



Regular Grand Lodge of England

*Masonic High Council for England and Wales
The Mother Masonic Council of the World*

To commemorate and celebrate the 300 years since the first records of the Premier Grand Lodge or Assembly of Speculative Masons at York in 1705. The Regular Grand Lodge of England publishes the following book of Masonic Songs

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF MASONS SONGS,
With several Ingenious
PROLOGUES *and* EPILOGUES

To which is added,
Solomon's Temple,
AN
O R A T O R I O,
As it was performed at the
PHILHARMONIC ROOM, in Fishamble-Street, Dublin
For the Benefit of sick and distressed

FREE-MASONS

LONDON

Printed in the year MDCCLVI
Edited and Published in 2005

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[0 2-99]

A CHOICE

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OF
MASONS SONGS,&c.

In the old Book of Constitutions the Master's Song was of too great a Length to be sung at one Time, therefore the Brethren never sing more than the following Verse and Chorus.

I. The Master's Song.

THUS mighty Eastern Kings, and some
Of *Abram's* Race. and Monarchs good
Of *Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,*
True ARC'HITECTURE understood: [100]
No Wonder then if Masons join,
To celebrate those Mason Kings
With solemn Notes and flowing Wine.
Whilst e'ery Brother jointly sings.

CHORUS

Who can unfold the Royal Art,
Or shew its Secrets in a Song
They're safely kept in Mason's Heart,
And to the Ancient Lodge belong.

To the King and the Grail, as Master-Masons.

In the old Book this Song was thought too long, therefore the following last Verse and Chorus is thought sufficient.

II The Wardens Song.

From hence-forth ever sing,
The Craftsman and the King;
With Poetry and Musick sweet,
Resound their Harmony cornpleat,
And with Geometry in skilful Hand,
Due Homage pay,
Without Delay.

To the King and to our Master grand,
He rules the free-born Sons of Art
By Love and Friendship, 1-land and Heart. [10 1]

CHORUS.

Who can rehearse the Praise.
In soft poetic Lays:
Or solid Prose of Masons true.
Whose Art transcends the common View;
Their Secrets ne'er to Strangers yet expos'd.
Reserv'd shall be,

By Masons free,
And only to the Ancient Lodge disclos'd.
Because they're kept in Mason's Heart,
By Brethren of the Royal Art.

To all the kings. Princes,. and Potentates. that ever propagated the Royal excellent art.

III - *The Fellow-Craft's Song.*

I

Hail Masonry ! thou Craft divine!
Glory of Earth ! from Heav'n reveal'd
Which with Jewels precious shine,
From all but Masons Eyes conceal'd.
Chor: Thy Praises due who can rehearse
In nervous Prose or flowing Verse.

II.

As Men from Brutes distinguish'd are,
A Mason other Men excels
For what's in Knowledge choice and rare,
Within his Breast securely dwells.
Ghor. His silent Breast and faithful Heart;
Preserve the Secrets of the Art. [102]

III.

From scorching Heat and piercing Cold,
From Beasts whose Roar the Forest rends.
From the Assaults of Warriors bold,
The Masons Art Mankind defends.
Chor. Be to this Art due Honour paid.
From which Mankind received such Aid.

IV.

Ensigns of State that feed our Pride,
Distinctions troublesome and vain
By Masons true are laid aside,
Art's free-born Sons such Toys disdain.
Chor. Innobl 'd by the Name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the Badge they wear.

V.

Sweet Fellowship from Envy free,
Friendly Converse of Brotherhood;
The Lodge's lasting Cement be,
Which has for Ages firmly stood.
Chor. A Lodge thus built, for Ages past
Has lasted, and shall ever last.

VI.

Then in our Songs be Justice done.
To those who have enrich'd the Art;
From *Adam* down until this Time,
And let each Brother bear a Part.
Ghor. Let noble Masons Healths go round.
Their Praise in lofty Lodge resound.

To his Imperial Majesty' (our Brother) FRANCIS. Emperor of Germany [103]

IV *The Enter'd 'Prentice's Song.*

I.

Come, let us prepare,
We Brothers that are
Assembled on merry Occasion;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our Wine has a Spring,
Here's a Health to an Accepted Mason.

II.

The World is in Pain,
Our Secrets to gain.
And still let them wonder and gaze on
Till they're brought to the Light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word or Sign of an Accepted Mason.

III.

'Tis This and 'tis That,
They cannot tell What,
Why so many Great Men of the Nation.
Shou'd Aprons put on,
To make themselves one,
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

IV

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their Swords,
Our Myst'ry to put a good Grace on:
And thought themselves fam'd,
To hear themselves nam'd,
With a Free and an Accepted Mason. [104]

V.

Antiquity's Pride,
We have on our Side,
Which maketh Men just, in their Station,
There's ought but what's good,
To be understood.
By a Free and an Accepted Mason.

VI.

We're true and sincere,
And just to the Fair,
They'll trust us on any Occasion,
No Mortal can more.
The Ladies adore,
Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.

VII.

Then join Hand in Hand,
By each Brother firm stand.
Let's be merry and put a bright Face on:
What mortal can boast,
So noble a Toast,
As a Free and an Accepted Mason.
[Thrice repeated in due Form].

To all the Fraternity round the Globe. [P-105]

V. *The Deputy Grand-Master's Song.*

N. B. The two last Lines of each Verse is the Chorus.

I.

On on my dear Brethren, pursue your great Lecture,
And refine on the Rules of old Architecture;
High Honour to Masons the Craft daily brings.
To those Brothers of Princes and Fellows of Kings.

II

We've drove the rude *Vandals* and *Goths* off the Stage.
Reviving the Arts of *Augustus* fam'd Age.
Vespasian destroy'd the vast Temple in vain,
Since so many now rise in Great *George's* mild Reign.

III.

Of *Wren* and of *Angelo* mark the great Names.
Immortal they live as the *Tiber* and *Thames*:
To Heav'n and themselves they've such Monuments rais'd,
Recorded like Saints and like Saints they are prais'd.

IV.

The five noble Orders compos'd with such Art,
Will amaze the fix'd Eye and engage the whole Beau:
Proportion's dumb Harmony gracing the whole,
Gives our Work, like the glorious Creation, a Soul.

V.

Then Master and Brethren preserve your great Name,
This Lodge so majestic will purchase you Fame'
Rever'd it shall stand till all Nature expire.
And its Glories ne'er fade till the World is on Fire. [106]

VI.

See. see, behold here what rewards all our Toil.
Enlivens our Genius and bids Labour smile;
To our noble Grand-Master let a Bumper be crown'd
To all Masons a Bumper. so let it go round.

VII.

Again my lov'd Brethren, again let it pass,
Our ancient firm Union cements with the Glass;
And all the Contentions 'rningst Masons shall be,
Who better can work or best who can agree.

To the Right Worshipful the Grand-Master.

VI.- *Grand-Warden's Song.*

I.

Let Masonry be now my Theme,
Throughout the Globe to spread its Fame,
And eternize each worthy Brother's Name;
Your Praise shall to the Skies resound,
In lasting Happiness abound,
And with sweet Union all your noble Deeds be crown'd.
[Repeat this last Line].

CHORUS.

Sing then my Muse to Mason's Glory,
Your Names are so rever'd in Story
That all th' admiring World do now adore ye.

II.

Let Harmony divine inspire
Your Souls with Love and gen'rous Fire,
To copy well wise *Solomon* your Sire; [P 2-107]
Knowledge sublime shall fill each heart,
The Rules of G'ometry to impart,
While Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, crown the royal Art.
Chorus. Sing then my Muse, &c.

III.

Let ancient Masons Healths go round,
In swelling Cups all Cares be drown'd,
And Hearts united 'mongst the Craft be found;
May everlasting Scenes of Joy,
Our peaceful Hours of Bliss employ,
Which Time's all-conqu'ring Hand shall ne'er destroy.
Ghorus. Sing then my Muse, &c.

IV.

My Brethren thus all Cares resign.
Your Hearts let glow with Thoughts divine,
And Veneration show to *Solomon* 's Shrine:
Our annual Tribute thus we'll pay,
That late Posterity shall say,
We've crown'd with Joy this happy, happy Day.
C'horus. Sing then my Muse, &c.

To all the Noble Lords. and Right Worshipful Brethren. that have been Grand-Masters

VII. - *The Treasurer's Song.*

Tune. Near some cool Shade.

I.

Grant me kind Heav'n what I request,
In Masonry let me be blest;
Direct me to that happy Place,
Where Friendship smiles in every Face; [108]
Where Freedom and sweet Innocence,
Enlarge the Mind and cheers the Sense.

II.

Where scepter'd Reason from her Throne,
Surveys the Lodge and makes us one;
And Harmony's delightful Sway,
For ever sheds ambrosial Day;
Where we blest *Eden's* Pleasures taste,
While balmy joys are our Repast.

LII.

Our Lodge the social Virtues grace,
And Wisdom's Rules we fondly trace;
Whole Nature open to our View,
Points out the Paths we should pursue;
Let us subsist in lasting Peace,
And may our Happiness increase.

LV.

No prying Eye can view us here,
No Fool or Knave disturb our Cheer;
Our well-form'd Laws set Mankind free,
And give relief to Misery;
The Poor, oppress'd with Woe and Grief,
Gain, from our bounteous Hands, Relief.

To all well-disposed charitable Masons.

VIII - *The Secretary's Song.*

I.

Ye Brethren of the ancient Craft,
Ye fav'rite Sons of Fame:
Let Bumpers cheerfully be quaffd,
To each good Mason's Name; [109]

Happy, long happy may he be,
Who loves and honours Masonry;
With a fa, Ia, la, &c.

II.

In vain wou'd D'Anvers with his Wit *
Our slow Resentment raise;
What he and all Mankind have writ,
But celebrates our Praise:
His Wit this only Truth imparts,
That Masons have firm faithful Hearts,
With a fa, la , la, &c.

III.

Ye *British* Fair, for Beauty fam'd,
Your Slaves we wish to be;
Let none for Charms like yours be nam'd,
That loves not Masonry;
This Maxim D'Anvers proves full well,
That Masons never kiss and tell;
With a fa, Ia , la, &c.

LV.

FreeMasons ! no Offences give,
Let Fame your Worth declare;
Within your Compass wisely live,
And act upon the Square;
May Peace and Friendship e'er abound,
And evey Mason's Health go round;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

To the Deputy Grand-Master. [110]

IX. *Song to the foregoing Tune.*

I.

On you who Masonry despise,
This Counsel I bestow;
Don't ridicule, if you are wise,
A Secret you don't know:
Yourselves you banter, but not it;

* That those who hang'd Captain Porteus, at Edinburgh, were all Free-Masons. because they kept their own Secrets. See the *Craftsman* of the 16th of April, Numer 563.

You show your Spleen, but not your Wit;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

II.

Inspiring Virtue by our Rules,
And in ourselves secure;
We have Compassion for those Fools,
Who think our Acts impure:
We know from Ignorance proceeds
Such mean Opinion of our Deeds;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

LII.

If Union and Sincerity,
Have a Pretence to please;
We Brothers of Free-Masonry,
Lay, justly, claim to these
To State-Disputes we ne'er give Birth;
Our Motto, Friendship is and Mirth:
With a fa, la, la, &c.

IV.

Some of our Rules I will impart,
But must conceal the rest;
They're safely lodged in Mason's Hearts,
Within each honest Breast: [111]
We love our Country and our King;
We toast the Ladies, laugh, and sing;
With a fa, la, la, &c.

To the Worshipful Grand- Wardens.

X- SONG.

I.

By Mason's Art th'aspiring Domes,
In stately Columns shall arise;
All Climates are their native Homes,
Their well-Judg'd Actions reach the Skies;
Heroes and Kings revere their Name,
While Poets sing their lasting Fame.

II.

Great, Noble, Gen'rous, Good, and Brave,

Are Titles they most justly claim:
Their Deeds shall live beyond the Grave;
Which those unborn shall loud proclaim;
Time shall their glorious Acts will enrol,
While Love and Friendship charm the Soul.

To the perpetual Honour of Free-Masons.

XI. SONG.

I

As I at *Wheeler's* Lodge one Night,
Kept *Bacchus* Company;
For *Bacchus* is a Mason bright,
And of all Lodges free. [112]

II.

Said I great *Bacchus* is a-dry,
Pray give the God some Wine;
Jove in a Fury did reply,
October's as divine.

III.

It makes us Masons more compleat,
Adds to our Fancy Wings;
Makes us happy and as great,
As mighty Lords and Kings.

To the Masters and Wardens of a/i regular Lodges.

XII. SONG.

I.

Some Folks have with curious Impertinence strove,
From Free-Masons Bosoms their Secrets to move,
I'll tell them in vain their Endeavours must prove,
Which Nobody can deny, &c.

II.

Of that happy Secret when we are possess'd,
Our Tongues can't explain what is lodg'd in our Breasts,
For the Blessing's so great it can ne'er be express'd.
Which Nobody can deny, &c.

III

By Friendship's strict Ties we Brothers are join'd,
With Mirth in each Heart and Content in each Mind,
And this is a difficult Secret to find.
Which Nobody can deny, &c.

IV.

But you who wou'd fain our grand Secret expose,
One Thing best conceal'd to the World you disclose,
Much Folly in blaming what none of you knows.
Which Nobody can deny, &c.

V.

Truth, Charity, Justice, our Principles are,
What one doth possess the other may share,
And these in the World are Secrets most rare.
Which Nobody can deny, &c.

VI.

While then we are met the World's Wonder and boast,
And do all enjoy what pleases each most,
All these in the World and most glorious Toast.
Which Nobody can deny, &c.

VII.

Here's a Health to the Gen'rous, Brave, and the Good,
To all those who think and who act as they shou'd,
In all this the Free-Mason's Health understood.
Which Nobody can deny, &c.

To all true and faithful Brethren. &c.

XIII. SONG.

Tune. Oh Pohly you might have toy'd and kiss'd.

I.

You People who laugh at Masons draw near,
Give Ear to my Song without any Sneer;
And if you'll have Patience you soon shall see,
What a noble Art is Masonry. [114]

II.

There's none but an Atheist can ever deny,
But that this great Art came first from on high;

The Almighty GOD here I'll prove for to be,
The first great Master of Masonry.

III.

He took up his Compass with masterly Hand,
He stretch'd out his Rule and he measur'd the Land;
He laid the Foundation o'th' Earth and the Sea,
By his known Rules of Masonry.

IV.

Our first Father *A damn*, deny it who can,
A Mason was made as soon as a Man;
And a Fig-Leaf Apron at first wore he,
In Token of's Love to Masonry.

V.

The principal Law our Lodge does approve,
Is that we shou'd live in Brotherly-Love:
Thus *Cain* was banish'd by Heaven's Decree,
For breaking the Rules of Masonry.

VI.

The Temple that wise King *Solomon* rais'd,
For Beauty, for Order, for Elegance prais'd;
To what did it owe its Elegancy?
To the just form'd Rules of Masonry.

VII.

But shou'd I pretend in this humble Verse,
The Merits of Free-Masons Arts to rehearse;
Years yet to come too little wou'd be,
To sing the Praises of Masonry. [Q 2-115]

VIII.

Then hoping I've not detain'd you too long,
I here shall take Leave to finish my Song;
With a Health to the Master and those that are free,
That live to the Rules of Masonry.

To all the free-horn Sons of the Ancient and Honourahie C R A F T

XIV. SONG.

I

We have no idle prating,
Of either Whig of Tory;
But each agrees,
To live at Ease,
And sing or tell a Story.

Chorus. Fill to him,
To the Brim,
Let it round the Table rowl;
The Divine,
Tells you Wine,
Cheers the Body and the Soul.

II.

We're always Men of Pleasure,
Despising Pride and Party;
While Knaves and Fools,
Prescribe us Rules,
We are sincere and hearty.

Chorus. Fill to him, &c. [116]

III.

If an Accepted Mason,
Shou'd talk of high or low Church,
We'll set him down,
A shallow Crown,
And understand him no Church.

Chorus. Fill to him, &c.

IV.

The World is all in Darkness,
About us they conjecture;
But little think,
A Song and Drink,
Succeeds the Masons Lecture.

Chorus. Fill to him, &c.

V.

Then Landlord bring a Hogshead,
And in a Corner place it;
Till it rebound,
With hollow Sound,

Each Mason here will face it.
Chorus. Fill to him, &c.

To the Memory of him who first planted a Vine.

XV SONG.

Tune. Young *Damon* once the happy Swain.

I.

A Mason's Daughter fair and young,
The Pride of all the Virgin Throng,
Thus to her Lover said:
Tho' *Damon* I your Flame approve,
Your Actions praise, your Person love,
Yet still I'll live a Maid. [117]

II.

None shall untie my Virgin Zone,
But one to whom the Secret's known,
Of fam'd Free-Masonry;
In which the Great and Good combine,
To raise with generous Design,
Man to Felicity.

III.

The Lodge excludes the Fop and Fool,
The plodding Knave and Party-Tool,
That Liberty wou'd sell;
The Noble, Faithful, and the Brave,
No golden Charms can e'er deceive,
In Slavery to dwell.

IV.

This said he bow'd and went away,
Apply'd was made without delay,
Return'd to her again;
The fair one granted his request,
Connubial Joys their Days have blest,
And may they e'er remain.

To Masons and to Masons Bairns, And those that lie in Masons Arms.

XVI. SONG.

I.

A Health to our Sisters let us drink;
For why shou'd not they,
Be remember'd I pray,
When of us they so often do think,
When of us they so often do think. [118]

II

'Tis they give us the chiefest Delight;
Tho' Wine cheers the Mind,
And Masonry's Kind,
These keep us in Transport all Night,
These keep us in Transport all Night.

To all the Female Friends of Free-Masons.

XVII. SONG.

Tune. The merry ton'd Horn.

I.

Sing to the Honour of those,
Who Baseness and Error oppose;
Who from Sages and Magi of old,
Have got Secrets which none can unfold;
Whilst thro' Life swift Career,
With Mirth and good Cheer,
We're revelling,
And leveling
The Monarch, till he
Says our Joys far transcend
What on Thrones do attend,
And thinks it a Glory, like us, to be free.

II.

The wisest of Kings pav'd the Way,
And its Precepts we keep to this Day
The most glorious of Temples gave Name
To Free-Masons, who still keep the same;
Tho' no Prince did arise,
So great and so wise: [119]
Yet in falling,

Our calling.
Still bore high Applause.
And tho' Darkness o'er-run.
The Face of the Sun.
We. diamond-like. blaz'd to illumine the Cause.

To him that first the Work began. &c.

XVIII. SONG.

I.

Hail secret Art ! by Heav'n design'd
To cultivate and cheer the Mind
Thy Secrets are to all unknown.
But Masons just and true alone.
But Masons just and true alone.

CHORUS: Then let us all their Praises sing.
Fellows to Peasant. Prince, or King.
Fellows to Peasant. Prince, or King.

11.

From West to East we take our Way.
To meet the bright approaching Day
That we to work may go in Time.
And up the secret Ladder clime.
And up the, &c.

Char. Then let us all, &c.

III.

Bright Rays of Glory did inspire.
Our Master great who came from *lire*; [120]
Still sacred History keeps his Name,
Who did the glorious Temple frame.
Who did, &c.

Chor. Then let us all. &c.

Iv.

The noble Art divinely rear'd.
Upright built upon the Square
Encompass'd by the Powers divine,
Shall stand until the End of Time.
Shall stand. &c.

Char. Then let us all, &c.

v.

No human Eye they Beauties see,
But Masons truly just and free;
Inspir'd by each heav'nly Spark,
Whilst Cowans labour in the Dark.
Char. Then let us all, &c.

To the Memoii' of the Tyrian Artist, &c.

XIX. SONG.

To the Tune of the Enter'd-'Prentice.

I.

Come are you prepar'd,
Your Scaffolds well rear'd,
Bring Mortar and temper it purely:
'Tis all safe I hope,
Well brac'd with each Rope,
Your Ledgers and Putlocks securely. [R- 121]

11.

Then next your Bricks bring,
It is Time to begin,
For the Sun with its Rays is adorning:
The Day's fair and clear,
No Rain you need fear,
'Tis a charming. lovely, fine Morning.

III.

Pray where are your Tools,
Your Line and Plumb-Rules,
Each Man to his Work let him stand Boys;
Work solid and sure,
Upright and secure,
And your Building be sure will be strong Boys.

IV.

Pray make no Mistake,
But true your Joints break,
And take Care that you follow your Leaders,
Work, rake, back, and tueth,
And make your Work smooth,
And be sure that you fill up your Leaders.

To the Memory of Vitruvius. Angelo. Wren, and other noble Artists, &c.

XX. SONG.

Tune. On, on my dear Brethren.

I.

The curious Vulgar could never devise,
What social Free-Masons so highly so prize
No human Conjecture, no study in Schools,
Such fruitless Attempts are the Actions of Fools. [122]

II.

Sublime are our Maxims, our Plan from above,
Old as the Creation cemented with Love;
To promote all the Virtues adorning Man's Life,
Subduing our Passions, preventing all Strife.

III.

Pursue my dear Brethren, embrace with great Care,
A System adapted our Actions to square;
Whose Origin clearly appeareth divine,
Observe how its Precepts to Virtue incline.

IV.

The Secrets of Nature King *Solomon* knew,
The Names of all Trees in the Forest that grew;
Architecture his Study, Free-Masons sole Guide,
Thus finish'd his Temple, Antiquity's Pride.

V.

True ancient Free-Masons our Arts did conceal.
Their Hearts were sincere and not prone to reveal
Here's the Widow's Son's Mem'ry, that mighty great Sage,
Who skilfully handled Plum, Level, and Gage,

VI.

Toast next our Grand-Master of noble repute,
No Brother presuming his Laws to dispute;
No Discord, no Faction, our Lodge shall divide:
Here Truth, Love, and Friendship, must always abide.

VII.

Cease, cease, ye vain Rebels, your Country's Disgrace,
To ravage like *Vandals*. our Arts to *deface*:
Learn, learn to grow loyal, our Kings to defend,
And live like Free-Masons, your Lives to amend.

To the ancient Sons of Peace. [R 2-123]

XXI. SONG.

To the foregoing Tune.

I.

We Brethren Free-Masons, let's mark the great Name
Most ancient and loyal, recorded by Fame
In Unity met, let us merrily sing;
The Life of a Mason's like that of a King.

II

No Discord, no Envy, amongst us shall be,
No Confusion of Tongues, but let's all agree:
No like building of *Babel*. confound one another;
But fill up your Glass, and drink to each Brother.

III.

A Tower they wanted to lead them to Bliss,
I hope there's no Brother but knows what it is:
Three principal Steps in our Ladder there be,
A Mist'ry to all but those that are free.

IV.

Let th'Strength of our Reason keep th'Square of our Heart,
And Virtue adorn ev'ry Man in his Part:
The Name of a Cowan we'll not ridicule,
But pity his Folly and count him a Fool.

V.

Let's lead a good Life whilst Power we have, And when that our Bodies
are laid in the Grave,
We hope with good Conscience to Heav'n to climb,
And give *Peter* the Pass-word, the Token, and Sign.[124]

VI.

Saint *Peter* he opens and so we pass in.
To a Place that's prepar'd for all those free from Sin;
To that heav'nly Lodge which is tyl'd most secure,
A Place that's prepar'd for all Masons that's pure.

To all pure and upright Masons.

XXII. SONG.

Tune. What though they all me Country Lass.

I.

What though they call us Mason-fools,
We prove, by G'ometry, our Rules
Surpass the Arts they teach in Schools
They charge us falsely then
We make it plainly to appear,
By our Behaviour every where,
That when you meet with Masons there,
You meet with Gentlemen.

II.

'Tis true we once have charged been,
With Disobedience to our Queen.
But after Monarchs plain have seen
The Secrets she had sought:
We hatch no Plots against the State,
Nor 'gainst great Men in Power prate,
But all that's noble, good. and great,
Is daily by us taught. [125]

III.

These noble Structures which we see,
Rais'd by our fam'd Society.
Surprise the World : then shall not we,
Give Praise to Masonry:
Let those who do despise the Art,
Live in a Cave or some Desart,
To herd with Beasts. from Men apart,
For their Stupidity.

IV.

But view those savage Nations where
Free-Masonry did n'er appear,
What strange unpolish'd Brutes they are
Then think on Masonry:
It makes us courteous men alway
Gen'rous, hospitable, and gay,
What other Art the like can say:
Then a Health to Masons Free.

Prosperity to the most ancient and most honourable Craft.

XXIII. SONG.

I.

Glorious Craft which fires the Mind,
With sweet Harmony and Love:
Surely thou wer't first design'd,
A Fore-Taste of the Joys above.

II.

Pleasures always on thee wait.
Thou reformest *Adam* 'S Race;
Strength and Beauty in thee meet,
Wisdom's radiant in thy Face. [126]

III.

Arts and Virtues now combine.
Friendship raises cheerful Mirth
All united to refine.
Man's grosser Part of Earth.

IV.

Stately Temples now arise,
And on lofty Columns stand;
Mighty Domes attempt the Skies;
To adorn this happy Land.

To the Secret and Silent, &c.

XXIV SONG.

I.

Let malicious People censure,
They're *not worth* a Mason's Answer:
While we drink and sing,
With no Conscience sting;
Let their evil Genius plague 'em,
And for Mollies Devil take 'em;
We'll be free and merry,
Drink Port and Sherry;
Till the Stars at Midnight shine,
And our Eyes with them combine:
The dark Night to banish,
Thus we will replenish
Nature, whilst the Glasses
With the Bottle passe : [127]
Brother Mason Free,
Here's to thee, to thee,
And let it run the Table round,
While Envy does the Masons Foes confound.

To all Masons who walk the Line, &c.

XXV SONG.

I.

Come, come my Brethren dear,
Now we're assembled here,
Exalt your Voices clear,
With Harmony:
Here's none shall be admitted in,
Were he a Lord, Duke, or King.
He's counted but an empty Thing,
Except he's free.
CHORUS : Let ev'ry Man take Glass in Hand,
Drink Bumpers to our Master Grand
As long as he can sit or stand,
With Decency.

II.

By our Arts we prove,
Emblems of Truth and Love,
Types given from above,

To *those* that are free:
There's ne'er a King that fills a Throne,
Will ever be ashamed to own,
Those Secrets to the World unknown,
But such as we.

Chorus. Let ev'ry Man. &c [128]

III.

Now Ladies try your Arts,
To gain us Men of Parts,
Who best can charm your Hearts,
Because we're free:
Take us, try us, and you'll find,
We're true, loving, just, and kind,
And taught to please a Lady's Mind,
By Masonry.

Chorus. Let ev'ry Man, &c

GRAND CHORUS.

God bless KING GEORGE. long may he reign.
To curb the Pride of Foes that's vain,
And with his conq'ring Sword maintain.
Free-Masonry.

*To the King's good Health; The Nation 's Wealth;
The Prince GOD bless, ' the Fleet Success; The Lodge no less.*

XXVI SONG.

Tune. The Fairy Elves.

I.

Come follow, follow me,
Ye jovial Masons free;
Come follow all the Rules,
That e'er was taught in Schools,
By *Solomon*, that Mason King,
Who Honour to the Craft did bring.[S-1291

II.

He's justly call'd the wise.
His Fame doth reach the Skies
He stood upon the Square.
And did the Temple rear:
With true Level. Plum, and Gage,
He prov'd the Wonder of the Age.

III.

The mighty Mason Lords,
Stood firmly to their Words:
They had it in Esteem,
For which they're justly deem'd;
Why shou'd not their Example prove.
Our present Craft to live in Love.

IV.

The Royal Art and Word,
Is kept upon Record:
In upright Hearts and pure,
While Sun and Moon endure:
Not written but indented on.
The Heart of e'ery Arch-Mason.

V.

And as for *Hiram's* Art,
We need not to impart;
The Scripture plainly shews.
From whence his knowledge flows:
His Genius was so much refin'd,
His Peer he has not left behind.

VI.

Then let not any one,
Forget the Widow's Son: [1301
But toast his Memory,
In Glasses charg'd full high;
And when our proper Time is come,
Like Brethren part, and so go home.

To him that did the Temple rear, &c.

XXVII SONG.

I.

With Plum, Level, and Square, to work let's prepare,
And join in a sweet Harmony;
Let's fill up each Glass, and around let it pass,
To all honest Men that are free,
To all honest Men that are free.

CHORUS.

Then a Fig for all those, who are Free-Masons Foes,
Our Secrets we'll never impart;
But in Unity w'll always agree.
And chorus it, prosper our Art, prosper our Art,
And chorus it. prosper our Art.

II.

When we're properly cloathed, the Master discloses
The Secrets that lodg'd in his Breast;
Thus we stand by the Cause, that deserves great Applause,
In which we are happily blest.
In which, &c.

Chor. Then a Fig for all those, &c. [S 2-131]

III.

The Bible's our Guide, and by that we'll abide,
Which shews that our Actions are pure;
The Compass and Square, are Emblems most rare,
Of Justice our Cause to insure.
Of Justice, &c.

Chor. Then a Fig for all those, &c.

IV.

The Cowan may strive, nay plot and contrive,
To find out our great Mystery;
The inquisitive Wife, may in vain spend her Life,
For still we'll be honest and free.
For still, &c.

Chor. Then a Fig for all those, &c.

V.

True brotherly Love, we always approve,
Which makes us all Mortals excel;
If a Knave should by Chance, to this Grandeur advance.
That Villain we'll straitway expel,
That Villain, &c.

Chor. Then a Fig, &c.

VI.

Our Lodge that's so pure, to the End will endure.
In Virtue and true Secrecy:
Then let's toast a good Health, with Honour and Wealth,
To attend the blest Hands made us free,
To attend, &c.
Chor. Then a Fig for all those, &c.

*To each true and faithful Heart,
That still preserves the secret Art.* [1321

XXVIII. SONG.

To the Tune of *Jerry Fitzgerald.*

I.

King *Solomon*, that wise Projecture,
In Masonry took great Delight:
And *Hiram*, that great Architecture,
Whose Actions shall ever shine bright
From the Heart of a true honest Mason,
There's none can the Secret remove;
Our Maxims are Justice, Morality,
Friendship, and brotherly Love.
Fa. la, Ia, &c.

II.

We meet like true Friends on the Square,
And part on a Level that's fair:
Alike we respect King and Beggar,
Provided they're just and sincere:
We scorn an ungenerous Action,
None can with Free-Masons compare;
We love for to live within Compass,
By Rules that are honest and fair.
Fa, Ia, Ia, &c.

III.

Success to all Accepted Masons.

Their's none can their Honour pull down;
Fore'er since the glorious Creation,
These brave Men were held in Renown [133]
When *Adam* was King of all Nations,
He form'd a Plan with all Speed;
And soon made a sweet Habitation,
For him and his Companion *Eve*.
Fa, La, Ia, &c.

IV.

We exclude all talkative Fellows,
That will babble and prate past their Wit:
They ne'er shall come into our Secret,
For they're neither worthy nor fit:
But the Persons that's well recommended,
And we find them honest and true;
When our Lodge is well tyl'd we'll prepare 'em,
And like Masons our Work we'll pursue.
Fa, la, La, &c.

V.

There's some foolish People reject us,
For which they're highly to blame;
They cannot shew any Objection,
Or Reason for doing the same:
The Art's a divine Inspiration,
As all honest Men will declare
So here's to all true-hearted Brothers,
That live within Compass and Square.
Fa, la. La, &c~. [134]

XXIX. SONG. By Brother *R - P -*, Esq. *Tune*. By Jove I'll be free.

I.

Of all Institutions to form well the Mind,
And make us to every Virtue inclin'd;
None can with the Craft of Free-Masons compare.
Nor teach us so truly our Actions to square;
For it was ordain'd by our Founder's Decree,
That we shou'd be loyal, be loving, and free.
be loving, and free, &c.

II.

We in Harmony, Friendship, and Unity meet, And every Brother most
lovingly greet;

And, when we see one in Distress, still impart Some Comfort to cheer
and enliven his Heart;

Thus we always live and for ever agree,
Resolved to be loyal, most loving, and free,
most loving, and free, &c.

III.

By Points of good Fellowship we still accord,
Observing each Brother's true Sign, Grip, and Word; Which from our
great Architect was handed down,

And ne'er will to any but Masons be known; Then here's to our
Brethren of every Degree, Who always are loyal, are loving, and free.
are living, and free, &c. [135]

IV.

Thus we interchangeably hold one another,
To let Mankind see how we are link'd to each Brother;
No Monarch that secret Knot can untie,
Nor can prying Mortals the Reason know why;
For our Hearts, like our Hands, still united shall be.
Still secret, still loyal, still loving, and free,
still loving, and free, &c~.

To all Free Social Masons, &c.

XXX. Song to the foregoing Tune.

By Brother B-d Cl-ke.

Magna est Veritas et praevalabit.

I.

To the Science that Virtue and Art do maintain,
Let the Muse pay her Tribute in soft gliding Strain;
Those mystic Perfections so fond to display,
As far as allowed to poetical Lay
Each Profession and Class of Mankind must agree,
That Masons alone are the Men who are free,
the Men who are free, &c.

II.

Their Origin they with great Honour can trace,
From the Sons of Religion and singular Grace;
Great *Hiram* and *Solomon*, Virtue to prove,
Made this the grand Secret of Friendship and Love;
Each Profession and Class of Mankind must agree,
That Masons alone are the Men who are free,
the Men who are free, &c. [136]

III.

The Smart and the Beau, the Coquet and the Prude,
The dull and the comic, the heavy and rude;
In vain may enquire, then fret, and despise
An Art that's still secret 'gainst all they devise
Each Profession and Class of Mankind must agree,
That Masons, tho' secret, are loyal and free,
are loyal and free, &c.

IV.

Commit it to thousands of different Mind,
And this golden Precept you'll certainly find;
Nor Interest nor Terror can make them reveal,
Without just Admittance, what they should conceal;
Each Profession and Class of Mankind must agree,
That Masons alone are both secret and free,
both secret and free, &c.

V.

Fair Virtue and Friendship, Religion and Love,
The Motive of this noble Science still prove;
'Tis the Lock and Key of the most godly Rules,
And not to be trusted to Knaves or to Fools,
Each Profession and Class of Mankind must agree,
That Ancient Masons are steady and free,
are steady and free, &c.

VI.

Th'Isr'lites distinguish'd their Friends from their Foes,
By Signs and Characters; then say why should those
Of Vice and Unbelief be permitted to pry,
Into Secrets that Masons alone should discry;
Each Profession and Class of Mankind must agree,
That Masons, of all Men, are secret and free,
are secret and free, &c. [T-1374]

VII.

The Dunce he imagines, that Science and Art
Depend on some Compact or magical Part;
Thus Men are so stupid, to think that the Cause
Of our Constitution 'gainst divine Laws;
Each Profession and Class of Mankind must agree,
That Masons are jovial, religious and free,
religious and free, &c.

VIII.

Push about the brisk Bowl, let it circl'ing pass
Let each chosen Brother lay hold on his Glass, And drink to the Heart
that will always conceal, And the Tongue that our Secrets will ne'er
reveal; Each Profession and Class of Mankind must agree, That the
Sons of old *Hiram* are certainly free,
are certainly free, &c.

To the innocent and Jáithfúl Grafts, &c.

XXXI. SONG. By Brother J- C -

. *Tune. Rule Britannia, &c.*

I.

When Earth's Foundation first was laid,
By the Almighty Artist's Hand;
It was then our perfect Laws were made,
Establish'd by his strict Command.
Hail ! mysterious hail ! glorious Masonry,
That makes us ever great and Free. [138]

II.

As Man throughout for Shelter sought,
In vain from Place to Place did roam;
Until from Heaven, from Heaven he was taught,
To plan, to build, and fix his Home.
Hail ! mysterious, &c.

III.

Hence illustrious rose our Art,
And now in beauteous Piles appear;
Which shall to endless, to endless Time impart,
How worthy and how great we are.
Hail ! mysterious, &c.

IV.

Nor we less fam'd for ev'ry Tye,
By which the human Thought is bound;
Love, Truth, and Friendship, and Friendship socially,
Doth join our Hearts and Hands around.
Hail ! mysterious, &c.

V.

Our Actions still by Virtue blest,
And to our Precepts ever true
The World admiring, admiring shall request
To learn, and our bright Paths pursue.
Hail ! mysterious, &c.

*To all true Masons and upright,
Who saw the East where rose the Light. [T 2-139]*

XXXII. SONG.

1.

Come Boys let us more Liquor get,
Since jovially we all are met,
Since jovially, &c.
Here none will disagree
Let's drink and sing, and all combine,
In Songs to praise that Art divine,
In Songs, &c.
That's called Free-Masonry.

II.

True Knowledge seated in the Head,
Do teach us Masons how to tread,
Do teach, &c.
The Paths we ought to go;
By which we ever Friends create,
Drown Care and Strife, and all Debate,
Drown Care. &c.
Count none but Fools our Foe.

III.

Here Sorrow knows not how to weep,
And watchful Grief is lull'd asleep
And watchful. &c.

In our Lodge we know no Care,
Join Hand in Hand before we part,
Each Brother takes his Glass with Heart,
Each Brother, &c.
And toast some charming Fair. [140]

IV.

Hear me ye Gods, and whilst I Live,
Good Masons and good Liquor give,
Good Masons, &c.
Then always happy me;
Likewise a gentle She I crave,
Until I'm summon'd to my Grave,
But when I'm summon'd to my Grave,
Adieu my Lodge and she.

To each charming Fair and Jàithfi~t/ She, That loves the Graft of~Masonrv'.

XXX111. SONG.

I.

Guardian Genius of our Art divine,
Unto thy faithful Sons appear;
Cease now o'er Ruins of the East to pine,
And smile in blooming Beauties here.

II.

Egypt, Siiria, and proud Babylon,
No more thy blissful presence claim;
In England fix thy ever-during Throne,
Where Myriads do confess thy Name.

III.

The Sciences from Eastern Regions brought,
Which, after shewn in *Greece* and *Rome*,
Are here in several stately Lodges taught;
To which remotest Brethren come. [141]

IV.

Behold what Strength our rising Domes uprears,
‘Till mixing with the azure Skies,
Behold what Beauty thro’ the whole appears
So wisely built they must surprise.

VI.

Nor are we only to these Arts confln’d,
For we the Paths of Virtue trace;
By us Man’s rugged Nature is refln’d,
And polish’d into Love and Peace.

To the Increase of pe;petua/ Friendship, and Peace amongst the Ancient Graft.

XXXIV An ODE ON MASONRY.

By Brother *J. Banks.*

Genius of Masonry descend,
In mystic Numbers while we sing;
Enlarge our Souls, the Craft defend,
And hither all thy Influence bring;
With social Thoughts our Bosoms fill,
And give thy Turn to every will.

While yet *Batavia’s* wealthy Powers,
Neglect thy Beauties to explore;
And winding *Seine* adorn’d with Towers,
Laments thee wandering from his Shore;
Here spread thy Wings and glad these Isles,
Where Arts reside and Freedom smiles. [142]

Behold the Lodge rise into View,
The Work of Industry and Art;
‘Tis grand, and regular, and true,
For so is each good Mason’s Heart;
Friendship cements it from the Ground,
And Secrecy shall fence it round.

A stately Dome o’er-looks our East,

Like orient *Pha? bus* in the Morn:
And two tall Pillars in the West,
At once support us and adorn:
Upholden thus the Structure stands,

Untouch'd by sacralegious Hands.
For Concord form'd our Souls agree,
Nor Fate this Union shall destroy;
Our Toils and Sports alike are free,
And all is Harmony and Joy;
So *Salem's* Temple rose by Rule,
Without the Noise of noxious Toot.

As when *Amphion* tun'd his Song,
Even rugged Rocks the Music knew;
Smooth into Form they glide along,
And to a *Thebes* the Desart grew;
So at the Sound of *Hiram's* Voice,
We rise, we join, and we rejoice.

Then may our Vows to Virtue move,
To Virtue own'd in all her Parts:
Come Candour, Innocence, and Love,
Come and possess our faithful Hearts; [143]
Mercy, who feeds the hungry Poor,
And Silence, Guardian of the Door.

As thou *Astrcea*, tho' from Earth,
When Men on Men began to prey;
Thou fled'st to claim celestial Birth,
Down from Olympus wing'd thy Way;
And mindful of thy ancient Seat,
Be present still where Masons meet.

Immortal Science too, be near;
We own thy Empire o'er the Mind;
Dress'd in thy radiant Robes appear,
With all thy beautiful Train behind;
Invention young and blooming there,
Here's **GEOMETRY** with Rule and Square.

In *Egypt*'s **FABRIC** Learning dwelt,
And *Roman* Breasts cou'd Virtue hide;
But *Vulcan*'s Rage the Building felt,
And *Brutus* last of *Romans* died;
Since when, dispers'd the Sisters rove,
Or fill paternal Thrones above.

But lost to Half of human Race,
With us the Virtues shall revive;
And driven no more from Place to Place,
Here Science shall be kept alive;
And manly Taste, the Child of Sense,
Shall banish Vice and Dulness hence.

United thus and for these Ends,
Let Scorn deride and Envy rail; [144]
From Age to Age the Craft descends,
And what we build shall never fail;
Nor shall the World our Works survey,
But every Brother keeps the Key.

*To each faithful Brother; both Ancient and Young
That governs his Passion, and bridles his Tongue.*

xxxv The Progress of Masonry.

I.

Pray lend me your Ears my dear Brethren awhile,
Full sober my Sense tho' joking my Stile;
I sing of such Wonders unknow to all those,
Who flutter in Verse or who hobble in Prose.
Deny down, down, down deny down.

II.

As all in Confusion the Chaos yet lay,
E're Evening and Morning had made the first Day,

The uniform'd Materials lay tumbling together,
Like so many Dutchmen in thick foggy Weather.
Deny down, &c.

III.

When to this Confusion no End there appear'd,
The sovereign Mason's Word sudden was heard;
Then teem'd Mother Chaos with maternal Throes,
By which the great Lodge of the World then arose.
Deny down, &c. [U-145]

IV.

Then Earth and the Heavens with Jubilee rung,
And all the Creation of Masonry sung;
When lo ! to compleat and adorn the gay Ball,
Old *Adam* was made the Grand-Master of all.
Deny down. &c.

V.

But *Satan* met *Eve* when she was a gadding,
And set her (as since, all her Daughters) a madding:
To find out the Secrets of Free-Masonry
She eat of the Fruit of the forbidden Tree.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

Then as she was fill'd with high flowing Fancies,
As e'er was fond Girl who deals in Romances;
She thought her with Knowledge sufficiently cram'd,
And said to the Spouse, *Mv Dear eat and he d---d.*
Deny down, &c.

VII.

But *Adam* astonish'd like one struck with Thunder,
Beheld her from head to Foot over with Wonder;
Now you have done this thing, Madam, said he,
For your Sake no Women Free-Masons shall be.
Deny down, &c.

VIII.

Now as she bewail'd her in sorrowful Ditty,
The good Man beheld her, and on her took Pity;
Free-Masons are tender, so for the sad Dame,

He made her an Apron to cover her Shame.
Derry down, &c. [146]

tx.

Then did they solace in mutual Joys.
Till in Process of time they had two chopping Boys:
The Priest of the Parish, as Gossips devis'd,
By Names Gain and *Abel* the Youths circumeis'd.
Deny down, &c.

x.

Old Father *Seth* next mounts the Stage.
In Manners severe, but in Masonry sage:
He built up two Pillars, they were tall and thick,
One was made of Stone and the other of Brick.
Deny down, &c.

XI.

On therri he engrav'd with wonderful Skill,
Each lib'ral Science with adamant Quill,
Proportion and Rule he form'd by the Square,
And directed the use of all Masonry there.
Deny down. &c.

XII.

But soon did Mankind behave past enduring,
In drinking. swearing, in fighting, and whoring
Then *Jove* arose. and, fierce in his Anger,
Said, *That he wou'd suffèr such Miscreants no longer.*
Deny down, &c.

XIII.

Then from their high Windows the Heavens did pour.
Forty Days and Nights one continual Shower:
Till nought cou'd be seen but the Waters around,
And in this great Deluge most Mortals were drown'd.
Derry down, &c. [U 2-147]

XIV.

Sure ne'er was beheld ! so dreadful a Sight,
And the old World in such a very odd Plight;
For there were to be seen all Animals swimming.
Men, Monkeys. Priests, Lawyers, Cats. Lapdogs. and Women.
Deny down, &c.

XV

There floated a Debtor aways from his Duns,
And next Father Greybeard stark nak'd 'midst Nuns;
Likewise a poor Husband not minding his Life,
Contented in drowning to shake off his Wife.

Deny down, &c.

XVI.

A King and a Cobler next mingled to view,
And spendthrift young Heirs there were not a few; A Whale and a
Dutchman came down with the Tide, And a reverend old Bishop by a
young Wench's Side.

Deny down, &c.

XVII.

But *Noah* being wisest, faithful and upright,
He built him an Ark so stout and so tight;
Tho' Heaven and Earth seem'd to come together,
He was safe in his Lodge and fear'd not the Weather.

Deny down, &c.

XVIII.

Then after the Flood, like a Brother so true,
Who still had the Good of the Craft in his View,
He delved the Ground and he planted the Vine,
He form'd a Lodge, aye and gave his Lodge Wine.[148]

XIX.

Let Statesmen toss, tumble, and jumble the Ball
We sit safe in our Lodge, and we laugh at them all
Let Bishops wear Lawn Sleeves and Kings have their Ointment,
Free-Masonry sure is by Heaven's Appointment.

Deny down, &c.

To the King and the Graft (as the Master's Song).

XXX VI. SONG. By Brother L -- D.

Tune. Mutual Love.

I.

As *Masons* once in *Shinar* 's Plain,
Met to revive their Arts again,
Did mutually agree,
Did mutually &c.

So now we meet *in Britain 's Isle*,
And makes the royal Craft to smile,
In ancient Masonry,
In ancient, &c. [149]

II.

The Masons in this Happy Land,
Has reviv'd the ancient Grand,
And the strong *Tuscan* laid,
And the, &c.
Each faithful Brother by a Sign,
Like *Salem 's* Sons each other join,
And soon each Order made,
And soon, &c.

III.

Thrice happy blest Fraternity,
Whose basis is sweet Unity,
And makes us all agree,
And makes, &c.
Kings, Dukes, and Lords to us are kind,
As we to Beggars when we find,
Them skill'd in Masonry,
Them skill'd, &c.

IV.

How happy are the ancient Brave,
Whom no Cowan can deceive,
And may they so remain,
And may, &c.
No modern Craftsman e'er did know,
What Signs our Master to us shown
Tho' long they strove in vain,
Tho' long, &c. [150]

V.

The hom'd Buck and Gallican*
As the Monkey imitates the Man,
Their Clubs do Lodges call,

• Here is meant a certain Club who call themselves *Antigallic* Masons, and not the laudable Association of *Antigallicans*, whom I esteem as an honourable and useful Society and worthy of Imitation.

Their Clubs, &c.
While ancient Masons know full well,
No Fools like those amongst them dwell,
No, no, nor never shall,
No, no, &c.

VI.

My Brethren all take Glass in hand,
And toast our noble Master grand,
And in full Chorus sing,
And in, &c.

A Health to ancient Masons free,
Throughout the Globe where'er they be,
And so God save the King,
And so God save the King.

*To all Ancient Masons, wheresoever dispers 'd, or oppress 'd, round
the Globe, &c.*

[151] XXX VII. SONG. By the foregoing Hand

Tune. Greedy Midas.

I.

With Harmony and flowing Wine,
My Brethren all come with me join:
To celebrate this happy Day,
And to our Master Homage pay.

II.

Hail ! happy, happy, sacred Place,
Where Friendship smiles in e'ery Face;
And royal Art! doth fill the Chair,
Adorned with his noble Square.

III.

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.

IV.

My Brethren all come join with me,
To sing the Praise of Masonry;
The Noble, Faithful, and the Brave,
Whose Arts shall live beyond the Grave.[152]

V.

Let Envy hide her shameful Face,
Before us ancient Sons of Peace;
Whose golden Precepts still remain,
Free from Envy, Pride, or Stain.

To Salem's Sons, &c.

XXX VIII. SONG. By the foregoing Hand.

Tune. Ye Mortals that love Drinking.

I.

Ye ancient Sons of *Tyre*,
In Chorus join with me;
And imitate your Sire,
Who was fam'd for Masonry:
His ancient Dictates follow,
And from them never part;
Let each sing like *Apollo*.
And praise the royal Art.

II.

Like *Salem's* second Story,
We raise the Craft again;
Which still retains its Glory,
The Secret here remain:
Amongst true ancient Masons,
Who always did disdain,
These new invented Fashions,
Which we know are vain.[X-153]

III.

Our Temple now rebuilding,
You see grand Columns rise;
The MAGI they resembling,
They are both good and wise:
Each seem as firm as *Atlas*,

Who on his Shoulders bore
The stany Frame of Heaven;
What Mortals can do more?

IV.

Come now my loving Brethren,
In Chorus join all round;
With flowing Wine full Bumpers,
Let Masons Healths be crown'd,
And let each envious Cowan
By our good Actions see,
That we are made free and loving,
By Art of Masonry.

To the Memory of P. H. Z. L. and J. A.

XXXIX. SONG.

To the Tune of the Enter'd 'Prentice.

I.

From the Depths let us raise,
Our Voices and Praise,
The Works of the glorious Creation;
And extol the great Fame
Of our Maker's great Name,
And his Love to an accepted Mason.[154]

II.

In primitive Times,
When Men by high Crimes
Had caused a great Devastation;
When the Floods did abound,
And all Mankind were drown'd,
Save the free and the accepted Masons.

III.

There were Architects four,
Where Billows did roar,
Were sav'd from that great Inundation,
Who's Father from on high,
Taught Geometry,
That honour'd Science of a Mason.

IV.

In an Ark that was good,
Made of *Gopher* Wood,
And was built by divine Ordination
And the first in his Time,
That planted a Vine,
Was a free and an accepted Mason.

V.

Then *Nimrod* the Great,
Did next undertake,
To build him to Heaven a Station;
But Tongues of all Kind,
Prevented his Mind,
For he was no excellent Mason. [X 2-155]

VI.

When *Pharaoh*, the King
Of *Egypt*, did bring
To Bondage our whole Generation,
That King got a Fall,
And his Magicians all,
By a princely and learned wise Mason.

VII.

Then thro' the *Red-Sea*,
Heaven guided their Way,
By two Pillars of divine Ordination;
And *Pharaoh's* great Train,
Were lost in the Main,
For pursuing an Army of Masons.

VIII.

When *Ameleck's* King,
Great Forces did bring,
Likewise the great *Midianite* Nation;
Those Kings got a Fall,
And their great Armies all,
And their Wealth fell a Spoil to those Masons.

IX.

In the Plains they did rear
A Pavillion fair,
The Beauty of all the Creation,
Each Part in its Square,

Which none cou'd prepare,
Save a free and an accepted Mason.[156]

x.

King *Solomon*, he
Was known to be free,
Built a holy Grand Lodge for his Masons;
Each beautiful Part
Was due to the Art
Of *Hiram* the great learned Mason.

XI.

They to *Jordan* did go,
And met their proud Foe,
And fought the great *Canaanite* Nation;
Whose gigantic Strain,
Cou'd never sustain
The Force of an Army of Masons.

XII.

Then let each Mason that's Free,
Toast his Memory,
Join Hands without Dissimulation;
Let Cowans think on,
We know they are wrong,
Drink a Health to an accepted Mason.

XIII.

But if any so mean,
Thro' Avarice or Stain,
Shou'd debase himself in this high Station;
That Person so mean,
For such cursed Gain,
Shou'd be slain by the Hand of a Mason.

To all just and faith/id Masons. [157]

XL. SONG.

I.

'Tis Masonry unites Mankind,

To gen'rous Actions forms the Soul;
In friendly Converse all conjoin'd,
Our Spirit animates the whole.

II.

Where-e'er aspiring Domes arise,
Where-e'er sacred Altars stand:
Those Altars blaze unto the Skies,
Those Domes proclaim the Mason's Hand.

III.

As Passion rough the Soul disguise,
Till Science cultivates the Mind
So the rude Stone unshapen lies,
Till by the Mason's Art refln'd.

IV.

Tho' still our chief Concern and Care,
Be to deserve a Brother's Name,
Yet ever mindful of the Fair,
Their kindest Influence we claim.

V.

Let Wretches at our Manhood rail;
But they who once our Order prove,
Will own that we who build so well,
With equal Energy can love. [158]

VI.

Sing Brethren then the Craft divine,
(Best Band of social Joy and Mirth):
With choral Sound and cheerful Wine,
Proclaim its Virtues o'er the Earth.

XLI. SONG.

By Brother *Alexander Kennedy*, Schoolmaster.

I.

Once I was blind and cou'd not see,
And all was dark around;
But Providence did pity me,
And soon a Friend I found;
Thro' secret Paths my Friend led me,
Such Paths as Bablers never tread.

II.

All Stumbling iMocks he todk away
That I might walk secure;
And brought me long e'er Break of Day,
To Wisdom's Temple-Door:
Where there we both Admittance found,
To mystic Paths on hallow'd Ground.

III.

Tho' haughty in my bold Attempt,
Blest Thoughts did me alarm;
Which hinted I was not exempt
(If rash) from double Harm;
Which quickly stopt my rising Pride,
And made me trust more to my Guide. [159]

IV.

In solemn Pace I was led up,
And pass'd thro' the bright Dome,
But soon I was oblig'd to stop,
Till I myself made known;
Then round in ancient Form was brought,
For to obtain that which I sought.

V.

With humble Heart in proper Form,
I listen'd with Good-Will;
And found, instead of Noise and Storm,
That all was hush'd and still;
And soon a heav'nly Sound did hear,
That quite dispell'd all Doubt and Fear.

VI.

The Guardian of this mystic Charm,
In shining Jewels drest;
Said, that I need fear no Harm,
If faithful was my Breast;
For tho' to Rogues he was severe,
No Harm an honest Man need fear.

VII.

Bright Wisdom from his awful Throne,
Bid Darkness to withdraw;

No sooner said but it was done,
And then –Great Things I saw,
But what they were -- I now won't tell,
But safely in Breast shall dwell. [160]

VIII.

Then round and round me did he tie,
An ancient noble Charm,
Which future Darkness will defy,
And ward off Cowans Harm;
With Instruments in Number three,
To learn the Art of GEOMETRY.

XL II. SONG.

By the foregoing Hand.

I.

Attend loving Brethren and to me give Ear,
Our Work being ended let's lay aside Care;
Let Mirth and Good-Humour our Senses regale,
And mind that our Secrets we never reveal,
And mind, &c.

II.

With leave of his Worship that here fills the Chair,
Who governs our Actions by Compass and Square;
We'll sing a few Verses in Masonry's Praise,
Not fond of Ambition we look for no Bays,
Not fond, &c.

III.

Our ancient Grand-Master, inspir'd by the LORD.
On holy *Moriah*, as in Scripture declar'd,
The stupendious Structure began for to frame,
In the Month call'd *Zif* and tburth Year of his Reign,
In the. &c. [Y-161]

IV.

With Level and Square the Foundation began,
In Length sixty Cubits, Breadth nineteen and one;
Here Masonry shin'd above all other Arts,
So sublime the great Secret the Artist imparts.
So Sublime, &c.

V.

Old *Hiram* of *Tyre* King *David* 'S great Friend,
Did Fir. Pine, and Cedar from Lebanon send
To build the Sanctorum by Masonry Skill,
Subsequent unto the great Architect's Will.
Subsequent, &c.

VI.

One hundred and fifty-three thousand six hundred
Employ'd for the Temple, we find they were number'd:
With Crafts many thousands and Bearers of Loads,
And Masters six hundred the Text does record,
And Masters, &c.

VII.

Who fonii'd themselves into Lodges they say,
Some East and some West, some North and South Way,
In Love, Truth and Justice go successfully on,
In all well govern'd Kingdoms that's under the Sun, &c.
In all, &c.

VIII.

Now let the brisk Bumper go merrily round,
May our worthy Master in Honour abound,
May his instructive Precepts to Virtue us move
To live like true Brethren in Friendship and Love,
To live. &c. [162]

IX

Let Moderns and Critics with impious Rage,
Amuse the vain Town and against us engage;
Let *Pritchard* and's Followers Apostates profane
With false Tenets puzzle each lethargic Brain,
With false, &c.

X.

All Health to our Brethren of e'ery Degree,
Dispers'd round the Globe, or Land, or by Sea:
Preserve them ye Powers their Virtues improve,
When we part on the Level we may all meet above,
When we, &c.

XL III. SONG.

By Brother John Jackson, S.G.W.

I.

See in the East the Master plac'd
How graceful unto us the Sight;
His Wardens just he doth intrust,
His noble Orders to set right.
Where-e'er he list, his Deacons straightway run,
To see the Lodge well tyl'd and Work begun.

II.

Like *Tyre* 's Sons we then pursue
The noble Science we profess,
Each Mason to his Calling true
Down to the lowest from the best
Square, plum, and level we do all maintain,
Emblems of Justice are and shall remain. [Y 2-163]

III.

King *Solomon* the great Mason
Honour unto the Craft did raise,
The *Tvrian* Prince and Widow's Son:
Let e'ry Brother jointly praise
The Memory of all the Three,
And toast their names in Glasses charg'd full high.

XLIV SONG. By Brother John Cartwright of Salford in Lancashire.

Tune. Smile Britannia.

I.

Attend attend the Strains,
Ye Masons free, whilst I
To celebrate your Fame,
Your Virtues sound on high;
Accepted Masons, free and bold,
Will never live the Dupes of Gold.

II.

Great *Solomon* the King,
Great Architect of Fame,
Of whom all Coasts did ring,
Rever'd a Mason's name:

Like him; accepted, free, and bold,
True Wisdom we prefer to Gold. [164]

III.

Since him the great and wise
Of every Age and Clime,
With Fame that never dies,
Pursu'd the Art sublime:
Inspir'd by Heaven, just and free,
Have honour'd much our Mystery.

IV.

The glorious Paths of those,
With Heav'n-born Wisdom crown'd:
We every Day disclose,
And tread on sacred Ground;
A Mason, righteous, just, and free,
Or else not worthy Masonry.

XLV SONG. By the foregoing Hand.

Tune. The Bonny Broom.

I.

To Masonry your Voices raise,
Ye Brethren of the Craft;
To that, and our Great Master's Praise,
Let Bumpers now be quaff'd:
True Friendship, Love, and Concord join'd,
Possess a Mason's Heart;
Those Virtues beautify the Mind,
And still adorn the Art. [165]

CHORUS. Hail, all hail, my Brethren dear,
All hail to ye always
Regard the Art while ye have Life,
Revere it every Day.

'I.

Whilst thus in Unity we join,
Our Hearts still good and true:
Inspir'd by the Grace divine,
And no base Ends in View:
We friendly meet, ourselves employ,

To improve the fruitful Mind;
With Blessings which can never cloy,
But dignify Mankind.
Chor. Hail, all hail, &c.

III.

No flinty Hearts amongst us are,
We're generous and kind;
The needy Man our Fortune shares,
If him we worthy find:
Our Charity from East to West,
To each worthy Object we
Diffuse, as is the great Behest,
To every Man that's free.
Ghor. Hail, all hail, &c.

IV.

Thus bless'd and blessing well we know,
Our Joys can never end,
For long as vital Spirits flow,
A Mason finds a Friend. [166]
Then join your Hearts and Tongues with mine,
Our glorious Art to praise;
Directly the generous Wine,
Let Reason rule your Ways.
Ghor. Hail, all hail, &c.

XL VI. An Ode by the same Hand.

RECITATIVE.

Bless'd be the Day that gave to me,
The Secrets of Free-Masonry;
In that alone m' Ambition's plac'd.
In that alone let me be grac'd:
No greater Title let me bear.
Than what's pertaining to the Square.

AIR.

Tho' envious Mortals vainly try,
On us to cast Absurdity,
We laugh at all their Spleen;
The levell'd Man. the upright Heart,

Shall still adorn our Art.
Nor mind their vile Chagrin:
The ermin'd Robe, the rev'rend Crozier too.
Have prov'd us noble. honest, just. and true.

CHORUS.

In vain let prejudic'd Mortals declare
Their Hate of us Masons, we're truly sincere: [167]
If for that they despise us, their Folly they prove.
For a Mason's grand Maxim is brotherly Love:
But yet. after all, if they'd fain be thought wise,
Let'em enter the Lodge, and we'll open their Eyes.

XL VII. SONG.

By Brother Alexander Dixon.

I.

How bless'd are we from Ignorance freed
And the base Notions of Mankind.
Here every virtuous moral Deed
Instructs and fortifies the Mind;
Hail ! Ancient hallow'd solemn Ground,
Where Light and Masonry I found.

II.

Hence vile Detractors from us fly.
Far to the gloomy Shades of Night
Like Owls that hate the Mid-day Sky,
And sink with envy from its Light:
With them o'er Graves and Ruins rot.
For hating Knowledge you know not.

III.

When we assemble on a Hill.
Or in due Fonn upon the Plain;
Our Master doth with learned Skill
The sacred Plain and Work explain
No busy Eye, nor Cowan's Ear.
Can our grand Myst'ry see or hear. [168]

IV.

Our Table deck'd with shining Truth.
Sweet Emblems that elate the Heart:

While each attentive list'ning Youth
Burns to perform his worthy Part.
Resolving with religious Care,
To live by Compass, Rule, and Square.

V.

Our Master watching in the East,
The golden Streaks of rising Sun;
To see his Men at Labour plac'd,
Who all like willing Crafts doth run:
Oh ! May his Wisdom ever be,
Honour to us and Masonry.

VI.

Not far from him as Gnomon true,
Beauty stands with watchful Eye,
Whose chearful Voice our Spirits renew,
And each his Labour both lay by:
His kind refreshing Office still,
Inspires each Craft in Mason's Skill.

VII.

See in the West our Oblong's Length,
The brave *Corinthian* Pillar stands,
The Lodge's Friend and greatest Strength,
Rewarding Crafts with liberal Hands;
Sure this our Lodge must lasting be,
Supported by these Columns three.[Z-169]

VIII.

Each *Roman* chief did proudly view,
Their temples rising to the sky,
And as they Nations did subdue,
They rais'd triumphal arches high;
Which got us Masons such a name,
As vies with mighty *Caesar's* Fame

X.

* The Kings who rais'd *Diana* 's Columns,
With Royal Art, by skilful Hands;
As Priests recorded in their Volumes,
And Poets sung to distant Lands:
Th'adoring World that did them see,
Forgot the enshrin'd Deity.

XI.

Such is our Boast, my Brethren dear,
Fellows of Kings and Princes too,
The Master's Gift -- was proud to wear,
As now the Great and Noble do;
The Great, the Noble, and the Sage,
MASONS rever'd from Age to Age.[170]

CHORUS.

Then to each Brother in Distress,
Throughout the Nations Parts or Climes,
Charge Brethren to his quick Redress,
As Masons did in ancient Times
From Want and Hardships set them free,
Bless'd with Health and Masonry.
Nor once forget the lovely Fair,
Divinely made of *Adam* 's Bone:
Whose heav'nly Looks can banish Care,
And ease the sighing Lovers Moan;
To them whose Enjoyment brings
Us Heroes, Architects, and Kings.

XL VIII. SONG.

By Brother *E --P-*

I.

Come fill up a Bumper, and let it go round,
Let Mirth and Fellowship always abound;
And let the World see,
That Free-Masonry,

* The Temple of *Diana*, at *Ephesus*.

Doth teach honest Hearts to be jovial and free.

II.

Our Lodge now compos'd of honest free Hearts,

Our Master most freely his Secrets imparts:

And so we improve,

In Knowledge and Love,

By Help from our mighty Grand-Master above. [Z 2-171]

III.

Let Honour and Friendship eternally reign,

Let each Brother Mason the Truth so maintain,

That all may agree,

That Free-Masonry,

Doth teach honest Hearts to be jovial and free.

IV.

In Mirth and good Fellowship we will agree,

For none are more blest or more happy than we:

And thus we'll endure,

While our Actions are pure,

Kind Heaven those Blessings to us doth insure.

XL IX. SONG.

Tune. Rule Britannia.

I.

Urania sing the Art divine,

Beauty, Strength, and Wisdom, grace each line,

Soar higher than *Jove* 's fam'd Bird can go,

Tho' out of Sight his Flight's too low:

Boast Ubiquerians from this your Pedigree,

But we from *Jove* take Masonry.

II.

When the great Architect design'd

Brooding Nature's Plan, and made Mankind;

Then he ordain'd the Masons Orders fair,

For Masonry was all his Care; [172]

By Omniscience and Free-Masonry

The jarring Elements he made agree:

III.

The Almighty, by Masonry, did scheme
His holy Dwelling-Place. and Heav'n did name;
Made many Mansions, which he supply'd with Light,
Proceeding from his Essence bright.
With shining Stars adorn'd the vaulted Skies:
To raise our Wonder and Surprise.

IV.

By Masonry, this stupendious Ball
He pois'd on Geometry, and measur'd all
With Lines East and West: also from North to South,
This spacious Lodge he measur'd out:
And adorned with precious Jewels three.
As useful Lights in Masonry.

V.

To rule the Day the Almighty made the Sun,
To rule the Night he also made the Moon:
And God-like *Adam*, a Master-Mason free,
To rule and teach Posterity;
Sanctity of Reason, and Majesty of Thought,
Amongst Free-Masons should be sought.

VI.

In the Deluge where Mortals lost their Lives,
God sav'd for worthy Masons and their Wives:
And in the Ark great *Noah* a Lodge did hold.
She, ii and *Japhet* his Wardens we are told; [173]
And *Ham* as Tyler, he order'd to secure,
From their Wives the secret Door~.

VII.

When *Israel* 's Sons were held in Slavery.
God sent his Word and Sign to set them free:
Nightly by Fire, and in a Cloud by Day,
He pav'd his lov'd Free-Masons Way;
Thro' the *Red-Sea* , with wond'rous Mystery,
From *Pharaoh* 's Yoke he set them free.

§ And so soon as ever the Day began to break, *Noah* stood up towards the Body of *Adam*; and before the Lord, he and his Sons, *Shem*, *Ham*, and *Japeth*, and *Noah*, prayed, &c. And the Women afterwards, from another Part of the Ark, AMEN, LORD. - Vide. Caten. Arab. C. xxv. fol. 56.b.

VIII.

On *Horeh* 's Mount great *Moses* did stand,
With Warden's Twain and Rod of God in Hand:
Devoutly pray'd by Word and Sign to Heav'n,
While to his Deputy, Conquest was giv'n:
When on Mount *Neho* he saw the Land and died,
Jehovah did his Time provide.

IX.

The World's great Wonders, Mankind agree,
Their Beauties owe to the Art of Masonry:
Ephesus Temple, the Walls of *Babylon*,
And Labyrinths wond'rous Works unknown;
The Pyramids, Mausoleum. and fam'd *Colossus* high,
And *Olimpius* greeting the azure Sky. [174]

X.

By God's Command and Free-Masonry,
The Temple had most exact Symmetry
In Orders rais'd by *Hiram* 's mighty Art,
From Nature's rude Materials start;
The World's Wonders before were deem'd but seven
'Till this grand Fabric made them even.

XI.

Come charge, charge your Glasses speedily,
To all true Brethren skilled in Masonry;
Likewise the King, long happy may he reign,
Old *England* 's Glory to maintain:
In Order stand, you know the ancient Charge,
Pay due Respect to mighty GEORGE.

L. ANODE.

I.

Wake the Lute and quivering Strings,
Mystic Truths *Urania* brings;
Friendly Visitant to thee,
We owe the Depths of Masonry:
Fairest of the Virgin Choir,
Warbling to the golden Lyre;
Welcome here, thy Art prevail,
Hail divine *Urania* hail. [175]

II.

Here, in Friendship's sacred Bower,
Thy downy wing'd and smiling Hour:
Mirth invites, and social Song,
Nameless Mysteries among:
Crown the Bowl, and fill the Glass,
To ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace:
To the Brotherhood resound
Health, and let it thrice go round.

III.

We restore the Times of old,
The blooming glorious Age of Gold;
As the new Creation free,
Blest with gay *Euphrosyne*
We with godlike Science talk,
And with fair *Astrea* walk;
Innocence adorns the Day,
Brighter than the Smiles of *May*.

IV.

Pour the rosy Wine again,
Wake a louder, louder Strain:
Rapid Zephyrs, as ye fly,
Waft our Voices to the Sky:
While we celebrate the nine,
And the Wonders of the Trine.
While the Angels sing above,
As we below, of Peace and Love. [176]

LI. SONG.

By Brother *E* --

I.

Hail sacred Art, by Heav'n design'd
A gracious Blessing on all Mankind:
Peace, Joy, and Love, thou dost bestow',
On us Votaries below.

II.

Bright Wisdom's Footsteps here we trace.
From *Solomon*'s that Prince of Peace;
Whose glorious Maxims we still hold,
More precious than rich *Ophir*'s Gold.

III.

His heav'nly Proverbs to us tell,
How we on Earth should ever dwell;
In Harmony and Love.
To emulate the Blest above.

IV.

Now having Wisdom for our Guide,
By it sweet Precepts we'll abide:
Envy and Hatred we'll dispel,
Nor wrathful Fool with us shall dwell.

V.

Vain, empty Grandeur, shall not find
Its Dwelling in a Mason's Mind;
A Mason who is true and wise,
Its glitt'ring Pomp always despise. [A a-177]

VI.

Humility, Love, Joy, and Peace,
Within his Mind shall find their Place;
Virtue and Wisdom thus combin'd,
Shall decorate the Mason's Mind.

LII. SONG.

Tune. God save the King.

I.

Hail ! MASONRY divine,

Glory of Ages shine,
Long may'st thou hold;
Where-e'er thy Lodges stand,
May they have great Command,
And always grace the Land,
Thou Art divine.

II.

Great Fabricks still arise,
And touch the azure Skies,
Great are thy Schemes,
Thy noble Orders are,
Matchless beyond compare,
No Art with thee can share,
Thou Art divine. [1781

III.

Hiram the Architect,
Did all the Craft direct,
How they should build:
Solomon, great *israel* 's King,
Did mighty Blessings bring,
And left us Room to sing,
Hail ! Royal ART.

LIII SONG.

I.

Let Masons be merry each Night when they meet,
And always each other most lovingly greet,
Let Envy and Discord be sunk in the Deep
By such as are able great Secrets to keep,
Let all the World gaze on our Art with Surprise,
They're all in the dark till we open their Eyes.

11.

Whoever is known to act on the Square,
And likewise well skill'd in our Secrets rare
Are always respected whether wealthy or poor,
And ne'er yet was careless of Matters that's pure.
Their Actions are bright and their Lives spent in Love,
At length will be happy in the Grand Lodge above.

III.

We are Brothers to Princes and Fellows to Kings,
Our Fame thro' the World continually rings:
As we lovingly meet so lovingly part,
No Mason did ever bear Malice at heart;
The Fool that's conceited we'll never despise,
Let him come to the Lodge and we'll make him more wise. I~A a 2-179]

IV.

The Sanctum Sanctorum by Masons was fram'd,
And all the fine Works which the Temple contain'd,
By *Hiram* 's Contrivance, the Pride of my Song.
The Noise of a Tool was not heard along:
And the Number of Masons that round it did move,
By him directed, inspir'd from above.

LIV SONG.

I.

If Unity be good in every Degree,
What can be compar'd to that of Masonry;
In Unity we meet and in Unity we part;
Let every Mason, Chorus hail, mighty Art,
Let every, &c.

II.

The Vulgar often murmurs at our noble Art
Because the great Arcanum we don't to them impart:
In Ignorance let them live and in Ignorance let them die,
Be silent and secret let every Mason cry,
Be silent, &c.

III.

Let a Bumper be crown'd unto the Art of Masonry,
And to each jovial Brother that is a Mason free;
We act upon the Square, on the Level we'll depart,
Let every Mason sing, hail glorious Art,
Let every, &c. [180]

LV SONG.

Tune. The Miller of Mansfield.

I.

How happy a Mason whose Bosom still flows
With Friendship, and ever most cheerfully goes;
The Effects of the Mysteries lodg'd in his Breast.
Mysteries rever'd and by Princes possess 'd.
Our Friends and our Bottle we best can enjoy,
No Rancour or Envy our Quiet annoy,
Our Plum, Line, and Compass, our Square and Tools
Direct all our Actions in Virtue's fair Rules.

II.

To *Mars* and to *Venus* we're equally true,
Our Hearts can enliven, our Arms can subdue;
Let the Enemy tell, and the Ladies declare
No Class or Profession with a Mason can compare;
To give a fond Lustre we ne'er need a Crest,
Since Honour and Virtue remain in our Breast,
We'll charm the rude World when we clap, laugh and sing,
If so happy a Mason, say who'd be a King.

LVI. SONG.

Tune. Rule Britannia.

I.

When Masonry by Heavn's Design
Did enter first into great *Hiram* 's Brain,
A Choir of Angels did rejoice,
And this Chorus sung united Voice, [181]
Hail ! you happy; happy Sons that be
Brothers of Free-Masonry.

II.

Great *Hiram* he did then repair
And went to work with Rule and Square,
With Plum and Level to his eternal Fame,
He did the glorious Temple frame,
Hail you happy, &c.

III.

When *Solomon* beheld the same,
He then set forth great *Hiram* 's Fame:
Oh! excellent Mason! he in Surprize did say,
Above all Arts you bear the Sway,
Hail you happy, &c.

IV.

Now to great *Hiram* 's Memory
Let's fill a Glass most cherfully,
St. *John* (including) who the Light did bring,
And likewise GEORGE our gracious King,
Hail you happy, &c.

V.

Next charge unto our Master Grand,
And to each lovely fair round the Land,
Ourselves including, so let the Health go round
With a Clap to make the Lodge resound.
Hail you happy. &c.

LVII. SONG.

Tune. Hail Masonry, &c.

I.

Let worthy Brethren all combine
For to adorn our mystic Art, [182]
So as the Craft may ever shine
And cheer each faithful Brother's Heart;
Then Brethren all in Chorus sing.
Prosper the Craft and bless the King.

II.

We level'd, plum'd, and squar'd, aright
The five noble Orders upright stands,
Wisdom and Stength with Beauty's Height.
The Wonder of the World commands:
Then Brethren all. &c.

lii.

Ye Fools and Cowans all who plot
For to obtain our Mystery,
Ye strive iii vain attempt it not
Such Creatures never shall be free:
Hail you happy, &c.

IV.

The Wise, the Noble, Good, and Great,
Can only be accepted there:
The Knave or Fool. tho' decked in State,
Shall ne'er approach the Master's Chair,
Then Brethren all, &c.

V.

Now till your Glasses, charge them high,
Let our Grand-Master's Health go round:
And let each here o'er-flow with Joy.

And Love and Unity abound.
Then Brethren all, &c. [183]

LVIII SONG.

I.

With cordial Hearts let's drink a Health,
To every faithful Brother:
Whose candid Hearts, secure whilst Breath.
Are faithful to each other:
Whose precious Jewels are so rare,
Likewise their Hearts so framed are,
And level'd with the truest Square
That Nature can discover.

II.

As great a Man as this Land,
Or in any other Nation:
Wou'd take a Brother by the Hand,
And greet him in his Station;
Neither King nor Prince. tho' e'er so great,
Or any Emperor of State,
But with great Candour wou'd relate,
To every faithful Brother.

III.

The World shall still remain in Pain,
And at our Secrets wonder:
No Cowan shall it e'er obtain,
Tho' all their Lives they ponder:
Still aiming at the chiefest White,
In which Free-Masons take Delight,
They never can obtain the Light,
Tho' they spend their Lives in Wonder. [184]

IV.

King *Solomon*, the Great and Wise,
He was a faithful Brother:
Free-Masonry wou'd not depise,
No Secrets he'd discover:
But he was always frank and free,
Professing such Sincerity,

To all of that Fraternity,
He lov'd them 'bove all other.

V.

Come let us build on firm Ground,
Still aiding of each other;
And lay a Foundation that's most sound
That no Arts-man can discover:
Nor ever shall revealed be,
But to bright Men in Masonry,
Here is to them where-e'er they be,
I'm their faithful Brother.

VI.

Come let us join our Hearts and Hands,
In this most glorious Manner:
And to each other firmly stand,
Under King *George's* Banner:
That God may bless him still I pray,
And over his Enemies bear the Sway,
And for ever win the Day,
And crown his Days with Honour. [B b-185]

LIX. SONG.

I.

Whoever wants Wisdom, must with some Delight
Read, ponder, and pore, Noon, Morning, and Night;
Must turn over Volumes of gigantic Size,
Enlighten his Mind tho' he put out his Eyes.
Deny down, &c.

II.

If a General wou'd know how to muster his Men,
By Thousands, by Hundreds, by Fifties, by Ten:
Or level his Siege on high Castle or Town,
He must borrow his Precepts from Men of Renown.
Deny down, &c.

III.

Wou'd a wry-fac'd Physician or Parson excel,
In preaching or giving a sanctified Spell,
He first must read *Galen* and *Tillotson* thro'
E'er he gets Credentials or Business to do.
Deny down, &c.

IV.

But these are all Follies, Free-masons can prove,
In the Lodge they find Knowledge, fair Virtue, and Love:
Without deaf ning their Ears, without blinding their Eyes,
They find the compendious Way to be wise.
Deny down, &c. [186]

LX. SONG.

I.

Come ye Elves that be,
Come follow, follow me:
All you that Guards have been
Without, and serv'd within:
Sing, let Joy thro' us resound.
For all this Lodge is sacred Ground.

II.

Guides too, that Fairies are,
Come five by five prepare;
Come bring fresh Oil with Speed.
Your dying Lamps to feed:
All trim'd in new and glitt'ring Light,
To welcome Garments that are white.

III.

Come Seraphs too, that be
Bright Rulers, three by three:
Attend on me your Queen,
Two Handmaids led betwen:
Whilst all around this Heath I name,
Shall make the hollow Sounds proclaim.

IV.

Whilst Sylvans and sylvan Loves,
O'er Mountains and in Groves:
With brighter Gems and sprightly Dames.
Of Fountains and of Flames:
Wit joyful Noise of Hands and Feet,
Shall echo and the Sound repeat. [B b 2-187]

V.

Whilst we who sing and love.
And live in Springs above:
Descend, descend, do we,
With Masons to be free
Where Springs of Wine revive each Face,
And Streams of Milk flow round the Place.

VI.

Whilst Cherubs guard the Door,
With flaming Sword before:
We thro' the Key-hole creep
And there unseen we peep:
O'er all their Jewels skip and leap,
And trip it, trip it, Step by Step.

VII.

Or as upon the Green.
We Fairies turn unseen:
So here we make a Ring,
While merry Masons sing:
Around their Crowns we whirl apace,
And not one single Hair misplace.

VIII.

And down from thence we jump
And with a silent Thump:
None hear our Feet rebound,
Round. round the Table, round:
Nor sees us whilst we nimbly pass,
Thrice round the Rim of ev'ry Glass.[188]

IX.

Bu if any Crumbs withal,
Down from their Table fall
With greedy Mirth we eat,
No Honey is so sweet:
And when they drop it from their Thumb,
We catch it *supernaculu'n*.

X.

Now as for Masonry.
Altho' we are not free:
In Lodges we have been.
And all their Signs have seen:

Yet such Love to the Craft we bear,
Their Secrets we will ne'er declare.

[189]

PROLOGUES
&
EPILOGUES.

A PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Griffith* , at the Theatre-Royal, &c.

IF to delight to humanize the Mind.
The savage World in social Ties to bind;
To make the moral Virtues all appear
Improv'd and useful, soften'd from severe:
If these demand the Tribute of your Praise,
The Teacher's Honour or the Poets Lays:
How do we view 'em all compris'd in Thee,
Thrice honour'd and mysterious MASONRY
By Thee erected, spacious Domes arise,
And Spires ascending glitter in the Skies
The wond'rous Whole by heav'nly Art is crown'd.
And Order in Diversity is found:
Thro' such a Length of Ages, still how fair,
How bright, how blooming, do thy Looks appear: [190]
And still shall bloom. -- Time, as it glides away
Fears for its own, before Thine shall decay
The Use of Accents from Thy Aid is thrown,
Thou forrn'st a silent Language of Thy own:
Disdain'st that Records should contain thy Art,
And only liv'st within the faithful Heart.
Behold where Kings and a long shining Train

Of garter'd Heroes wait upon thy Reign,
And boast no Honour but a Mason's Name.
Still in the Dark let the unknowing Stray;
No matter what they judge, or what they say.
Still thy mystic Secrets be conceal'd,
And only to a Brother be reveal'd.

A PROLOGUE.

As a wild Rake that courts a Virgin fair,
And tries in vain her Virtue to ensnare
Tho' what he calls his Heav'n he may obtain
By putting on the matrimonial Chain.
At length enrag'd to find she still is chaste
Her modest Fame maliciously would blast:
So some at our Fraternity do rail.
Because our Secrets we so well conceal,
And curse the Sentry with the flaming Sword,
That keeps Eve-droppers from the Mason Word;
Tho' rightly introduc'd all true Men may
Obtain the Secret in a lawful Way,
They'd have us counter to our Honour run;
Do what they must blame us for when done; [19171
And when they find their teasing will not do.
Blinded with Anger, Height or Folly show,
By railing at the Thing they do not know.
Not so the Assembly of the *Scottish* Kirk,
Their Wisdoms went a wiser Way to work:
When they were told that Masons practis'd Charms.
Invok'd the Dee'! and rais'd tempestuous Storms,
Two of their Body prudently they sent
To learn what cou'd by Masonry be meant.
Admitted to the Lodge and treated well,
At their Return the Assembly hop'd they'd tell.
We say' nea mere than this (they both reply'd)
Do what we've done and ye'!! he satisfy'd.

A PROLOGUE.

As some crack'd Chemist or projecting Brain,
Much for Discovery, but more for Gain;
With Toil, incessant Labours, Puffs and Blows,
In Search of something Nature won't disclose.
At length his Crucibles and Measures broke,
His fancy'd Gain evaporate in Smoke.
So some presumptuous still attempt to trace
The guarded Symbol of our ancient Race,
Enwrapp'd in venerable Gloom it lies,
And mocks all Sight but of a Mason's Eyes;
Like the fam'd Stream enriching *Egypt*'s Shore,
All feel its Use - but few its Source explore.
All Ages still must owe, and every Land
Their Pride and Safety to the Masons Hand.
Whether for gorgeous Domes renown'd afar,
Or Ramparts strong to stem the Rage of War; [192]
All we behold in Earth or circling Air,
Proclaims the Power of Compass's and Square.
The Heaven taught Science Queen of Art appears,
Eludes the Rust of Time, and Waste of Years.
Thro' Form and Matter are her Laws display'd
Her Rules the same by which the World was made.
Whatever Virtue grace the social Name
Those we profess on those we found our Fame;
Wisely the Lodge looks down on tinsel State.
Where only to be good is to be great.
Such Souls by Instinct to each other turn
Demand Alliance and in Friendship turn;
No shallow Schemes, no Stratagems nor Arts
Can break the Cement that unites their Hearts.
Then let pale Envy rage and every Name
Of Fools mistaken Infamy for Fame;
Such have all Countries and all Ages borne,
And such all Countries and all Ages scorn;
Glorious the Temple of the sylvan Queen,
Pride of the World was seen

A witless Wretch the *Prichard* of those Days,
Stranger to Virtue and unknown to Praise,
Crooked of Soul and fond of any Name,
Consign'd the noble Monument to Flame
Vain Madman! if so thinking to destroy
The Art which cannot but with Nature die.
Still with the Craft, still shall his Name survive,
And in our Glory his Disgrace shall live;
While his Cowans no more Admittance gain
Than *Epheraimites* at *Jordan* 's Passage slain. [C c- 193]

A PROLOGUE.

You've seen me oft in Gold and Ermin drest,
And wearing short liv'd Honours on my Breast:
But now the honourable Badge I wear
Gives an indellible high Character:
And thus by our Grand Master am I sent
To tell you what by Masonry is meant.
If all the social Virtues of the Mind
If an extensive Love to all Mankind;
If hospitable Welcome to a Guest,
And speedy Charity to the Distress'd;
If due Regard to Liberty and Laws,
Zeal for our King and for our Country's Cause;
If these are Principles deserving Fame,
Let MASONS then enjoy the Praise they claim
Nay more, though War destroy's what Masons build,
E'er to a Peace inglorious we would yield;
Our Squares and Trowels into Swords we'll turn, And make our Foes the Wars
they menace mourn; For their Contempt we'll no vain Boaster spare,
Unless by Chance we meet a MASON there.

Spoken by a BROTHER.

While others sing of Wars and martial Feats,
Of bloody Battles and of fam'd Retreats;
A more noble Subject shall my Fancy raise
And Masonry alone shall claim my Praise:
Hail ! Masony, thou Royal Art divine,
Blameless may I approach thy sacred Shrine; [194]
Thy radiant Beauties let me admire
And warm my Heart with thy celestial Fire:
Ye wilful Blind, seek not your own Disgrace,
Be sure you come not near the hallowed Place,
For fear to late your Rashness you deplore
And Terrors feel by you unthought before.
With Joy my faithful Brethren here I see
Joining their Hearts in Love and Unity:
Still striving each other to excell
In social Virtues and in doing well:
No party Jars no politic Debate,
Which often Wrath excites and Feuds create;
No impious Talk no fleering Jests nor Brawls
Was ever heard within our peaceful Walls.
Here in harmonious Concert friendly join
The Prince, the Soldier, Tradesman, and Divine,
And to each other mutual Help afford;
The honest Farmer and the noble Lord.
Freedom and Mirth attend the cheerful Bowl,
Refresh the Spirit and enlarge the Soul
The Cordial we with Moderation Use
For Temperance admits of no Abuse;
Prudence we praise and Fortitude commend,
To justice always and her Friends a Friend:
The scoffing Tribe the Shame of *Adam* 's Race,
Deride those Mysteries which they cannot trace
Profane Solemnities they never saw,
And lying Libels to them are law;
The Book of Masonry they may in vain explore,
And turn mysterious Pages o'er and o'er;
Hoping the great Arcanum to attain,
But endless their Toil and fruitless all their Pain: [C c 2-195]

They may as well for Heat to *Greenland* go,
Or in the torrid Regions seek for Snow;
The royal Craft the scoffing Tribes despise
And veils their Secrets from unlawful Eyes.

An EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND a Mason's Wife.

With what malicious Joy, e'er I knew better,
Have I been wont the Masons to be-spatter;
How greedily have I believ'd each Lie
Contriv'd against that fam'd Society;
With many more complain'd - 'twas very hard,
Women should from their Secrets be debarr'd.
When Kings and Statesmen to our Sex reveal
Important Business they should conceal,
That beauteous Ladies by their Sparks ador'd
Never cou'd wheedle out the Masons Word;
And oft their Favours have bestow'd in vain,
Nor cou'd one Secret from another gain:
I thought unable to explain the Matter,
Each Mason sure must be a Woman hater:
With sudden Fear and Dismal Horror struck,
I heard my Spouse was to subscribe the Book.
By all our Loves I begg'd he wou'd forbear:
Upon my Knees I wept and tore my Hair:
But when I found him fixt, how I behav'd,
I thought him lost, and like a Fury rav'd, [196]
Believ'd he would for ever be undone
By some strange Operation undergone.
When he came back I found a Change 'tis true,
But such a Change as did his Youth renew:
With rosy Cheeks and smiling Grace he came,
And sparkling Eyes that spoke a Bridegroom's Flame.
Ye married Ladies 'tis a happy Life,
Believe me, that of a Freeman's Wife.
Tho' they conceal the Secrets of their Friends, In Love and Truth they make us full
Amends.

An EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. BELLAMY.

Well, here I'm come to let you know my Thoughts;
Nay, ben't alarm'd, I'll not attack your Faults;
Alike be safe, the Cuckold and the Wit,
The Cuckold-Maker and the solemn Cit.
I'm in good Humour and am come to prattle,
Han't I a Head well turn'd, d'ye think, to rattle,
But to clear up the Point and to be free,
What think you is my Subject, MASONRY:
Tho' I'm afraid as Lawyers Cases clear
My learn'd Debate will leave you as you were;
But I'm a Woman - and when I say that,
You know we'll talk - altho' we know not what:
What think you Ladies an't it very hard
That we should from this Secret be debarr'd.
How comes it that the softer Hour of love,
To wheedle out this Secret fruitless prove
For we can wheedle when we hope to move. [197
What can it mean why all this mighty Pother,
These mystic Signs and solemn calling, Brother;
That we are qualify'd in Signs are known,
We can keep Secrets too, but they're our own
When my good Man went first to be a Mason,
Tho' I resolv'd to put the smoother Face on:
Yet to speak truly, I began to fear
He must some dreadful Operation bear;
But he return'd to satisfy each Doubt,
And brought Home ev'ry thing he carried out:
Nay came improv'd, for on his Face appear'd
A pleasing Smile that ev'ry Scruple clear'd.
Such added Complaisance, so much Good-Nature,
So much, so strangely alter'd for the better;
That to increase the mutual dear Delight
Wou'd he were made a MASON ev'ry Night.

EP I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. HORTON.

Where are these Hydra's, let me vent my Spleen;
Are these Free-masons ? Bless me ! these are Men
And young and brisk too : I expected Monsters,
Brutes more prodigious than *Italian* Songsters.
Lord, how Report will lie, how vain's this Pother;
These look like Sparks who only love each other. [*Ironically.*]
Let easy Faiths on such gross Tales rely,
'Tis false by Rules of Physiognomy,
I'll ne'er believe it, poz, unless I try.
In proper Time and Place, there's little Doubt
But one might find their wond'rous Secrets out; [198]
I shrewdly guess, egad, for all their Shyness,
They'd render Signs and Tokens too of Kindness;
If any Truth in what I observe is,
They'll quit ten Brothers for one Sister's Service:
But hold wild Fancy, Whither has thou stray'd?
Where Man's concem'd, alas, how frail's a Maid:
I'm come to storm, to scold, to rail, to rate,
And see the Accuser turn'd the Advocate.
Say to what Merits might I no pretend,
Who, tho' no Sister, do yet prove your Friend:
Wou'd Beauty thus but in your Cause appear,
'Twere something, Sirs, to be accepted there: [*Shews the Boxes.*]
Ladies, be gracious to the mystic Arts,
And kindly take the gen'rous Masons parts;
Let no loquacious Fop your Joys partake,
He sues for telling, not for kissing Sake;
Firm to their Trust, the faithful Craft conceal;
They cry no Roast-Meat, fare they ne'er so well;
No tell-tale Sneer shall raise the conscious Blush
The loyal Brother's Word is always -- *hush.*
What tho' they quote old *Solomon* 's Decree,
And vainly boast that thro' the World they're free;
With Ease you'll humble these presumptuous Knaves,
One kind Regard makes all these Freeman Slaves.

A N E P I L O G U E.

Well, Heavens be prais'd, the mighty Secret is out;
The Secret that has made so strange a Rout:
This Moment I was taught behind the Scenes,
What every Word, and Sign, and Token means; [199]
A charming Secret, but I must conceal it
If Time, at nine Months end, does not reveal it:
What monstrous horrid Lies do some Folks tell us,
Why Masons. Ladies, are quite clever Fellows;
They're Lovers of our Sex, as I can witness,
And ne'er act contrary to * mortal Fitness
If any of ye doubt it, try the Masons,
They'll not deceive your largest Expectations;
Let no misgrounded Apprehensions seize ye,
They won't do anything that can displease ye;
They're able Workmen, and compleatly skill'd in
The truest Arts and Mysteries of Building;
They'll build Families, as most fit is,
Not only will they erect but people Cities;
They'll fill as well as fabricate your Houses,
And propagate a Race of strong-built Spouses.
If such their Gifts; such, Ladies, is their Merit.
So great their Skill, and Strength, and Life, and Spirit;
What female Heart can be so very hard,
As to refuse them their deserv'd Reward
. Once, on a Time (as Heathen Story say)
Two Mason-Gods to *Troy* Town took their Way:
Arriv'd, and hir'd to work, to work they fell;
Hard was their Task, but executed well
With more than human Strength, these heav'nly Powers
Rais'd the impregnable *Dardanian* Towers;

• Alluding to *Chubb* 's Essay -- so intitl'd.

Those Towers which long secur'd the Trojan Dames,
From *Grecian* Ravishers and *Grecian* Flames:
Gratis they did it, whatsoe'er was done;
Wrong'd of their Pay by King *Laotnedon* : [200]
Base sordid Soul, of Princes the Disgrace;
But Heav'n his Guilt aveng'd upon his Race:
Most justly did his *Troy* at length expire,
Reduc'd to Ashes by vindictive Fire.
Ladies, this Story's written for your Learning:
Let *Troy*'s Example fright you all from burning;
Let it, this Truth in every Breast inspire
That every Workman's worthy of his Hire;
But sure such Virtue in the present Age is,
None will defraud the Brethren of their Wages;
None will transgress the Laws of Common-Sense,
Which gives both Sexes due Benevolence:
A Mason's full Reward then do not grudge,
Since every Mason is your humble Drudge.

[Dd-201]

***SOLOMON'S* TEMPLE,
AN
ORATORIO**

As it was perform'd

At Philharmonic Room, in *Fishamble-Street, Dublin,*
For the Benefit of sick and distress'd

FREE-MASONS.

The Words by Mr. *James Eyre Weeks.*
The Music compos'd by Mr. *Richard Broadway*
, Organist of St. *Patrick's* Cathedral.

Dramatis Personw.

Solomon, the Grand-Master.

High Priest.

Hiram, the Workman.

Uriel, Angel of the Sun.

Sheba, Queen of the South.

Chorus of Priests and Nobles.

SOLOMON.

Recitative.

Conven'd we're met - chief Oracle of Heav'n,
To whom the sacred Mysteries are given;
We're met to bid a splendid Fabric rise
Worthy the mighty Ruler of the Skies. [202]

High Priest.

And lo ! where *Uriel*, Angel of the Sun,
Arrives to see the mighty Business done.

Air.

Behold he comes upon the Wings of Light,
And with his sunny Vestments clears the Sight.

URIEL.

The Lord supeme, Grand-Master of the Skies,
The Rules of Architecture first
On *Adam* Heart.

Chorus of Priests and Nobles.

Heav'ns high Architect, all Praise,
All Gratitude, be given;
deign'd the human Soul to raise,
By Secrets sprung from

SOLOMON. *Recitative.*

well vers'd in Arts,
By Masonry sage *Tubal-Cain*
tun'd the Strain.

Air.

swell'd the melting Note,
On high the silver Concord

High Priest. Recitative accompanied.

Upon the Surface of the Waves,
Noah a chosen Remnant saves,
stupendious Floors.

URIEL

Hark from on high, the Mason-Word!
'David, my Servant, shall not build
Heav'n's all-sov'reign Lord,
stain'd his Shield;

We have reserv'd. -- Prince Da .
Chorus of Priests and Nobles.

Who bid young *Solomon* .

SOLOMON. Recitative.

So grand a Structure shall we raise,
That Men shall wonder ! Angels gaze
By Art divine it shall be rear'd,
Nor shall the Hammer's Noise be heard.

Chorus

Sound great JEHOVAH'S Praise!
Who bid young *Solomon* the Temple raise. [204]

URIEL. Recitative.

To plan the mighty Dome,
Hiram, the Master-Mason's come.

Air by Uric!

We know thee by thy Apron white,
We know thee by thy Trowel bright,
Well skilled in Masonry;
We know thee by thy Jewel's Blaze,
Thy manly Walk and Air;
Instructed thou the Lodge shalt raise,
Let all for the Work prepare.

HIRAM Air.

Not like *Babel's* haughty Building,
Fall of themselves to grace the Dome;
All *Lebanon*, as if she knew
The great Occasion, lo is come. [205]

URIEL. Air.

Behold my Brethren of the Sky,
The Work begins worthy an Angel's Eye:

Chorus of Priests and Nobles.

Be present all ye heavenly Host;
The Work begins, the Lord defrays the Cost.

ACT II.

MESSENGER. *Recitative.*

Behold, attended by a num'rous Train,
Queen of the South, fair *Sheha* greets thy Reign!
In Admiration of thy Wisdom, she
Comes to present the bended Knee.

SOLOMON to HIRAM.

Receive her with a fair Salute,
Such as with Majesty may suit.

HIRAM. *Air.*

When Allegiance bids obey,
We with Pleasure own its Sway.

Enter SHEBA, attended.

Obedient to superior Greatness, see
Our Scepter hails thy mightier Majesty. [206]

SHEBA. *Air.*

Thus *Phcehe*. Queen of Shade and Night, Owing the Sun's superior
Rays;
With feebler Glory, lesser Light,
Attends the Triumph of his Blaze
Oh, all excelling Prince, receive
The Tribute due to such a King;
Not the Gift, but Will, believe:
Take the Heart, not what we bring. Da Capo.

SOLOMON. *Air.*

Tune the Lute and string the Lyre,
Equal to the Fair we sing;
Who can see and not admire,
Sheha, Consort for a King:
Enliv'ning Wit and Beauty join,
Melting Sense and graceful Air;
Here united Powers combine,
To make her brightest of the Fair. Da Capo.

SOLOMON. Recitative.

Hiram. our Brother and our Friend,
Do thou the Queen with me attend. [207]

SCENE II.

A flew of the TEMPLE.

High Priest. Recitative.

Sacred to Heav'n, behold the Dome appears;
Lo, what august Solemnity it wears:
Angels themselves have deign'd to deck the Frame,
And beauteous *Sheba* shall report its Fame.

Air.

When the Queen of the South shall return,
To the Climes which acknowledge her Sway;
Where the Sun's warmer beams fiercely burn,
The Princess with Transport shall say:
Well worthy my Journey, I've seen
A Monarch both graceful and wise,
Deserving the Love of a Queen;
And a Temple well worthy the Skies. *Da Capo.*

Chorus.

Open ye Gates, receive a Queen who shares,
With equal Sense, your Happiness and Care.

HIRAM. Recitative.

Of Riches much, but more of Wisdom see; Proportion'd
Workmanship, and Masonry. [208]

HIRAM. Air

Oh, charming *Sheha*, there behold
What massy Stores of burnish'd Gold.
Yet richer is our Art;

Nor all the orient Gems that shine,
Ophir 's
Excel the Mason's Heart:

Tnt to the Fair he honours, more
glitt'ring Gems or brightest Ore,
The plighted Pledge of Love:

ev'ry Tie of
In Love and Friendship constant found,
And

SOLOMON and SHEBA. Duet.

She ba One Gem beyond the rest I see,
And charming he is.

Solomon.

Fairest of fair ones, thou are she.

Sheha Oh, thou surpassing all Men wise.

Solomon. thine excelling Womens Eyes. [209]

Recitative.

Wisdom and Beauty ;
Our Art to raise, our Hearts to join.

Give to Masonry the Prize,
Where the Fairest
Beauty still shou'd Wisdom love,

FIN IS.