THE

Free-Mason's Garland,

CONTAINING

THE BUILDING OF

Solomon's Temple,

A MASONIC SONG.

A NEW SONG,

By a Brother of St. Luke's Lodge, EDINBURGH:

AND

Maggie's Lament.



Falkirk, Printed in the Year 1821.

THE BUILDING OF SOLOMON's TEMPLE,

A MASONIC SONG.

TUNE—"Derry-down, down."

In hiſtory we read of a Free-maſon King,
The monarch of Iſrael, his praiſes we ſing;
He built a fine Fabric, as we do underſtand,
On the mount Moriah, near Jeruſalem.
Derry-down, down, hey derry-down.

He that ſlew Goliah, in hiſtory we find,
He purchaſ'd the land for to raiſe his deſign:
He ordered young Solomon, he being his ſon,
To raiſe up the ſtrong works that he had begun.

Said David to Solomon with heart full of love,
As we two are choſen by the Powers above,
That great Architecture of honour we ſee,
He gave all theſe patterns in writings to me.

Then Solomon, in order to raiſe that fine plan,
He went and he number'd the workmen of the land,
Seventy thouſand, to bear burdens, he then did
reſerve;
Eighty thouſand in the mountains to cut, hew & ſerve.

Three thoufand, ſix hundred he order'd to be
Maſters of the workmen, and to overſee:
And if you will believe me, I will tell you true,
He clothed them all in the Orange and Blue.

Then Solomon a letter to Tyre did ſend,
Hoping kind Hiram he would him befriend:
And he being willing him to relieve,
Sent him that cunning workman call'd Hiram
the brave.

He was ſon to a widow, a daughter of Dan,
And in every particular you'll find him a man:
He did all things put to him, he did nothing amiſs,
He exceeded them all at the caſting of braſs.

He caſt two fine pillars, five cubits in height;
He finiſh'd them all and he ſet them upright:
He ſet one on each ſide of King Solomon's Porch,
That all Iſrael might ſee them as they went to church.

He caſt two cherubims of fine image-work;
They ſpread forth their wings to cover the ark;
They ſtood better there than they did in the field,
They were made by old Eliab or by Bezaleel.

Jeruſalem was a city with walls great and high;
'Twas a wonder to ſtrangers as they did paſs by:
It's the top of that viſion of which we have ſeen,
On the Iſle of Patmos, by St. John the Divine.

In the morning early, when the clouds do ſwell,
And the ſun ſhines upon it, I'm ſure it looks well:

When light againſt light in ſuch beauty doth ſhine,
Sure ſuch a fine building there never was ſeen!

When the Queen of Sheba ſhe heard of it's fame,
To the city of Jeruſalem ſhe inſtantly came;
And when ſhe came there, ſhe with wonder did gaze
On that beautiful temple ſhe ſaw with her eyes!

She aſk'd him ſome queſtions according to art;
And he told her the ſecret that came to her part,
Of wiſdom and juſtice, things both great and leſs,
Shew'd he was King Solomon the grandſon of Jeſſe.

When the noble Craftſmen the ſtones they did ſquare.
Made them ready for building before they came there,
Upon proper carriages they were brought down,
And on that fine building ne'er a hammer did ſound.

When our noble Free Maſons in a Lodge they all join,
Each brother is cloathed with jewels moſt fine!
When our Maſter, right noble, he ſits in his chair,
He governs them all by his compaſs and ſquare.

May he that doth rule in the temple above,
Bleſs all our Free Maſons with honour and love;
Bleſs Solomon in memory, and Hiram alſo—
Come fill up a bumper, we'll drink ere we go.

A MASON SONG.

By a Brother of the Lodge of St. Luke, Edinburgh.

TUNE—*In the Garb of Old Gaul.*

In the dress of Free Masons, fit garments for Jove,
With the strongest attachment, true brotherly love,
We now are assembl'd, all jovial and free,
For who are so wise, and so happy as we!
And since we're bound, by secrecy to unity & love,
Let us, like Brethren, faithful to ev'ry Brother
prove:

Thus, hand in hand, let's firmly stand,
All Masons, in a ring,
Protectors of our native land,
The Craft and the King.

Tho' some, with ambition for glory contend,
And when they've attain'd it, despise each poor friend,
Yet a Mason, tho' noble, his fame to insure,
Counts each Mason his Brother tho' ever so poor.
And since we're bound, &c.

But not to our Brethren alone we confine
That brotherly love, that affection divine,
For our kind-hearted Sisters in that bear a share,
And, as we admire, we're belov'd by the Fair.
And since we're bound, by secrecy, to unity & love;
Let us, like Brethren, faithful still to ev'ry Sister
prove, &c.

With juſtice, with candour, our boſoms are warm'd,
Our tongues are with truth and ſincerity arm'd;
We're loyal, we're truſty we're faithful to thoſe
Who treat us as friends, and we ſmile at our foes.
And ſince we're bound, &c.

We bend to the King, to our Sovereign we bend:
His throne and his crown we are bound to defend;
And when ſuch a King and a Ruler ariſe,
As Britons, as Maſons, we've cauſe to rejoice.
And ſince we're bound, &c.

MAGGIE's COURTSHIP.

O mither, mither, tell to me
the way to get a man;
I long for to be married now,
for troth I'm thinkin' lang:
For when to bed I gang for reſt,
'tis ſleep I can get nane,
For weary thoughts rin in my head,
I canna lie my lane.

Beſide I'm wearin' up in years,
I'm twenty now and twa;
And if I get na ane ere lang,
I'll ne'er get ane ava.
Theſe roſy cheeks, ſae bonny now,
will ſoon grow pale and wan;
What ſignifies a' warld's gear,
when I cannn get a man?

There's aunty Kate, she liv'd a maid,
ye ken as weel as me,
The unhappy ſtate that ſhe was in,
for long ere ſhe did die!
Crack-brain'd and crazy, a' the night,
ſhe tumbl'd up and down,
Wi' never ane to pity her,
or liſten to her moan.

This is the lot, I am afraid,
that's juſt laid out for me;
Ere I would live to be like her,
O ſooner let me die!
And what to do I dinna ken,
I like my Johnny weel;
But modeſty it bids me ſtay,
and a' my love conceal.

Hard is the fate of woman-kind,
to love and feel ſic pain!
For tho' they like a laddie weel,
they darena tell the ſame.
Young Johnny ſtood behind the door,
tho' nae body kent.
Cries, Happy hour that brought me here,
to hear my lover's 'plaint!

In raptures then he ſeiz'd the prize,
and claſp'd her to his breaſt;
The ſtrong emotions o' his heart
declar'd he lov'd her beſt!

But Maggie dear, O is it true
ye're fae in love wi' me?
I ha'e a flame within my breaſt,
that burns as fierce for thee!

But Aill afraid to mention it,
I've but my penny fee,
While ye hae gowd and filler baith,
and brawer far than me.
Quoth Maggie, filler's very gude
to anſwer its ain part;
But ye are dearer far to me,
the darling o' my heart!

O happy pair! young Johnny cries,
we ſoon ſhall buckl'd be:
So Maggy, ſweeteſt, faireſt, deareſt,
come along wi' me.
We'll join our hands in wedlock's bands,
and there united be;
In love ſincere we'll ſpend our days,
frae care and trouble free.

F I N I S.

EDIN.—J. Johnston, Printer.