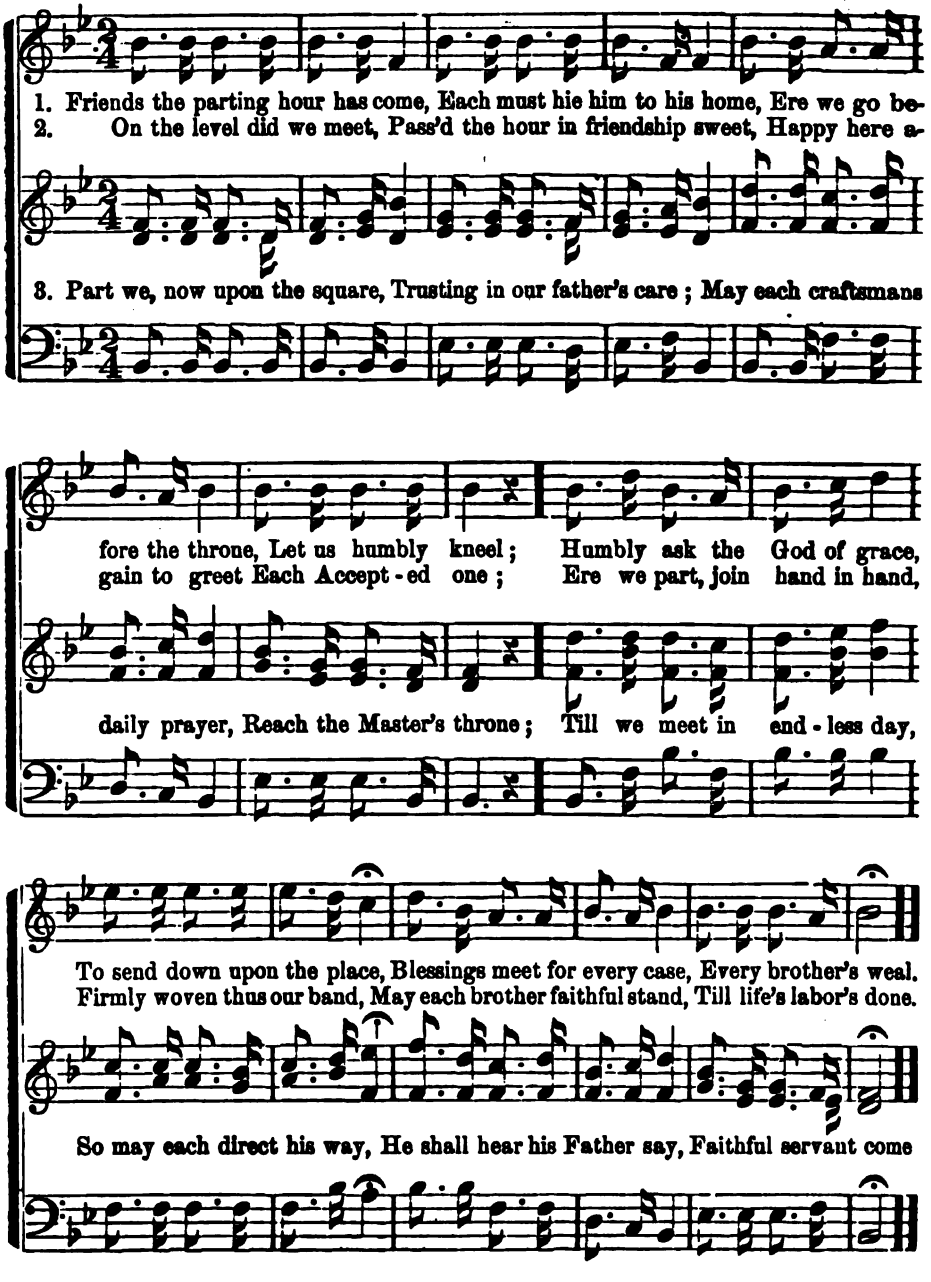



Come let us con - tem- plate them, they are worthy of our thought,
For the one must leave his di - a - dem out - side the Ma - son's door,
But the in - flu - ence of our gatherings in mem - o - ry is green,
We shall stand be - fore the Orient and our Master will be there,
There's a man - sion, and a welcome, and a mul - ti - tude is there,
Al - - read - y in the western, sky the signs bid us prepare,
Oh! what words of pre - cious meaning those words Ma - son - ic are,

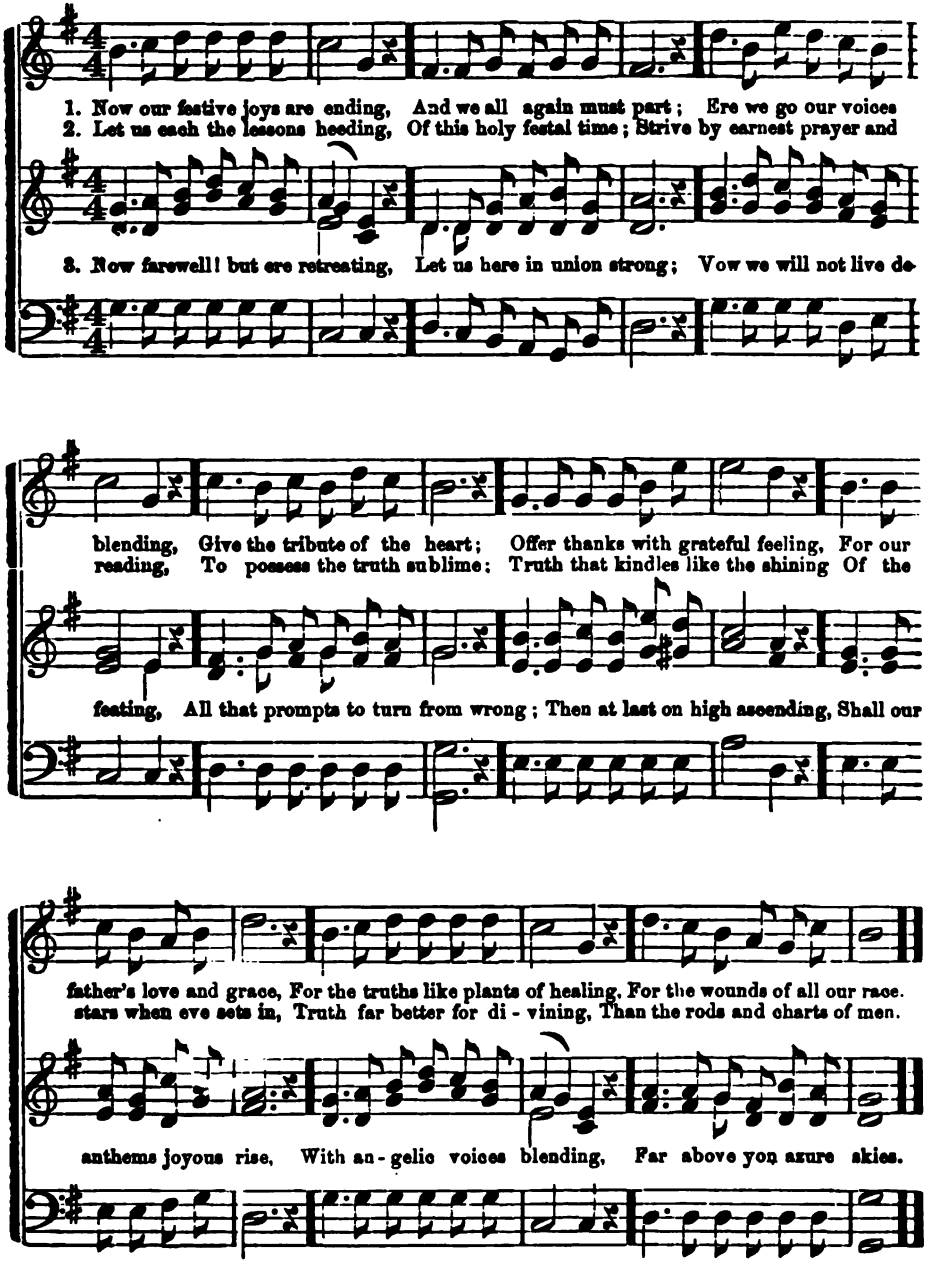

With the highest and the lowest, and the rar - est they are fraught.
And the oth - er find his true re - spect up - on the checkered floor.
And we long up - on the lev - el to re - new the hap - py scene.
To try the blocks we of - fer by his own un - er - ring square.
Who have met up - on the lev - el and been tried up - on the square.
To gath - er up our working tools and part up - on the square.
We meet up - on the lev - el and we part up - on the square.

CLOSING HYMN.

SCOTS WHA HAE. (PG. 13, CONCORDIA.) Words by G. W. CHASE.

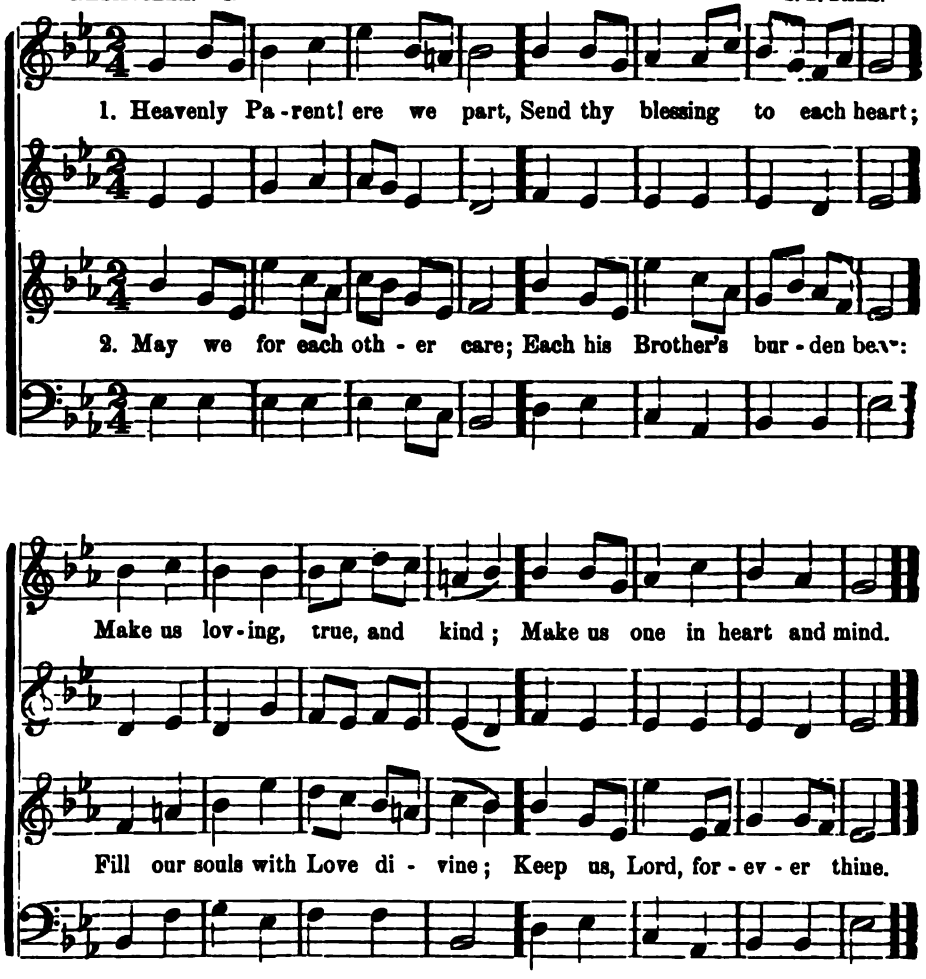


CASE. 8s & 7s. Music by C. W. MABIE.



HEAVENLY PARENT!

NASHVILLE. 7s. S. B. BALL.



58 *Closing.*

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

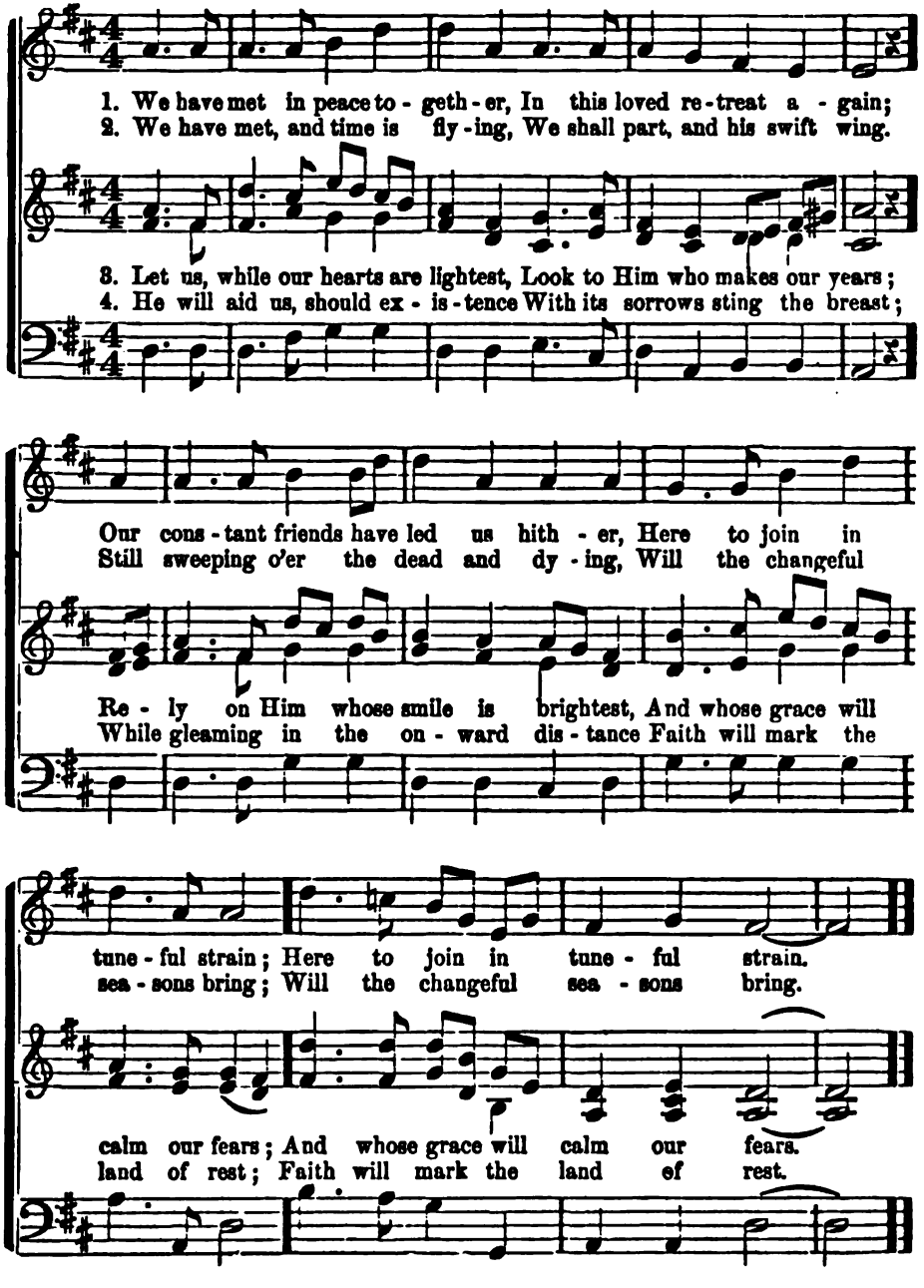
2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from care and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

59 *Closing.*

1 Brothers, ere to-night we part,
Join each voice and every heart;
Grateful songs to God we'll raise,
Hymning forth our songs of praise

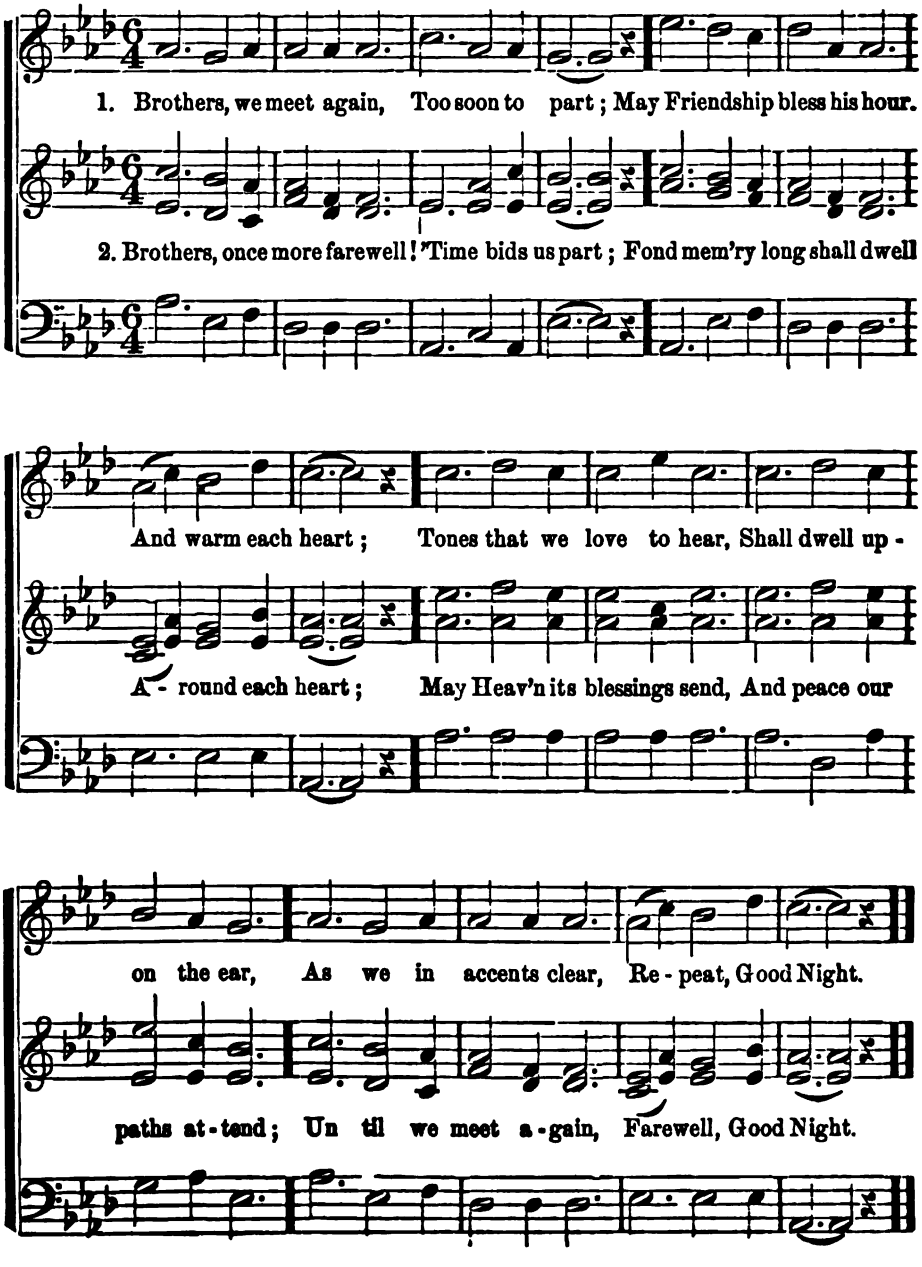
2 Brothers, we may meet no more,
Yet there is a happier shore;
Where released from toil and pain,
Brothers we shall meet again.

SHEVILLE. C. W. MABIE.

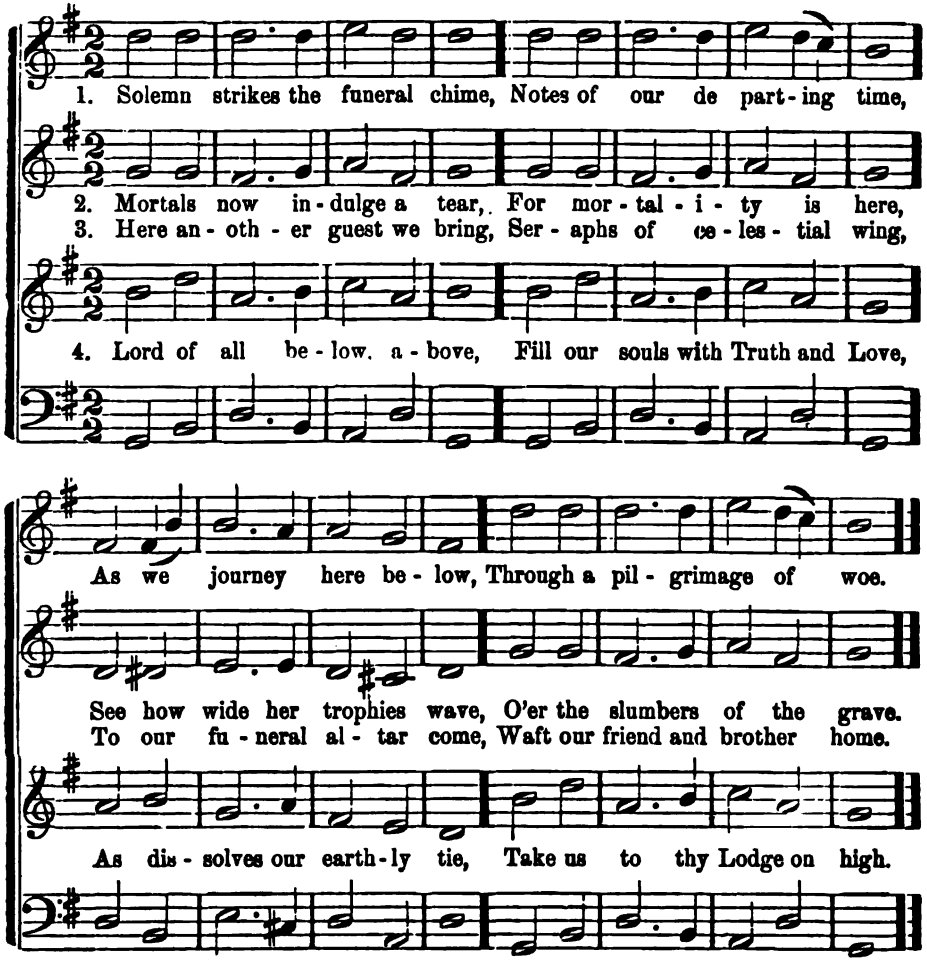


BROTHERS, GOOD NIGHT.

NEARER, MY GOD TO THEE. (PG. 14, CONCORDIA.) Dr. L. MASON.



PLEYEL'S HYMN.



60. *Hymn for Installation.* (PG. 28, CONCORDIA.)

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

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

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

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

5 Join, oh earth; and as you roll,
East to West, from pole to pole,
Lift to him your grateful lays,
Join the universal praise

BEAR HIM HOME.

HIRAM. (PG. 89, CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. Bear him home, his bed is made In the stillness of the shade; Bear the Brother
2. Lay him down—his bed is here—See, the dead are resting near; Lay the wanderer
3. Ah! not yet for us the bed, Where the faithful pilgrim's laid! Thro' life's weari-

to his home; Bear, oh, bear him home, Home, where all his toils are o'er, Home where journeying

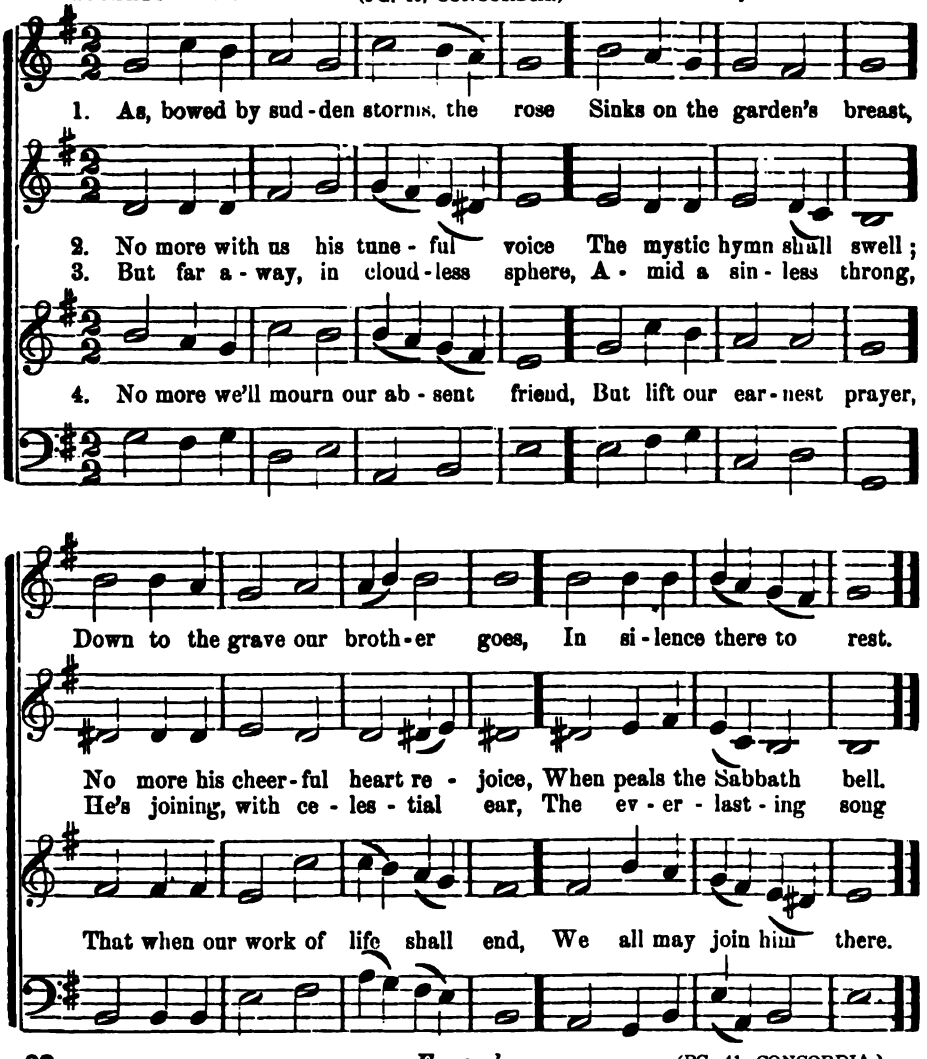
gently down; Lay him gently down, Lay him down, let nature spread, Starry curtains
ness and woe, Still our footsteps go, Let us go, and on our way, Faithful journey,

Ad Lib. *p*

is no more, Bear him home, no more to roam; Bear the Brother home.

o'er his head; Gen-tly lay our Brother down; Gen-tly lay him down.
faith-ful pray; Bold-ly, Brother pilgrims, go! Boldly let us go!

ROBERTS. C. M. (PG. 40, CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.



63. *Funeral.* (PG. 41, CONCORDIA.)

1 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

3 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.

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

CORNER STONE.

Words by BRO. ROB. MORRIS (PG. 87 CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. Round the spot, Mo - ri - ah's hill— Ma - son's meet with cheerful will;

2. Round the spot thus cho - sen well, Brothers, with frater - nal hail

Him who stood as King that day, We as cheer - ful - ly o - bey;

Gath - er in your mystic ring, Mystic words, and joy - ful sing;

Lord, we love thy glorious name, Give the grace thou gav - est me.

Lord, our hearts, our souls are thine, On our la - bors deign to shine.

3 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.

4 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.

JERUSALEM. (PG. 31, CONCORDIA.)

1. Arise! and blow thy trumpet, Fame! Freemasonry aloud proclaim,

2. The solemn temples, cloud capt tow'rs, Th'aspiring domes, are works of ours,

To realms and worlds unknown; Tell them, 'twas this great David's son,

By us those piles were raised: Then bid mankind with songs advance,

The wise, the matchless Sol - o - mon, Prized far a - bove his throne.

And thro' th'e - the - real vast expanse, Let Ma - son - ry be praised.

3 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

4 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!

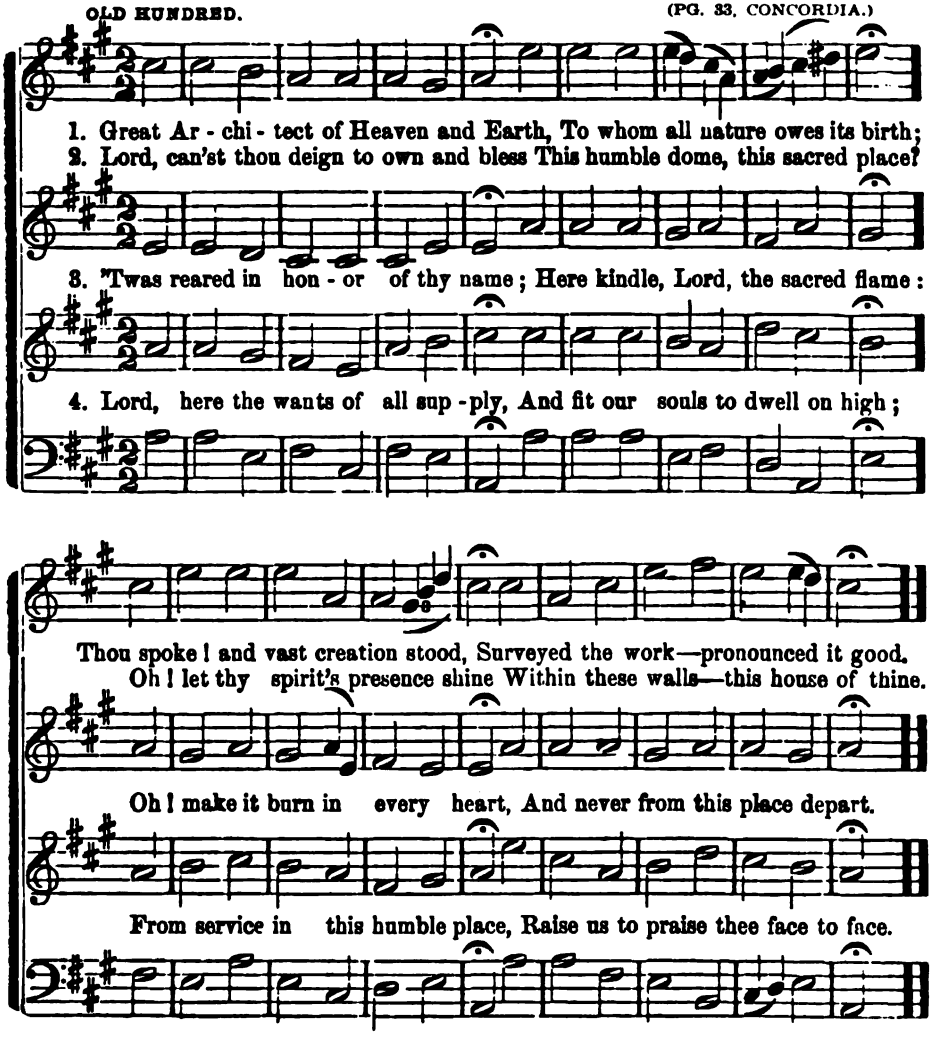
(PG. 32, CONCORDIA.) Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. Joy-ous, joy-ous, now each heart's e-mo-tion, Ar-dent, ar-dent,
2. Fa-ther, mo-ther, of your love, ye mind us, Brothers, brothers,
3. Spir-it, boundless an-gels bow be-fore thee; Father, gracious!

be the souls de-vo-tion; Swell the songs of grateful praise; Welcome to this
to your hearts ye bind us; Here we pledge our best return, Love within our
humbly we a-dore thee; Raise we now our grateful song, Thou our pleasures

day of days! Friendship, Friendship here is full as o-cean.
hearts shall burn, Ev-er, ev-er there 'till death shall find us.
dost prolong, Fa-ther! guide us, guide us, we im-plore thee.

OLD HUNDRED. (PG. 33, CONCORDIA.)



68. *Hymn for Consecration.* (PG. 38, CONCORDIA.)

1 Master Supreme! accept our praise;
Still bless this consecrated band;
Parent of Light! illume our ways,
And guide us by thy sovereign hand.

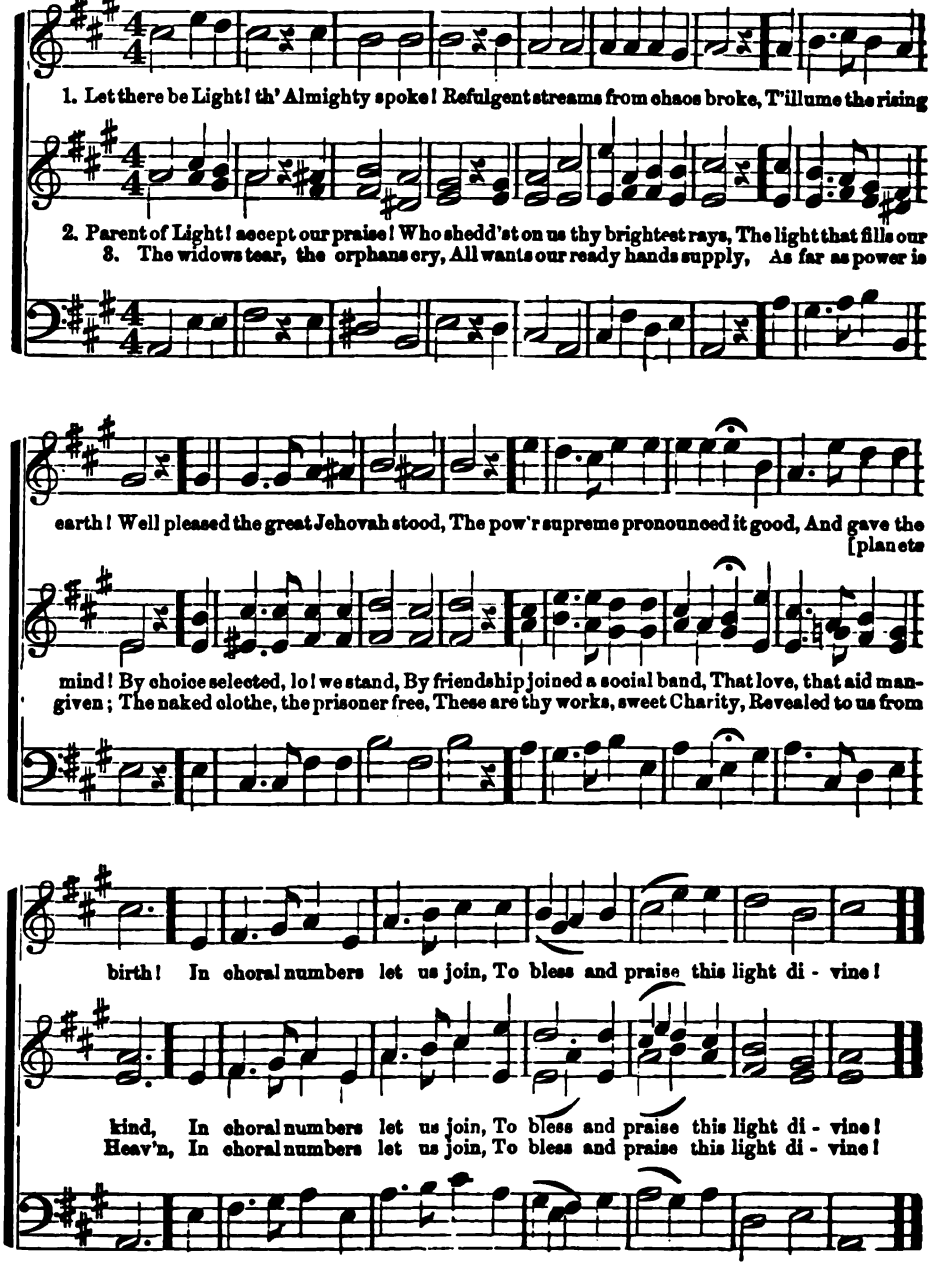
2 May Faith, Hope, Charity, divine,
Here hold their undivided reign,
Friendship and Harmony combine
To soothe our cares, and banish pain.

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

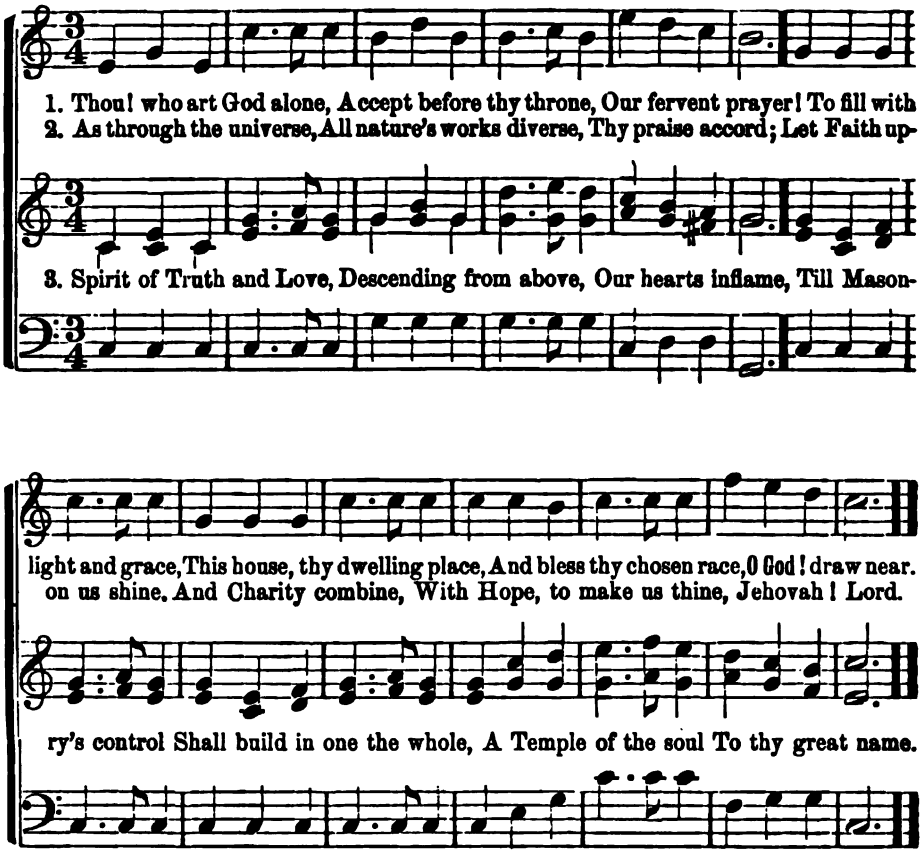
4 May Pity dwell within each breast
Relief attend the suffering poor;
Thousands by this, our Lodge, be blest,
Till worth, distrest, shall want no more

DEDICATION.

NOBLE. (PG. 34, CONCORDIA.) Words by C. W. MABIE.



DORT 6s & 4s. (PG. 35, CONCORDIA.)



71. *Laying Foundation Stone.* (PG. 36, CONCORDIA.)

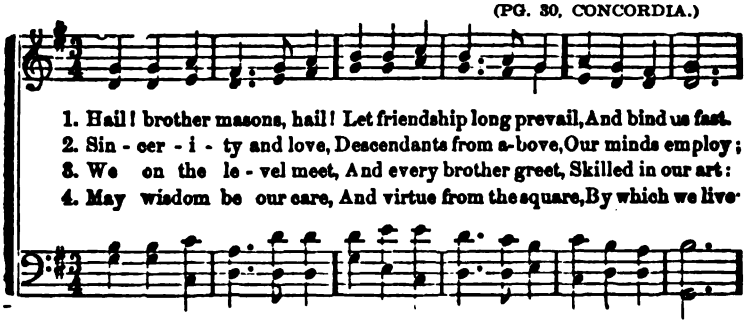
1 Let Mason's fame resound
Through all the nations round,
From pole to pole;
See what felicity,
Harmless simplicity,
Like electricity,
Runs through the whole.

2 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.

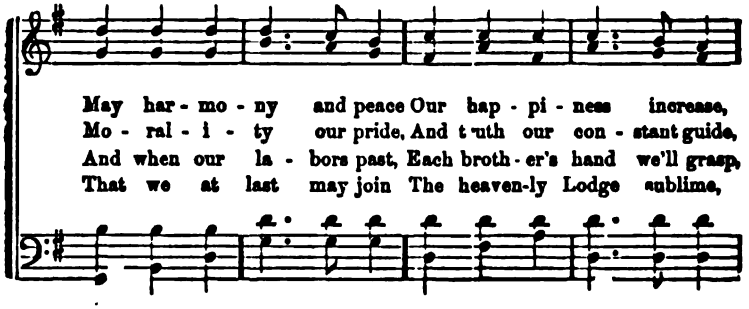
3 Long may our Craft be free,
And may they ever be
Great, as of yore:
For many ages past
Masonry has stood fast,
And may its glory last
Till time's no more.

Opening Ode. ANNIVERSARY

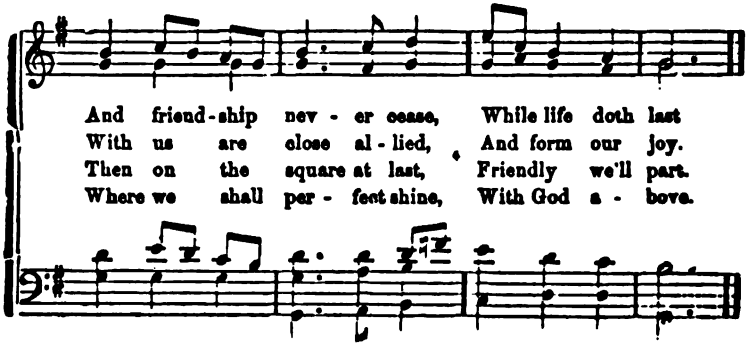
(PG. 30, CONCORDIA.)



1. Hail! brother masons, hail! Let friendship long prevail, And bind us fast.
2. Sin - cer - i - ty and love, Descendants from a-bove, Our minds employ;
3. We on the le - vel meet, And every brother greet, Skilled in our art:
4. May wisdom be our care, And virtue from the square, By which we live.



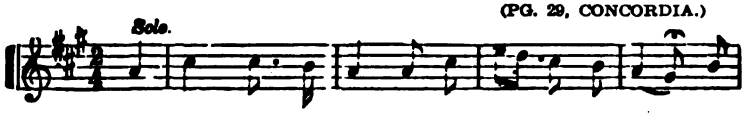
May har - mo - ny and peace Our hap - pi - ness increase,
Mo - ral - i - ty our pride, And t-uth our con - stant guide,
And when our la - bors past, Each broth - er's hand we'll grasp,
That we at last may join The heaven-ly Lodge sublime,



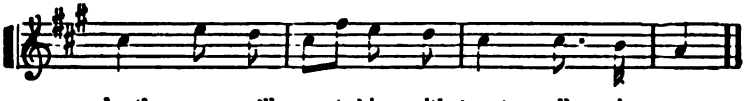
And friend - ship nev - er cease, While life doth last
With us are close al - lied, And form our joy.
Then on the square at last, Friendly we'll part.
Where we shall per - fect shine, With God a - bove.

Installation Ode.

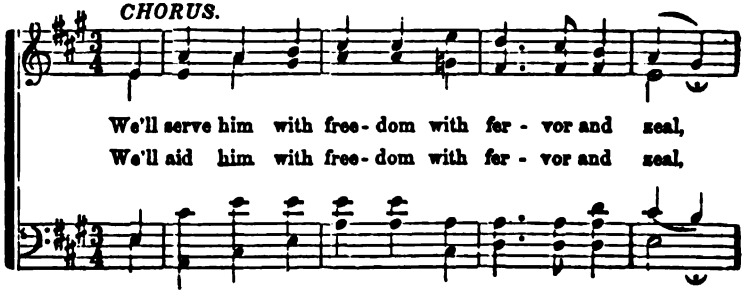
(PG. 29, CONCORDIA.)



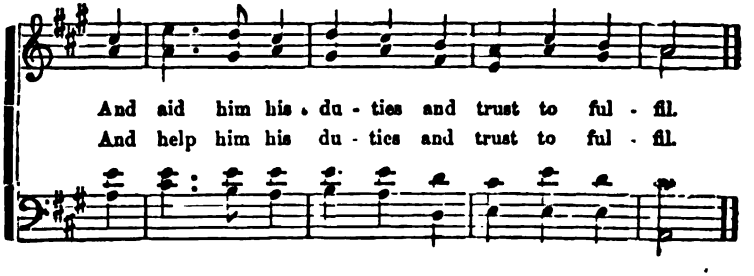
1. Be - hold! in the East our new mas - ter ap - pear, Come
2. In the West see the war - den with le - vel in hand, The
3. In the South see the war - den by plumb stand up - right, Who



broth - ers, we'll greet him with hearts all sin - cere.
mas - ter to aid and o - bey his com - mand.
watch - es the sun and takes note of his flight.



We'll serve him with free - dom with fer - vor and zeal,
We'll aid him with free - dom with fer - vor and zeal,



And aid him his du - ties and trust to ful - fil.
And help him his du - ties and trust to ful - fil.

COME LET US JOIN IN CHEERFUL SONG.

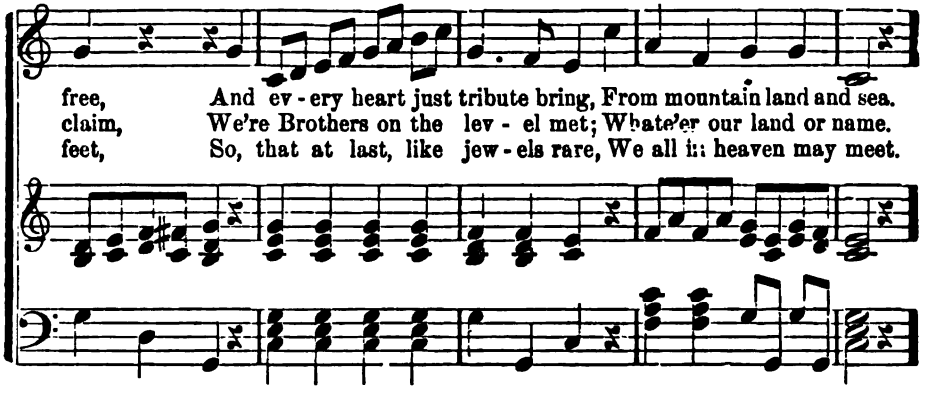
SOLO AND CHORUS.

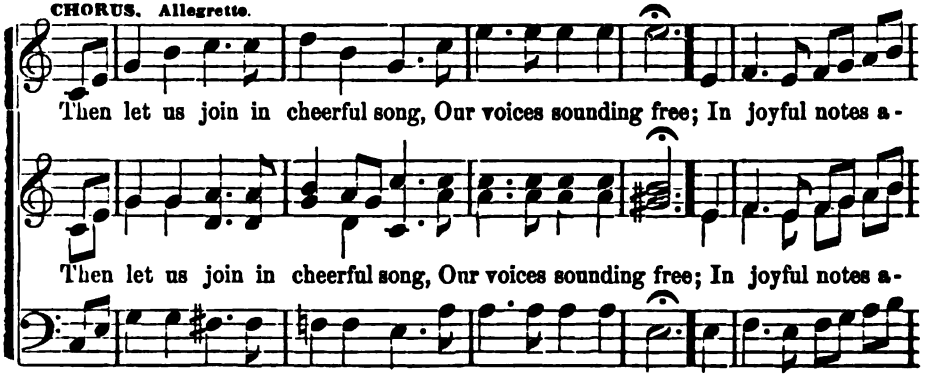
SOLO. Majestic.

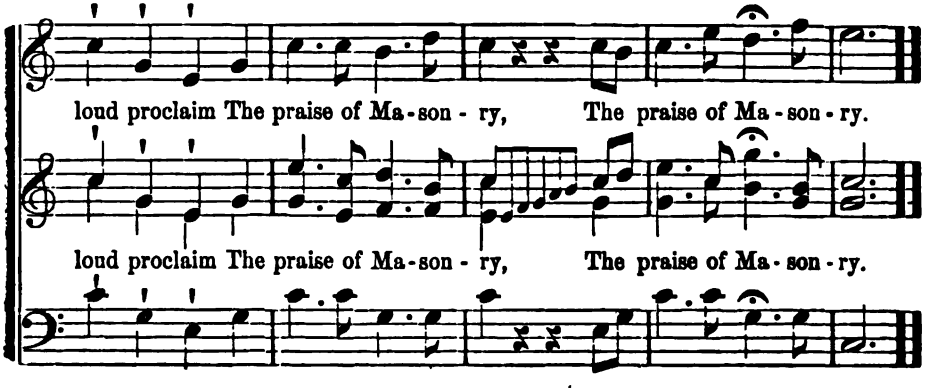
1. Come let us join in cheer - ful song, Our voic - es sounding
2. Come great and small, come old and young, Come all ye accepted
3. Let trust - ing Faith, and ho - ly Hope, And heaven born Char - i -

free; In joy - ful notes a - loud pro - long, The
free; Come ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery tongue, And
ty; In ev - ery heart have larg - est scope, And

praise of Mason - ry. Let ev - ery voice u - nite and sing The chorus loud and
sing of Mason - ry. Let Jew nor Gentile e'er for - get, Our honors they may
shine for Mason - ry. Let Jus - tice cir - cle, virtue square, Let friendship guide our


free, And ev - ery heart just tribute bring, From mountain land and sea.
claim, We're Brothers on the lev - el met; Whate'er our land or name.
feet, So, that at last, like jew - els rare, We all in heaven may meet.


CHORUS. Allegrette.
Then let us join in cheerful song, Our voices sounding free; In joyful notes a-
Then let us join in cheerful song, Our voices sounding free; In joyful notes a-


loud proclaim The praise of Ma - son - ry, The praise of Ma - son - ry.
loud proclaim The praise of Ma - son - ry, The praise of Ma - son - ry.

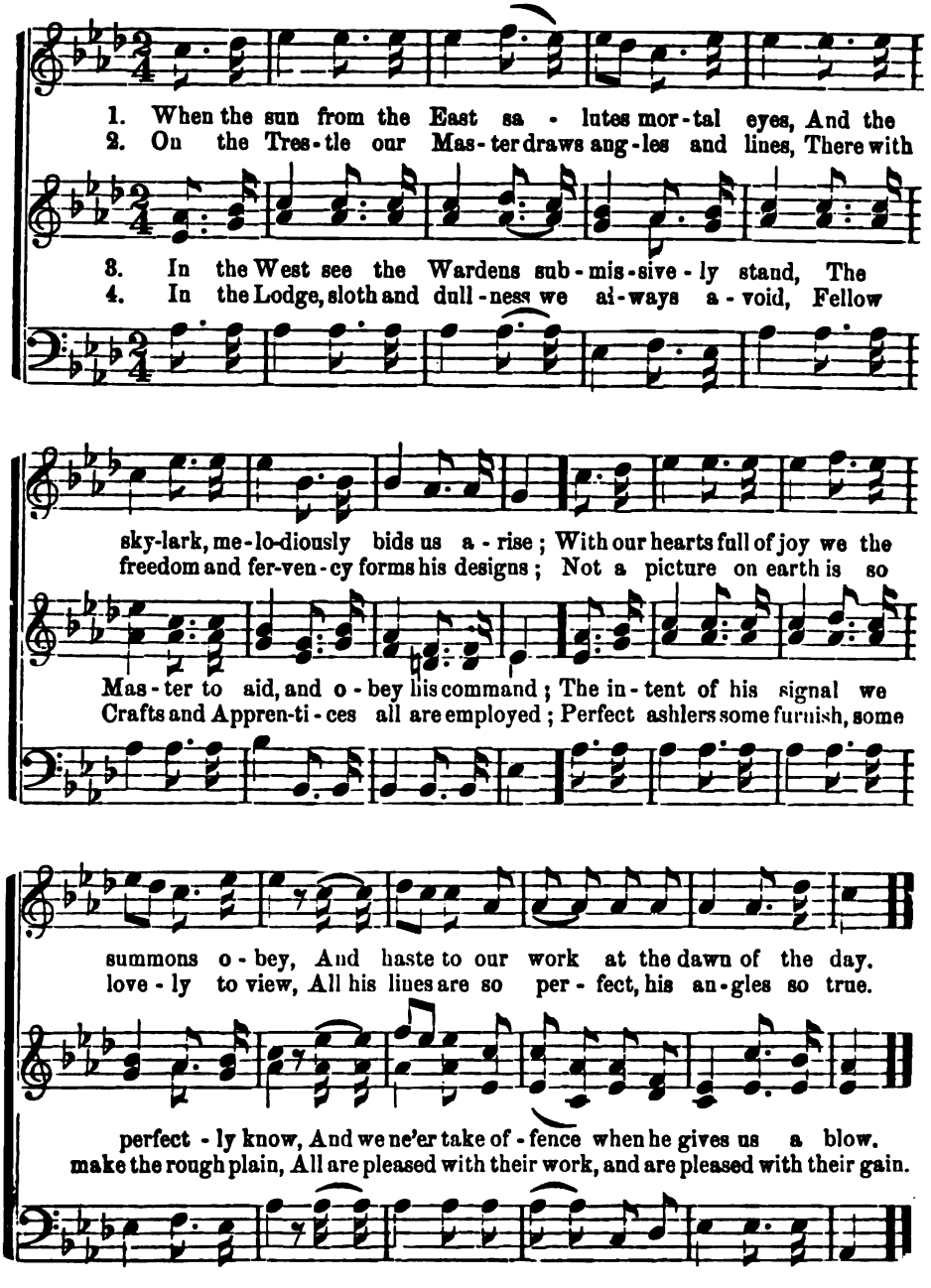
A PLACE IN THE CIRCLE FOR ME.

Words by G. W. CHASE. Music by G. W. MABIE

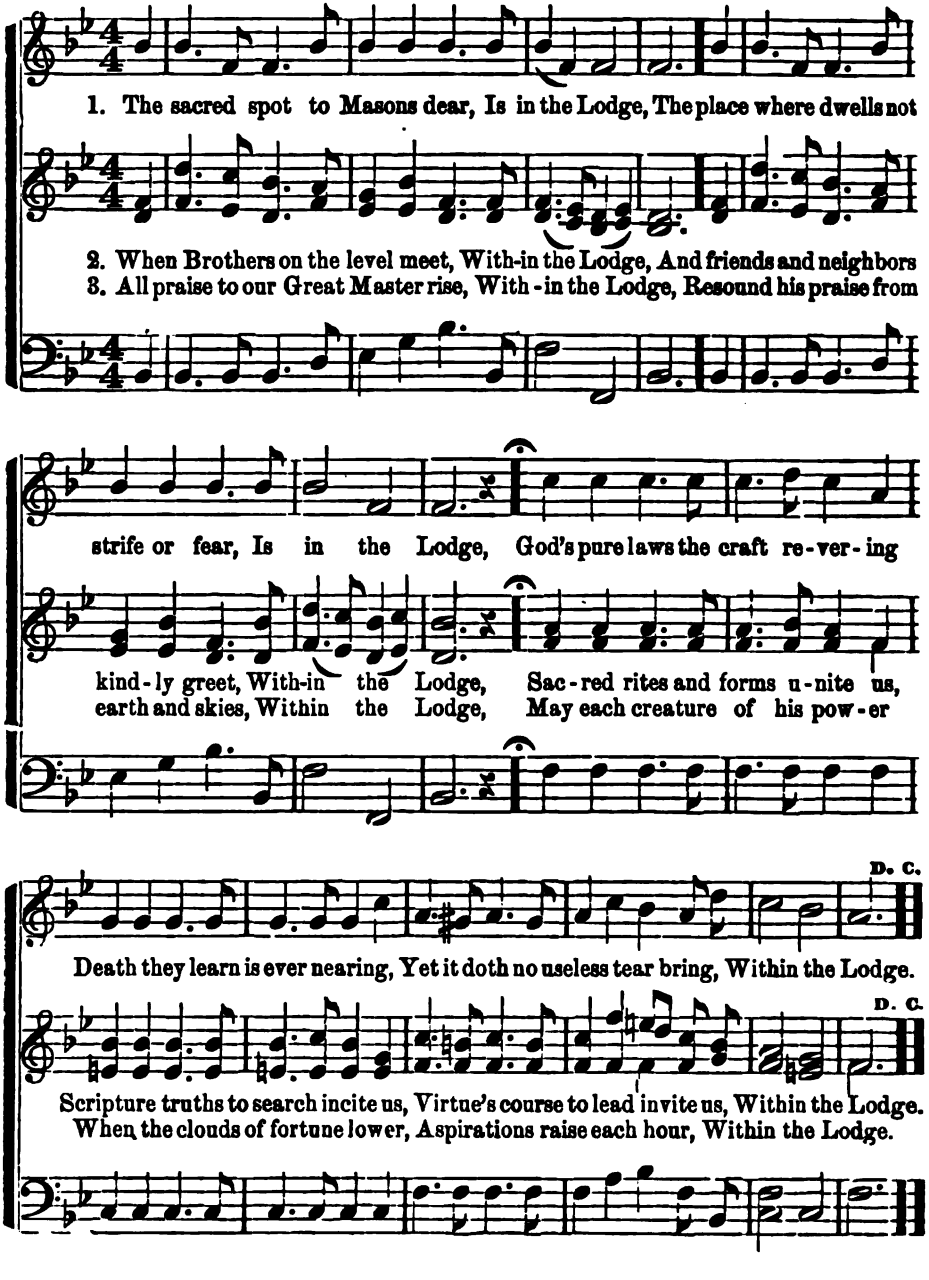
1. A place in the circle for me, An hour with compass and square; Where the heart is light and free, As the ea - gle in the air. There is no place so dear, There are no hearts so home, With its friendship and brotherly love. Here the passions are subdued, Within due bounds are true, As those we meet with here, Tho' they be e'er so few.....

2. I come when the full orb'd moon Looks down from her station above; I come to our chosen seen, Here jeal - ous - y and feud, Ne'er come our hearts be - tween.....

3. Where ever my feet may roam, What ever my lot may be; In spir - it I oft will come, To my place in the Lodge with thee; In all the scenes be - low, In pleasure or in pain, My heart shall turn to you, And I'll long to meet again.....

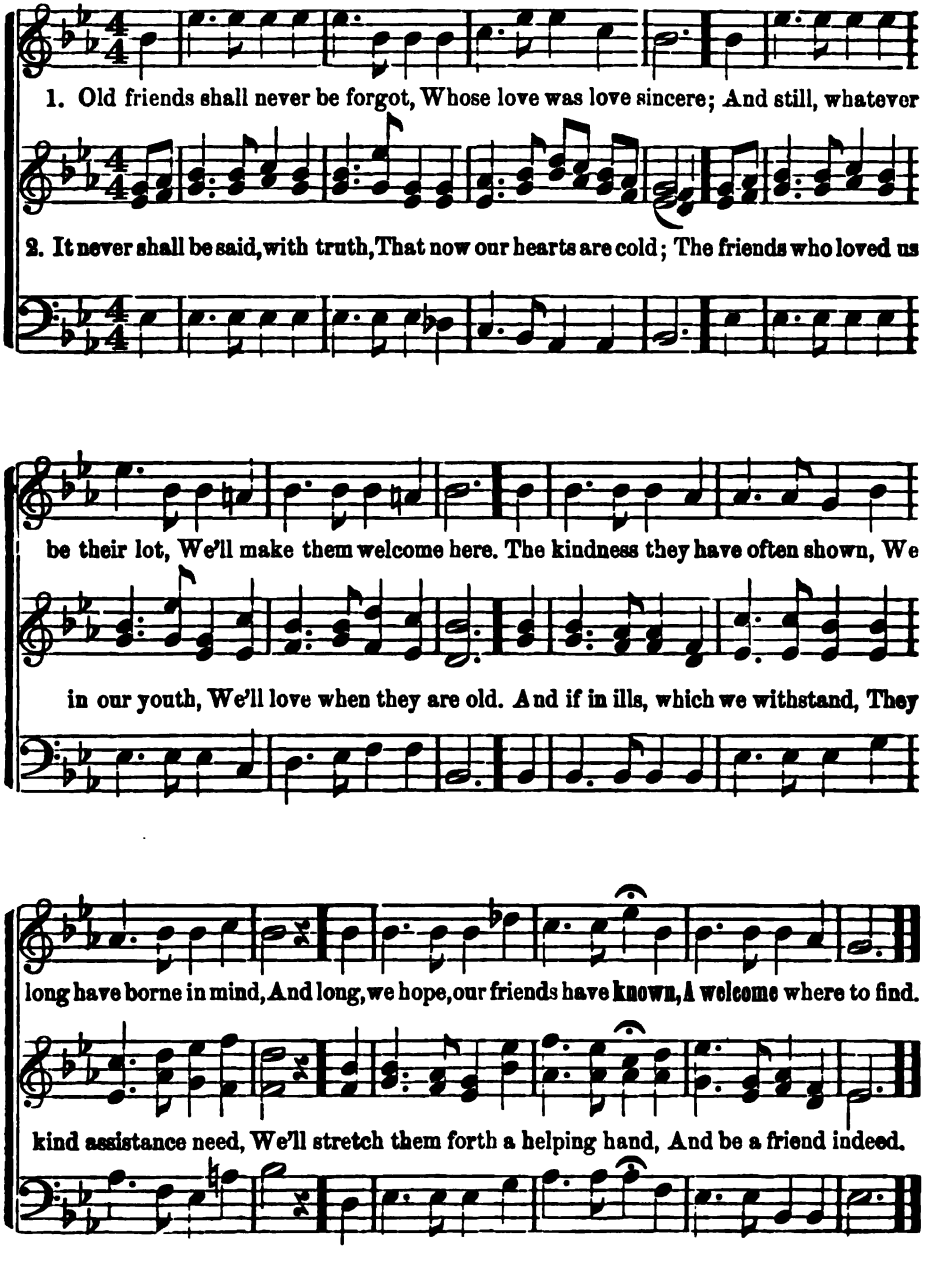

1. When the sun from the East sa - lutes mor - tal eyes, And the
2. On the Tres - tle our Mas - ter draws ang - les and lines, There with
3. In the West see the Wardens sub - mis - sive - ly stand, The
4. In the Lodge, sloth and dull - ness we al - ways a - void, Fellow
sky-lark, me - lo - diously bids us a - rise; With our hearts full of joy we the
freedom and fer - ven - cy forms his designs; Not a picture on earth is so
Mas - ter to aid, and o - bey his command; The in - tent of his signal we
Crafts and Appren - ti - ces all are employed; Perfect ashlers some furnish, some
summons o - bey, And haste to our work at the dawn of the day.
love - ly to view, All his lines are so per - fect, his an - gles so true.
perfect - ly know, And we ne'er take of - fence when he gives us a blow.
make the rough plain, All are pleased with their work, and are pleased with their gain.

THE DEAREST SPOT IS HOME. Words by J. B. TAYLOR.

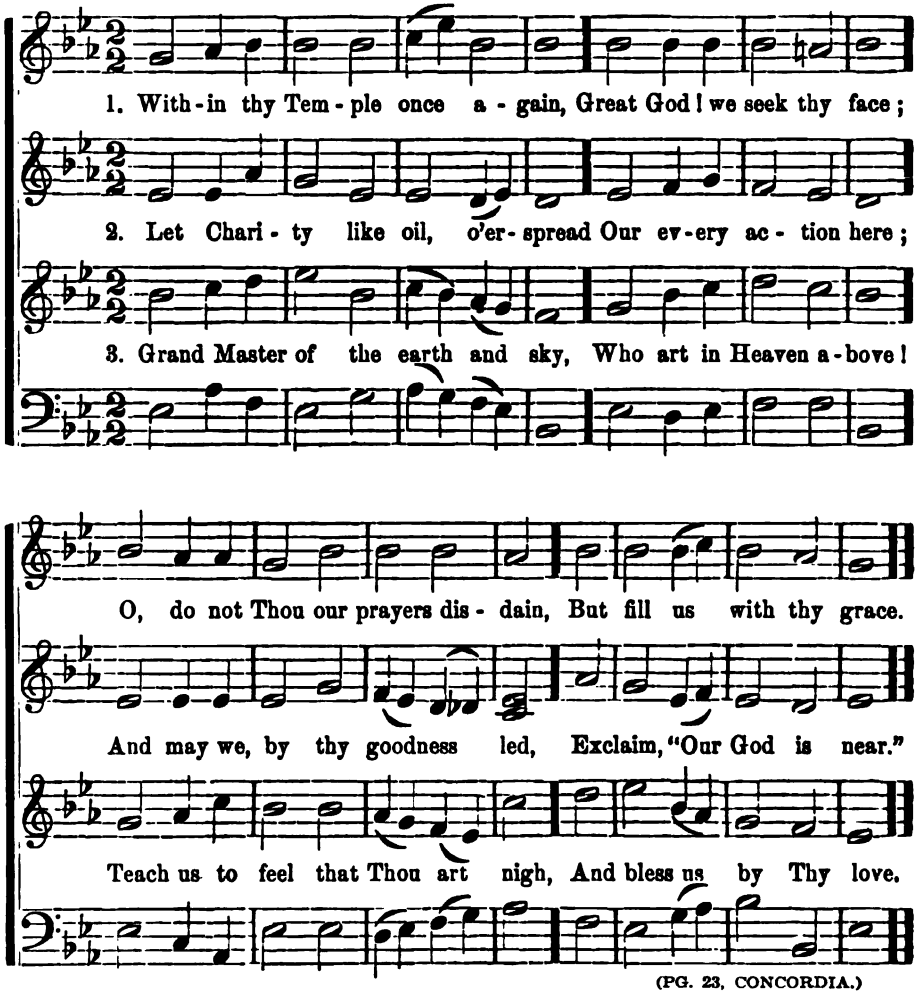


OLD FRIENDS.

Music by C. W. MABIE.



Words by HENRY C. COOPER of Benevolent Lodge, No. 28. Music by C. W. MABIE.



(PG. 23, CONCORDIA.)

72 *Entered Apprentice.*

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

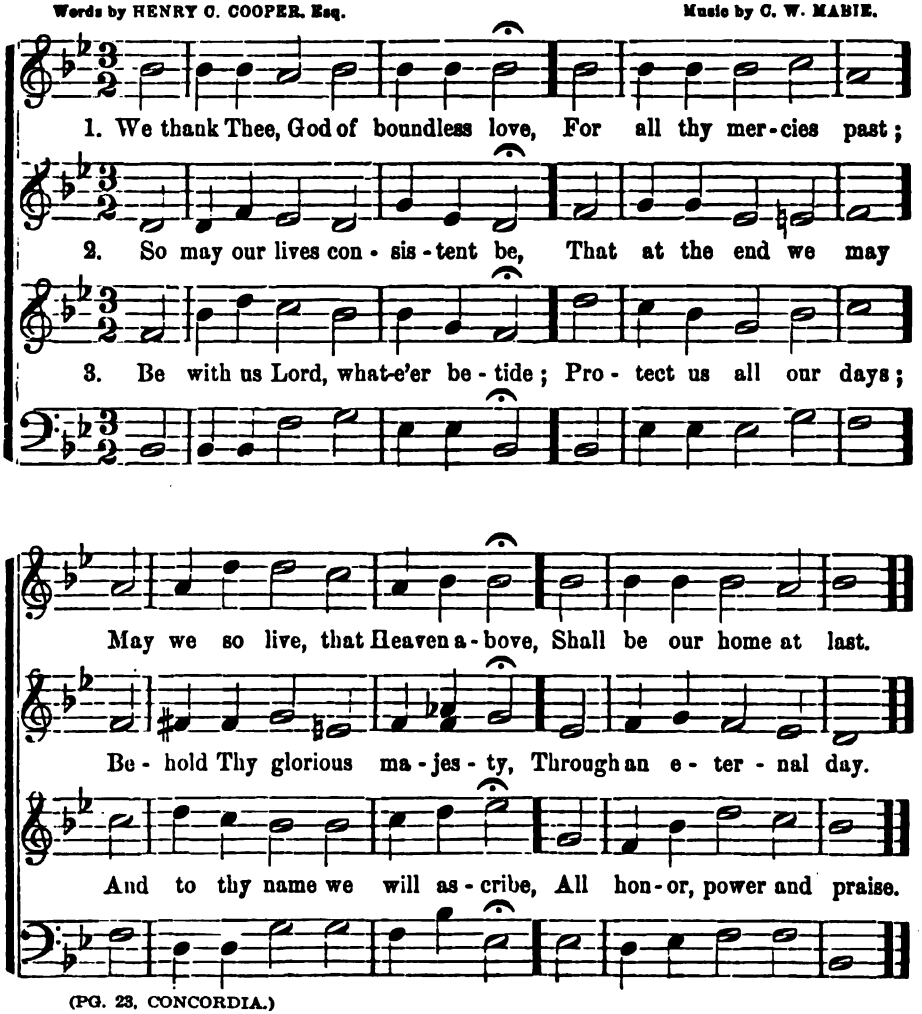
2 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

73 *Fellow Craft.*

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

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

Words by HENRY C. COOPER, Esq. Music by C. W. MABIE.



(PG. 23, CONCORDIA.)

74 *Fellow Craft.*

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

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

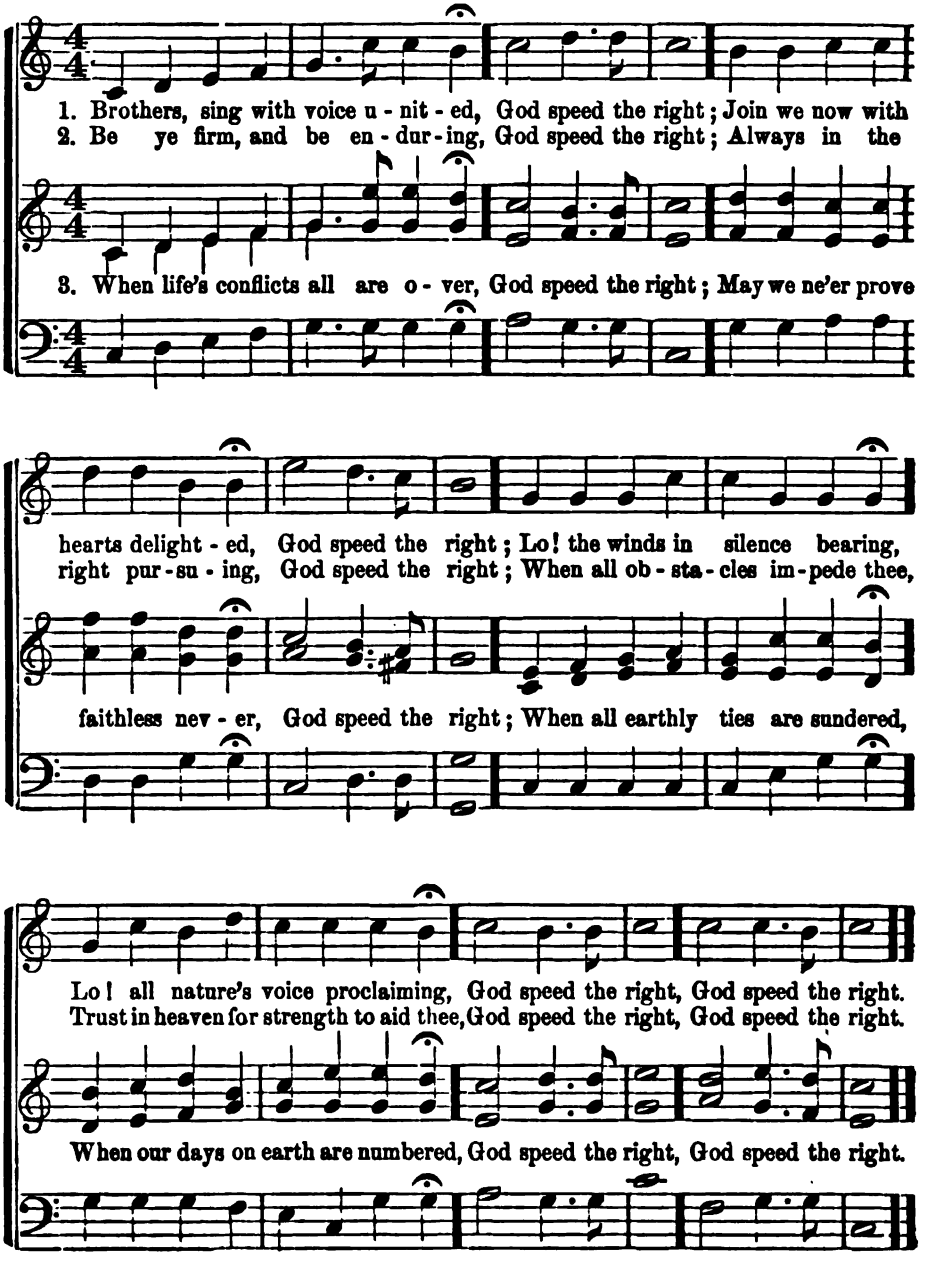
75 *Master Mason.*

1 Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born;
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return."

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

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Music by C. W. MARIE.



Words by Bro. C. MOORE. Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. All hail! the twenty-fourth of June, A - noth - er year has flown, And on our al - tar
2. On this, anoth - er festive day, We meet as oft of yore, And tell of mystic

3. How sad the thought on memory's page, That some who once were here, Have no place now but
4. Then hail the twenty-fourth of June, Its memories all are dear; And oft on festive

glimmers yet, The Light which long has shone, Our brethren! ye are welcome here, A
la - bors done, On mountain vale and shore, Of future work we yet may do, Ere

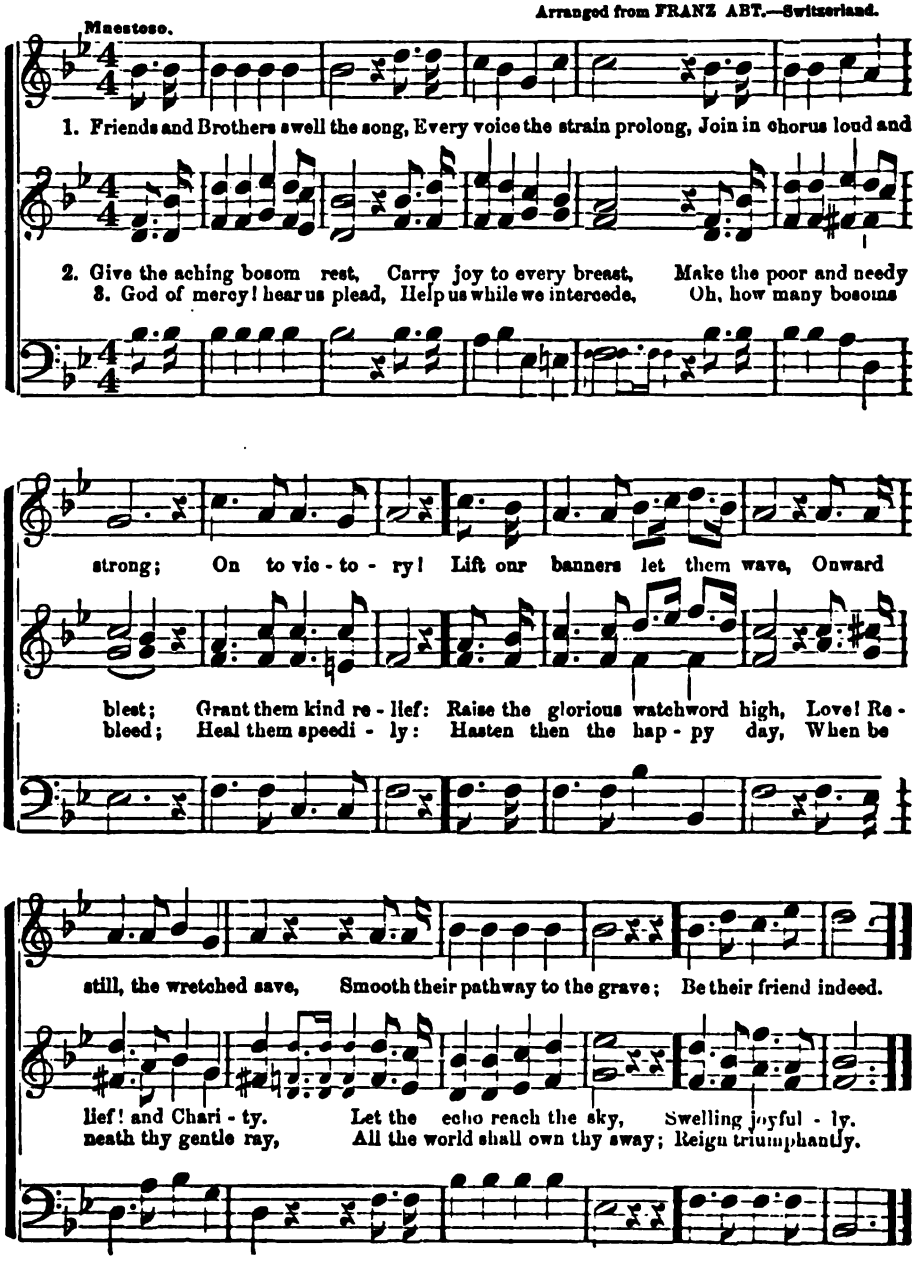
in our hearts, They've reached a higher sphere; But Hope points on to future years, When,
days like this, Through many a passing year, We'll meet and grasp each other's hands, Ere

truth - ful, noble band; We're one in mystic bonds to day, We're one in heart and hand.
we are gathered home, To hear from our Great Master's lips, The welcome words—"well done."

all our works complete, The true, and tried and loved of earth, To - geth - er all shall meet.
yet our work is done, And, round our altars, clo - ser draw, The bonds which make us one.

FRIENDS AND BROTHERS SWELL THE SONG.

Arranged from FRANZ ABT.—Switzerland.



GLOVER.

Moderate.

1. Meek and low-ly, pure and ho-ly, Chief among the blessed three;
2. Hop-ing ev-er, fail-ing nev-er; Tho' decieved, be-lieving still;

ad lib - - - - Fine.

Turn-ing sadness in-to gladness, Heav'n born art thou Chari-ty!
Long a-bid-ing, all con-fi-ding To thy heav'nly Father's will;

Pi-ty dwelleth in thy bosom, Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
Never wea-ry of well do-ing, Nev-er fearful of the end;

D. C. Only 1st verse.

Gen-tle tho'ts a-lone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part.
Claiming all mankind as brothers, Thou dost all a-like be-friend.

HARMONY. 11s. Music by C. W. MABIE.

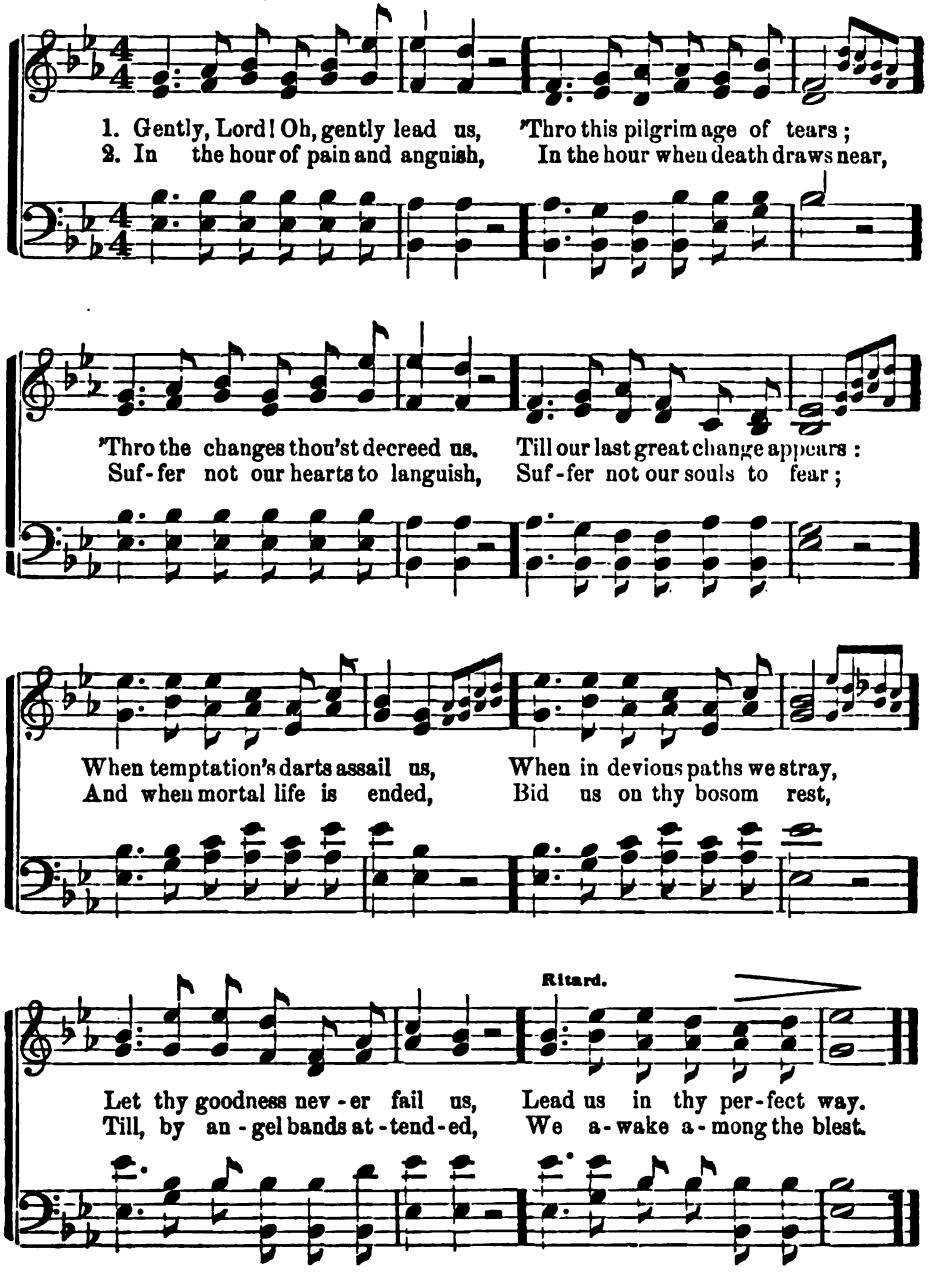
1. Should the chances of life ev - er tempt me to roam, In a Lodge of Free-
2. When absent from Lodge, pleasure tempts me in vain, I sigh for the
3. There the soul binding un - ion sure - ly is known, Which unites both the
4. On the quicksands of life should a brother be thrown, It is then that the
5. When the Master of all, from his star—studded throne, Shall issue his

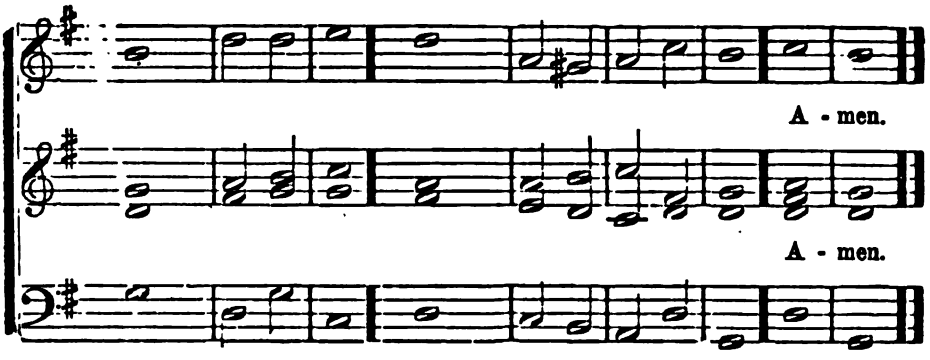
mason's I'll still find a home; There the sweet smile of Friendship still
moments of meeting a - gain; For Friendship and Har - mo - ny
peasant and king on the throne; There the rich and the poor on the
friendship of brothers is known; For the heart points the hand his dis -
mandate to summon us home; May each brother be found to be

welcomes each guest, And Bro-ther - ly Love gives that welcome a zest.
tru - ly are there, Where we meet on the lev - el and part on the square.
lev - el do meet, And as Brothers, each oth - er most cor - dial - ly greet.
tress to re - move, For our mot - to is "Kindness and Bro-ther - ly love."
du - ly prepared, In the Grand Lodge above us, to meet his re - ward.

Ad Lib.

SYLVAN GROVE. 8s & 7s.





Opening.

Kind Father! hear our prayer,—we bow be-| fore thy | throne ;||
O may we find acceptance there, And | peace be-| fore un-|known,||
Within these walls may Peace and | Harmony be | found ;||
May Faith and Charity increase. and | Hope and | Love a-| bound.||

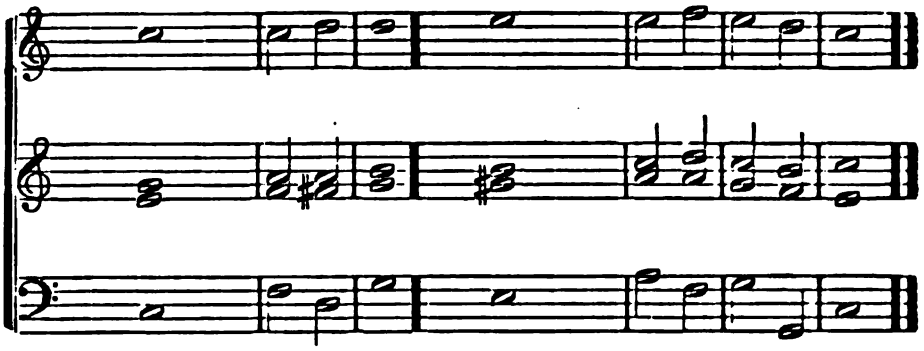
Opening.

Let songs of grateful praise, from every | Lodge a-| rise ;||
Let every heart its tribute raise to | God who | rules the |skies,||
His mercy and his love are boundless | as His | name ;||
And all eternity shall prove his | truth re-| mains the | same.||

Opening.

Blest are the sons of peace, whose hearts and | hopes are | one ;||
Whose kind designs to serve and please, thro' | all their | actions | run,||
Blest is this happy place, where zeal and | friendship | meet ;||
Where Truth,& Love,& heav'nly grace,make|our com-|munion|sweet.||
Thus on the heavenly hills may we be | blest a-| bove ;
Where joy, like morning dew distills, and | all the | air is | love.||

SINGLE. (PG. 42, CONCORDIA.)



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 descended upon the | mountain's of | Zion;||
For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even|life for-|ever|more.||

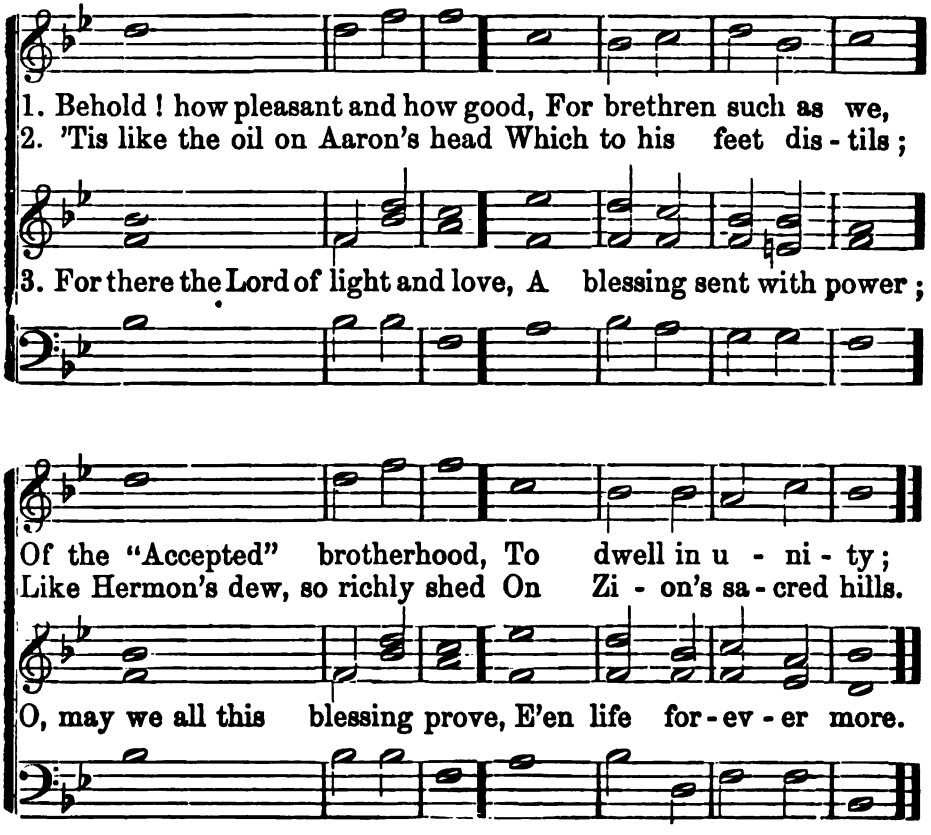
Entered Apprentice.

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.||

Opening.

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 a-| bove the | sky.||

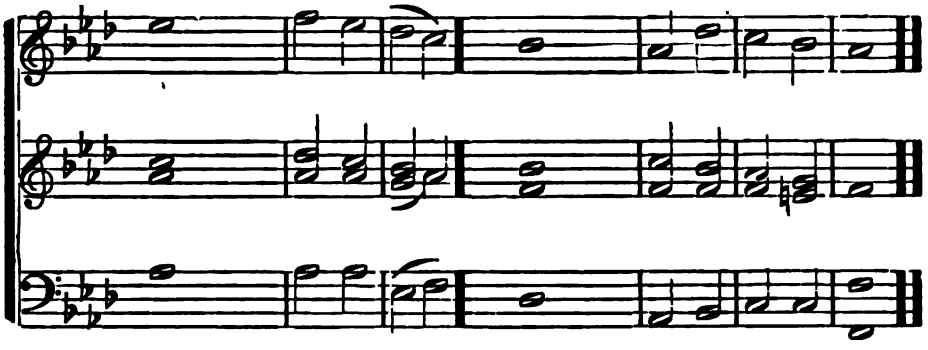
DOUBLE. C. J. HOPKINS.



Entered Apprentice.

O, welcome, brother to our band, though strong its | numbers | now,||
And high its lofty pillars stand, and | noble | arches | bow.||
Oh welcome—if thy heart be true, thou'lt find with | us a | home ;||
We're daily adding columns new un-| to our | glorious | dome.||
Now let our ardent prayers arise for blessings | on his | brow||
And bear our offering to the skies, for | him who | joins us | now.||
Oh welcome—if thy heart be trne, thou'lt find with | us a | home,||
We're daily adding columns new, un-| to our | glorious | dome.||

SINGLE. (PG. 42, CONCORDIA.)



Fellow Craft.

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.||

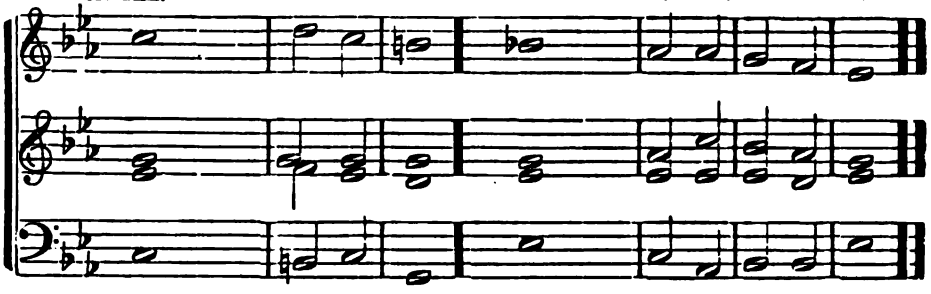
Fellow Craft.

Thus far the Lord has led me on; thus far his power pro-| longs my | days ;||
And every ev'ning shall make known some fresh me-| morial | of his | grace.||
O ! may his love with sweet control,Bind every passion | of my | soul ; ||
Bid every vain desire depart, and dwell for- | ever | in my | heart.

Fellow Craft.

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 a-| bove.||

SINGLE. (PG. 43, CONCORDIA.)



Master Mason.

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 | windows 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,||

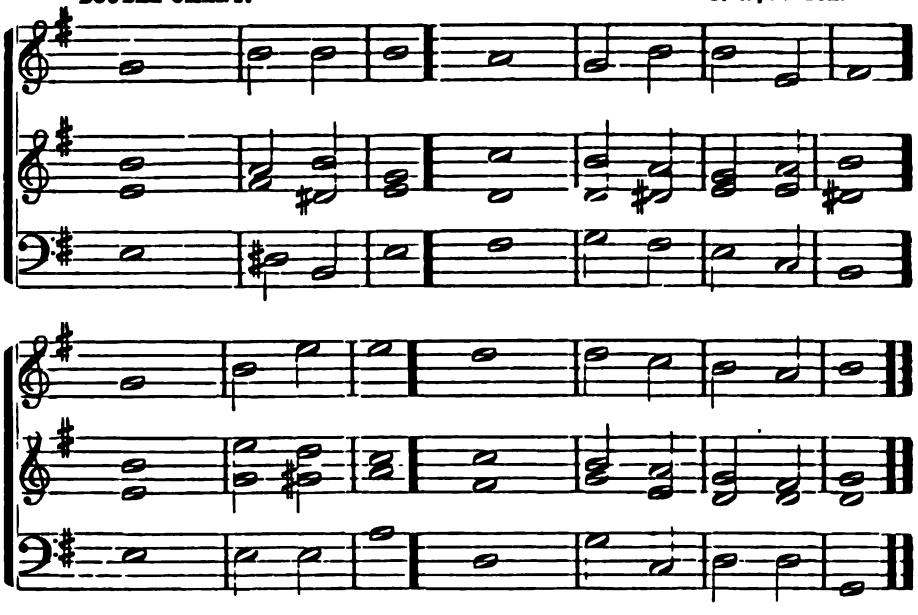
Or ever the silver chord be loosed, or the golden | bowl be | broken ;||

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.||

DOUBLE CHANT. C. W. MABIE.



1. Let us remember, in our youth, before the evil | days draw | nigh,||
Our Great Creator, and his truth ! ere memory | fail,& | pleasure | fly ;||
Or sun, or moon, or planet's light grow dark, or clouds re-|turn in | gloom :||
Ere vital spark no more incite, when strength shall | bow, and | years con-| sume.||
2. Let us in youth remember Him ; who formed our frame and | spirits | gave,||
Ere windows of the mind grow dim, or door of | speech ob-| structed | 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.||
3. 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 a-| round his | urn;||
Our dust to dust again must flow, and spirits | unto | God re-| turn.||

AUTUMN LEAVES.

C. W. MABIE.

cres.

1. Autumn leaves, Autumn leaves, Lie strewn around me here,

2. Autumn leaves, withered leaves, That fly be - fore the gale,

p *p dim.*

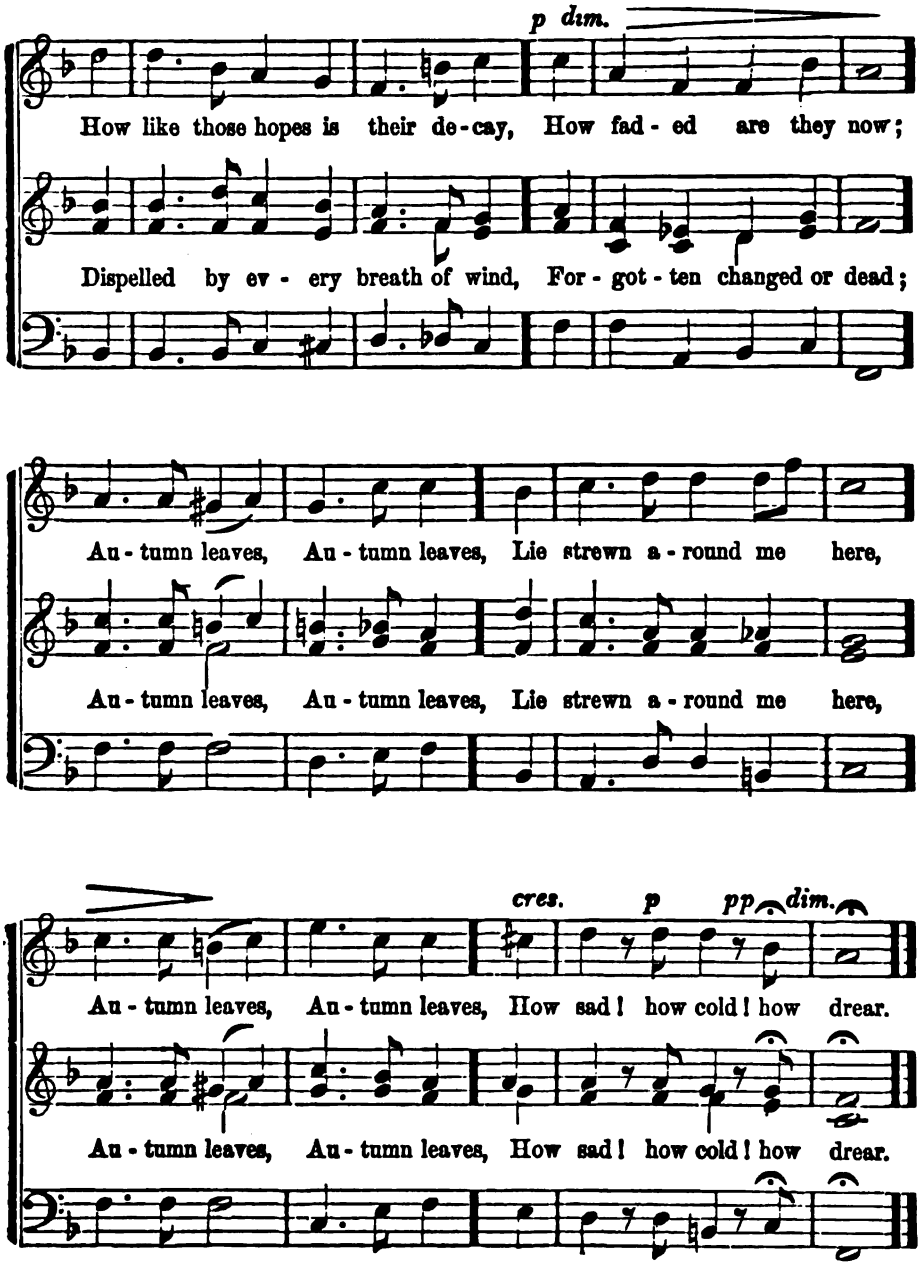
Autumn leaves, Autumn leaves, How sad! how cold! how drear;

Withered leaves, withered leaves, To tell a mournful tale,

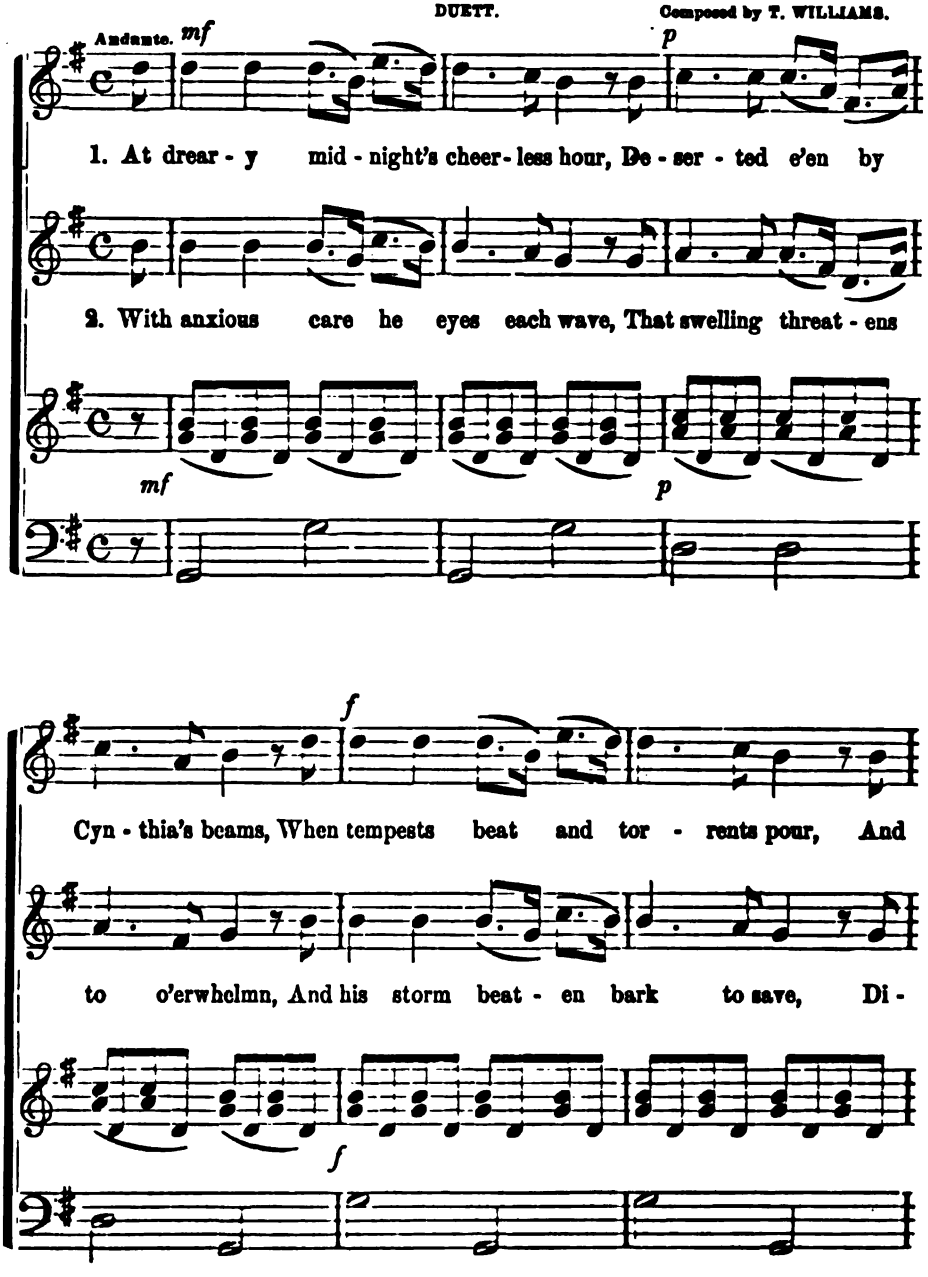
cres.

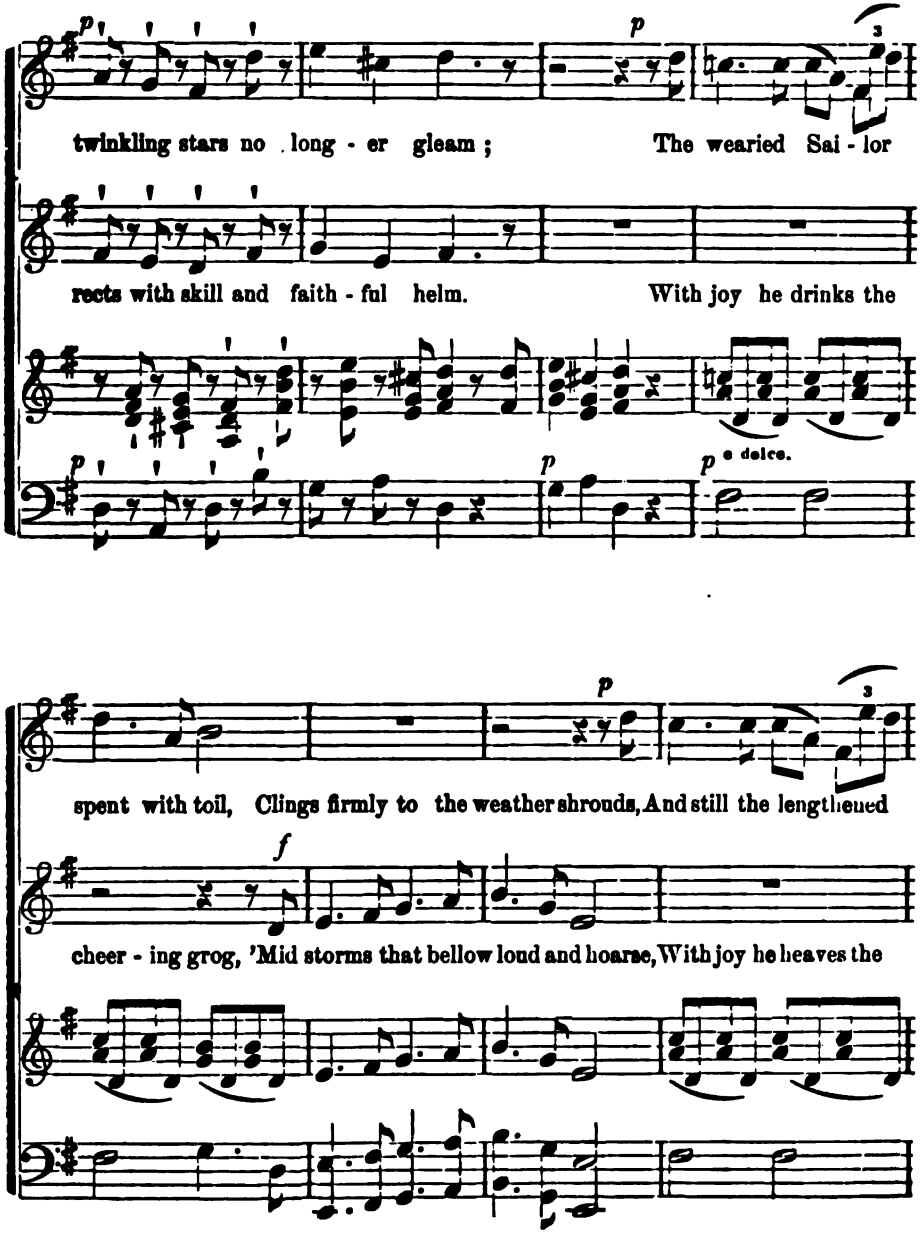
How like the hopes of childhood's day Thick clustering on the bough,

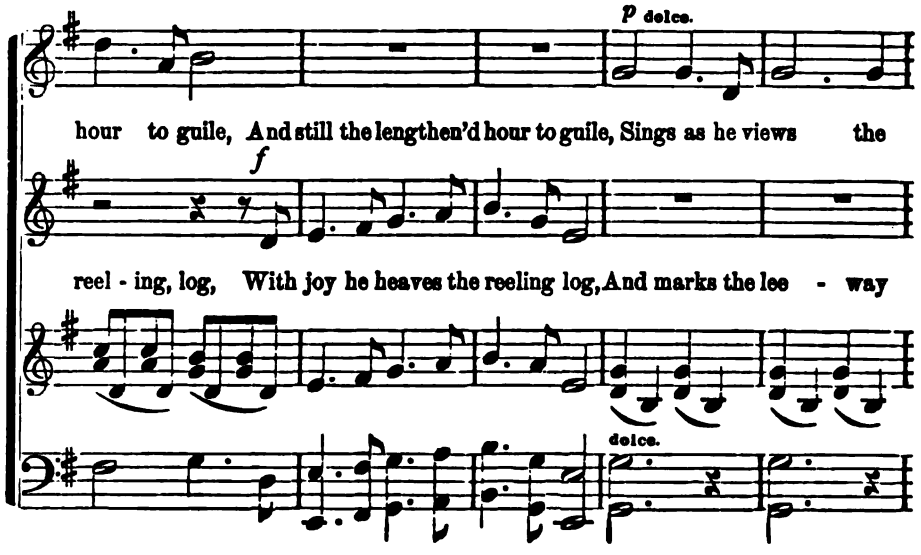
Of love once true and friends once kind And hap - py moments fled,

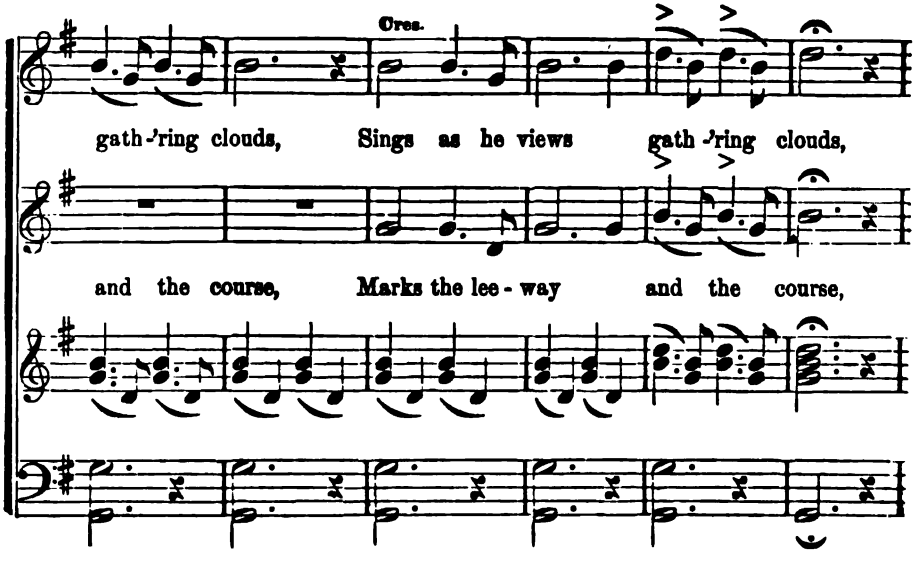

p dim.
How like those hopes is their de-cay, How fad-ed are they now;
Dispelled by ev-ery breath of wind, For-got-ten changed or dead;
Au-tumn leaves, Au-tumn leaves, Lie strewn a-round me here,
Au-tumn leaves, Au-tumn leaves, Lie strewn a-round me here,
cres. p pp dim.
Au-tumn leaves, Au-tumn leaves, How sad! how cold! how drear.
Au-tumn leaves, Au-tumn leaves, How sad! how cold! how drear.

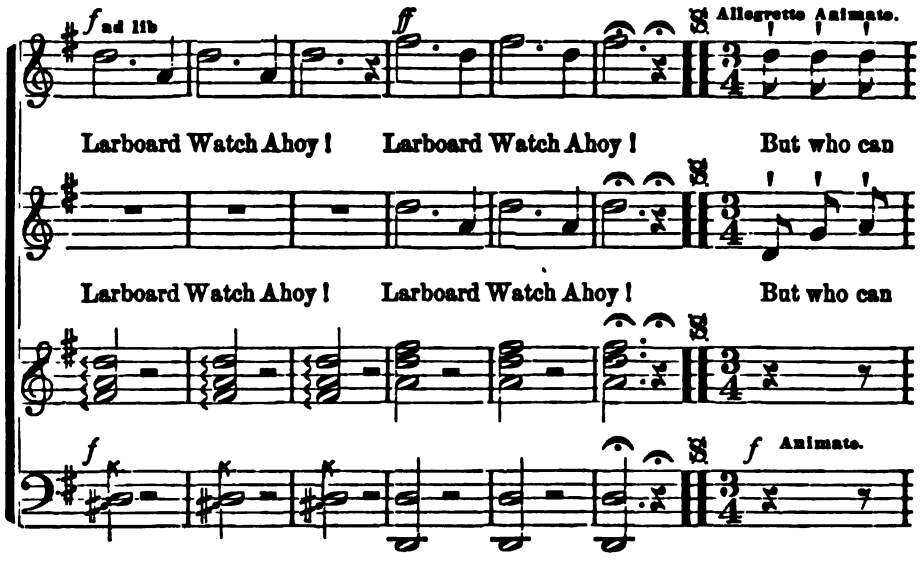
DUETT. Composed by T. WILLIAMS.

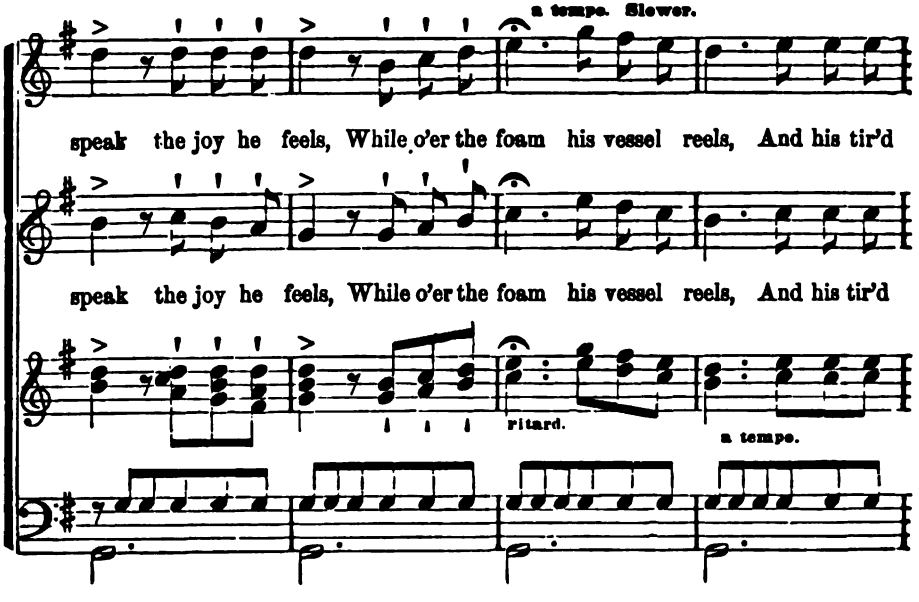


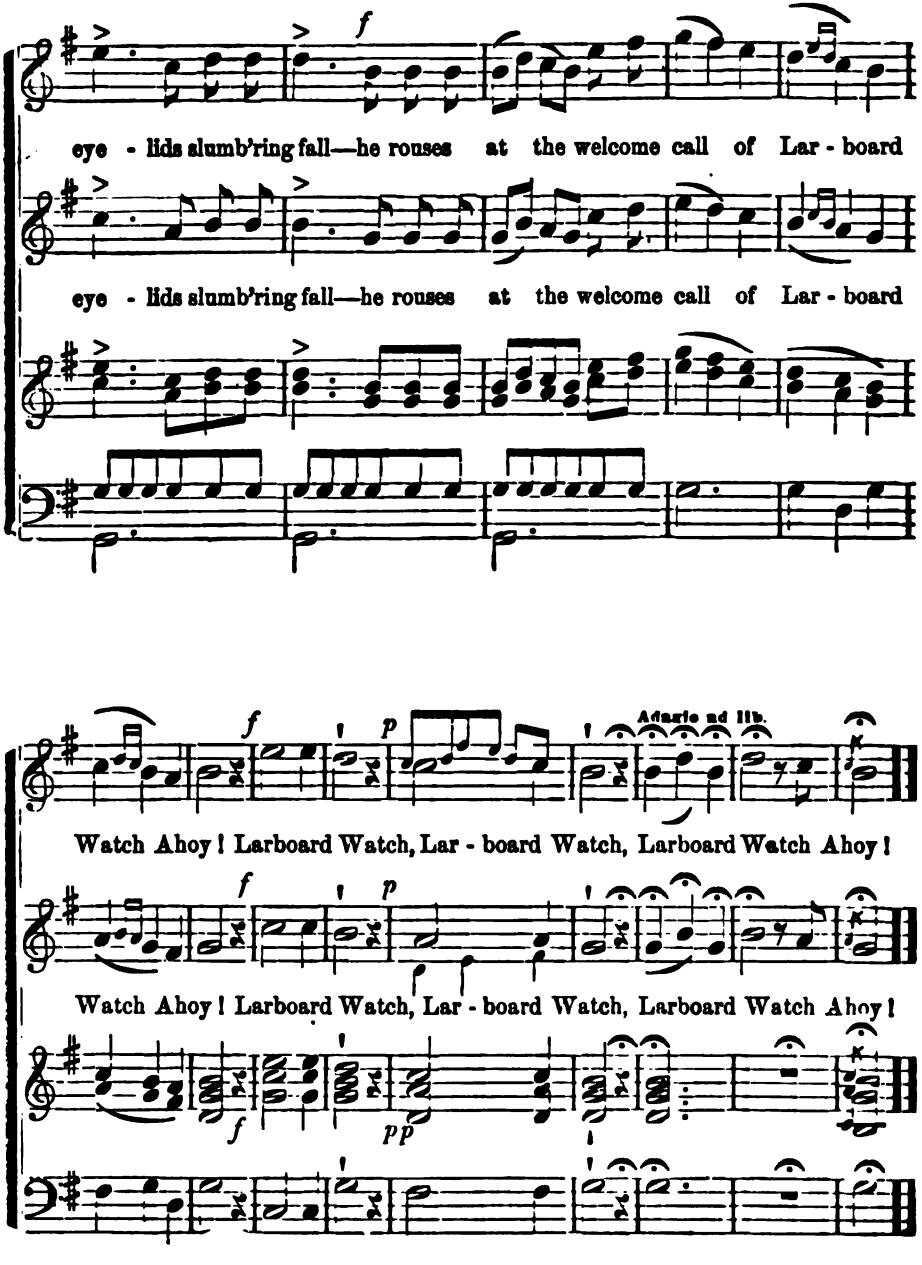

p
twinkling stars no long - er gleam ; The wearied Sai - lor
rects with skill and faith - ful helm. With joy he drinks the
e dolce.
spent with toil, Clings firmly to the weather shrouds, And still the lengthened
f
cheer - ing grog, 'Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the


p dolce.
hour to guile, And still the lengthen'd hour to guile, Sings as he views the
f
reel - ing, log, With joy he heaves the reeling log, And marks the lee - way
dolce.


Cres.
gath - 'ring clouds, Sings as he views gath - 'ring clouds,
and the course, Marks the lee - way and the course,


f ad lib
ff
Allegretto Animato.
Larboard Watch Ahoy! Larboard Watch Ahoy! But who can
Larboard Watch Ahoy! Larboard Watch Ahoy! But who can
f
f Animato.


a tempo. Slower.
speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his vessel reels, And his tir'd
speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his vessel reels, And his tir'd
ritard.
a tempo.


f
eye - lids slumb'ring fall—he rouses at the welcome call of Lar - board
eye - lids slumb'ring fall—he rouses at the welcome call of Lar - board
f
p
Adagio ad lib.
Watch Ahoy! Larboard Watch, Lar - board Watch, Larboard Watch Ahoy!
f
p
Watch Ahoy! Larboard Watch, Lar - board Watch, Larboard Watch Ahoy!
f
pp

SWISS AIR.

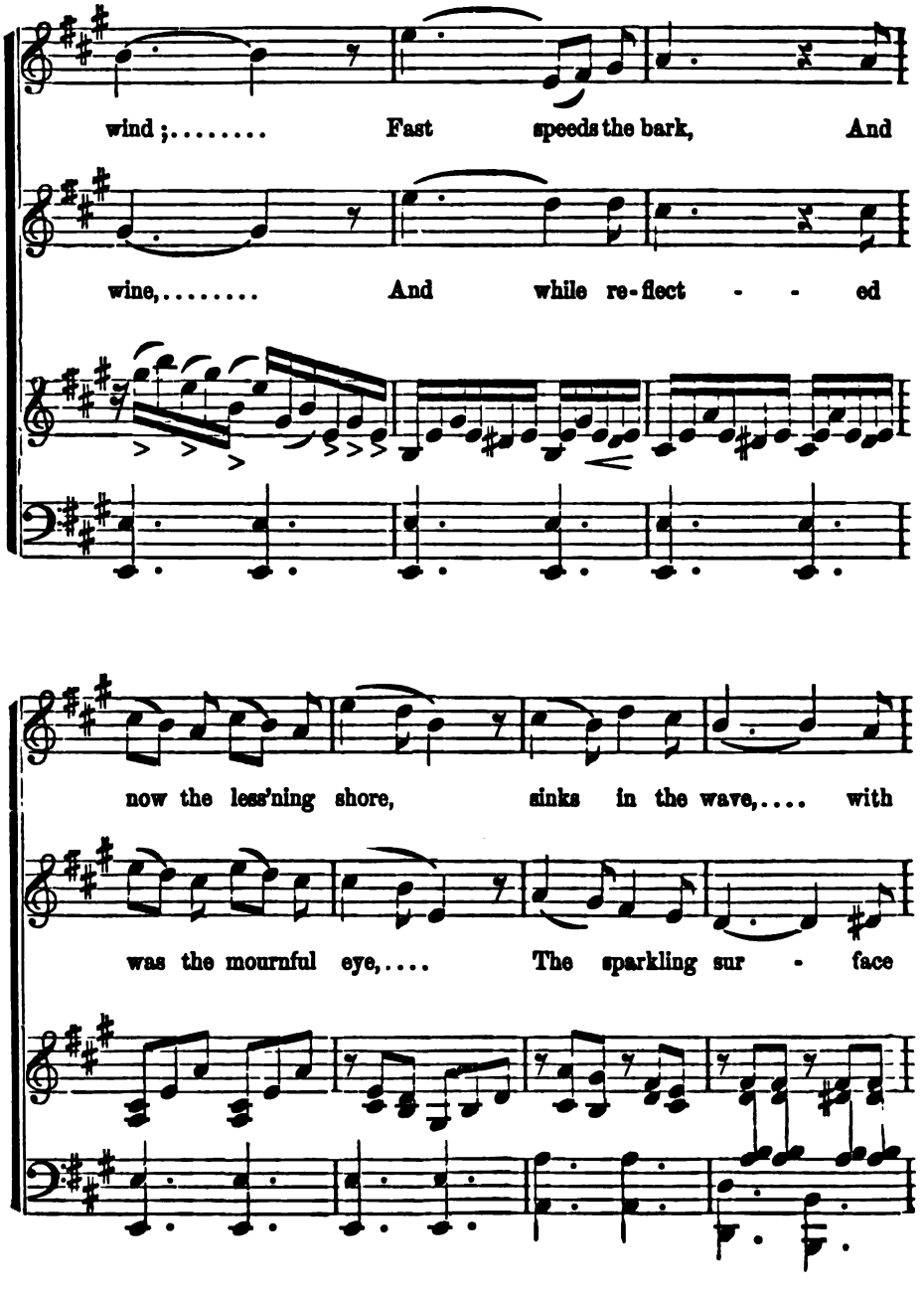
1. Home, Fare thee well!..... the o - cean's storm is

2. We wreath no bown..... to drink a gay good

p

o'er,..... The wea - ry pen - - non woos the seaward

bye,..... For tears would fall.... un - bid - den in the


wind ;..... Fast speeds the bark, And
wine,..... And while re-flect - - ed
now the less'ning shore, sinks in the wave,.... with
was the mournful eye,.... The sparkling sur - face

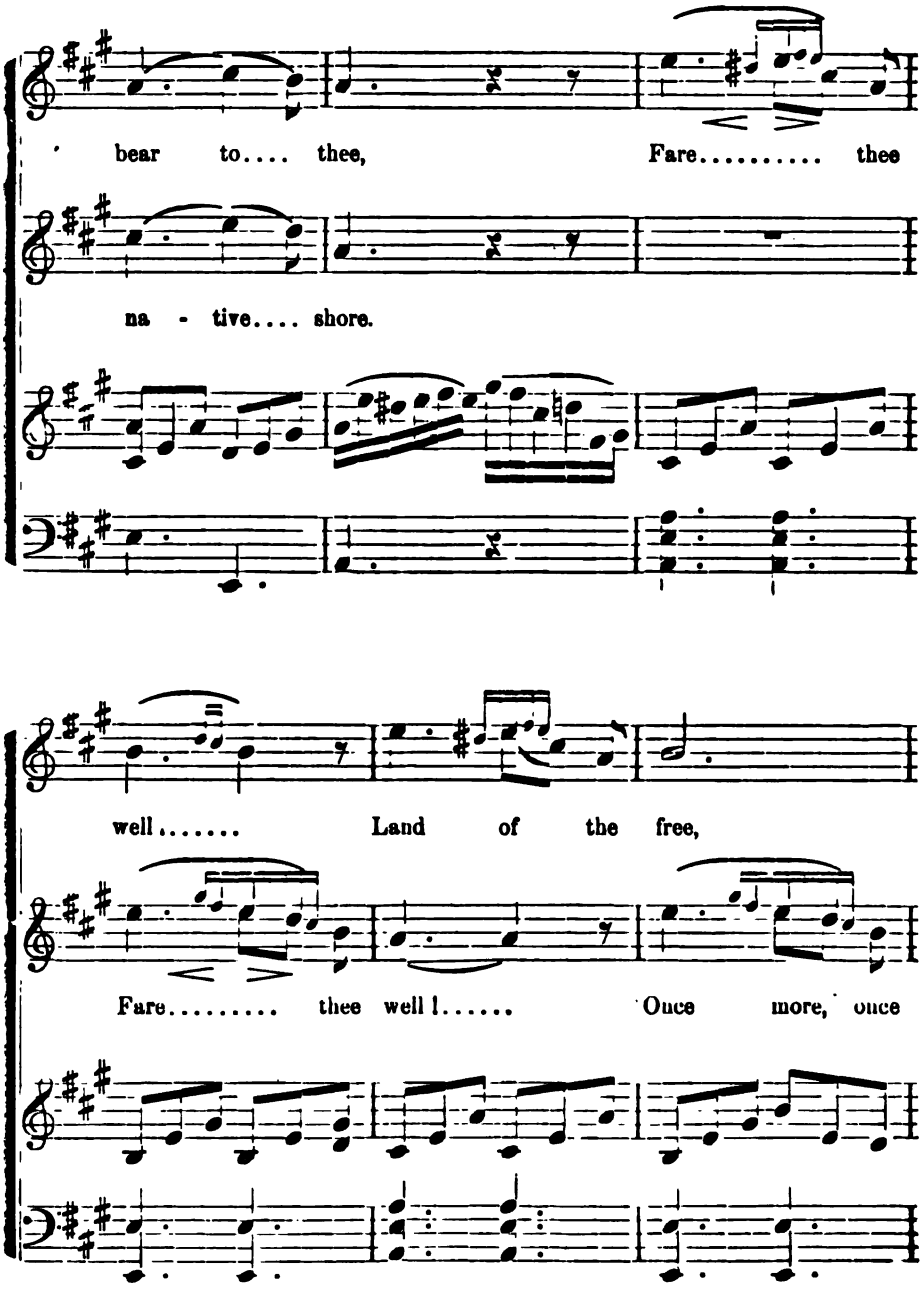
those we leave be-hind. Fare.... thee well!....

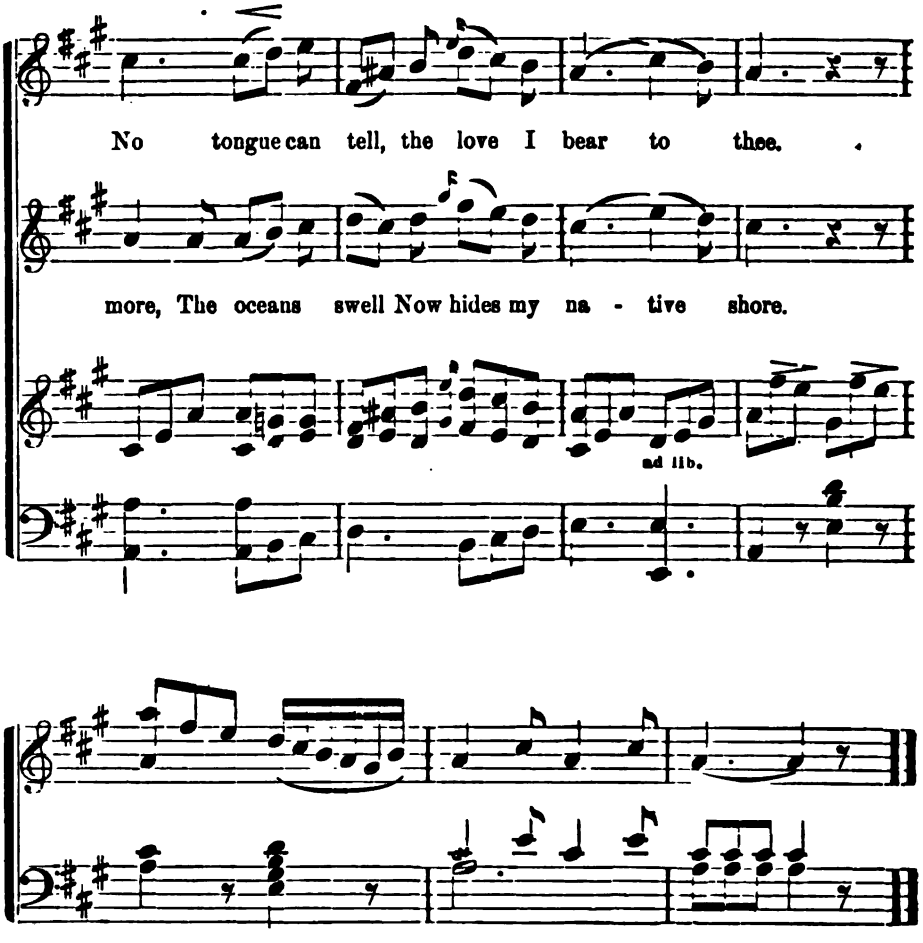
e'en would cease to shine Fare.... thee

p

Land o' the free; No tongue can tell the love I

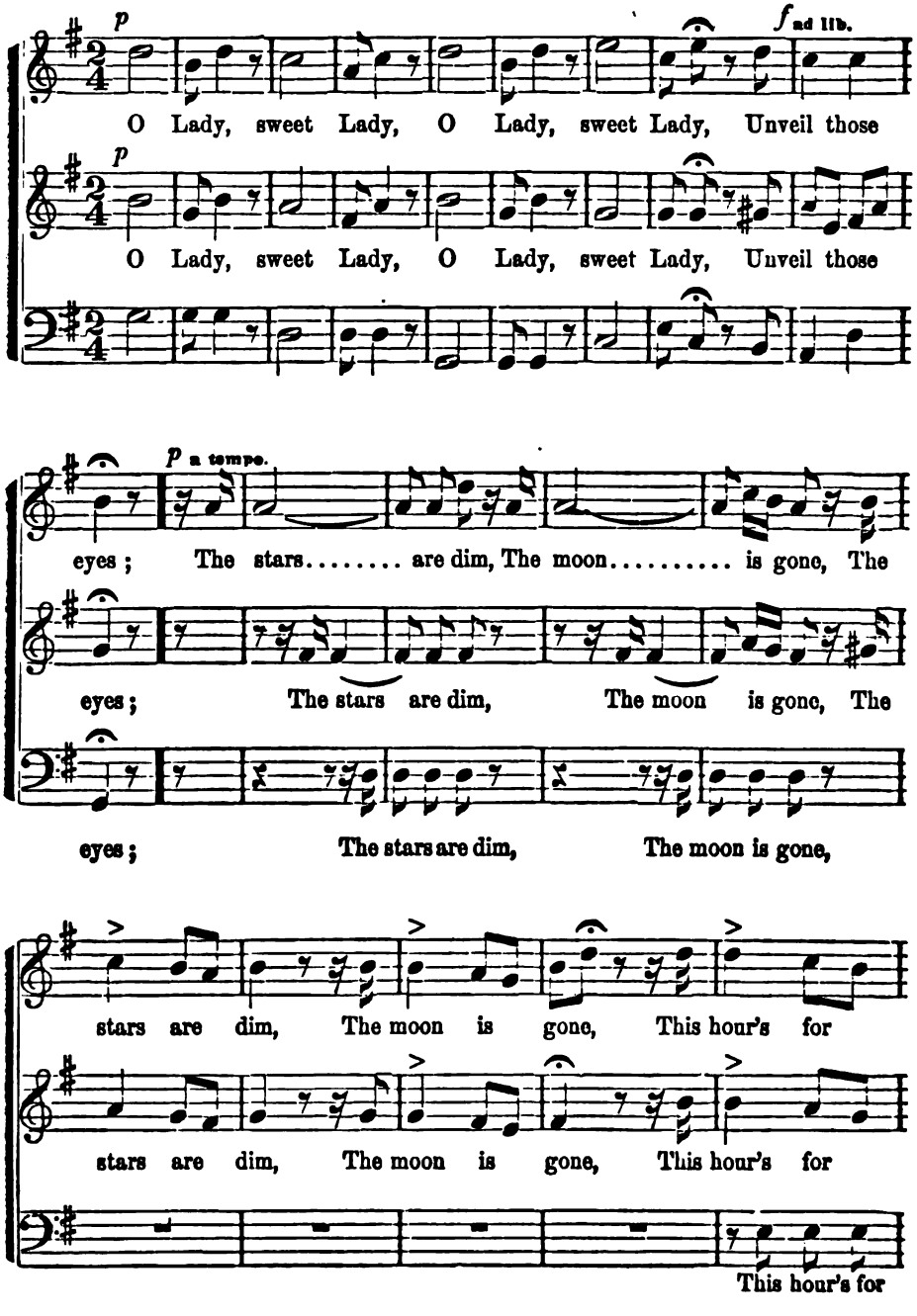
well!.... Once more, once more, The ocean's swell, Now hides my

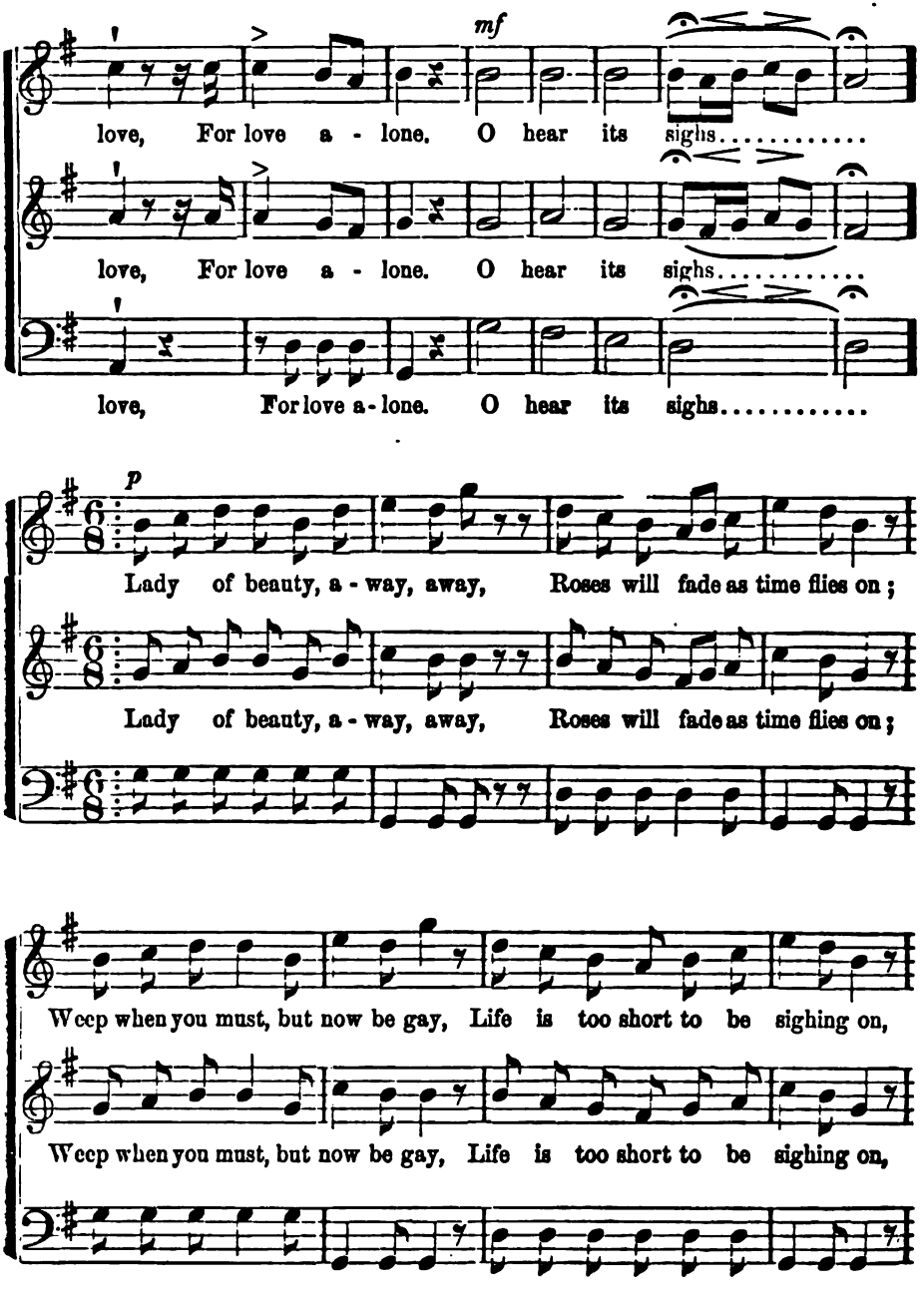

bear to.... thee, Fare..... thee
na - tive.... shore.
well..... Land of the free,
Fare..... thee well!..... Once more, once

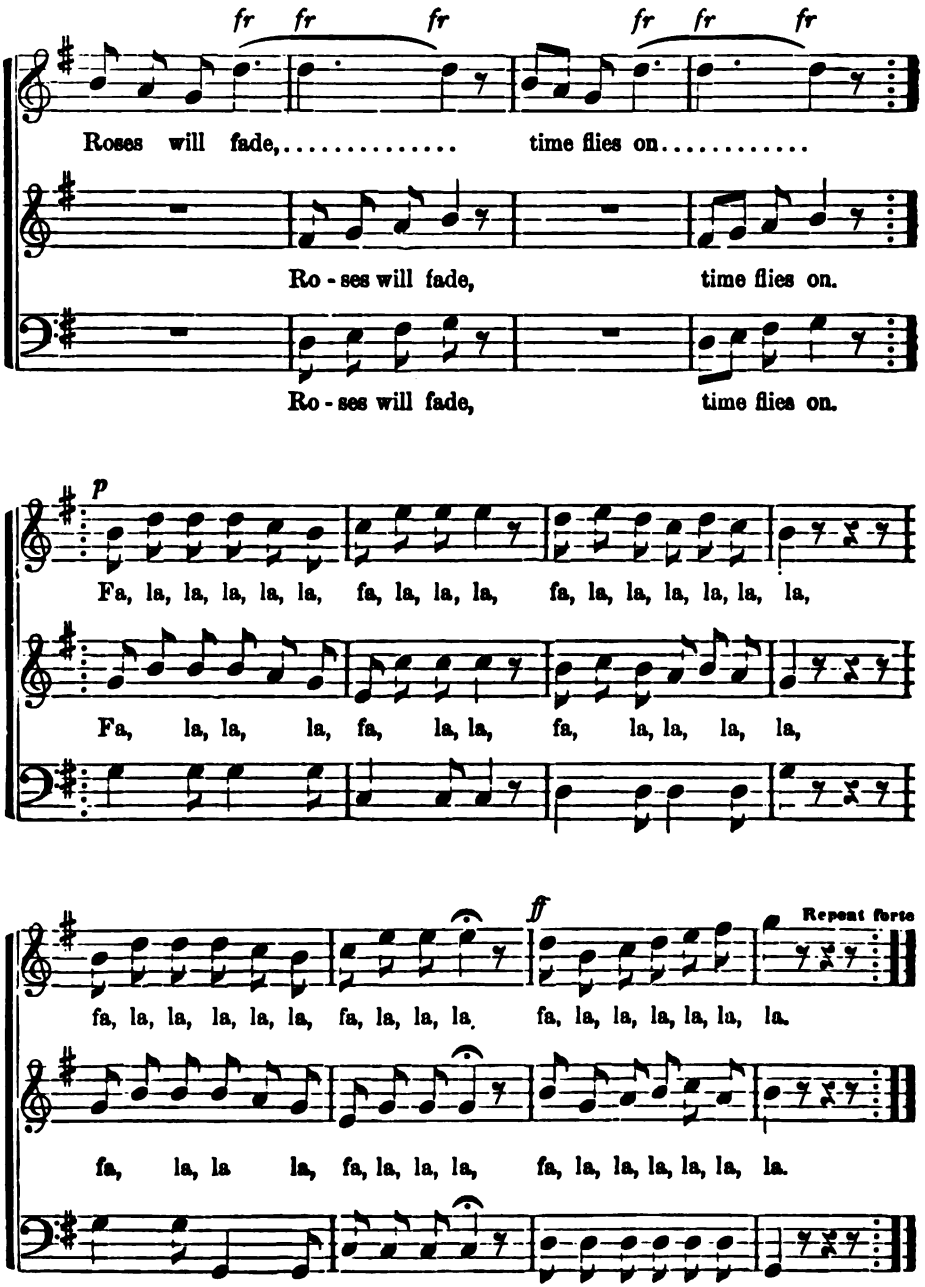


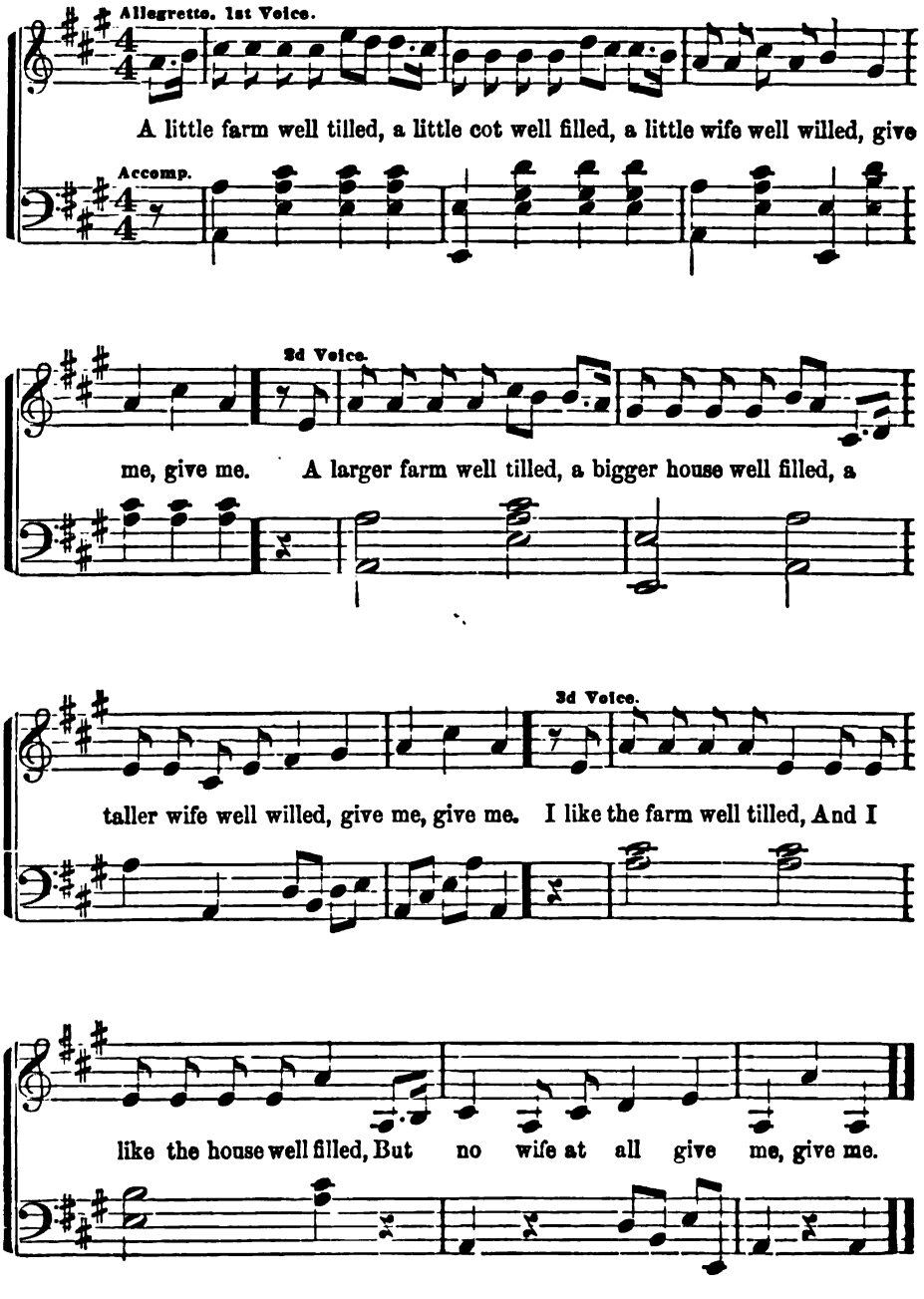
3.

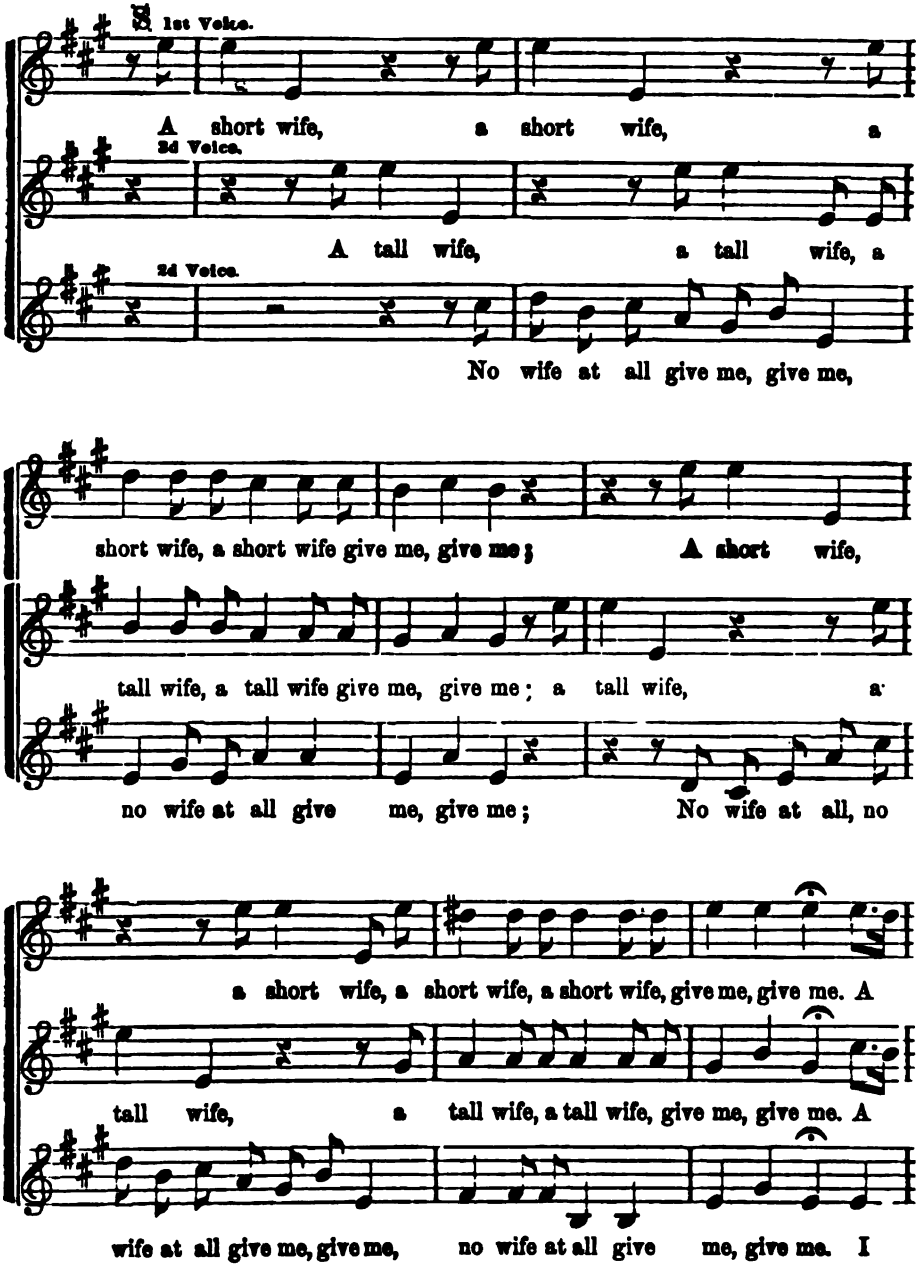
See where yon star its Diamond light displays
Now seen, now hid behind the swelling sail,
Hope rides in gladness on its streaming rays,
And bids us on, and bribes the fav'ring gale.
Then hope, we bend
In joy to thee;
And careless wend
Our way across the sea.

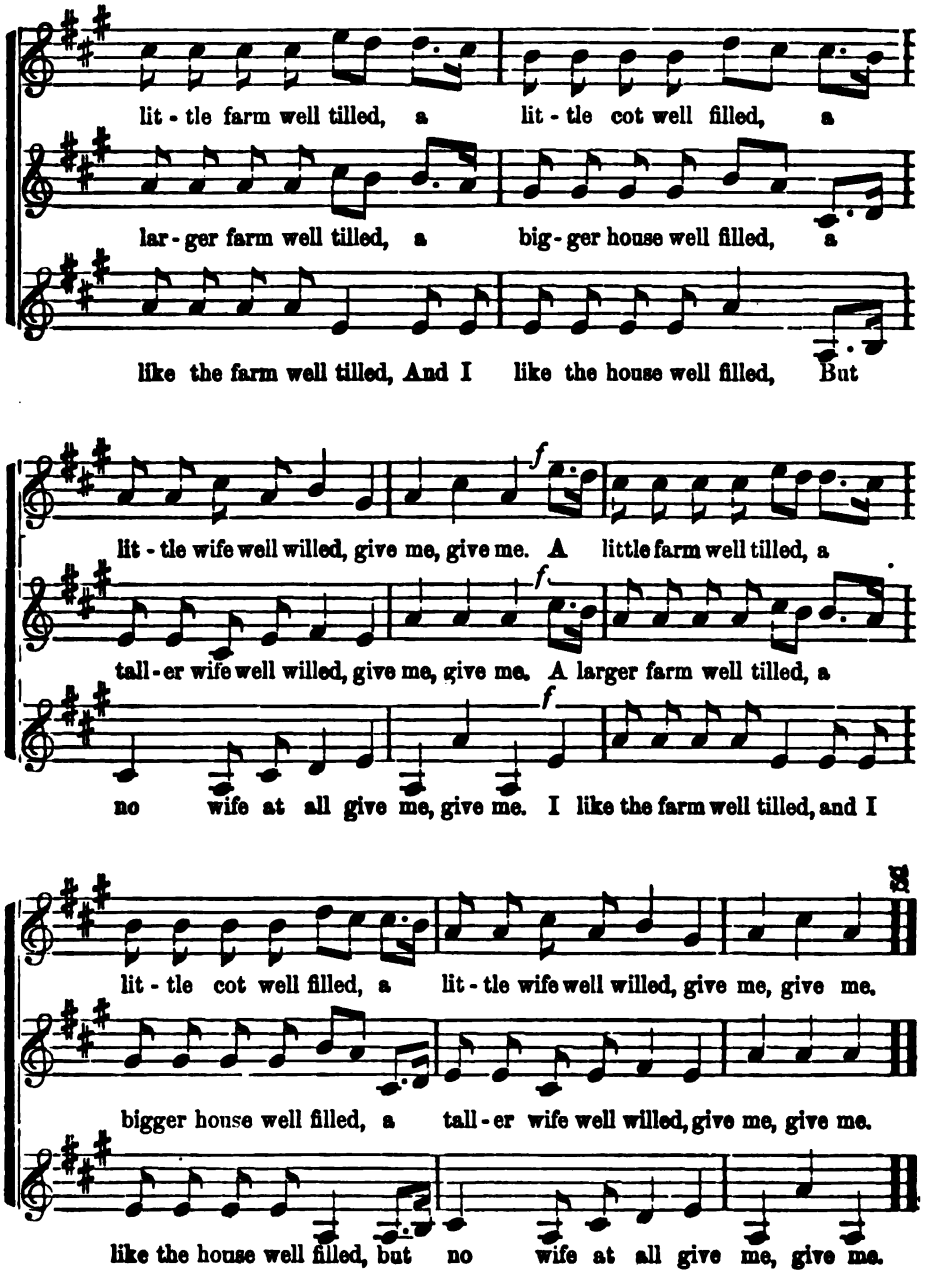

p
f ad lib.
O Lady, sweet Lady, O Lady, sweet Lady, Unveil those
p
O Lady, sweet Lady, O Lady, sweet Lady, Unveil those
p a tempo.
eyes; The stars..... are dim, The moon..... is gone, The
eyes; The stars are dim, The moon is gone, The
eyes; The stars are dim, The moon is gone,
stars are dim, The moon is gone, This hour's for
stars are dim, The moon is gone, This hour's for
This hour's for


mf
love, For love a - lone. O hear its sighs.....
love, For love a - lone. O hear its sighs.....
love, For love a - lone. O hear its sighs.....
p
Lady of beauty, a - way, away, Roses will fade as time flies on;
Lady of beauty, a - way, away, Roses will fade as time flies on;
Weep when you must, but now be gay, Life is too short to be sighing on,
Weep when you must, but now be gay, Life is too short to be sighing on,


fr fr fr fr fr fr
Roses will fade, ... time flies on.....
Ro - ses will fade, time flies on.
Ro - ses will fade, time flies on.
p
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la,
ff
Repeat forte
fa, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la. fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.
fa, la, la la, fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.


Allegretto. 1st Voice.
A little farm well tilled, a little cot well filled, a little wife well willed, give
Accomp.
2d Voice.
me, give me. A larger farm well tilled, a bigger house well filled, a
3d Voice.
taller wife well willed, give me, give me. I like the farm well tilled, And I
like the house well filled, But no wife at all give me, give me.


1st Voice.
A short wife, a short wife, a
2d Voice.
A tall wife, a tall wife, a
2d Voice.
No wife at all give me, give me,
short wife, a short wife give me, give me; A short wife,
tall wife, a tall wife give me, give me; a tall wife, a
no wife at all give me, give me; No wife at all, no
a short wife, a short wife, a short wife, give me, give me. A
tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife, give me, give me. A
wife at all give me, give me, no wife at all give me, give me. I


lit - tle farm well tilled, a lit - tle cot well filled, a
lar - ger farm well tilled, a big - ger house well filled, a
like the farm well tilled, And I like the house well filled, But
f
lit - tle wife well willed, give me, give me. A little farm well tilled, a
f
tall - er wife well willed, give me, give me. A larger farm well tilled, a
f
no wife at all give me, give me. I like the farm well tilled, and I
lit - tle cot well filled, a lit - tle wife well willed, give me, give me.
bigger house well filled, a tall - er wife well willed, give me, give me.
like the house well filled, but no wife at all give me, give me.

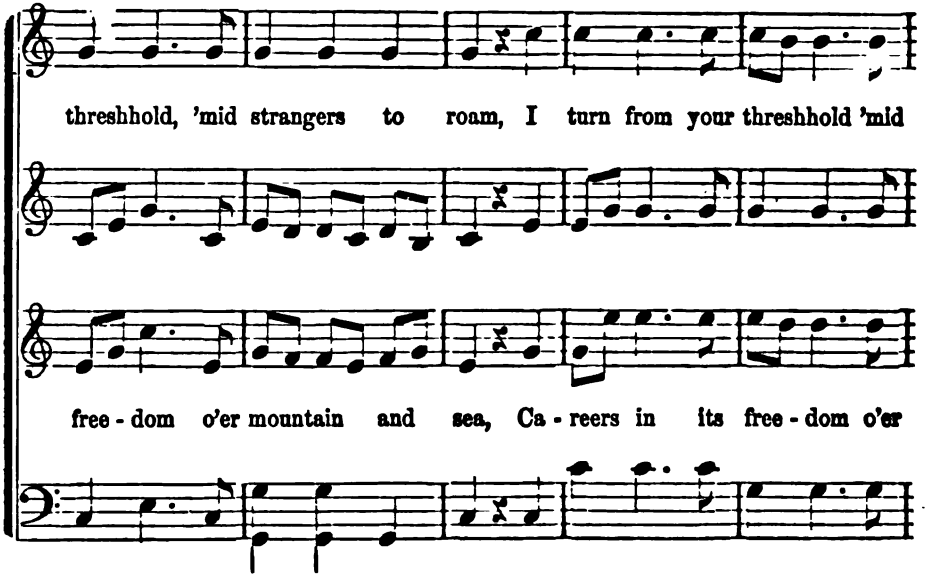
Allegro. Popular German Student's Song.

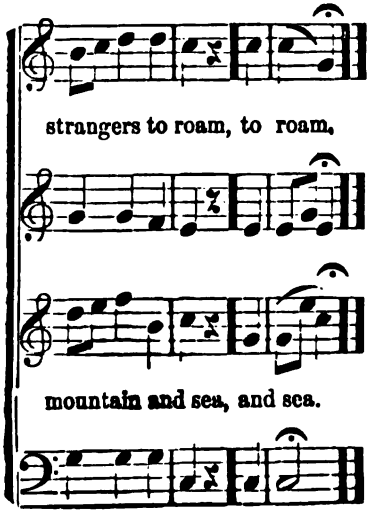
1. (The sails are all swell-ing, the streamers float gay,
The an - chor is ris - ing, and I must a - way;)

2. (The sun through the heav - ens e'er hastes to the west;
The waves of the o - cean are nev - er at rest;)

A - dieu, my dear mountains, A - dieu, my dear home! I turn from your

The bird, with its pin - ions un - fettered and free, Careers in its





3.

Adieu, dearest mother! dear sister, adieu!
I go where the skies are all shining and blue,
Where flow'rs ever blossom, where birds ever sing,
Where fruit loads the branches from harvest :‖: to Spring.:‖:

4.

When far in the land of the stranger I see,
Dear Mary, the flowers I planted for thee,
And when the sweet songsters repeat in my ear
The notes we together have lingered :‖: to hear—:‖:

5.

And when, on the shore of that region of gold,
I fancy the waves round thy footsteps have rolled,
The wavelets, the birds, and the flow'rs where I roam
Will bring you before me, and make me :‖: a home! :‖:

SWEET EVENING HOURS.

Music by WILLIAM S. LEONARD.

1. How sweet were those soft evening hours, When wreath'd with the bright blooming

1. One star, love-ly Hes - per, was beaming, And deep in the blue waters
8. Night slow - ly around us was closing, And in the deep silence re -

flowers; Our boat gent - ly float - ed along, Our boat gent - ly

gleaming, Shone back like a Hes - per below, Shone back like a
posing, With qui - et en - joyment were blessed, With qui - et en -

float - ed a - long; The soft shades of twi - light were o'er us, The

Hes - per be - low; The toil of the woodman was end - ed, The
joy - ment were blessed; The moon ris - ing bright o'er the mountain, Up -

bright West was blush - ing be - fore us, And glanc - ing the

song of the reap - er sus - pend - ed, And birds twit - tered
lift - ed our hearts to the Foun - tain Of beau - ty and

Ritard.

wavelets a - mong, And glancing the wavelets a - mong.

sleep - y and slow, And birds twittered sleep - y and slow.
pleasure and rest, Of beauty and pleasure and rest.

LUTZOW'S WILD HUNT.

For Male Voices. C. M. Von WEBER.

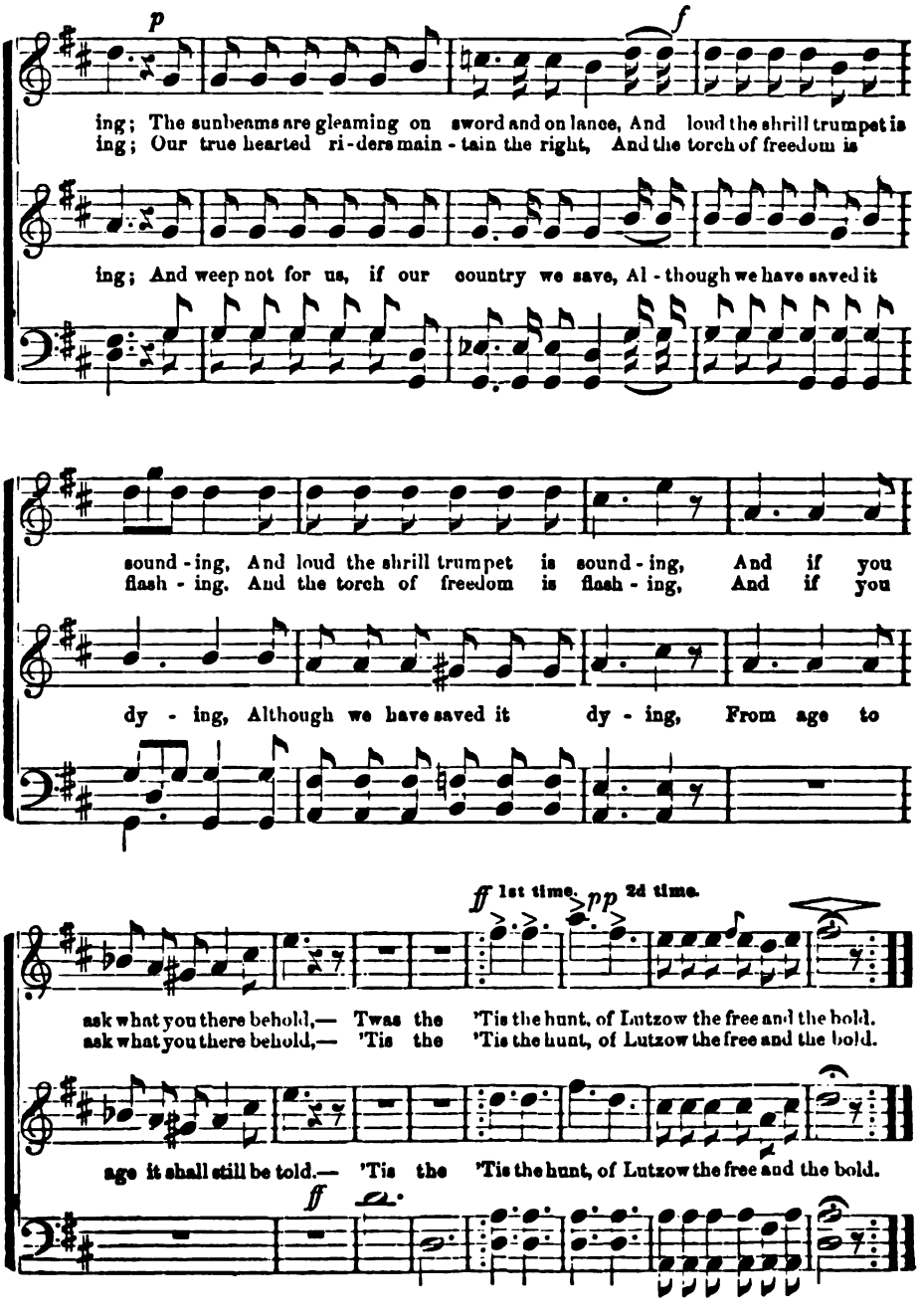
1st TENOR. Allegro molto. *f*

1. From yonder dark forest what horseman advance? What sounds from the rocks are rebound-

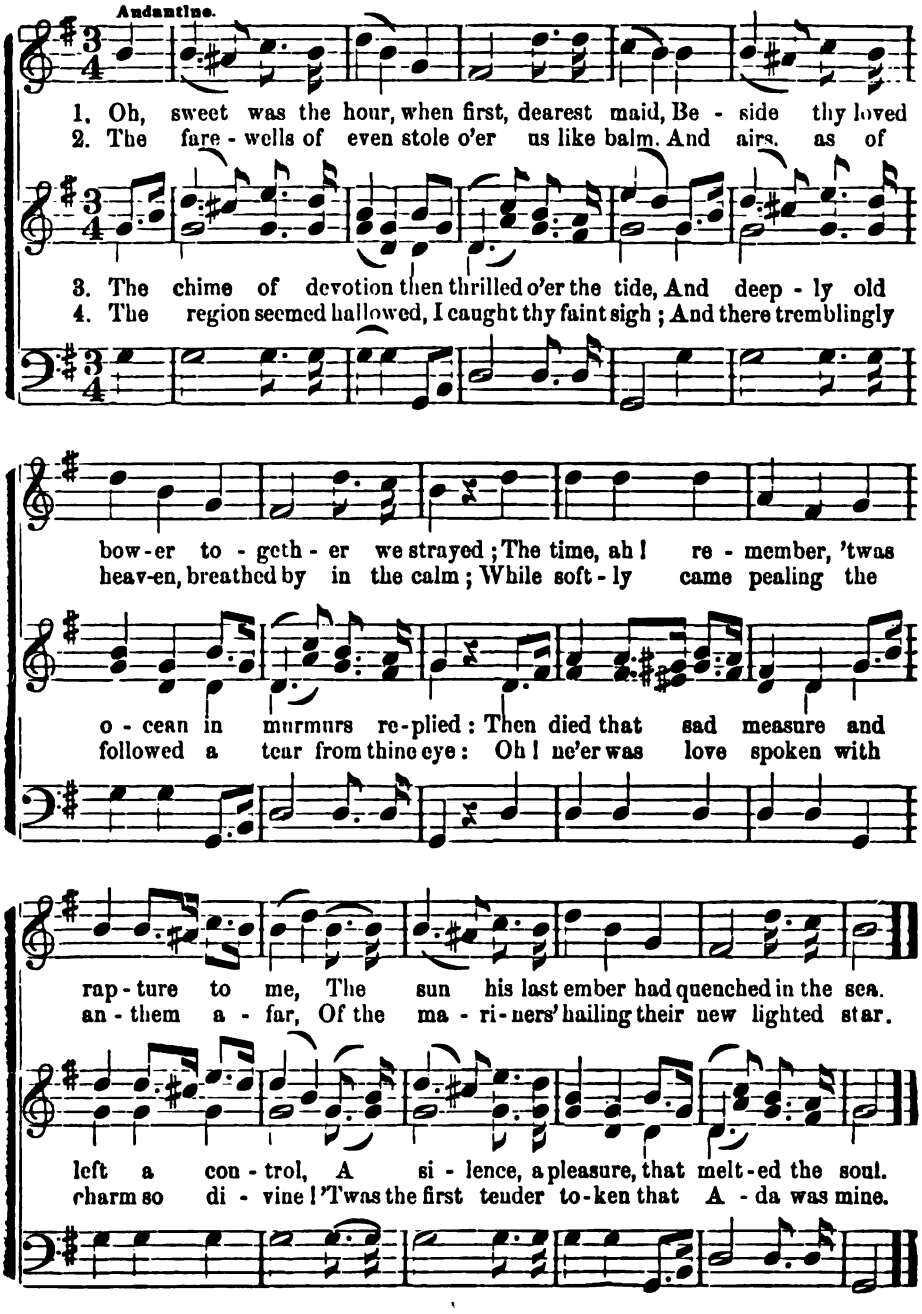
2d TENOR

2. Why roars in yonder valley the deadly fight? What glittering swords are clash-
3. 'Tis our hunt! the proud tyrant and dastardly slave; Before our hunters are fly -

1st and 2d BASS.


p
f
ing; The sunbeams are gleaming on sword and on lance, And loud the shrill trumpet is
ing; Our true hearted ri-ders main-tain the right, And the torch of freedom is
ing; And weep not for us, if our country we save, Al-though we have saved it
sound-ing, And loud the shrill trumpet is sound-ing, And if you
flash-ing, And the torch of freedom is flash-ing, And if you
dy-ing, Although we have saved it dy-ing, From age to
ff 1st time.
pp 2d time.
ask what you there behold,— Twas the 'Tis the hunt, of Lutzow the free and the bold.
ask what you there behold,— 'Tis the 'Tis the hunt, of Lutzow the free and the bold.
age it shall still be told.— 'Tis the 'Tis the hunt, of Lutzow the free and the bold.
ff

OH, SWEET WAS THE HOUR.



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 observe, 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.

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	COFFIN.	Body
with the insignia		placed thereon,
Pall Bearers.		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 living." Here, around us, in that peace which the world cannot

---

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.

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 uncertainity of human life, and the unsubstanial 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 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 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.

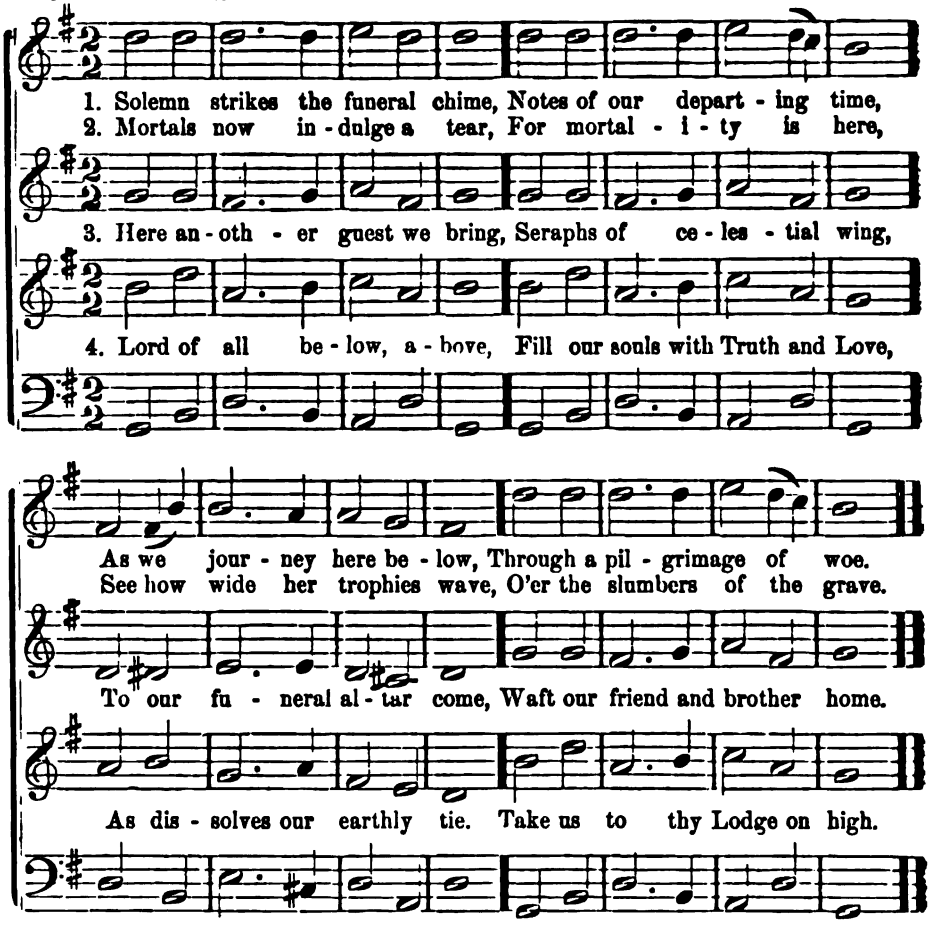
The Great Creator having been pleased, out of his infinite mercy, to remove our brother from the cares and troubles of this transitory existence, to a state of endless duration, thus severing another link from the fraternal chain that binds us together; may we, who survive him, be more strongly cemented in the ties of union and friendship; that, during the short space alloted 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 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 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."

FUNERAL HYMN.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.



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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