

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

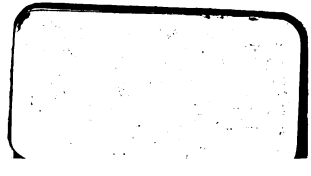
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

FREEMASON'S HYMNAL

M
1900
.M3
M25

HARVARD
DIVINITY
SCHOOL
Andover-Harvard
Theological Library



c. 5702.B2

THE

FREEMASON'S HYMNAL,

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

HYMNS, ODES AND SONGS

FOR THE USE OF

LODGES, CHAPTERS AND COMMANDERIES

BY

W. MALMENE,

Professor of Vocal Music, Washington University, Organist of Trinity Church, and Organist to George Washington, Polar Star and Keystone Lodges, and St. Louis R. A. Chapter No. 8, St. Louis.

TO WHICH IS ADDED THE

MASTER MASON AND KNIGHT TEMPLAR FUNERAL SERVICES.

ST. LOUIS:
SOUTHWESTERN BOOK AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,
510 AND 512 WASHINGTON AVENUE,
1871.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1871, by

GEORGE L. BABINGTON,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

L. C. Duplicate.

AUG 14 1919

M
1900
.A3
M25

PREFACE.

"Music is that elevated science which affects the passions by sound. There are few who have not felt its charms and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart. It is a language of delightful sensations, far more eloquent than words; it breathes to the ear the clearest intimations; it touches and gently agitates the agreeable and sublime passions; it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates us in joy; it dissolves and influences, it melts us to tenderness and excites us to war. This science is truly congenial to the nature of man, for by its powerful charms the most discordant passions may be harmonized and brought into perfect unison; but it never sounds with such seraphic harmony as when employed in singing hymns of gratitude to the Creator of the Universe."

Such are the words addressed to every candidate on being passed to the degree of Fellow Craft, yet notwithstanding the impressiveness of these emphatic words few can be found where music forms an inseparable part of their ceremonies. Let us remember that *all* the precepts taught us in our are intended to be practiced, and the , as the *sanctur-torum*, ought to be the first place where every injunction is carried out. The object of all our ceremonies is to make a lasting impression upon every candidate, and for this purpose we avail ourselves of many external means which might be dispensed with, if the object of making a Mason was merely to

recite a number of phrases. Now, music is eminently calculated as a means to this end, as the introductory words tell us; the eloquence of the most powerful speaker will come with a double force when enlivened by the sound of music. Unfortunately, the Masonic rituals are somewhat deficient in not giving more precise information where the music is to be introduced. But the above quoted passage is sufficient to silence all those who would object to the introduction of appropriate music in the □, simply because they can not understand the meaning of the above words, or because they have been initiated without the sound of music, and hence hold it as a sacrilege that others should enjoy the privilege. It is, therefore, hoped that the following outlines and directions will not be criticized as an innovation or the offspring of the writer's fancy. They are based upon the usages of sister  whose working may well be looked up to as a standard and authority; and the writer herewith begs to acknowledge the courteous information he received on this subject from Bro. Charles R. Dodworth, Organist of Mozart Lodge, Philadelphia, and Sir Howard M. Dow, Organist of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. Those brethren who are desirous of correcting an error and supplying an omission, and may not have an opportunity of witnessing a proper musical service in our □ ceremonies, will no doubt find it a guide.

OPENING AND CLOSING HYMN.

All meetings, whether in the Blue □, R. A. C. or Commandery, ought to commence and close with a hymn, the proper place being, undoubtedly, *before* the prayer.

CHANTING

Is now generally introduced into every □ which claims to be musical; it is one of the earliest musical efforts on record, of reciting Scripture verses in unison by a whole assembly to a musical tone. Its use in the Jewish Temple service is quoted by all writers of authority, who agree that the Psalms were always chanted antiphonally. As our ceremonies allude so prominently and in some respects form part of that memorable event of spreading light and truth among men, we ought to avail ourselves of this simple form of singing. All the quotations from the Holy Bible, but especially the Psalms, which were never used in the Temple worship in any other form but as an antiphonal chant, may appropriately be used in this form; and that the reading of these passages is not the exclusive privilege of the W. M. is clearly indicated in the Manuals which say: "Or the following ode may be sung."

ORGAN VOLUNTARIES

Are appropriately introduced while the candidate passes round the □, and may continue during the reading of Scripture passages, unless they are chanted. They should be very soft and

solemn, but by no means partake of the character of a funeral march.

BEFORE THE OB.,

In all the degrees, a short prayer may be sung, either as a solo or quartette; it will not fail to prepare both the candidate as well as the brethren assembled for the solemnity of the occasion.

These few hints will no doubt be sufficient. The Hymns have been systematically arranged, and special directions have been given, wherever it appeared necessary, as to the proper place where to introduce them.

In conclusion, the writer begs to acknowledge, with thanks, permission from Messrs. O. Ditson & Co. to extract the words of a few hymns and odes from the "*The Masonic Orpheus*," by Howard M. Dow. This is a work of real merit; its completeness, as well as the happy selection of music, will make it a popular work both to Masonic Quartette choirs as well as to ☐ Chorus singers.

The HYMNAL has been compiled as a labor of love to supply an existing want, and not as a source for pecuniary profit; the compiler hopes his brethren will appreciate it as such, and promote its introduction into ☐, etc., where it is possible to have music.

Fraternally,

WALDEMAR MALMENE.

FREEMASONS' HYMNAL.

THE WAYSIDE SHRINE.*

BY THOS. E. GARRETT, M. W. G. M. OF MISSOURI.

1 A shrine we know where purest flame
Illumes and warms a holy place;
Where all bear one endearing name,
And all the soul beams from the face.
The good and true from every land
Are welcomed by the Master's hand.

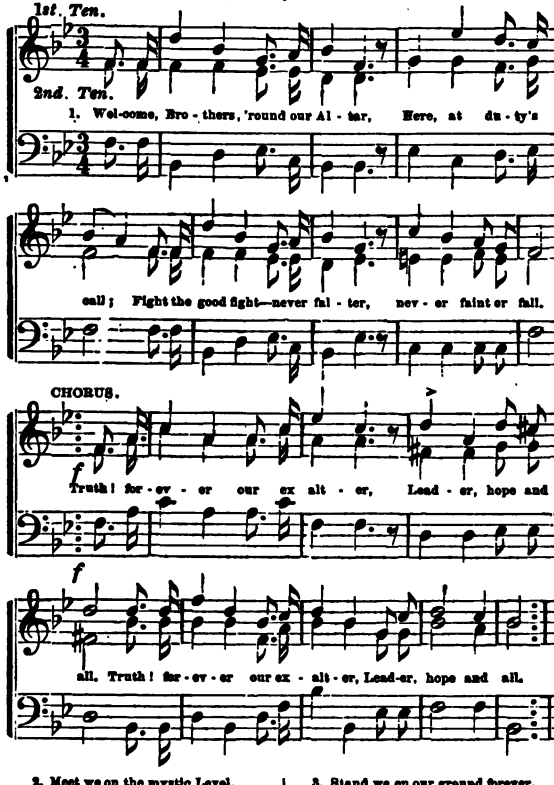
2 Our peaceful wayside shrine is here,
And here we build our chosen home;
While toward our tapers burning clear
No stranger's footstep e'er can come;
For pilgrims find their native land
When welcomed by the Master's hand.

3 We know a brother's voice among
Ten thousand, first its tone is heard;
He speaks with us the ancient tongue
Translated in the Holy Word.
Approved, he takes his equal stand
When welcomed by the Master's hand.

*This Ode may be sung to "The light within," in which case repeat at the end of each verse, "by the Mastor's hand."

WELCOME, BROTHERS!*

{ Words by T. E. Garrett, M. W. G. M. of Mo.
{ Music by W. Malmene.



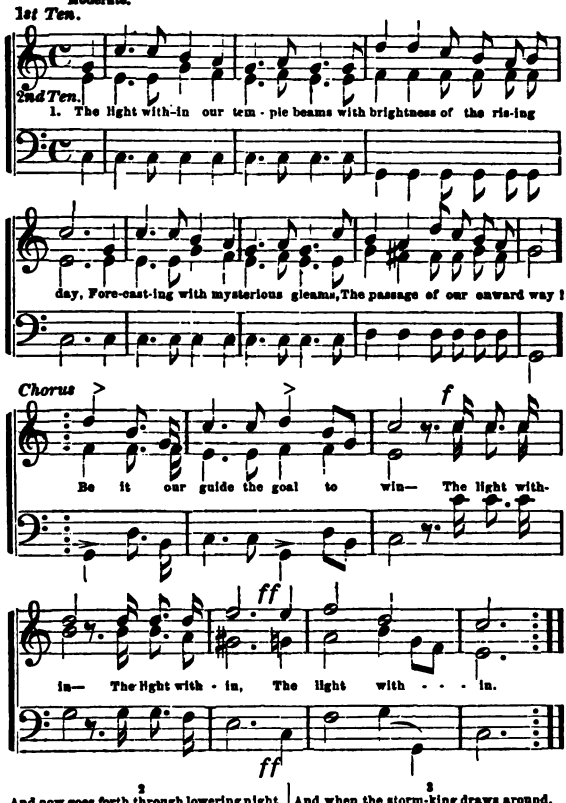
2. Meet we on the mystic Level,
Upright, equal there;
Loving good, and shunning evil,
In our daily prayer;
Yielding to the Master's gavel—
Parting on the square.
Yielding to, &c.

3. Stand we on our ground forever,
Where our fathers stood;
Careless of our duty never,—
Each for other's good.
Bound with ties no power can sever,
Strong with Brotherhood.
Bound with, &c.

* In accompanying this ode play the notes written in the Treble Clef an 8va. lower, to support the male voices properly.

THE LIGHT WITHIN.*

{ Words by T. E Garrett, M. W. G. M. of Me.
{ Music by W. Malmene.



2

And now goes forth through lowering night,
In sundered ways—our brother-band;
We bear a charm of inward sight,
By which we know a brother's hand;
'Twill aid us still the goal to win—
The light within—The light within.
The light within, &c.

3

And when the storm-king draws around,
His curtain clouds, and thunders roll;
Some voice will thro' the darkness sound,
To guide and cheer the sinking soul.
'Twill tell of power the goal to win
By light within—the light within.
By light within, &c.

* In accompanying this ode play the notes written in the Treble Clef an 8va. lower, to support the male voices properly.

OPENING HYMNS.

4 *Tune*—DUNDEE, OR PETERBORO. C. M.

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

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

5 *Tune*—SHIRLAND OR LABAN. S. M.

1 Kind Father! hear our prayer—
We bow before thy throne;
O may we find acceptance there,
And peace before unknown.

2 Within these walls may Peace
And Harmony be found;
May Faith and Charity increase,
And Hope and Love abound.

6 *Tune*—DUKE STREET, OR FEDERAL STREET. L.M.

1 Genius of Masonry, descend,
In mystic numbers while we sing;
Enlarge our souls, the craft defend,
And hither all thy influence bring.

2 Oh, may our voice to Friendship move;
Be Virtue ours in all its parts;
Let Justice, Harmony and Love,
Come and possess our faithful hearts.

7 *Tune*—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Met in Friendship's kindly name,
We around our altar stand,
Owning each religion's claim,
Bowing at her strict command.

2 Here our heartfelt prayers unite,
For each Brother whom we love,
Blest with pure and Holy Light,
Here reflected from above.

8 *Tune*—AMERICA, OR ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

1 Hail, universal Lord!
By Heaven and earth adored,
All hail, great God!
From heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Send down thy saving grace,
Remember now our race,
O Lord, our God.

2 To thee our hearts now draw,
On them write thou the law,
Our Father, God!
When in this lodge we're met,
And at thine altar set,
O do not us forget,
Our Father, God.

CLOSING HYMNS.

9 OLD HUNDRED, OR DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 Great God, to thee our closing song,
With humble gratitude we raise;
Oh let thy mercy tune our tongue,
And fill our hearts with lively praise.

2 Let Faith and Hope our eyelids close;
With sleep refresh our feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may we repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

10 *Tune*—ARLINGTON. C. M.

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

2 Now to our homes we haste away,
Still filled with love and light;
And may each heart in kindness say,
Good night, brother, good night.

11 *Tune*—MARTYN OR NUREMBERG. 7s.

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

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

12 *Tune*—BOYLSTON. S. M.

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

2 We on the Level meet,
Upon the Square we part;
May Truth and Love and Friendship sweet
Pervade each brother's heart.

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

13 AMERICA, OR ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

To Him who rules on high—
Whose love is ever nigh—
All praise be given;
Let every heart adore,
Till on that blissful shore
We sing forevermore,
Secure in heaven.

14 *Tune*—WILMOT, OR SICILY. 8s & 7s.

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

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

ENTERED APPRENTICE.

15 **CHANT.**

Behold how good, and how | *pleasant* | *it is* || for brethren to | *dwell to* | *gether in* | *unity*, || it is like the precious ointment up | *on the* | *head* || that ran down upon the | *beard, even* | *Aaron's beard.*

That went down to the | *skirts of his* | *garments.* || As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended up | *on the* | *mountains of* | *Zion*, || for there the Lord com | *manded the* | *blessing*, || even | *life for* | *ever* | *more.*

16 *Tune*—PETERBORO, OR AULD LANG SYNE. C. M.

1 Behold! how pleasant and how good,
For brethren such as we
Of the accepted brotherhood,
To dwell in unity.

2 'Tis like the oil on Aaron's head,
Which to his feet distils;
Like Hermon's dew, so richly shed
On Zion's sacred hills.

3 For there the Lord of light and love
A blessing sent with power;
Oh, may we all this blessing prove,
E'en life forevermore.

4 On Friendship's altar, rising here,
Our hands now plighted be—
To live in *love* with hearts sincere,
In *peace* and *unity*.

17 *Tune*—WARWICK, OR AULD LANG SYNE. C.M.

1 O welcome, brother, to our band,
Though strong its numbers now,
And high its lofty pillars stand,
And noble arches bow.
Oh, welcome—if thy heart be true,
Thou'lt find with us a home;
We're daily adding columns new
Unto our glorious dome.

2 Now let our ardent prayers arise,
For blessings on his brow,
And bear our offering to the skies,
For him who joins us now.
Oh, welcome, &c.

18 *Tune*—DUKE STREET, OR UXBRIDGE.

1 Far from the world's cold strife and pride,
Come join our peaceful happy band;
Come, stranger, we your feet will guide,
Where Truth and Love shall hold command.

2 Although in untried paths you tread,
And filled, perhaps, with anxious fear,
A brother's faithful hand shall lead,
Where doubt and darkness disappear.

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

19 LET THERE BE LIGHT.*

BY BRO. GEO. M. BAKER.

(To be sung after OB. when W. M.'s order has been executed.)

1 Through the Lodge celestial sounding,
"Let there be light,"
Tells of Faith and Hope abounding,
"Let there be light;"
Faith in God, its rays revealing,
While the glorious anthem pealing—
"Let there be light," "Let there be light."

2 With the war of waters blending,
"Let there be light,"
From the grave its terrors rending,
"Let there be light;"
Hope in life immortal beaming,
Bright and radiant by its gleaming,
"Let there be light," "Let there be light."

3 To the hearts of mankind stealing,
"Let there be light,"
Wakes a warm fraternal feeling,
"Let there be light;"
Charity to all its teaching,
Love's protecting arm outreaching,
"Let there be light," "Let there be light."

*Appropriate music for this Ode will be found in the "Masonic Orpheus."

FELLOW CRAFT.

20 CHANT.

Thus he showed me, and behold! the Lord stood upon a wall | *made by a* | *plumb-line,* || with a *plumb-line* | *in his* | *hand.*

And the Lord said unto me: | *Amos, what* | *seest thou?* || and I | *said, a* | *plumb* | *line.*

Then said the Lord: Behold! I will set a plumb-line in the midst of my | *people* | *Israel.* || I will not again pass | *by them* | *any* | *more.*

21 *Tune*—PORTUGESE HYMN. 11s.

1 Come, Craftsmen, assembled our pleasures to share,
Who walk by the Plumb, and who work by the Square;
While traveling in love, on the Level of time,
Sweet Hope shall light on to a far better clime.

2 We'll seek in our labors the Spirit Divine,
Our temple to bless, and our hearts to refine;
And thus to our altar a tribute we'll bring,
While joined in true Friendship our anthem we sing.

3 See Order and beauty rise gently to view,
Each brother a column, so perfect and true!
When Order shall cease, and when temples decay,
May each, fairer columns, immortal survey.

22 *Tune*—SICILY, OR GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

1 Brothers, faithful and deserving,
Now the second rank you fill,
Purchased by your faultless serving,
Leading to a higher still.

2 Thus from rank to rank ascending,
Mounts the Mason's path of love;
Bright its earthly course, and ending
In the glorious Lodge above.

MASTER MASON.

---

23 CHANT.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the | *years draw* | *nigh* || when thou shalt say, I | *have no* | *pleasure* | *in them.*

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the | *stars be not* | *darkened,* || nor the clouds re | *turn* | *after the* | *rain.*

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall | *bow them* | *selves,* || and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the | *windows* | *be* | *darkened.*

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the | *grinding is* | *low;* || and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of | *music* | *shall be brought* | *low.*

Also, when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond | *tree shall* | *flourish,* || and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners | *go a* | *bout the* | *streets.*

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden | *bowl be* | *broken*, || or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel | *broken* | *at the* | *cistern.*

Then shall the dust return to the | *earth as* it | *was*, || and the spirit shall return | *unto* | *God who* | *gave it.*

24 *Tune*—BONNY DOON. L. M.

1 Let us remember in our youth,
Before the evil days draw nigh,
Our great Creator and his truth!
E're mem'ry fail and pleasures fly;
Or sun, or moon, or planets' light
Grow dark, or clouds return in gloom;
Ere vital spark no more incite;
When strength shall bow and years consume.

2 Let us in youth remember HIM!
Who formed our frame, and spirits gave,
Ere windows of the mind grow dim
Or door of speech obstructed wave;
When voice of bird fresh terrors wake,
And Music's daughters charm no more,
Or fear to rise, with trembling shake
Along the path we travel o'er.

3 In youth to GOD let memory cling,
Before desire shall fail or wane,
Or ere be loosed life's silver string,
Or bowl at fountain rent in twain;
For man to his long home doth go,
And mourners group around his urn;
Or dust to dust again must flow,
And spirits unto GOD return.

25 *Tune*—HEBRON. L .M

1 Dangers of every form attend
Your steps, as onward you proceed;
No earthly power can now befriend,
Or aid you in this time of need.

2 Then put your trust in Him alone,
Who rules all things above, below,
Send your petitions to his throne,
For he alone can help you now.

FUNERAL.

26 *Tune*—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

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

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

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

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

INSTALLATION.

27 *Tune*—AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

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

2 Great fabrics still arise,
And grace the azure skies,
Great are thy schemes:
Thy noble orders are
Matchless beyond compare,
No art with thee can share;
Thou art divine!

3 Hiram, the Architect,
Did all the Craft direct
How they should build;
Sol'mon, great Israel's king,
Did mighty blessings bring,
And left us room to sing,
Hail! Royal Art!

28 *Tune*—GOSHEN, OR PORTUGESE HYMN. 11s.

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

2 In the West, see the Warden, with Level in hand,
The Master to aid, and obey his command;
We'll aid him with freedom, with fervor and zeal,
And help him his duties and trust to fulfil.

3 In the South, see the Warden, by Plumb stand upright,
Who watches the sun, and takes notes of its flight;
We'll aid him with freedom, with fervor and zeal,
And help him his duties and trust to fulfil.

CONSECRATION.

(After the vessels have been placed in the center.)

29 *Tune*—ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1 Great Source of light and love,
To thee our songs we raise!
Oh, in the temple, Lord, above,
Hear and accept our praise!

2 May this fraternal band,
In faith and Hope be blessed;
In Charity thrice blessed stand,
In purity be dressed.

3 May all the sons of peace
Their every grace improve,
'Till discord through the nations cease,
And all the world be love.

(After Oration.)

30 *Tune*—WARD. L. M.

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

2 Together oft they seek the place
Where Friendship smiles on every face!
How high, how strong their raptures swell
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

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

31 *Tune*—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

(From the Masonic Orpheus.)

CORN.

1. Where once of old, in Israel,
Our early Brethren wrought with toil,
Jehovah's blessings on them fell,
In showers of CORN, and WINE, and OIL.

WINE.

2 When there a shrine to Him above
They built, with worship sin to foil,
On threshold and on corner-stone
They poured out CORN, and WINE and OIL.

OIL.

3 And we have come, fraternal bands
With joy and pride and prosperous spoil,
To honor him by votive hands,
With streams of CORN, and WINE, and OIL.

32 *Tune*—FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

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

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

3 May Pity dwell within each breast,
Relief attend the suffering poor;
Thousands by this, our Lodge, be blest,
Till worth, distress'd, shall want no more.

33 *Tune*—OLD HUNDRED, OR MENDON. L.M

Dedication Masonic Hall.

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

(Dedication to Freemasonry.)

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

(Dedication to Virtue.)

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

(Dedication to Universal Benevolence.)

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

FUNERALS.

---

34 *Tune*—NAOMI. C. M.

1 Here Death his sacred seal hath set,
On bright and by-gone hours;
The dead we mourn are with us yet,
And—more than ever—ours.

2 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith;
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality!

3 The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye;
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

5 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with the Lodge above,
Immortal and unseen.

35 *Tune*—DUNDEE, OR CHINA. C. M.

1 Hark from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more!

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

36 *Tune*—SCOTLAND. 12S & 11S.

1 Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Tho' sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
The good has passed on thro' its portals before thee,
And the cassia blooms greenly to lighten the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy hand,
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And we'll meet thee again in the heavenly land.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When GOD was thy trust and thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and soon will restore thee
In the blest Lodge above where the faithful abide.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE.

---

37 *Tune*—RULE BRITANNIA.

1 When earth's foundation first was laid,
By the Almighty Artist's hand,
'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,
Established by his strict command.
Hail! mysterious, hail, glorious Masonry!
That makes us ever great and free.

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

3 Illustrious hence we date our Art,
Which now in beauteous piles appear,
And shall to endless, to endless time impart,
How worthy and how great we are.
Hail! mysterious, etc.

4 Nor we less famed for every tie,
By which the human thought is bound;
Love, truth and friendship, and friendship socially,
Unite our hearts and hands around.
Hail! mysterious, etc.

5 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, etc.

GRAND LODGE MEETING.

38 *Tune*—AULD LANG SYNE. C. M.

1 Assembled for sweet council now,
Our craft in love to guide,
From distant hills and sunny plains,
Where faithful hearts reside,
There's nothing like the tie we own
To bind in union true!
With thoughts most kind and truth sincere,
We here our pledge renew.

2 No distance dims its lustre here,
No climes its beauty fade;
For time, that wastes, all other things,
Its guardian hope is made;

There's nothing like the tie we own
To bind in union true!
And Truth, that forms its fairest gem,
Shall be our password through.

3 May all to our fair altar bring
The dearest offering now;
The pledge that marks the good and true,
The kind fraternal vow;
There's nothing like the tie we own
To bind in union true!
In that Grand Lodge beyond this world
We'll pledge our vow anew.

MARK MASTER.

39 *Tune*—NAOMI, OR MANOAH. C. M.

1 How sweet, how calm this Sabbath morn,
How pure the air that breathes,
How soft the sounds upon it borne,
And light its vapor wreathes!

2 Let each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed,
Each anxious care that mars our peace,
In faith and love be hushed.

40 *Tune*—HEBRON, OR ERNAN. L. M.

(To be sung after the passage, "In six days God created," &c.)

Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blessed.

41 *Tune*—AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

1 Mark Masters all appear;
Before the Chief O'erseer,
In concert move;
Let him your work inspect,
For the Chief Architect;
If there be no defect,
He will approve.

2 You who have passed the square,
For your reward prepare;
Join heart and hand;
Each with his mark in view,
March with the just and true,
Wages to you are due,
At your command.

3 Hiram, the widow's son,
Sent unto Solomon,
Our great keystone;
On it appears the name,
Which raises high the fame
Of all to whom the same
Is truly known.

4 Now to the westward move,
Where, full of strength and love,
Hiram doth stand;
But if imposters are
Mixed with the worthy there,
Caution them to beware
Of the right hand.

Ceremonies.

5 Now to the praise of those
Who triumphed o'er the foes
Of Mason's art:
To the praiseworthy three,
Who founded this degree;
May all their virtues be
Deep in our hearts.

42 *Tune*—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

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

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

PAST MASTER.

43 *Tune*—AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

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

2 Firm as our columns stand,
Be each approved command,
Where brothers dwell;
Let notes of gladness roll
Over each trusting soul;
Far as from pole to pole
Let anthems swell.

44 *Tune*—UXBRIDGE, OR WARD. L. M.
(From the Masonic Orpheus.)

1 Come gather round with hearts sincere,
While prayers devout are offered here;
In peace to rule, in truth to guide,
Let kindness o'er our acts preside.

2 To HIM, our HEAVENLY MASTER now,
With thoughts subdued, we humbly bow;
So, to our chosen Master here,
Let true obedience still appear.

3 When, all our earthly labors o'er,
Our earthly Masters rule no more,
May each in holier climes find rest,
Where cares ne'er come, nor foes molest.

MOST EXCELLENT MASTER.

Tune—NUREMBURG. 7s.

1 Suppliant, lo! we humbly bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, but mighty thou.

2 Shed abroad, in every mind,
Light celestial from above;
Charity for all our kind,
Trusting faith and holy love.

46 **Chant for Reception or Closing.**

The Lord is my Shepherd; I | *shall not* | *want,* || He maketh me lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me be | *side the* | *still* | *waters.*

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for | *His name's* | *sake.* || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy | *staff they* | *comfort* | *me.*

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my | *cup runneth* | *over.* || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the | *house of the* | *Lord for* | *ever.*

47 **IIS.**

(Appropriate music may be found in the Monitors.)

1 All hail to the morning that bids us rejoice;
The temple's completed, exalt high each voice:
The capstone is finished, our labor is o'er;
The sound of the gavel shall hail us no more.

2 To the power Almighty, who ever has guided
The tribes of old Israel, exalting their fame;
To him who hath governed our hearts undivided,
Let's send forth our voices to praise his great name.

3 Companions assemble on this joyful day,
Th' occasion is glorious, the keystone to lay;
Fulfilled is the promise, by the Ancient of Days,
To bring forth the capstone, with shouting and praise.

Ceremonies.

4 There's no more occasion for level or plumb-line,
For trowel or gavel, for compass or square;
Our works are completed, the ark safely seated,
And we shall be greeted as workmen most rare.

5 Now those that are worthy, our toils who have shared,
And proved themselves faithful, shall meet their reward,
Their virtue and knowledge, industry and skill,
Have our approbation, have gained our good will.

6 We accept and receive them, Most Excellent Masters,
Invested with honors, and power to preside,
Among worthy craftsmen, wherever assembled,
The knowledge of Masons to spread far and wide.

Ceremonies.

7 ALMIGHTY JEHOVAH, descend now and fill
This Lodge with thy glory, our hearts with good will:
Preside at our meetings, assist us to find
True pleasure in teaching good will to mankind.

8 Thy *wisdom* inspired the great institution,
Thy *strength* shall support it till nature expire;
And when the creation shall fall into ruin,
Its *beauty* shall rise through the midst of the fire.

ROYAL ARCH.

48 *Tune*—MARLOW. C. M.

1 Holy and reverend is thy name,
Oh, thou eternal King!
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry,
"Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A holy heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

49 *Tune*—NUREMBURG. 7s.

(To be sung after the announcement of discovery is made.)

1 Joy! the sacred Law is found,
Now the temple stands complete,
Gladly let us gather round,
Where the Pontiff holds his seat.

2 Joy! the secret vault is found;
Full the sunbeam falls within,
Pointing darkly under ground
To the treasure we would win.

3 This shall be the corner stone,
Which the builders threw away,
But was found the only one
Fitted for the arch's stay.

50 *Tune*—BOYLSTON. S. M.

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

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

51 *Tune*—GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

Humbly at thine altar kneeling,
Hear us, Father, hear, we pray;
Thou whose eye doth watch us sleeping,
Safely keep us through life's day.
Guide us, Heavenly Father, guide us;
Cleanse our thoughts from every stain,
Let the grace of thy pure spirit
Be our soul's delight and aim.

INSTALLATION, R. A. CHAPTER.

BY BRO. W. T. ADAMS.

52 *Tune*—WEBB, OR MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

1 Great God, supreme Grand Master,
We bow before thy throne,
To bless thy bounteous goodness,
Thy holy name to own.
We thank thee that thy mercy
Hath spared the Faith we love,
And sent it o'er the ages,
With Light from heaven above.

2 We thank thee for the wisdom
That reared the Temple's walls;
The holy men that gathered
Within its sacred halls.

We thank thee that they builded
What ages could not shake—
The Royal Arch of Friendship,
Which time shall never break.

ROYAL MASTER.

BY COMP. H. G. BARROWS.

53 *Tune*—PETERBORO. C. M.

1 Now from the sacred archives bring
The Book of Holy Law;
Its sacred pages wide unfold,
And read with holy awe.

2 We've sought for treasures long since hid
Amid the gloom of night;
We've pierced the silent, sacred vault,
And brought them to the light.

3 Thanks to the good, the great "I AM,"
Whose throne is in the skies;
By light divine we sought the spot,
And bore away the prize.

SELECT MASTER.

54 *Tune*—ARLINGTON. C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,
That unto us is given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

SUPER EXCELLENT MASTER.

55 *Tune*—NAOMI, OR DUNDEE. C. M.

1 By Babel's stream we sit and weep;
Our tears for Zion flow;
Our harps on drooping willows sleep;
Our hearts are filled with woe.

(Square.)

2 Our walls no more resound with praise
Our Temple, foes destroy;
Judea's court no more upraise
Triumphant songs of joy.

(Triangle.)

3 Here, mourning, toiling, captive bands,
Our feasts and Sabbaths cease;
Our tribes dispersed through distant lands,
And hopeless of release.

(Circle.)

4 But should the ever-gracious Power,
To us propitious be;
Chaldeans shall our race restore,
And Kings proclaim us free!

INSTALLATION, COUNCIL R. AND S. M.

56 *Tune*—DOWNS, OR CHIMES. C. M.

1 Look to the East, the source of light,
Where like the god of day,
Rises the Master of your choice,
To bear his gentle sway.

2 O'er all your acts he shall preside,
The ruling gavel hold;
Poising the scales with even hand,
Like Solomon of old.

3 Salute him, then, with three times three;
Ask blessings from above;
Give him, to cheer him on his way,
Your confidence and love.

RED CROSS COUNCIL.

57 *Tune*—OVIO, OR WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

(From the Masonic Orpheus.)

1 Bring your offering to the Temple,
Let the incense reach the skies
Judah's line no more a stranger,
See its holy altars rise.

2 Bring affection kindly tempered,
Hearts to join a kindred heart,
Heavenly truth their worthiest object,
Christian faith their worthiest part.

3 Bring devotion, free, inspiring,
High resolves and holy thought;
Seek to gain the worthy conquest,
By a Saviour's suff'rings bought.

4 Bring in hearts of gen'rous purpose,
Charity's endearing form;
Love enlarged, mankind embracing,
Ever active, ever warm.

58 *Tune*—DUNDEE, OR NAOMI. C. M.

1 How glorious is the gift of Faith,
That cheers the darksome tomb,
And through the damp and gloomy grave
Can shed a rich perfume!

2 Triumphant Faith, it lifts the soul
Above desponding fear;
Exults in hope of heaven, her home,
And longs to enter there!

59 *Tune*—WOODSTOCK, OR AZMON. C. M.

BY SIR H. G. BARROWS.

1 How welcome is the draught of *Wine*,
To cheer desponding man!
Its use has been of Heav'n approved,
E'er since the world began.

2 The *King*, in influence, is far
Beyond the power of wine,
He rules the destinies of men,
And reigns by right divine.

3 Nature, to *Woman's* influence,
A greater power assigns;
She gives us kings, and gives us men
Who cultivate our vines.

4 The *Wine* may fail, the *King* may die,
Age blot out *Woman's* youth;
But nothing ever can destroy
The mighty power of Truth.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

60 *Tune*—WORTHING, OR SICILY. 8s & 7s.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me in thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be my robe of righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
O'er its troubled waters bear me;
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

61 **CHANT.**

(Reception in Prelate's Room.)

Our Father who art in heaven, | *hallowed be thy name*, || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | *earth, as it* | *is in* | *heaven.*

Give us this | *day our* | *daily* | *bread;* || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | *them that* | *trespass a* | *gainst us.*

And lead us not into temptation, but de | *liver us from* | *evil,* || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | *ever and* | *ever. Amen.*

PILGRIMS ODE.

BY SIR H. G. BARROWS.

(Sing one verse after each greeting.)

62 *Tune*—GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

1 Farewell, pilgrim, Heaven protect thee,
Guide thy footsteps on thy way;
Tho' thy path be sad and dreary,
Soon shall rise the light of day.
Trust in God, then, He'll defend thee,
Bring thee to the light of day.
Trust in God, then, &c.

2 Let the Saviour's bright example
Cheer thy sorrow-burthened heart,
Trust in God, thy only refuge,
He will peace and joy impart.
Be not weary in well-doing,
God can cheer the saddest heart.
Be not weary, &c.

3 Forward with thy *tour of penance,*
Cast thou every fear away
He shall guide thee, who hath never
Led one pilgrim's foot astray.
Trust in Him, and He will guide thee,
Safely guide thee on thy way.
Trust in Him, &c.

SENTENCES FOR CHANTING.

63 **After First Lesson.—Matt. xxvi. 14-25.**

1 We brought nothing | *into this* | *world,* || And it is certain we can | *carry* | *nothing* | *out.* || The Lord gave, and the Lord hath | *taken a-* | *way.*|| Blessed be the | *name* | *of the* | *Lord.*

After Second Lesson.—Matt. xxvi. 36-49.

2 Lord, thou hast | *been our* | *refuge* || from one gene | *ration* | *to a-* | *nother.* || Before the mountains were brought forth, or even thou hadst formed the | *earth and the* | *world* || even from everlasting, to ever | *lasting.* | *Thou art* | *God.*

After Third Lesson.—Matt. xxvii. 24-37.

3 I am the *resur* | *rection,* | and the *life* | *saith the* | *Lord.* || He that believeth in me, though he were dead, | *yet shall he* | *live.* || And whosoever liveth and believeth in | *me shall* | *never* | *die.*

After Fourth Lesson.

4 The days of our age are three-score years and ten, and though men be so strong that they come to | *four-score* | *years,* || Yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow, so soon passeth it a- | *way and* | *we are* | *gone.* || So teach us to | *number our* | *days,* || That we may apply our | *hearts* | *unto* | *wisdom.*

When each Candidate enters.

5 Glory be to the Father, | *and to the* | *Son,* || And | *to the* | *Holy* | *Ghost.* || As it was in the beginning, is now, and | *ever shall* | *be,* || World | *without* | *end. A* | *men.*

64 *Tune*—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

1 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

2 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high yonr great deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death, in chains.

3 Say, "live forever glorious King,
Born to instruct, redeem and save;"
Then ask—"O, Death! where is thy sting?"
"And where thy victory?" boasting grave!

CLOSING HYMNS.

65 *Tune*—EWING. 7s & 6s.

1 Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath the contemplation,
Sink heart and voice oppress,
I know not, oh! I know not,
What joys await me there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those hills of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many angels
And all the martyr throng;
There is my Lord and Saviour,
And there from toil releas'd,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

66 *Tune*—HOLLY, OR HENDON. 7s.

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present friend,

2 Saviour, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Grant, that if we live, ere long,
We may meet in peace again.

INSTALLATION, K. T.

BY SIR H. G. BARROWS.

67 *Tune*—CROSS AND CROWN, OR EVAN. C. M.

1 God of our fathers, hear the song
Which now to thee we raise;
An evening offering now we bring,
A song of grateful praise.

2 *Impartial Justice*, may it fill,
And actuate each heart;
And even lead us to espouse
A worthy Brother's part.

3 May *fortitude undaunted* prove,
In journeying through life;
A power to make us even bold,
Midst every worldly strife.

4 May *Mercy*, brightest of the train,
Each Knightly breast inspire;
And on the altar of each heart
Light Love's celestial fire.

5 On us throughout our pilgrimage,
May thy rich blessings rest,
Until we enter Thy abode,
Th' asylum of the blest.

DOXOLOGIES.

68 L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

69 C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

70 S. M.

Give to the Father praise;
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

Master Mason Funeral Service.

(Adopted by the National Masonic Convention, at Baltimore, May, 1843.)

The Brethren having assembled, the presiding officer opens the Lodge in the Third Degree.

After the object of the meeting has been stated, the Chaplain or Master will begin the service as follows:

SERVICE IN THE LODGE ROOM.

I. If a man shall die, shall he live again?

Response—The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.

II. When he dieth shall he carry anything away with him?

Response—He brought nothing into this world, and it is certain he can carry nothing out.

III. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Response—God is our God forever. He will be our guide and support through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Our Brother has been called from labor in the terrestrial Lodge, and gone, we trust, to partake of the Divine refreshments on high.

Let us meditate on the virtues of his character—the benevolent spirit he manifested—the offerings he made upon the altar of charity, whereby the needy were supported, the distressed comforted, the widow's woes assuaged, and the lone orphan's tears dried up.

Let us see in our holy religion, and in the teachings of our Institution, those principles which influenced him to love and adore his Maker, and to love his fellow man, which taught him how to live and how to die.

And since he has gone, in obedience to Heaven's mandate,

may the recollection of his honor and virtue be cherished in our hearts, and have a salutary influence on our lives.

And now, beloved Brother, farewell, farewell, till we meet thee with a lasting embrace in that Grand Lodge where the Grand Master Supreme forever presides, forever reigns!

The honors are then given, and the following prayer pronounced:

Almighty God, infinite in wisdom, mercy and goodness, extend to us the richness of thy everlasting favor, make us grateful for present benefits, and crown us with immortal life and honor. And to thy name shall be glory forever. *Amen.*

The procession is then formed and proceeds to the place of interment. While assembling around the grave sacred music may be performed.

ORDER OF PROCESSION AT A FUNERAL.

Tyler, with a Drawn Sword;
Stewards, with White Rods;
Musicians (if they are Masons, otherwise they follow the Tyler);
Master Masons;
Senior and Junior Deacons;
Secretary and Treasurer;
Senior and Junior Wardens;
Past Masters;
The Holy Writings, on a Cushion covered with Black Cloth, carried by the oldest member of the Lodge;
The Master;
Clergy;

The Body,
with the insignia placed thereon,
and two Swords crossed;
Pall Bearers. Pall Bearers.

The officers take their position at the head of the grave, and the following service is performed by the Chaplain or Master:

FUNERAL SERVICE AT THE GRAVE.

My Brethren: We are now assembled around the final resting place of these mortal remains, and are about closing the

last solemn duties of respect we owe to our departed friend and Brother. A few reflections, therefore, applicable to the solemnities of this occasion, and salutary and impressive to the living, may be with great propriety offered on this sacred spot—a spot where departed friendship yet lingers, and steals in melancholy yet pleasing reminiscence on the heart.

We are born to die. We follow our friends to the brink of the grave, and standing on the shore of a vast ocean, we gaze with exquisite anxiety till the last dreadful struggle is over, and see them sink in the fathomless abyss. We feel our own feet slide from the precarious bank on which we stand, and but a few suns more and we shall be whelmed mid death's awful waves.

The younger are crowding the next older off the stage of action, as though each was anxious to exhibit his part in the strange and ever changeful drama of human life. Not a solitary individual re-enters the world's theatre. All take their exit, and are known beneath the sun no more forever.

We are now in the solemn graveyard, and here learn the only language of the tomb—the epitaph declaring *they once lived.* Lettered stones and monuments are more instructive than the once living thousands, whose memories they preserve from oblivion.

All except these is speechless as the chambers of eternal silence. No lingering spirits hover around their mouldering relics, whispering any intelligence of their present existence. The eternal country for which they embarked returns us no intelligence of their safe arrival. Speechless is the gentle breeze that fans their verdant covering.

The statesman, hero, philosopher, theologian, whose eloquence or arms have shaken empires, who have united the language of earth and heaven, or plucked proud laurels from the fields of war, are resting in silence. Their hearts, that once beat high with hopes of life and glory, are unaffected with the interests of earth, and susceptible of nought but the feelings that appertain to another world.

Not only these are gone, but even the youth, whose cheeks are mantled with sunny smiles, and whose eye sparkles in all the brilliancy of health, must soon become an inanimate lump of clay. Those lips that now utter the sentiments of inexperience must be silent, and the heart that now palpitates and rejoices at the sound of pleasure must be stilled in the cold and

cheerless mansions of the dead. Another generation will arise to occupy our places and stations in life.

The sun will rise and set, the earth revolve; strangers will tread upon our sepulchres, without knowing that we ever existed. A few surviving relatives may remember us and mourn, but these few will soon follow to the land of silence. No one here will concern himself with our past joys or sorrows, while we shall be conversant with the amazing realities of another world.

Under these feelings and impressions we are now about to commit the body of our departed friend to the silent grave. And, under a full and solemn conviction of the nothingness of all earthly and perishable objects, we here renewedly, as Masons, pledge to each other our fraternal love; and may we so improve this dispensation of Divine Providence, and so live, that when these feeble frames shall slumber beneath the cold clods of the valley, the needy and distressed, the widow and the orphan may point with regret to our sleeping ashes, and each exclaim: "There lie the men whose compassion soothed my woes; whose maxims tranquilized my perturbed spirit, and whose bounty relieved my pressing necessity."

INVOCATIONS.

I. May we be true and faithful—live and die in love; for the memory of the just is blessed.

Response—So mote it be.

II. The Lord bless us and keep us; the Lord make his face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us; the Lord lift upon us the light of his countenance and give us peace.

Response—So mote it be.

All—Glory be to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men.

PRAYER.

Almighty and most merciful Father, we adore thee as the God of time and eternity. Of both worlds thou art the incomprehensible and amazing Lord—ruling the destinies of all, from the highest angel in heaven through every grade of creatures even down to the sparrow's fall; from the grandeur of rolling worlds down to the numbering of the hairs of our heads.

Under a government so vast and minute we everywhere see thy ever-working hand. We see it in giving us being, and in calling us hence to be here no more.

As it has pleased thee to take from the light of our abode one dear to our hearts, we beseech thee to bless and sanctify to us this dispensation of thy Providence. Inspire our hearts with wisdom from on high, that we may glorify thee in all our ways. May we realize that thine All-seeing eye is upon us, and be influenced by the spirit of truth and love to perfect obedience, that we may enjoy the divine approbation here below. And when our toils on earth shall have ceased, may we be raised to the enjoyment of fadeless light and immortal life in that kingdom where faith and hope shall end, and love and joy prevail through eternal ages.

And thine, O righteous Father, shall be the glory forever. *Amen.*

Brethren: We have taken a solemn and impressive survey of human life, in all its blended lights and shades, and learned that all on earth is change. We have seen that as the lightning writes its fiery path on the dark cloud and expires, so the race of men, walking amidst the surrounding shades of mortality, glitters a moment through the darksome gloom, then vanishes from our sight forever.

They rest in the stilly shades. There the worm shall cover us, and darkness and silence reign around our melancholy abode.

But is this the end of man, and the expiring hope of faithful Masons? No; blessed be God! We pause not at our first or second step, but, true to our principles, we look forward for greater light! As the embers of our mortal life are feebly glimmering in the socket of existence, our religion removes the dark shroud, draws aside the sable curtains of the tomb, and bids hope and joy to rouse up, sustain and cheer the departing spirit. She points beyond the silent tomb to the breaking light of a resurrection morn, and bids us turn an eye of faith and confidence on the opening scenes of eternity.

She teaches us to advance boldly onward and ask more light, till at the Grand Master's Word we shall be *raised* to that blissful LODGE which no time can remove. There light, unmingled with darkness, shall reign unbroken and perpetual. There, under the sunbeam smiles of immutable LOVE, and beneath the benignant bend of the ALL-SEEING EYE, *we*, as faithful Masons, cherish the fond and immortal hope that we shall meet again—meet to part no more.

Unto the grave we now resign the body of our departed Brother.

Pass around the grave and drop the evergreen, during which time a funeral hymn may be sung.—(See pages 20, 25-26.)

Friend of our hearts, there rest in peace. Raised by the Grand Master's Word, mayest thou share the blessing of immortal life and unfading glory.

The procession then returns to the Lodge room in reversed order, when the necessary duties are performed and the Lodge is closed.

OR THE FOLLOWING SERVICE MAY BE USED INSTEAD OF THE FOREGOING:

The Brethren being assembled at the Lodge room (or some other convenient place), the presiding Master opens the Lodge in the Third Degree, with the usual forms, and having stated the purpose of the meeting, the service begins.

Master—What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?

Response—Man walketh in a vain shadow; he heapeth up riches, and can not tell who shall gather them.

Master—When he dieth he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him.

Response—Naked he came into the world, and naked he must return.

Master—The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!

The grand honors are then given, and certain forms used which can not be here explained.

The Master then, taking the SACRED ROLL *in his hand, says:*

Let us die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like his.

The Brethren answer:

God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even nto death.

The Master then records the name and age of the deceased upon the roll, and says:

Almighty Father! into thy hands we commend the soul of our loving Brother.

The Brethren answer three times (giving the grand honors each time):

The will of God is accomplished! So be it.

The Master then deposits the roll in the archives, and repeats the following prayer:

Most glorious God! author of all good, and giver of all mercy! pour down thy blessings upon us, and strengthen our solemn engagements with the ties of sincere affection! May the present instance of mortality remind us of our approaching fate, and draw our attention toward Thee, the only refuge in time of need; that, when the awful moment shall arrive that we are about to quit this transitory scene, the enlivening prospect of thy mercy may dispel the gloom of death; and after our departure hence in peace and in thy favor, we may be received into thine everlasting kingdom to enjoy, in union with the souls of our departed friends, the just reward of a pious and virtuous life. *Amen.*

A procession is then formed, which moves to the house of the deceased, and from thence to the place of interment. The different Lodges rank according to seniority, excepting that the Lodge of which the deceased was a member walks nearest the corpse. Each Lodge forms one division, and the order as in preceding service is observed.

SERVICE AT THE GRAVE:

The brethren are not to desert their ranks, or change places, but keep in their different departments. When the procession arrives at the churchyard, the members of the Lodge form a circle round the grave, and the clergyman and officers of the acting Lodge take their stations at the head of the grave, and the mourners at the foot, and the service is resumed, and the following exhortation given:

Here we view a striking instance of the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of all human pursuits The last offices paid to the dead are only useful as lectures to the living; from them we are to derive instruction, and consider every solemnity of this kind as a summons to prepare for our approaching dissolution.

Notwithstanding the various mementos of mortality with which we daily meet, notwithstanding death has established his empire over all the works of nature, yet, through some unaccountable infatuation, we forget that we are born to die. We go on from one design to another, add hope to hope, and lay out plans for the employment of many years, till we are sud-

denly alarmed by the approach of death, when we least expect him, and at an hour which we probably conclude to be the meridian of our existence.

What are all the externals of majesty, the pride of wealth, or the charms of beauty, when nature has paid her just debt? Fix your eyes on the last scene, and view life stripped of her ornaments and exposed in her natural meanness; you will then be convinced of the futility of those empty delusions. In the grave all fallacies are detected, all ranks are leveled, and all distinctions are done away.

While we drop the sympathetic tear over the grave of our deceased friend, let charity incline us to throw a veil over his foibles, whatever they may have been, and not withhold from his memory the praise that his virtues may have claimed. Suffer the apologies of human nature to plead in his behalf. Perfection on earth has never been attained; the wisest, as well as the best of men, have erred.

Let the present example excite our most serious thoughts, and strengthen our resolutions of amendment. As life is uncertain, and all earthly pursuits are vain, let us no longer postpone the important concern of preparing for eternity; but embrace the happy moment, while time and opportunity offer, to provide against the great change, when all the pleasures of this world shall cease to delight, and the reflections of a virtuous life yield the only comfort and consolation. Thus our expectations will not be frustrated, nor we hurried unprepared into the presence of an all-wise and powerful Judge, to whom the secrets of all hearts are known.

Let us, while in this state of existence, support with propriety the character of our profession, advert to the nature of our solemn ties, and pursue with assiduity the sacred tenets of our order; then, with becoming reverence, let us supplicate the divine grace to ensure the favor of that eternal Being whose goodness and power know no bound; that when the awful moment arrives, be it soon or late, we may be enabled to prosecute our journey, without fear or apprehension, to that far distant country whence no traveler returns."

The following invocations are then made by the Master:

Master—May we be true and faithful; and may we live and die in love.

Answer—So mote it be.

Master—May we profess what is good, and always act agreeably to our profession.

Answer—So mote it be.

Master—May the Lord bless us and prosper us; and may all our good intentions be crowned with success!

Answer—So mote it be.

Master—Glory be to God on high; on earth peace; good will toward men!

Answer—So mote it be, from henceforth and forevermore.

The brethren then move in procession round the place of interment, and severally drop a sprig of evergreen into the grave, accompanied with the usual honors.

The Master then concludes the ceremony at the grave in the following words:

From time immemorial it has been the custom among the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, at the request of a Brother, to accompany his corpse to the place of interment, and there to deposit his remains with the usual formalities.

In conformity to this usage, and at the special request of our deceased Brother, whose memory we revere, and whose loss we now deplore, we have assembled in the character of Masons, to resign his body to the earth from whence it came, and to offer up to his memory, before the world, the last tribute of our affection, thereby demonstrating the sincerity of our past esteem and our steady attachment to the principles of the Order.

The great Creator having been pleased out of his mercy to remove our Brother from the cares and troubles of a transitory existence to a state of eternal duration, and thereby to weaken the chain by which we are united, man to man, may we who survive him anticipate our approaching fate, and be more strongly cemented in the ties of union and friendship, that, during the short space allotted to our present existence, we may wisely and usefully employ our time, and in the reciprocal intercourse of kind and friendly acts mutually promote the welfare and happiness of each other.

Unto the grave we resign the body of our deceased friend, there to remain until the general resurrection, in favorable expectation that his immortal soul may then partake of joys which have been prepared for the righteous from the beginning of the world. And may Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, at the grand tribunal of unbiased justice, extend his mercy toward him, and all of us, and crown our hope with everlasting bliss in

the expanded realms of a boundless eternity! This we beg for the honor of His name, to whom be the glory, now and forever. *Amen.*

Thus the service ends, and the procession returns in form to the place whence it set out, where the necessary duties are complied with and the business of Masonry is renewed. The insignia and ornaments of the deceased, if an officer of the Lodge, are returned to the Master with the usual ceremonies, after which the charges for regulating the conduct of the brethren are rehearsed, and the Lodge is closed in the Third Degree.

BURIAL SERVICE FOR ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD.

The Sir Knights will assemble at their Asylum, and march to the residence of the deceased, in the usual order of processions, the line headed by the Warder, and the Officers being in the rear, according to rank—that is, the E. Commander last; the Prelate being preceded by the Holy Writings, carried on a cushion, and the arms and hat of the deceased borne in the rear of the E. Commander. On arriving at the house, the lines are opened, and the E. Commander passes to the front and receives the body, placing the hat and sword on the coffin, as above directed.

The procession is then formed as before—the body, with the mourners and citizens present, being in the rear of the Sir Knights, and in front of the officers. If the services are performed at a church or place of public worship, the procession, on arriving, will enter in reversed order, the E. Commander and Prelate, with the other officers, preceding the body and mourners.

When the public or religious services are concluded, the face of the deceased will be uncovered, and the Sir Knights (or a detachment of them) will form the "cross of steel" over the body—the E. Commander, with the Prelate, being at the head of the coffin, and the other officers at the foot.

When more convenient or desirable, the part of the service before going to the grave, as here indicated, may be performed at the house of the deceased, or be deferred till at the grave.

E. Commander—SIR KNIGHTS: In the solemn rites of our Order, we have often been reminded of the great truth, that we were born to die. Mortality has been brought to view that we might more earnestly seek an immortality beyond this fleeting life where death can come no more forever. The sad and mournful funeral knell has betokened that another spirit has winged its flight to a new state of existence. An alarm has come to the door of our Asylum, and the messenger was death; and none presumed to say to the awful presence: "Who dares approach?" A pilgrim warrior has been summoned, and "there is no discharge in that war." A burning taper of life in our Commandery has been extinguished, and none, save the High and Holy One, can relight it. All that remains of our beloved Companion Sir Knight lies mute before us, and the light of the eye, and the breathing of the lips in their language of fraternal greeting, have ceased for us forever on this side of the grave. His sword, vowed only to be drawn in the cause of truth, justice and rational liberty, reposes still in its scabbard, and our arms can no more shield him from wrong and oppression.

The Sir Knights here return arms.

It is meet at such a time that we should be silent, and let the words of the Infinite and Undying speak, that we may gather consolation from His revelations, and impress upon our minds lessons of wisdom and instruction, and the meetness of preparation for the last great change which must pass upon us all.

Let us be reverently attentive while Sir Knight, our Prelate, reads to us a lesson from the Holy Scriptures.

Prelate—Help, Lord! for the faithful fail from among the children of men.

Response—Help us O, Lord.

Prelate—The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them out of their troubles.

Response—Hear us, O Lord.

Prelate—The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Response—Be nigh unto us, O Lord.

Prelate—The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants; and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.

Response—Redeem us, O Lord.

Prelate—For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me.

Response—Redeem us, O Lord.

Prelate—But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for He shall receive me.

Response—Redeem us, O Lord.

Prelate—Wilt Thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise Thee? Shall Thy loving kindness be declared in the grave, or Thy faithfulness in destruction?

Response—Save us, O Lord.

Prelate—We spend our days as a tale that is told. The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and, if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Response—Teach us, O Lord.

Prelate—For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them them that fear him.

Response—Show mercy, O Lord.

Prelate—We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Response—O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Prelate—The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Response—Thanks be to God.

E. Commander—Shall the memory of our departed brother fade from among men?

Response—It is cherished in our soul forever.

E. Commander—Shall no record be left of his virtues and worth?

Response—It is inscribed upon our hearts; it is written in our archives; the heart may cease to throb, and the archives

may moulder and decay, but the tablets of the recording angel on high can never perish.

The Recorder here opens the book of Records of the Commandery, on which a page is set apart, suitably inscribed, and says:

Thus it is written.

The Sir Knights uncover and bow their heads.

E. Commander—He was a true and courteous Knight, and has fallen in life's struggle full knightly, with his armor on, prepared for knightly deeds.

Prelate—Rest to his ashes, and peace to his soul.

Response—Rest to his ashes, and peace to his soul.

Prelate—Sovereign Ruler of the Universe! into Thy hands we devoutly and submissively commit the departed spirit.

Response—Thy will be done, O God.

The following Hymn will be sung:

Tune—VESPER HYMN.

Precious in the sight of Heaven
Is the scene where Christians die;
Souls, with all their sins forgiven,
To the courts of glory fly;
Every sorrow, every burden,
Every Cross, they lay it down;
Jesus gives them riches guerdon,
In his own immortal crown.

Here above our brother weeping,
Through our tears we seize this hope:
He in Jesus sweetly sleeping,
Shall awake to glory up;
He has borne his Cross in sorrow—
Weary Pilgrim, all forlorn—
When the sun shines bright to-morrow
'Twill reveal his sparkling crown.

Knights of Christ! your ranks are broken!
Close your front—the Foe is nigh!
Shield to shield, behold the Token,
As he saw it in the sky!
By this sign, so bright, so glorious,
You shall conquer! if you strive;
And like him, though dead, victorious
In the sight of Jesus live.

The following prayer will then be made by the Prelate, (or an extemporaneous prayer may be made by him, or by any clergyman present, as may be preferred):

Father of Lights! In this dark and trying hour of calamity and sorrow we humbly lift our hearts to Thee. Give, us, we pray, that light which cometh down from above. Thou hast mercifully said, in Thy holy word, that the bruised reed Thou wouldst not break; remember in mercy, O Lord, before Thee. [Be Thou at this hour the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God. Administer to them the consolations which they so sorely need.] Cause us to look away from these sad scenes of frail mortality to the hopes which lie beyond the grave, and bind us yet closer together in the ties of brotherly love and affection. While we see how frail is man, and how uncertain the continuance of our lives upon the earth, and are reminded of our own mortality, lead us by Thy grace and spirit to turn our thoughts to those things which make for our everlasting peace, and give us a frame of mind to make proper improvement of all the admonitions of Thy providence, and fix our thoughts more devotedly on Thee, the only sure refuge in time of need. And at last, when our earthly pilgrimage shall be ended, "when the silver cord shall be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken," O wilt Thou, in that moment of mortal extremity, be, indeed, *Immanuel*—Christ with us; may "the lamp of Thy love" dispel the gloom of the dark valley, and we be enabled, by the commendations of Thy Son, to gain admission into the blessed Asylum above, and in Thy glorious presence, amidst its ineffable mysteries, enjoy a union with the spirits of the departed, perfect as is the happiness of heaven, and durable as the eternity of God. *Amen.*

Response—Amen, and Amen, and Amen.

The procession will then form and march to the place of interment, in the same order as before.

On arriving at the place, while forming in order, a suitable Dirge or the following Hymn may be sung:

Air—PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Softly, sadly bear him forth,
To his dark and silent bed;
Weep not that he's lost to earth,
Weep not that his spirit's fled.

By our trials, hope and fear,
  By our anguish keenly felt,
Let us trust God will be near,
  When we're at his altar knelt.

This, our brother, gone before,
  May we in remembrance keep,
Hoping, as time passes o'er,
  We shall meet where none e'er weep.

Sadly now we leave his form
  In the tomb to moulder still;
Hoping, in the eternal morn,
  Christ his promise will fulfill.

One last look—one parting sigh,
  Ah, too sad for words to tell;
Yet, tho' tears now dim each eye,
  Hope we still, and sigh, farewell!

On reaching the grave the Sir Knights will form a triangle around it, the base being at the foot, the E. Commander and Prelate being at the head, and the friends and relatives at the foot, and the service will thus proceed:

Prelate—Sir Knights: There is one sacred spot upon the earth where the footfalls of our march are unheeded, our trumpets quicken no pulse and incite no fear, the rustling of our banners and the gleam of our swords awake no emotion—it is the silent city of the dead, where we now stand. Awe rests upon every heart, and the stern warrior's eyes are bedewed with feelings which never shame his manhood. It needs no siege, nor assault, nor beleaguering host to enter its walls; we fear no assault, and listen for no battle shout. No Warder's challenge greets the ear, nor do we wait awhile with patience for permission to enter.

Hither must we all come at last; and the stoutest heart and the manliest form that surrounds me will then be led a captive, without title or rank, in the chains of mortality and the habiliments of slavery to the King of Terrors.

But if he has been faithful to the Captain of his salvation, a true soldier of the Cross; if he has offered suitable gifts at the shrine of his departed Lord, and bears the signet of the Lion

of the tribe of Judah, then may he claim to be one of that princely house, and to be admitted to audience with the Sovereign Master of Heaven and Earth. Then will he be stripped of the chains of earthly captivity, and clothed in a white garment, glistening as the sun, and be seated with princes and rulers, and partake of a libation, not of death and sorrow, but of that wine which is drank forever new in the Father's kingdom above.

We can not come here without subdued hearts and softened affections. Often as the challenge comes which takes from our side some loved associate, some cherished companion in arms, and often as the trumpet sounds its wailing notes to summon us to the deathbed and the brink of the sepulchre, we can not contemplate "the last of earth" unmoved. Each successive death note snaps some fibre which binds us to this lower existence, and makes us pause and reflect upon that dark and gloomy chamber where we must all terminate our pilgrimage. Well will it be for our peace then if we can wash our hands, not only in token of sincerity, but of every guilty stain, and give honest and satisfactory answers to the questions required.

The sad and solemn scene now before us stirs up these recollections with a force and vivid power which we have hitherto unfelt. He who now slumbers in that last, long, unbroken sleep of death was our brother. With him have we walked the pilgrimage of life, and kept ward and watch together in its vicissitudes and trials. He is now removed beyond the effect of our praise or censure. That we loved him, our presence here evinces, and we remember him in scenes to which the world was not witness, and where the better feelings of humanity were exhibited without disguise. That he had faults and foibles, is only to repeat what his mortality demonstrates—that he had a human nature, not divine. Over these errors, whatever they may have been, we cast, while living, the mantle of charity; it should with much more reason enshroud him in death. We who have been taught to extend the point of charity even to a foe when fallen, can not be severe or merciless toward a loved brother.

The memory of his virtues lingers in our remembrance, and reflects its shining lustre beyond the portals of the tomb. The earthen vase which has contained precious odors will lose none of its fragrance though the clay be broken and shattered. So be it with our brother's memory.

The Junior Warden then removes the sword and hat from

the coffin, which last will then be lowered into the grave, while the Prelate repeats as follows:

Prelate—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." To the earth we commit the mortal remains of our deceased brother, as we have already commended his soul to his Creator, with humble submission to Divine Providence. *(Here cast some earth on the coffin.)* Earth to earth; *(here cast again,)* ashes to ashes; *(here cast more earth,)* dust to dust; till the morn of resurrection, when, like our arisen and ascended Redeemer, he will break the bonds of death and abide the judgment of the great day. Till then, friend, brother, Sir Knight, farewell! Light be the ashes upon thee, and "may the sunshine of Heaven beam bright on thy waking!"

Response—Amen, and Amen, and Amen.

The Junior Warden then presents the sword to the E. Commander, who says:

E. Commander—Our departed brother Sir Knight was taught, while living, that this sword in his hands, as a true and courteous Knight, was endowed with three most estimable qualities: its hilt with *justice* impartial, its blade with *fortitude* undaunted, and its point with *mercy* unrestrained. To this lesson, with its deep emblematical significance, we trust he gave wise heed. He could never grasp it without being reminded of the lively significance of the attributes it inculcated. He has borne the pangs of dissolving nature—may we trust that it was with the same *fortitude* that he sustained the trials of this passing existence; to his name and memory be *justice* done, as we hope to receive the like meed ourselves; and may that *mercy* unrestrained, which is the glorious attribute of the Son of God, interpose in his behalf to blunt the sword of Divine justice, and admit him to the blessed companionship of saints and angels in the realms of light and life.

Response—Amen, and Amen, and Amen.

The Senior Warden then presents a Cross to the Prelate, who says:

Prelate—This symbol of faith—the Christian's hope and the Christian's faith—we again place upon the breast of our brother, there to remain till the last trumpet shall sound, and earth and sea yield up their dead. Though it may in the past history of

our race have been perverted at times into an ensign of oppression and crime and wrong, though it may have been made the emblem of fraud and superstition and moral darkness, yet its significance still remains as the badge of the Christian warrior. It calls to mind Gethsemane and its sorrowful garden, the judgment hall of Pilate and the pitiless crown of thorns, Golgotha and Calvary, that fallen man might live and inherit everlasting life. If an inspired Apostle was not ashamed of the Cross, neither should we be; if he gloried in the significance of the truths it shadowed forth, so ought we to rejoice in it as the speaking witness of our reliance beyond the grave. May this hope of the living have been the anchor to the soul of our departed brother—the token to admit him to that peaceful haven "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Response—Amen, and Amen, and Amen.

The Prelate then casts the Cross into the grave, and continues:

Prelate—The Orders of Christian Knighthood were instituted in a dark period of the world's history, but their mission was high and holy. To succor and protect the sorrowing and destitute, the innocent and oppressed, was their vow and their lifelong labor and duty. For long, long years they well and nobly performed their vows and did their devoirs. In those rude ages the steel blade was oftener the arbiter of justice than the judgments of judicial tribunals or the decrees of magistrates. So long as the Templars adhered to their vows of poverty they were virtuous and innocent, and their language was, in truth, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee." But with the accession of wealth and civil power, they were tempted, and fell from their high estate, and their possessions attracted the cupidity and their prowess incurred the hatred of the despots of those times. When the martyred De Molay had perished, and the Order was proscribed, they united with the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, and returned to their primitive simplicity of manners; and a rough habit, coarse diet and severe duty was all that was offered to their votaries.

In our land, we have perpetuated only the distinctive rites, with the appellations and regulations of the defenders of the Holy Sepulchre—the early champions and soldiers of the Cross—and this as a guerdon of merit, not a badge of rank. The sword in our hands is more as a symbol of the duties we

are vowed to fulfill than as an instrument of assault or defense. We claim to exercise practical virtues in the holy bonds of our confraternity, in humble imitation of those renowned knights of the olden time; for there is still in this refined age, innocence to be guarded, widowed hearts to be relieved of their burdens, and orphanage to be protected from the chill blasts of a wintry world; and to be true and courteous is not limited to any age or clime.

Our brother, whose cold and lifeless remains have just been committed to earth, was one of our fraternal band, bound by the same ties and pledged to the same duties. To his bereaved and mourning friends and relatives we have but little worldly consolation to offer, but we do tender to them our heartfelt sympathies. And if the solemn and interesting ceremonies in which we have been engaged have not pointed to them a higher hope and a better consolation, then all our condolence would be in vain.

Sir Knight Companions, let us pray.

Almighty and most merciful God, we adore Thee as the Sovereign Ruler of all events, both in time and for eternity. As it hath pleased Thee to take from our ranks one dear to our hearts, we beseech Thee to bless and sanctify unto us this dispensation of Thy providence. Inspire our hearts with wisdom from on high, that we may glorify Thee in all our ways. May we have Thy divine assistance, O most merciful God! to redeem our misspent time; and in the discharge of the important duties Thou hast assigned us in our moral welfare here below, may we be guided by faith and humility, courage and constancy, to perform our allotted pilgrimage acceptable in Thy sight, without asking a remission of years from Thee. And when our career on earth is finished, and the sepulchre appointed for all the living receives our mortal bodies, may our souls, disengaged from their cumbrous dust, flourish and bloom in eternal day, and enjoy that rest which Thou has prepared for Thy good and faithful servants in Thy blessed Asylum of peace beyond the vails of earth. All which we ask through the mediation of our Redeemer, King of kings and Lord of lords. *Amen.*

Response—Amen, and Amen, and Amen.

E. Commander—Attention, Sir Knights.

The lines are then formed, and the cross of steel made over the grave, and the following hymn is sung:

Air—MOUNT VERNON.

Christian warriors at the pealing
Of the solemn vesper bell,
Round the tri-form altar kneeling,
Whisper, each, "IMMANUEL!"

When the watch and ward are over,
Guarding the Asylum well,
Smiles of peace around them hover,
At Thy name, IMMANUEL!

When the matin notes are ringing,
Cheerfully from mount and dell,
Strength for warfare still is springing
From Thy name, IMMANUEL

When some deed of emprise sharing,
Deed like those traditions tell,
Prompts each Knight to noble daring—
'Tis for Thee, IMMANUEL!

When the storm clouds darkly lower
On our pathway dark and fell,
Knight heroic will not cower,
Cheered by Thee, IMMANUEL!

When death's fearful damps are stealing,
And is breathed the last "Farewell!"
All the brighter world revealing,
Thou shalt come, IMMANUEL!

The Sir Knights may then escort the friends of the departed to their home, or return to their Asylum, as may be expedient.

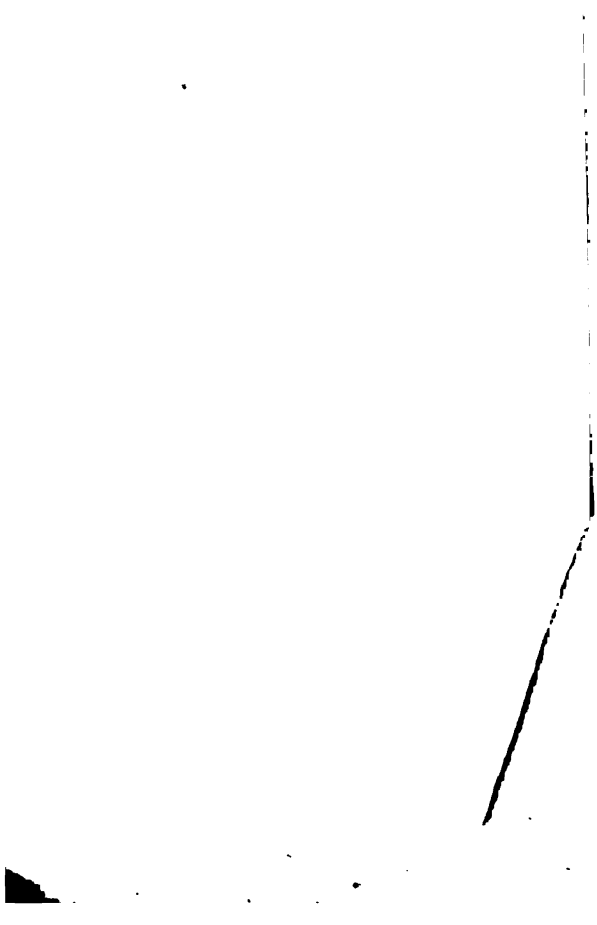
INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

	Hymn.
MASTER MASON—	
Opening	1- 8
Closing	9-14
Entered Apprentice	15-19
Fellow Craft	20-22
Master Mason	23-26
Installation	27-28
Consecration	29-33
Funerals	34-36
Laying Foundation Stones	37
Grand Lodge Meeting	38
R. A. CHAPTER—	
Mark Master	39-42
Past Master	43-44
Most Excellent Master	45-47
Royal Arch	48-51
Installation	52
R. AND S. COUNCIL—	
Royal Master	53
Select Master	54
Super Excellent Master	55
Installation	56
COMMANDERY—	
Red Cross Council	57-59
Knights' Templar	60-64
Closing	65-66
Installation	67
DOXOLOGIES	68-70
FUNERAL SERVICE FOR MASTER MASON—	*Page.*
Form adopted by National Masonic Convention, 1843	47-52
Form compiled by Webb	52-56
BURIAL SERVICE FOR ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD	56-66
Funeral Hymns for Orders of Knighthood	59, 60-61

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	Page.
A shrine we know where purest flame	7
Accept, Great Builder of the skies	31
All hail to the morning that bids us rejoice	33
Another six days' work is done	29
Assembled for sweet counsel now	28
Behold, how good and how pleasant (E. A. Chant)	14
Behold, how pleasant and how good	14
Behold, in the East our new Master appear	21
Bring your offering to the Temple	39
Brothers, ere to-night we part	12
Brothers, faithful and deserving	17
By Babel's stream we sit and weep	38
Come, and with generous will	31
Come, Craftsmen, assembled our pleasures to share	17
Come, gather round with hearts sincere	32
Companions, we have met	35
Christian warriors, at the pealing	66
Dangers of every form attend	20
Far from the world's cold strife and pride	15
Farewell, pilgrim, heaven protect thee	42
For a season called to part	45
Genius of Masonry, descend, And with thee	24
Genius of Masonry, descend, In mystic	10
Give to the Father praise	46
Glory be to the Father (Sentence for chanting)	43
Great God, supreme Grand Master	36
Great God, to thee our closing song	12
Great Source of light and love	22
Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah	41
Hail! Masonry divine	21
Hail! universal Lord	11
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound	26
Here death his sacred seal hath set	25

Holy and reverend is thy name..... 35
How blest the sacred tie that binds..... 23
How glorious is the gift of faith..... 40
How precious is the book divine..... 37
How sweet, how calm this Sabbath morn..... 29
How welcome is the draught of wine..... 40
Humbly at thine altar kneeling..... 36
I am the resurrection and the life (Sentence for chanting)... 43
Jerusalem the golden..... 44
Joy the Sacred Law is found..... 35
Kind Father hear our prayer..... 10
Let us remember in our youth..... 19
Look to the East, the source of light..... 39
Lord, thou hast been our refuge (Sentence for chanting)... 43
Mark Masters all appear..... 30
Master Supreme, accept our praise..... 24
Met in friendship's kindly name..... 11
Now, brothers, we must part..... 13
Now from the sacred archives bring..... 37
Now we must close our labors here..... 12
O welcome, brother, to our band..... 15
Our Father, who art in heaven (chant)..... 41
Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving..... 13
Praise God from whom all blessings flow..... 46
Precious in the sight of heaven..... 59
Remember now thy Creator (chant)..... 18
Softly, sadly bear him forth..... 60
Solemn strikes the funeral chime..... 20
Suppliant, low, we humbly bend..... 32
The days of our age are three-score (Sentence for chanting) 43
The light within our Temple beams..... 8
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want (chant)..... 33
The rising God forsakes the tomb..... 44
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee... 26
Through the Lodge celestial sounding..... 16
Thus he showed me (chant)..... 17
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost..... 46
To Him who rules on high..... 13
We brought nothing into this world (Sentence for chanting). 43
Welcome, brothers, round our altar..... 9
When earth's foundation first was laid..... 27
Where once of old, in Israel..... 23
Within our Temple met again..... 10




3 2044 073 548 885