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.


MASONIC PUBLISHING & SUPPLY CO.

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REFERENCES.

We have carefully examined the Mystic Chord, published by Bro. Chester W. Mable, 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.

James M. Austin, Grand Secretary, State of New York.
James S. Gamble, P.M., Varick Lodge 31, State of New Jersey.
George B. Edwards, P.M., Bergen Lodge 47, State of New Jersey.

Wm. H. Walter, Organist, New York.
Josiah N. King, Organist, New York.
Ralph Clark, Organist, New York.
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 Myveno Choono, 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 call 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 Myveno Choono 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. O. M.

(PG. 30, CONCORDIA.)

1. Spirit of power and might! behold, Thy willing servant here;

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

With thy protection him in-fold, And free his heart from fear.

Support him with thy gracious power, And be his constant 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.
ENTERED APPRENTICE.

AU LD LANG SYNE.

1. O, welcome brother to our band, Tho' strong its numbers now, And high its lofty

2. Now let our ardent prayers arise, For blessings on his brow, And bear our offering

pillars stand, And noble arches bow, O, welcome, if thy heart be true, Thou'llt

to the skies, For him who joins us now, O, welcome if thy heart be true, Thou'llt

find with us a home, We're daily adding columns new, Un-to our glorious dome.

find with us a home, We're daily adding columns new, Un-to our glorious dome.
ENTERED APPRENTICE.

TAPPAN.

1. Almighty Father! God of love—Behold thy servant here,

2. Though darksome skies shall o'er him lower, And dangers fill the way,

O may he trust in thee above, Free thou his heart from fear.

Support him with thy gracious power, And be his constant stay.

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;

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.

We're daily adding columns new
   Unto our glorious dome.
ENTERED APPRENTICE.

ARLINGTON. C.M.  (PG. 10, CONCORDIA.)

1. Behold how pleasant and how good, For brethren such as we;

2. 'Tis like the oil on Aaron's head, Which to his feet distills,

3. For there the Lord of Light and Love A blessing sent with power;

4. On Friendship's altar rising here, Our hands now plighted be-

Of the accepted brotherhood, To dwell in unity.

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

Oh! may we all this blessing prove, E'er life forevermore.

To live in love with hearts sincere, In peace and unity.

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.
ENTERED APPRENTICE.

HARTSHORN. L. M.

(MG. 19, CONCORDIA.)

Music by G. W. MABIE.

1. Far from the world's cold strife and pride, Come join our peaceful happy band,

2. Although in untried paths you tread, And filled perhaps with anxious fear,

3. Here may you in our labors join, And prove yourself a brother true,

Come stranger, we your feet will guide, Where truth and love shall hold command.

A Brother's faithful hand shall lead, Where doubt and darkness disappear.

All sor-did selfish cares resign, And keep our sacred truths in view.

Opening.

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.
ENTERED APPRENTICE.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.  

(PG. 18, CONCORDIA.)

1. Supreme Grand Master! God of power, Be with us in this solemn hour;

2. Let each discordant thought be gone, And love unite our hearts in one.

Smile on our work, our plans approve, Fill every heart with hope and love,

May we in union strong combine, In work and worship so divine.

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.  
   No dearer joy can life impart  
   Than gently breathes in words of love.

2 No fear shall cross the trusting heart,  
   Our faith reposed on him above;  
   When earthly joys shall come no more,  
   Supreme Conductor! then supply  
   Thy holy aid, when time is o'er.
FELLOW CRAFT.

1. May our united hearts expand, With love's refreshing showers;

2. Before our treasured shrine we bow, In gratitude sublime,

Whose warm and kindling glow is felt, To cheer our saddest hours.

Imploring still God's saving grace, Through all of coming time.

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Master Mason.

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.
1. Come, Craftsmen, assembled our pleasure to share, Who walk by the plumb and who
work by the square, While travelling in love on the level of time,
Sweet hope shall light on to a far better clime.
While joined in true friendship our anthem we sing.

2. 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,
perfect and true, When Order shall cease, and when temples decay,
May each, fairer columns immortal survey.

3. See, Order and Beauty rise gently to view, Each brother a column so

FELLOW CRAFT.
1. Brothers faithful and deserving, Now the second rank you fill,

2. Thus from rank to rank ascending, Mounts the Mason's path of love,

Purchased by your faultless serving, Leading to a higher still.

Bright its earthly course and ending, In the glorious Lodge above.

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.
FELLOW CRAFT.

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

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days,

And every evening shall make known, Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Bid every vain desire depart, And dwell forever in my heart.

2. Oh! may his love with sweet control, Bind every passion of my soul,

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.
1. Hear my prayer! Jehovah hear! Listen to my humble cries;

2. Hide not then thy gracious face, When the storm around me falls;

See the day of trouble near, Heavy on my soul it lies.

Hear me, O thou God of grace, In the time thy servant calls.

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.
1. Let us remem-ber in our youth, Before the e-vil days draw nigh;

2. Let us in youth re-mem-ber him, Who formed our frame, and spirits gave,
3. In youth to God let memory cling, Be-fore de-sire shall fail or wane;

Our Great Cre-a-tor and his Truth, Ere memory fail and pleasure fly,

Ere windows of the mind grow dim, Or door of speech obstruc-ted wave;
Or e'er be loosed life's sil-ver string, Or bowl at foun-tain rent in twain;

Or sun, or moon, or planets light, Grow dark or clouds re-turn in gloom;

When voice of bird fresh ter-rors wake, And music's daughters charm no more,
For man to his long home doth go, And mourners group around his urn;
Ere vital spark no more incite, When strength shall bow and years consume,
Or fear to rise with trembling shake, Along the path we travel o'er.....
Our dust to dust again must flow, And spirits unto God return.....

MASTER MASON.

ALIDA. C. M. 

1. The Lord unto thy prayer attend, In trouble darksome hour; The name of Jacob's
2. Should friends and kindred, near and dear, Leave thee to want and die; May heaven make thy

23. Master Mason.

God defend, And shield thee by his power.
1 Almighty Father gracious Lord!
Kind Guardian of our days!
Thy mercies let our hearts record,
In songs of grateful praise.
life its care, And all thy need supply.
2 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise us to the skies.
1. Great God I wilt thou meet with us here, And bless us in our works of love;

2. May each be found a living stone, For heavenly mansions, tried and squared;

3. By the strong grip of Judah's king, May we be raised to realms of peace;

Thy sacred name we all revere, Oh! grant us blessings from above.

When all our earthly sands are run, The scythe of time find us prepared.

There constant songs of praises sing, In that Grand Lodge of endless bliss.

25. Opening.

1 Great God, behold before thy throne, A band of brothers may we live,
   A band of brothers lowly bend; A band of brothers may we die;
   Thy sacred Name we humbly own, To each may God, our Father, give
   And pray that thou wilt be our friend. A home of peace above the sky.
MASTER MASON.

1. Dangers of every form attend, Your steps as onward you proceed,

2. Confide your trust in him alone, Who rules all things above, below;

No earthly power can now befriend, Or aid you in this time of need.

Send your petitions to his throne, For he alone can help you now.

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27

Installation.

(PG. 27, CONCORDIA.)

1 Let Mason's ever live in love; They look, they like, they wish to be, What none can gain, except he's free
Let harmony their blessings prove; What none can gain, except he's free
And be the sacred Lodge—the place, What none can gain, except he's free
Where freedom smiles in every face.

2 Behold the world all in amaze, 3 Let Mason's then, with watchful eye, Let Union, Love, and Friendship meet, And show that Wisdom's ways are sweet,
Each curious eye with transport gaze; Regard the works of Charity; And show that Wisdom's ways are sweet.
1. Death like an ever flowing stream, Sweeps us away—our life's a dream,

An empty tale—a morning flower—Cut down and withered in an hour.

Till cleansed by grace, we all may be Prepared to die and dwell with thee.

2. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man, And kindly lengthen out our span.

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

Next sing, my muse, our Warden's praise,
With chorus loud, in tuneful lays;

Oh! may these columns ne'er decay,
Until the world, dissolves away.

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
OPENING PIECES.

LORD WE COME BEFORE THEE NOW.

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

1. Lord we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow,

2. Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy return,

3. Grant that all may seek and find, Thee, a God supremely kind,

Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

Those who are cast down, lift up, Make them strong in Faith and Hope.

Heal the sick, the captive free, Let us all rejoice in thee.
HOLY FATHER.

WOOD. 74.

(FG. 5. CONCORDIA.)

Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. Ho-ly Lord, lend now thine ear, While our grateful song we raise;

2. Help us at this sacred hour, Send the cares of earth a-way;

3. Fill our hearts with ho-ly fear, While we feel thy presence nigh;

May de-votion, pure, sin-cere, Mingle with our notes of praise.

May we feel thy Spirit's power, While we chant our solemn lay.

Let con-tri-tions gen-tle tear, Moisten every Brother's eye.

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.
HEAVENLY FATHER, GENTLY BLESS US.

1. Heavenly Father, gently bless us, Lead our every thought above, Let no earthly care oppress us, May we all be filled with love, Let no jarring thought divide us, Sweetest 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.

2. Father! hear the prayer we offer, For repose we do not cry, But for grace that
1. Met again, met again, in this lov'd retreat; And oh! it fills our souls with joy. Our brothers here to greet; Here friendship beams from every eye, And home, There's not a place so sweet; The pride of wealth, the pride of birth, We lines, That time cannot ef-face; We meet in peace, we work in love, And smiles on every face; There's naught on earth can break the tie That binds us to this place.

2. Trusting hearts, trusting hearts, here each other greet; And oh! beside our happy part upon the square; And unto him who rules above, Lift up our voice in pray'r.
HOW PLEASANT 'TIS TO SEE.

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

1. How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree,

2. Like fruitful showers of rain, That water all the plain,

3. 'Tis like the ointment shed On Aaron's sacred head,

Each in his proper station move; And each fulfill his part,

Descending from the neighboring hills; Such streams of pleasure roll

Divinely rich, divinely sweet! The oil thro' all the room

With sympathizing heart, In all the cares of life and love!

Thro' every friendly soul, Where love, like heavenly dew distills,

Diffused a choice perfume, Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.
26

BRETHREN ALL WHERE'ER YOU BE.

CONDIT. 

Music by C. W. MARSH.

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 impart Warmth into each honest heart, Oft con-

Truth and Virtue be, Pride of Masonry, Fervent zeal, with heart and hand, Love-come—what can console 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, undaunted make us stand, Glorious Masonry.

each, and never forget, Absent ones whom we regret, Friends in Masonry. guards their pinions spread, Joyful crown each Mason's head, Heavenly Masonry.
NOW WHILE EVENING SHADES ARE FALLING. 27

WOODRUFF. 6s. & 7s.

Words by G. W. CHASE.

1. Now while evening shades are falling, Softly o-ver land and sea, While to work the

gavel's calling, Gently calling you and me, Here we meet in chain unbroken,

us dissever, In love we meet in love we part, Loving spirits hover o'er us,

Here we meet in friendship bright, Kindly word and friendly token, Waiting here each son of light

Sweetest harmony is ours, Brightly shines the light before us, As we pass those happy hours
1. As morning breeze in balmy spring, Or summer's gentle shower; As joyous notes the
May birds bring, Or perfume of wild flow'r; So sweet to me the quiet eve, I
met with such as you, And round the altar vow to cleave to every brother true.

2. 'Tis there we feel the joys that rise In each true Mason's heart; As in the scenes of
life he tries To act a brother's part; 'Tis there the heart may speak its joy, Its
trouble and its fear; No 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.
OPENING HYMN.

1. Glad hearts to thee we bring, With joy thy name we sing, Father above.

2. Unite our souls in love, Smile on us from above, Till life is o'er.

Creation praises thee, Thy bounty's full and free, In all around we see, Emblems of love.

Then gather us to thee, Thy kingdom, Lord, to see, In thine own fold to be Forevermore

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 rare,
May each protection share,
Bliss find unending there,
In perfect light.
1. How sweet when shades of even Steal o'er the hill and plain; When the moon lights up the heaven; To meet in peace again; 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.
1. When the light of day is winging, To this place we oft repair: Here we

all unite in singing, Here devoutly join in prayer! While in harmony our voices,

light of truth shine o'er us, Brightly from the sacred page: Father! thus in pure devotion,

2. In the duties now before us, Let us faithfully engage; May the

Are ascending to our God, Every grateful heart rejoices, Thus to spread his praise abroad.

Every thought inspired by love, Gratitude in each emotion, Would we lift our souls above.
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 ev'ry heart and 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 divine, 'Mid all the toils and cares of earth, We steady keep our free, Then let the song ascend on high. — God speed Freemasonry.

2. In love we meet, in peace we part; We walk by plummet's line; While Friendship dwells within way; With Faith, and Hope, we wait the birth Of an Eternal day.
WHAT JOY WHEN BRETHREN DWELL COMBINED.  

ROCKWELL.

Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. What joy when Brethren dwell combined, Inspiring unity of mind,

2. Like dews which trickling down the sky, In pearly drops on Hermon lie,

Tis like the sacred unction shed, On Aaron's venerable head;

Or balm-y vapors which distills, On Zion's consecrated hills,

When bathed in fragrance, doth  

For there the Lord his blessing placed, And these with life eternal graced.
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

murs 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.
CLOSING PIECES.

NOW WE PART!

WALNUT GROVE. 8s & 7s.  

Music by C. W. MARIE.

1. Now we part! what sad emotion Fills each Brother's kindly heart;
   
2. Let us round this sacred altar, All our solemn vows renew;
   
   As amid the world's commotion, Each retires to take a part.

   Never waver, never falter, Each be steadfast, firm, and true

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.

1. Soon we part, let kind affection Be in all our acts displayed;

2. Soon will our Grand Master call us From his present bond of love;

3. Let us then, in bonds fraternal, Ever, ever onward move;

Show by word, and deed, and action. Truth, and love, and friendly aid.

And, if worthy, will install us In the Great Grand Lodge above.

Let our ties be the eternal, Chain of Brotherhood and Love.

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.

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.
OUR SOCIAL LABORS.

Music by C. W. MABLIN.

1. Our social labors now we close, And homeward quiet wend our way; While every bosom

warmly glows, As sing we now our parting lay; Good night, good night. We part in peace and

Lodge above, And never more be called to part; Farewell! fare-well! Un-till we meet on

on the square, And this shall be our parting prayer, May heaven bless each Brother dear.

that bright shore, In mansions blest, our labor o'er, In mansions blest, our labor o'er.
FAREWELL.

HOMEB. SWEET HOMEB.  (FG. 15. CONCORDIA.)

Words by G. W. CHASE

1. Farewell, till again, we shall welcome the time Which brings us once more to our home, cherish'd shrine, And tho' from each other we distant may 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.

2. And when our last parting on earth shall draw nigh, And we shall more to our home, cherish'd shrine, And tho' from each other we distant may 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.
HOW SWEET WHEN SHADES.

"MY MOTHER DEAR." (PG. 9, CONCORDIA.)

Words by G. W. CHASE.

1. How sweet when shades of evening Steal o'er the land and sea; To meet upon the
   level here, Among th'accepted free, Where kindly words and warm embrace A-
   quiet hour, We Brothers of the square; Here eye to eye, and heart to heart, We

2. From all the world's commotion, Its troubles and its care, Here, come to pass a
   wait each faithful heart; Oh, earth can boast no happier place, And no sublimer
   join in mystic rite; And when upon the square we part, 'Tis with a kind Good

art; We're Brothers here, And this our prayer, Heav'n bless each Mason Brother.
Night; We're Brothers dear, And this our prayer, Heav'n bless each Mason Brother.
COME, BROTHERS ACCEPTED.

Words by G. W. CHASE.

MANHATTAN. 11a.

Music by G. W. HABIE

(PG. 12, CONCORDIA.)

1. Come, Brothers Accepted, some join in our song; In soft swelling measure the glad notes prolong:

2. In Friendship we meet, and in Friendship we part. United in purpose, united in heart:

Our labor is over, the summons has come, To lay by the trowel, and hie to our home,

O thus be it ever, where'er we may roam, Till we meet, ne'er to sever, in heaven our home,

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

Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Till we meet, ne'er to sever, in heaven our home.
AS THE EVENING SHADES DESCENDING.

1. As the evening shades descending, Earth and sky together blending, Brothers true their way are wending, To their quiet, loved retreat, Pleasant smile and friendly token heaven is sending, Fervent prayers and grateful praise, Trusting Faith each bosom filling band of brothers, Link'd in Love and Unity, Wealth nor honors here encumber Greeting warm and kind word spoken Wait them here in chain unbroken, Wait them o'er when brothers [meet.

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

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 in peaceful slumber, Singing "Peace and Harmony."
1. Good night, good night, and peace be with you, Peace, that gentlest, parting strain;

2. Good night, good night, but not for ever, Hope can see the morning rise;

3. Good night, good night, O softly breathe it, 'Tis a prayer for those we love:

Soft it falls, like dew on blossoms, Cherishing within our bosoms,

Many a pleasant scene before us, As if angels 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.
AN HOUR WITH YOU.

GAMBLE. C. M.

(PG. 11, CONCORDIA.) Words by BRO. BOB. MORRIS.

1. An hour with you, an hour with you, No care, or doubt, or strife, Is worth a weary year of woe, In all that sweetens life, One hour with you, and you and you, Bright welcome me, To spend an hour with you, One hour with you, &c.

2. Your eyes with love’s own language free, Your hand grips strong and true, Your tongues your hearts, chief delight, And spend an hour with you, One hour with you, and you, and you, Bright fortune blest, To spend an hour with you, One hour with you, &c.

3. I come when Eastern skies are bright, To work my Mason’s due, To la- bor, is my links in mystic chain, Oh, may we oft these joys renew, And oft-en meet a- gain.

4. I go when evening gilds the West, I breathe the fond a-dieu, And hope again, by links in mystic chain, Oh, may we oft these joys renew, And oft-en meet a- gain.
THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.

1. We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square;
2. We meet upon the Level, tho' from every station come,
3. We part upon the square, for the world must have its due,

4. There's a world where all are equal; we are hurrying to it fast,
5. We shall meet upon the level there, but never thence depart;
6. Let us meet upon the level, then while laboring patient here,

7. Hands round ye faithful Masons form the bright fraternal chain,

What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are!
The king from out his palace, and the poor man from his home;
We mingle with the multitude, a cold, unfriendly crew;

We shall meet upon the level there, when the gates of death are past:
There's a mansion-'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful heart;
Let us meet and let us labor tho' the labor be severe;

We part upon the square below to meet in heaven again.
THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE. CONCLUDED.

Come let us contemplate them, they are worthy of our thought,
For the one must leave his diadem outside the Mason's door,
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,

We shall stand before the Orient and our Master will be there,
There's a mansion, and a welcome, and a multitude is there,
Already in the western, sky the signs bid us prepare,

Oh! what words of precious meaning those words Masonic are,

With the highest and the lowest, and the rarest they are fraught.
And the other find his true respect upon the checkered floor.
And we long upon the level to renew the happy scene.

To try the blocks we offer by his own unerring square.
Who have met upon the level and been tried upon the square.
To gather up our working tools and part upon the square.

We meet upon the level and we part upon the square.
1. Friends the parting hour has come, Each must his him to his home, Ere we go be-

2. On the level did we meet, Pass'd the hour in friendship sweet, Happy here a-

3. Part we, now upon the square, Trusting in our father's care; May each craftsmans
CLOSING.

CASE. 5th & 7th.

Music by C. W. MABIE.

1. Now our festive joys are ending, And we all again must part; Ere we go our voices
2. Let us each the lessons heeding, Of this holy festal time; Strive by earnest prayer and
3. Now farewell! but ere retreating, Let us here in union strong; Vow we will not live de-

blending, Give the tribute of the heart; Offer thanks with grateful feeling. For our
reading, To possess the truth sublime; Truth that kindles like the shining Of the
feasting, All that prompts to turn from wrong; Then at last on high ascending, Shall our

father's love and grace, For the truths like plants of healing, For the wounds of all our race.
estars when eve sets in, Truth far better for divining, Than the rods and charts of men.

anthems joyous rise, With angelic voices blending, Far above your azure skies.
HEAVENLY PARENT!

1. Heavenly Pa- rent! ere we part, Send thy blessing to each heart;

2. May we for each oth- er care; Each his Brother's bur- den bear:

Make us lov- ing, true, and kind; Make us one in heart and mind.

Fill our souls with Love di- vine; Keep us, Lord, for- ev- er thine.

---

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.
1. We have met in peace to-geth-er, In this loved re-treat a-gain;  
2. We have met, and time is fly-ing, We shall part, and his swift wing.

3. Let us, while our hearts are lightest, Look to Him who makes our years;  
4. He will aid us, should ex-is-tence With its sorrows sting the breast;

Our con-stant friends have led us hith-er, Here to join in  
Still sweep-ing o'er the dead and dy-ing, Will the changeful

Re-ly on Him whose smile is brightest, And whose grace will  
While gleam-ing in the on-ward dis-tance Faith will mark the

tune-ful strain; Here to join in tune-ful strain.  
seasons bring; Will the changeful sea-sons bring.

calm our fears; And whose grace will calm our fears.  
land of rest; Faith will mark the land of rest.
BROTHERS, GOOD NIGHT.

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

1. Brothers, we meet again, Too soon to part; May Friendship bless his hour.

2. Brothers, once more farewell! Time bids us part; Fond mem'ry long shall dwell

And warm each heart; Tones that we love to hear, Shall dwell up-

A-round each heart; May Heav'n its blessings send, And peace our

on the ear, As we in accents clear, Repeat, Good Night.

paths at-tend; Un til we meet a-gain, Farewell, Good Night.
FUNERAL SERVICE.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

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

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

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

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

60. Hymn for Installation. (PG. 23, CONCORDIA.)

1. Unto thee, Great God, belong
   Teach the tender tear to flow,
   Mystic rites, and sacred song;
   Melting at a brother's woe.

2. Lowly bending at thy shrine,
   Heavenly Father, grant that we,
   Glorious Architect, above,
   Blest with boundless charity.

3. Hail, thou Majesty divine!
   To th' admiring world may prove,
   Source of Light, and source of Love;
   Happy they who dwell in Love.

4. Here thy light and love prevail,
   Join, oh earth; and as you roll,
   Hail! Almighty Master, hail!
   East to West, from pole to pole.

5. Still to us, O God I dispense
   Lift to him your grateful lays,
   Thy divine benevolence;
   Join the universal praise.
BEAR HIM HOME.

(MIRIAM.

(PG. 33, CONCORDIA.)

Music by C. W. HABER.

1. Bear him home, his bed is made In the stillness of the shade; Bear the Brother
to his home; Bear, oh, bear him home, Home, where all his toils are o'er, Home where journeying
gently down; Lay him gently down, Lay him down, Let nature spread, Starry curtain
ness and woe, Still our footsteps go, Let us go, and on our way, Faithful journey,

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

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

ROBERTS. C. M.
(PG. 40, CONCORDIA.)

1. As, bowed by sudden storms, the rose Sinks on the garden's breast,
No more with us his tuneful voice The mystic hymn shall swell;
But far a-way, in cloudless sphere, Amid a sinless throng,
No more we'll mourn our absent friend, But lift our earnest prayer,

Down to the grave our brother goes, In silence there to rest.
No more his cheerful heart rejoice, When peals the Sabbath bell.
He's joining, with celestial ear, The everlasting song
That when our work of life shall end, We all may join him there.

63.
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

Funeral.
(PG. 41, CONCORDIA.)

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

4 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
1. Round the spot, Moriah's hill—Mason's meet with cheerful will;

Him who stood as King that day, We as cheerfully obey;

Lord, we love thy glorious name, Give the grace thou gavest me.

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.

2. Round the spot thus chosen well, Brothers, with fraternal hail

Gather in your mystic ring, Mystic words, and joyful sing;

Lord, our hearts, our souls are thine, On our labors deign to shine.

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.
ANNIVERSARY ODE.

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

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

The wise, the matchless Solomon, Prized far above his throne.

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!

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

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

And thro' the real vast expanse, Let Masonry 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
ANNIVERSARY ODE.

(PG. 32, CONCORDIA.)

Music by C. W. MATIUS.

1. Joy-ous, joy-ous, now each heart's emo-tion, Ar-dent, ar-dent,

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.

2. Fa-ther, mo-ther, of your love, ye mind us, Brothers, brothers,

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.
DEDICATION.

OLD HUNDRED.  (PG. 33, CONCORDIA.)

1. Great Archite of Heaven and Earth, To whom all nature owes its birth;
2. Lord, canst thou deign to own and bless This humble dome, this sacred place?
3. Twas reared in hon or of thy name; Here kindle, Lord, the sacred flame:
4. Lord, here the wants of all sup ply, And fit our souls to dwell on high;

Thou spok and vast creation stood, Surveyed the work—pronounced it good.
Oh! let thy spirit's presence shine Within these walls—this house of thine.
Oh! make it burn in every heart, And never from this place depart.
From service in this humble place, Raise us to praise thee face to face.

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

1 May Supreme! accept our praise;
Still bless this consecrated band;
Parent of Light! illumine 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, distress, shall want no more.
DEDICATION.

Noble.

(PG. 34, CONCORDIA.)

Words by O. W. MARIE.

1. Let there be Light! th' Almighty spoke! Refulgent streams from chaos broke, Tillume the rising

2. Parent of Light! accept our praise! Who sheddest on us thy brightest rays, The light that fills our

3. The widow's tear, the orphan's cry, All wants our ready hands supply, As far as power is

earth! Well pleased the great Jehovah stood, The pow'r supreme pronounced it good, And gave the

mind! By choice selected, lo! we stand, By friendship joined a social band, That love, that aid man-
given; The naked clothe, the prisoner free, These are thy works, sweet Charity, Revealed to us from

birth! In choral numbers let us join, To bless and praise this light di-

kind, In choral numbers let us join, To bless and praise this light di-

Heaven, In choral numbers let us join, To bless and praise this light di-

vine!
DEDICATION.

1. 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.

2. As through the universe, All nature's works diverse, Thy praise accord; Let Faith up-
on us shine, And Charity combine, With Hope, to make us thine, Jehovah! Lord.

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

71.

Laying Foundation Stone. (PG. 38, 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:

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.

Faith, Hope, and Charity,
Love and Sincerity,
Friendship and Unity,
Are ever free.
Opening Ode. Anniversary

(Pg. 30, Concordia.)

1. Hail! brother masons, hail! Let friendship long prevail, And bind us fast.
2. Sincerity and love, Descendants from above, Our minds employ;
3. We on the level 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 harmony and peace Our happiness increase,
Mortality our pride, And truth our constant guide,
And when our labors past, Each brother's hand we'll grasp,
That we at last may join The heavenly Lodge sublime,

And friendship never cease, While life doth last
With us are close allied, And form our joy.
Then on the square at last, Friendly we'll part.
Where we shall perfect shine, With God above.
Installation Ode.

1. Be-hold! in the East our new mas-ter ap-pear, Come
   broth-ers, we'll greet him with hearts all sin-cere.

2. In the West see the war-den with le-vel in hand, The
   mas-ter to aid and o bey his com-mand.

3. In the South see the war-den by plumb stand up-right, Who
   watch-es the sun and takes note of his flight.

CHORUS.

We'll serve him with free-dom with ser-vor and seal,
And aid him his du-ties and trust to ful-fill.

We'll aid him with free-dom with ser-vor and seal.
And help him his du-ties and trust to ful-fill.
COME LET US JOIN IN CHEERFUL SONG.

1. Come let us join in cheerful song, Our voices sounding free;
   In joyful notes aloud prolong, The praise of Masonry.

2. Come great and small, come old and young, Come all ye accepted free;
   Come every nation, every tongue, And sing of Masonry.

3. Let trusting Faith, and holy Hope, And heaven born Char-i-
   ty; In every heart have largest scope, And shine for Masonry.

Let every voice unite and sing: The chorus loud and
Let Jew nor Gentile e'er forget, Our honors they may
Let Justice circle, virtue square, Let friendship guide our
COME LET US JOIN IN CHEERFUL SONG. CONCLUDED. 68

free,
claim,
feet,
And every heart just tribute bring, From mountain land and sea. We're Brothers on the level met; Whate'er our land or name. So, that at last, like jewels rare, We all in heaven may meet.

CHORUS. Allegretto.

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 Masonry, The praise of Masonry.

loud proclaim The praise of Masonry, The praise of Masonry.
A PLACE IN THE CIRCLE FOR ME.

Words by G. W. CHASE. 
Music by G. W. MARIE

1. A place in the circle for me, An hour with compass and square; Where the heart is light and free, As the eagle in the air. There is no place so dear, There are no hearts so 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 home, With its friendship and brotherly love. Here the passions are subdued, Within due bounds are some, To my place in the Lodge with thee; In all the scenes below, In pleasure or in seen, Here jealousy and feud, Ne'er come our hearts be-tween....

3. Wherever my feet may roam, Whatever my lot may be; In spirit I oft will pain, My heart shall turn to you, And I'll long to meet again....
MASONIC SONG.

1. When the sun from the East salutes mortal eyes, And the sky-lark, melodiously bids us arise; With our hearts full of joy we the master to aid, and obey his command; The intent of his signal we

2. On the Trestle our Master draws angles and lines, There with freedom and fervency forms his designs; Not a picture on earth is so perfect, his angles so true.

3. In the West see the Wardens submissive stand, The master to aid, and obey his command; The intent of his signal we

4. In the Lodge, sloth and dullness we always avoid, Fellow perfects know, and we ne'er take offense when he gives us a blow.

summons obey, and haste to our work at the dawn of the day, lovely to view, All his lines are so perfect, his angles so true.

make the rough plain, All are pleased with their work, and are pleased with their gain.
THE LODGE.

THE DEAREST SPOT IS HOME.  

Words by J. B. TAYLOR.

1. The sacred spot to Masons dear, Is in the Lodge, The place where dwells not

2. When Brothers on the level meet, Within the Lodge, And friends and neighbors

3. All praise to our Great Master rise, Within the Lodge, Resound his praise from

strife or fear, Is in the Lodge, God's pure laws the craft revering

kindly greet, Within the Lodge, Sacred rites and forms unite us,

earth and skies, Within the Lodge, May each creature of his power

Death they learn is ever nearing, Yet it doth no useless tear bring, Within the Lodge.

Scripture truths to search incite us, Virtue's course to lead invite us, Within the Lodge.

When the clouds of fortune lower, Aspirations raise each hour, Within the Lodge.
OLD FRIENDS.

Music by C. W. MARIN.

1. Old friends shall never be forgot, Whose love was love sincere; And still, whatever

2. It never shall be said, with truth, That now our hearts are cold; The friends who loved us

be their lot, We'll make them welcome here. The kindness they have often shown, We

in our youth, We'll love when they are old. And if in ills, which we withstand, They

long have borne in mind, And long, we hope, our friends have known, A welcome where to find.

kind assistance need, We'll stretch them forth a helping hand, And be a friend indeed.
OPENING OF THE LODGE.

Music by G. W. MARIEs.

1. Within thy Temple once again, Great God! we seek thy face;

2. Let Charity like oil, o'er-spread Our every action here;

3. Grand Master of the earth and sky, Who art in Heaven above!

O, do not Thou our prayers disdain, But fill us with thy grace.

And may we, by thy goodness led, Exclaim, "Our God is near."

Teach us to feel that Thou art nigh, And bless us by Thy love.

(PG. 33, 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.
CLOSING OF THE LODGE.

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

1. We thank Thee, God of boundless love, For all thy mercies past;

2. So may our lives consistent be, That at the end we may

3. Be with us Lord, what' er betide; Protect us all our days;

May we so live, that Heaven above, Shall be our home at last.

Behold Thy glorious majesty, Through an eternal day.

And to thy name we will ascribe, All honor, power and praise.

(FPG. 23, CONCORDIA.)

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.

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.

1. Brothers, sing with voice united, God speed the right; Join we now with
2. Be ye firm, and be enduring, God speed the right; Always in the
3. When life's conflicts all are over, God speed the right; May we never prove

hearts delighted, God speed the right; Lo! the winds in silence bearing,
right pursuing, God speed the right; When all obstacles impede thee,
faithless never, God speed the right; When all earthly ties are sundered,

Lo! all nature's voice proclaiming, God speed the right, God speed the right.
Trust in heaven for strength to aid thee, God speed the right, God speed the right.
When our days on earth are numbered, God speed the right, God speed the right.
SONG FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JUNE.


1. All hail! the twenty-fourth of June, Another year has flown, And on our altar
2. On this, another 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
Labor 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

truthful, 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, Together all shall meet.
yet our work is done, And, round our altars, elo' serenade, The bonds which make us one.
FRIENDS AND BROTHERS SWELL THE SONG.

Arranged from FRANZ ABT.—Switzerland.

1. Friends and Brothers swell the song, Every voice the strain prolong, Join in chorus loud and strong; On to victory! Lift our banners let them wave, Onward blest; Grant them kind relief; Raise the glorious watchword high, Love! Reign!

2. Give the aching bosom rest, Carry joy to every breast, Make the poor and needy bleed; Heal them speedily: Hasten then the happy day, When be still, the wretched save, Smooth their pathway to the grave; Be their friend indeed.

3. God of mercy! hear us plead, Help us while we intercede, Oh, how many bosoms lie? and Charity, Let the echo reach the sky, Swelling joyfully, neath thy gentle ray, All the world shall own thy sway; Reign triumphantly.
1. Meek and lowly, pure and holy, Chief among the blessed three;
2. Hoping ever, failing never; Thou deceived, believing still;

Turn- ing sadness into gladness, Heav’n born art thou Charity!
Long abiding, all confiding To thy heav’ly Father’s will;

Pi- ty dwelleth in thy bosom, Kindness reigneth o’er thy heart,
Never weary of well doing, Never fearful of the end;

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.
1. Should the chances of life ever 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 union surely 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 Harmony
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 Brother-ly Love gives that welcome so zest.
truly are there, Where we meet on the level and part on the square.
level do meet, And as Brothers, each oth-er most cor-dial-ly greet.
trees to remove, For our mot-to is "Kindness and Brother-ly love."
duly prepared, In the Grand Lodge above us, to meet his re-
ward.
GENTLY, LORD! OH! GENTLY LEAD US. 76

SYLVAN GROVE. Ss & Vs.

1. Gently, Lord! Oh, gently lead us, Thro this pilgrimage of tears;
2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,

'Thro the changes thou'st decreed us. Till our last great change appears:
Suffer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear;

When temptation's darts assail us, When in devious paths we stray,
And when mortal life is ended, Bid us on thy bosom rest,

Let thy goodness never fail us, Lead us in thy perfect way,
Till, by angel bands attended, We awake among the blest.
Opening.
Kind Father! hear our prayer,—we bow before thy throne;||
O may we find acceptance there, And peace before unknown,||
Within these walls may Peace and Harmony be found;||
May Faith and Charity increase, and Hope and Love bound.||

Opening.
Let songs of grateful praise, from every Lodge arise;||
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 remains 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 communion sweet,||
Thus on the heavenly hills may we be blest above; Where joy, like morning dew distills, and all the air is love.||
CHANT. No. 2.

SINGLE.

(PO. 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.||
1. Behold! how pleasant and how good, For brethren such as we,
2. 'Tis like the oil on Aaron's head Which to his feet distills;
3. For there the Lord of light and love, A blessing sent with power;

Of the "Accepted" brotherhood, To dwell in unity;
Like Hermon's dew, so richly shed On Zion's sacred hills.

O, may we all this blessing prove, E'en life forever more.

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'st find with us a home,
We're daily adding columns new unto 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 true, thou'st find with us a home,
We're daily adding columns new, unto our glorious dome.
Fellow Craft.

Thus he shewed me: and behold,||
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 memoral 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.||
Master Mason.

Remember, now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come, 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 return after the rain.

In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, 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 desire shall fail.

Because, man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about 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 at the cistern;

Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was,

And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.
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 return in gloom;
Ere vital spark no more incite, when strength shall bow, and years consume.

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 obturated 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 around his urn;
Our dust to dust again must flow, and spirits unto God return.
1. Autumn leaves, Autumn leaves, Lie strewn around me here,

2. Autumn leaves, withered leaves, That fly before the gale,

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

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

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

Of love once true and friends once kind And happy moments fled,
AUTUMN LEAVES.  CONCLUDED.

How like those hopes is their decay, How faded are they now;
Dispelled by every breath of wind, Forgotten changed or dead;

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

Autumn leaves, Autumn leaves, How sad! how cold! how drear.
Autumn leaves, Autumn leaves, How sad! how cold! how drear.
LARBOARD WATCH.

Duet. Composed by T. Williams.

1. At dreary midnight's cheerless hour, Deserted even by

2. With anxious care he eyes each wave, That swelling threatens

Cynthia's beams, When tempests beat and torrents pour, And

to o'erwhelm, And his storm beaten bark to save, Did
twinkling stars no longer gleam; The wearied Sailor
rests with skill and faithful helm. With joy he drinks the
spent with toil, Clings firmly to the weather shrouds, And still the lengthened
cheering grog, 'Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the
hour to gulle, And still the lengthen'd hour to gulle, Sings as he views the
reeling log, With joy he heaves the reeling log, And marks the lee-way
gathering clouds, Sings as he views gathering clouds,
and the course, Marks the lee-way and the course,
Larboard Watch Ahoy! Larboard Watch Ahoy! But who can

Larboard Watch Ahoy! Larboard Watch Ahoy! But who can

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
eye-lids slumbering fall—he rouses at the welcome call of Lar-board

Watch Ahoy! Larboard Watch, Lar-board Watch, Larboard Watch Ahoy!

Watch Ahoy! Larboard Watch, Lar-board Watch, Larboard Watch Ahoy!
OUR WAY ACROSS THE SEA.

SWISS AIR.

1. Home, Fare thee well!.... the ocean's storm is

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

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

bye,........ For tears would fall.... un - bid - den in the
OUR WAY ACROSS THE SEA. CONTINUED.

wind;........ Fast speeds the bark,

wine,........ And while reflected

now the lessening shore, sinks in the wave,.... with

was the mournful eye,.... The sparkling surface
OUR WAY ACROSS THE SEA. CONTINUED.

those we leave behind.
Fare... thee well!....

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

Land of 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
No tongue can tell, the love I bear to thee.

More, the oceans swell Now hides my native shore.

See where you 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 bids the favoring gale.
Then hope, we bend
In joy to thee;
And careless wend
Our way across the sea.
LADY OF BEAUTY.

O Lady, sweet Lady, O Lady, sweet Lady, Unveil those eyes;

The stars are dim, The moon is gone, The eyes;

The stars are dim, The moon is gone,

This hour's for stars are dim, The moon is gone,

This hour's for
Lady of beauty, away, away, Roses will fade as time flies on;

Weep when you must, but now be gay, Life is too short to be sighing on,
LADY OF BEAUTY. CONCLUDED.

Roses will fade,................. time flies on.................

Roses will fade,

Fa, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la,

Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la,
A LITTLE FARM WELL TILLED.

Allegretto, 1st Voice.

A little farm well tilled, a little cot well filled, a little wife well willed, give

Accomp.

me, give me. A larger farm well tilled, a bigger house well filled, a
taller wife well willed, give me, give me. I like the farm well tilled, And I

3d Voice.

like the house well filled, But no wife at all give me, give me.
A LITTLE FARM WELL TILLED. CONTINUED.

A short wife, a short wife, a

A tall wife, a tall wife, a

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,

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
A LITTLE FARM WELL TILLED. CONCLUDED.

lit-tle farm well tilled, a lit-tle cot well filled, a

lar-ger farm well tilled, a big-ger house well filled,

like the farm well tilled, And I like the house well filled, But

lit-tle wife well willed, give me, give me. A little farm well tilled, a
tall-er wife well willed, give me, give me. A larger farm well tilled, a

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.
1. (The sails are all swelling, the streamers float gay,)
The anchor is rising, and I must away;

2. (The sun through the heavens e'er hastens to the west;)
The waves of the ocean are never at rest;

Adieu, my dear mountains, Adieu, my dear home! I turn from your

The bird, with its pinions unfettered and free, Careers in its

THE WANDERER'S FAREWELL.

Popular German Student's Song.
THE WANDERER'S FAREWELL. CONCLUDED. 101

threshold, 'mid strangers to roam, I turn from your threshold 'mid
freedom o'er mountain and sea, Careers in its freedom o'er

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

strangers to roam, to roam,

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:

moutain and sea, and sea.

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'res where I roam
Will bring you before me, and make me:

3.

4.

5.

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

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:

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'res where I roam
Will bring you before me, and make me:

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

strangers to roam, to roam,

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Where flow'res ever blossom, where birds ever sing,
Where fruit loads the branches from harvest:

strangers to roam, to roam,

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:

moutain and sea, and sea.

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'res where I roam
Will bring you before me, and make me:

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I go where the skies are all shining and blue,
Where flow'res ever blossom, where birds ever sing,
Where fruit loads the branches from harvest:

strangers to roam, to roam,

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:

moutain and sea, and sea.

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'res where I roam
Will bring you before me, and make me:
SWEET EVENING HOURS.

Music by WILLIAM S. LEONARD.

1. How sweet were those soft evening hours, When wreath'd with the bright blooming flowers; Our boat gently floated along, Our boat gently gleaming, Shone back like a Hesper below, Shone back like a posing, With quiet enjoyment were blessed, With quiet enjoyment were blessed, With quiet enjoyment were blessed, With quiet enjoyment were blessed.

2. One star, lovely Hesper, was beaming, And deep in the blue waters floated along; The soft shades of twilight were o'er us, The Hesper below; The toil of the woodman was ended, The joyment were blessed; The moon rising bright o'er the mountain, Up-
SWEET EVENING HOURS. CONCLUDED.

bright West was blushing before us, And glancing the
song of the reaper suspended, And birds twittered
lifed our hearts to the Fountain Of beauty and

wavelets among, And glancing the wavelets among.
sleepy and slow, And birds twittered sleepy and slow.
pleasure and rest, Of beauty and pleasure and rest.

LUTZOW'S WILD HUNT.

For Male Voices.

1st TENOR. Allegro molto.

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

2. Why roars in yonder valley the deadly fight? What glittering swords are clashing-

3. 'Tis our hunt! the proud tyrant and dastardly slave; Before our hunters are fly-

1st and 2d BASS.
ing; The sunbeams are gleaming on sword and on lance, And loud the shrill trumpeting;
Our true hearted riders maintain the right, And the torch of freedom is

ing; And weep not for us, if our country we save, Although 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

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.
OH, SWEET WAS THE HOUR.

1. Oh, sweet was the hour, when first, dearest maid, Beside thy loved
2. The farewells of even stole o'er us like balm. And airs, as of

3. The chime of devotion then thrilled o'er the tide, And deeply old
4. The region seemed hallowed, I caught thy faint sigh; And there tremblingly

bower together we strayed; The time, ah! remember, 'twas heaven, breathed by in the calm; While softly came pealing the

ocean in murmurs replied: Then died that sad measure and followed a tear from thine eye: Oh! ne'er was love spoken with

rapture to me, The sun his last ember had quenched in the sea. anthem afar, Of the mariners' hailing their new lighted star.

left a control, A silence, a pleasure, that melted the soul. charm so divine! 'Twas the first tender token that Ada was mine.
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 soon 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;

Secretary and Treasurers;

Senior and Junior Wardens;

Mark Masters;

Past Masters;

Royal Arch Masters;

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;

**Send.**

with the insignia

Pall Bearers.

**Pall.**

placed thereon,

Pall Bearers.

When the procession arrives at the place of interment, the members of the lodge form a circle round the grave; the officers take their position at the head of the grave and the mourners at the foot. The following exhortation is then given:

**FUNERAL SERVICE AT THE GRAVE.**

**Brethren:**

The solemn notes that betoken the dissolution of this earthly tabernacle, have again alarmed our outer door, and another spirit has been summoned to the land where our fathers have gone before us. Again we are called to assemble among the habitations of the dead, to behold the "narrow house appointed for all 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.
THE CEREMONY OBSERVED AT FUNERALS. Continued. 107

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

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

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

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

Our present meeting and proceedings will have been vain and useless, if they fail to excite our serious reflections, and strengthen our resolutions of amendment. Be then persuaded, my brethren, by the uncertainty of human life, and the unsubstantial nature of all its pursuits, and no longer postpone the all-important concern of preparing for eternity. Let us each embrace the present moment, and while time and opportunity offer, prepare for that great change, when the pleasures of the world 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 ascent 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 concludes 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 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 affectionate 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."
THE CEREMONY OBSERVED AT FUNERALS. Concluded. 109

FUNERAL HYMN.

FLEETIL'S HYMN.

1. Solemn strikes the funeral chime, Notes of our departing time,
2. Mortals now indulge a tear, For mortality is here,
3. Here another guest we bring, Seraphs of celestial wing,
4. Lord of all below, above, Fill our souls with Truth and Love,

As we journey here below, Through a pilgrimage of woe.
See how wide her trophies wave, O'er the slumber of the grave.
To our funeral altar come, Waft our friend and brother home.
As dissolve our earthly tie, Take us to thy Lodge on high.

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

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, we adore thee as the God of time and of eternity. As it has pleased thee to take from the light of our abode, one dear to our hearts, we beseech thee to bless and sanctify unto us this dispensation of thy Providence. Inspire our hearts with wisdom from on high, that we may glorify thee in all our ways. May we realize that thine All-seeing Eye is upon us, and be influenced by the spirit of truth and love to perfect obedience,—that we may enjoy the divine approbation here below. And when our toils on earth shall have ceased, may we be raised to the enjoyment of fadless 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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</tr>
<tr>
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<tr>
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