

THE YOUNG
Free - Mason's Assistant.
BEING A
CHOICE COLLECTION
O F
MASON SONGS:

With a variety of
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
A FEW OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

S O N G S,
SCOTCH AND ENGLISH,

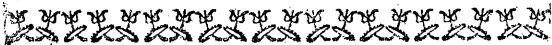
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THE YOUNG
FREE-MASON'S
ASSISTANT.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor will not take up the time of the Brethren, either in recommending or apologizing for his presenting them with this small COLLECTION, as most of the Songs are already known, the rest he submits to their fate.

HE only will observe, that it was at the particular desire of a number of the Brethren that he undertook to publish the Toasts, many of which are original, but the greater part were sentiments that required but

little alteration.—These Toasts being only intended for the use of FREE-MASONS, he hopes they will look upon their faults with a Brotherly eye.

As this COLLECTION may fall into the hands of some who are not initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, of course, to them, many of the Songs will be unintelligible: It was therefore thought advisable, to subjoin a few of the most Celebrated Scotch and English Songs for their amusement.

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TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

FOR THE SOCIETY OF

F R E E - M A S O N S.

TO the King and the Craft.

To all the Kings, Princes and Potentates
that ever propagated the Royal Art.

To all the Fraternity round the globe.

To all the noble Lords, and Right Worshipful
Brothers that have been Grand Masters.

The Grand Lodge of Scotland.

The Grand Lodge of England.

The Grand Lodge of Ireland.

The right Hon. David Stewart, Earl of Buchan,
present Grand Master.

To all well disposed Masons.

To the perpetual honour of Free-masons.

To the masters and wardens of all regular lodges.

To all true and faithful brothers.

To all free born sons of the ancient and honour-
able Craft.

To the memory of him who first planted the Vine.

To mason and to masons bairns,
And women with both wit and charms,
That loves to lie in masons arms.

To all the female friends of Free-masons.
To him that first the work began.
To the memory of the Tyrian Artift.
To the ancient sons of peace.
To all upright and pure Masons.
Prosperity to the ancient and honourable Craft.
To the secret and silent.
To all masons who walk the line.
To him that did the Temple rear.

To each true and faithful heart,
That still preserves the secret art.

To all that live within compass and square.
To all social Free-masons.

To all true masons and upright,
Who saw the East where rose the light.
To the increase of perpetual friendship and peace
amongst the ancient Craft.

To each charming fair and faithful she,
Who loves the Craft of masonry.

To all ancient Free-masons, where-ever con-
press'd or dispers'd.

To each faithful brother both ancient and young,
Who governs his passions, and bridles his tongue.

To all those who steer their course by the three
great L——s of masonry.

May every mason be enabled to act, as to have
an approving monitor.

May the lodges in this place be distinguished for
love, peace and harmony.

May all Free-masons be enabled to act in a strict
conformity to the rules of their order.

May our actions as masons be properly squared.

A proper application of the 24th inch gauge, so
as that we may measure out, and husband
our time to the best of purposes.

To him who uses the mallet in knocking off those
superfluous passions that in any manner de-
grade the man or the mason.

May Free-masons ever be the patterns of true
virtue.

May the lives of all Free-masons be spent in acts
of true piety, highly seasoned with tranquility.

May the mason's conduct be so uniform as he may
not be ashamed to take a retrospective view
of it.

The absent Brethren of this Lodge,

Every worthy brother who was at first duly prepared, and whose heart still retains an awful regard to the three great lights of masonry.

Every brother who stands plumb to his principals, yet level to his brethren.

Every worthy brother who maintains a constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

May the brethren of our glorious craft be ever distinguished in the world by their regular lives, more than by their gloves and aprons.

May the square, plumb-line, and level, regulate the conduct of every brother.

May virtue ever direct our actions with respect to ourselves, justice to those with whom we deal, mercy, love and charity to all mankind.

May every worthy brother who is willing to work and labour through the day, as his condition requires, be happy at night with his friend, his love, and a chearful glass.

Every brother who keeps the key of knowledge from all intruders, but will chearfully open it to a worthy brother.

May masonry flourish until nature expire,
And its glories ne'er fade till the world's on fire.

May every society, instituted for the promotion
of virtue, flourish.

May concord, peace, and harmony subsist in all
regular lodges, and always distinguish the
fraternity of Free-masons.

Prosperity to masons and masonry.

May every brother learn to live within the
compasses, and watch upon the square.

May the prospect of riches never have that effect
upon a mason, as to induce him to that which
is repugnant to virtue.

May our conversation be such as that youth may
therein find instruction, women modesty, and
the aged respect, and all men civility.

May peace, harmony and concord subsist among
Free-masons, and may every idle dispute and
frivolous distinction be buried in oblivion.

The mason that knows the true value and use
of his tools.

All true friends of the Craft.

May every brother who is lawfully and regu-

larly entered into our society, that is both ancient and honourable, be as duly instructed in the true morals thereof.

May masonry prove as universal, as it is honourable and useful.

The memory of the distinguished three.

May unity, friendship, and brotherly love, ever distinguish the brethren of the ancient Craft.

All regular Lodges.

May harmony and good order subsist among the brethren.

To the nation's wealth and glory.

To the innocent and faithful Craft.

To a happy meeting.

May the frowns of resentment never be known amongst us.

May the gentle spirit of love animate the heart of every mason.

May hypocrisy, faction, and strife be for ever rooted from every Lodge.

May sincerity, charity, and peace be established in this Lodge.

May every Free-mason be distinguished by the internal ornament of an upright heart.

May the brethren in this place be united to one another by the bond of love.

May every Free-mason have as much genuine philosophy, as that he may neither be too much exalted with the smiles of prosperity, nor too much dejected with the frowns of adversity.

May Free-masons ever taste and relish the sweets of domestic contentment.

May the foundation of every regular Lodge be solid, its foundation sure, and its members numerous and happy.

May every Free-mason have health, peace, and plenty.

May every Free-mason find constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

May the Free-mason's conscience be sound, tho' his fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer a Free-mason's virtue.

Honour and influence to every public-spirited brother.

May every worthy brother have a head to earn, and a heart to spend.

May all Free-masons please, and be pleased,
May every Free-mason love without fear, and
live without care.

Peace and plenty to every brother.

Health, love, and ready rhino to the whole fraternity.

May the mason's reward be equal to his merit.
May every brother that has merit, never want
encouragement.

May the morning have no occasion to censure
the night spent by Free-masons.

May every brother have a heart to feel, and a
hand to give.

May no Free-mason wish for more liberty than
constitutes happiness, nor more freedom than
tends to the public good.

May we never condemn that in a brother, which
we would pardon in ourselves.

May the cares which haunt the heart of the covetous,
be unknown to a Free-mason.

May no Free-mason desire plenty, but with the
benevolent view to relieve the indigent.

May the deformity of vice in other men, teach
a mason to abhor his own.

May we be more ready to correct our own faults,
than to publish the errors of the brethren.

May every Free-mason participate in the happiness of a brother.

May we never rashly believe the report we hear,
which is prejudicial to a brother.

May discord, party-rage, and insolence, be forever rooted out from amongst masons.

May all Free-masons go hand in hand in the road of virtue.

May all Free-masons ever taste and relish the sweets of freedom.

May the hearts of Free-masons agree, although their heads should differ.

May the masons conduct be so uniform, as to convince the natural world that they dwell in light.

May honour and honesty distinguish the brethren.

The humble beggar,

Relief to all indigent brethren.

May all Free-masons live in love, and die in peace.

To masonry, friendship and love.

To all the worthy fraternity round the globe.

To all well-disposed masons.

The heart which conceals,
And the tongue that ne'er reveals.

May no Free-mason taste the bitter apples of affliction.

May every Free-mason's heart have for tenants truth, candour, and benevolence.

May every Free-mason have pleasures here, and happiness hereafter.

May the Free-mason have health in freedom, and contentment in bondage.

May the evening transactions of a Free-mason, bear his morning reflections.

May every Free-mason have health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a guinea.

Health, joy, and peace of mind to all the Fraternity.

May every brother have health and competency.

May every brother have life, love, and liberty.

May every brother have patience in adversity.

May no Free-mason attempt to destroy his neighbour's credit, with the ignoble view to establish his own.

To the memory of the widow's son.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men of the nation
 Should aprons put on
 To make themselves one,
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
 Have laid by their fwords,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er been asham'd
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Still firm to our trust,
 In friendship we're just,
 Our actions we guide by our reason :
 By observing this rule,
 The passion's move cool
 Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

All idle debate
 About church or the state,
 The springs of impiety and treason :
 These raisers of strife
 Ne'er ruffle the life
 Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
Which adds high renown to our station ;
There's nought but what's good,
To be understood
By a Free and an Accepted Mason.

The clergy embrace,
And all Aaron's race,
Our square actions their knowledge to place on;
And in each degree
They'll honoured be
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere
In our love to the fair,
Who will trust us on every occasion :
No mortal can more
The Ladies adore
Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand,
T' each other firm stand,
Let's be merry, and put a good face on :
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a Free and an Accepted Mason?

May Free-masons, as Christians, be zealous
without uncharitableness.

May the Free-mason be a slave to nothing but
his duty.

May the Free-mason have courage to be honest
in the worst of times.

May all the fraternity have good luck till they
are tired of it.

May Free-masons be as virtuous as the institu-
tion is ancient.

May all the contention amongst masons still be,
Who better can work, and who better agree:

May brotherly love continue.

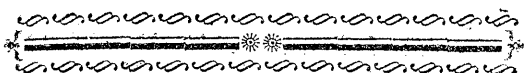
May justice and morality ever be the distinguish-
ing characteristic of a free mason

May free masons so act as to be esteem'd by the
worthy.

May the reins of the free masons passions be un-
der the control of the hands of his reason.

Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet
again.

When thus our temporary Lodge shall be finally
shut, may it prove to us all a transmutation
from transient happiness, to permanent en-
joyment.

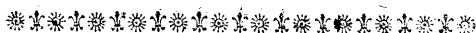


A

NEW COLLECTION

O F

FREE-MASON SONGS.



S O N G I.

COME let us prepare,
We Brothers that are
Assembled, on merry occasion:
Let's drink, laugh and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's a health to an Accepted Mason.

The world is in pain
Our secret to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on:
They ne'er can divine
The word or the sign,
Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

A

S O N G II.

ONCE I was blind and cou'd not see,
All was dark me round,
But Providence provided me,
And soon a friend I found;
Thro' hidden paths my friend me led,
Such paths as babblers ne'er shall tread.

With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

He took all stumbling blocks away,
That I might walk secure,
And brought me long e're break of day
To Sol's bright Temple door,
Where we both admittance found,
By help of magic, spell, and sound.

With a fa, la, &c.

The curber of my rash attempt,
Did then my breast alarm,
And hinted I was not exempt,
Nor free from double harm;
Which put a stop to rising pride,
And made we trust more to my guide.

With a fa, la, &c.

With sober pace I then was led,
 And brought to Sol's bright throne ;
 Where I was oblig'd to stop,
 Till I myself made known :
 With hideous noise I round was brought,
 For to obtain that which I sought.

With a fa, la, &c.

In humble posture, and due form,
 I list'ned with good will ;
 Instead of mighty noise and storm,
 All then was calm and still ;
 Such charming sounds I then did hear,
 As quite expell'd all doubts and fears.

With a fa, la, &c.

The mighty Monarch from his throne,
 Bid darkness then withdraw ;
 No sooner said than it was done,
 And I great things then saw ;
 But what they were I'll not now tell,
 But such they were as here shall dwell.

With a fa, la, &c.

Then round and round me he did tye,
 A noble ancient charm ;

6 A NEW COLLECTION OF

All future darknefs to defy,
and ward of Cowan's harm :
So I return'd from whence I came,
Not what I was, but what I am.

With a fa, la, &c.



S O N G III.

HAIL Maſonry, thou Craft divine !
Glory of earth, from Heaven reveal'd ;
Which doſt with jewels precious ſhine,
From all but Maſons' eyes conceal'd.

*Thy praises due, who can rehearſe,
In nervous proſe, or flowing verſe ?*

As men from brutes diſtinguiſh'd are,
A Maſon other men excels ;
For what's in knowledge choice and rare,
But in his breaſt ſecurely dwells ?

*His ſilent breaſt, and faithful heart,
Preſerves the ſecrets of the art.*

From ſcorching heat, and piercing cold,
From beaſts, whoſe roar the foreſt rends,

From the assaults of warriors bold,
The Masons' art mankind defends.

*Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives such aid.*

Ensigns of state that feed our pride,
Distinction troublesome and vain !
By Masons true, are laid aside ;
Art's free-born sons such toys disdain.

*Ennobled by the name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.*

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
Friendly converse of brotherhood,
The Lodge's lasting cement be !
Which has for ages firmly stood.

*A Lodge thus built for ages past,
Has lasted, and will ever last.*

Then in our songs be justice done,
To those who have enrich'd the art ;
From Adam to great Kelly down,
And let each brother bear a part.

*Let our Grand Master's health go round,
His praise in every Lodge resound.*

S O N G IV.

WHEN a Lodge of Free-Masons
Are cloth'd in their aprons,
In order to make a new brother,
With firm hearts and clean hands,
They repair to their stands,
And justly support one another.

Trusty brother, take care,
Of evesdroppers beware,
'Tis a just and a solemn occasion ;
Give the word and the blow,
That workmen may know,
One asks to be made a Free-Mason.

The Master stands due,
And his officers too,
While the craftsmen are playing their station ;
The apprentices stand,
Right for the command
Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Now traverse your ground,
As in duty you're bound,

And revere the authentic oration,
That leads to the way,
And proves the first ray
Of the light of an Accepted Mason.

Here's words, and here's signs,
Here's problems and lines,
And here's room too for deep speculation;
Here virtue and truth,
Are taught to the youth,
When first he's call'd up to a Mason.

Hieroglyphicks shine bright,
And here light reverts light,
On the rules and the tools of vocation;
We work and we sing,
The Craft and the King;
'Tis both duty and choice in a Mason.

What is said or is done,
Is here truly laid down,
In this form of our high instellation;
Yet I challenge all men,
To know what I mean,
Unless he's an Accepted Mason.

The Ladies claim right,
 To come to our light,
 Since the apron they say is their bearing;
 Can they subject their will,
 Can they keep their tongues still,
 And let talking be chang'd into hearing?

This difficult task,
 Is the least we can ask,
 To secure us on sundry occasions;
 When with this they comply,
 Our utmost we'll try,
 To raise Lodges for Lady Free-Masons.

Till this can be done,
 Must each brother be mum,
 Tho' the fair one should wheedle or tease on;
 Be just, true, and kind,
 But still bear in mind,
 At all times you are a Free-Mason.



S O N G V.

To the Tune of, Rule Britannia.

WHEN earth's foundation first was laid,
 By the Almighty Artist's hand,

'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,
Establish'd by his strict command.

*Hail! mysterious, hail! glorious masonry,
That makes us ever great and free.*

As man throughout for shelter sought,
In vain from place to place did roam,
Until from heaven, from heaven he was taught
To plan, to build, and fix his home.

Hail! mysterious, &c.

Hence illustrious rose our Art,
And now in beauteous piles appear,
Which shall to endless, to endless time impart,
How worthy and how great we are.

Hail! Mysterious, &c.

Nor we, less fam'd for ev'ry tye,
By which the human thought is bound;
Love, truth, and friendship, and friendship socially
Join all our hearts and hands around.

Hail! mysterious, &c.

Our actions still by virtue blest,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world admiring, admiring shall request
To learn, and our bright paths pursue.

Hail! mysterious, &c.

S O N G VI.

To the tune of,—*Rule Britannia*, &c.

WHEN masonry, by heaven's design,
 Did enter first into great Hiram's brain,
 A choir of angels did rejoice,
 And this chorus sung with united voice,
*Hail ! you happy, happy sons that be
 Brothers of Free-Masonry.*

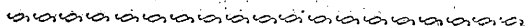
Great Hiram, he did then repair,
 And went to work with rule and square ;
 With his level and plumb he form'd a plan,
 And did the glorious temple frame.
Then hail ! you happy, &c.

When Solomon beheld the fame,
 He then set forth great Hiram's fame ;
 O excellent Mason ! he did say,
 Above all others you bear the sway.
Then hail ! you happy, &c.

Now, to great Hiram's memory,
 Let's fill a glass most pleasantly,
 Including St John, who light did bring,
 Not forgetting great George our King.
Then hail ! you happy, &c.

Then next to our Grand-Master pass,
 My brethren dear, a flowing glass,
 Including ourselves, so pass it round,
 And with a clap make th' lodge resound.

Then hail ! you happy, &c.



S O N G VII.

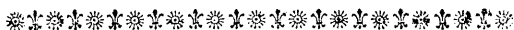
TUNE,—*Ey let us a' to the wedding.*

KING SOLOMON, that wise projector,
 In masonry took great delight ;
 And Hiram that great architector,
 Whose actions ever shall shine bright.
 From the heart of a true honest Mason,
 There's none can the secret remove ;
 Our maxims, are justice, morality,
 Friendship, and brotherly love.

We meet like true friends on the level,
 And lovingly part on the square ;
 Alike we respect king and beggar,
 Provided they're just and sincere.
 We scorn an ungenerous action,
 None can with Free-masons compare ;
 We love for to live within compass,
 By rules that are honest and fair.

We exclude all talkative fellows,
 That will bable and prate past their wit,
 They ne'er shall come into our secret,
 For they're neither worthy nor fit :
 But the person that's well recommended,
 And we find him honest and true,
 When our Lodge is well tyl'd we'll prepare them,
 And, like Masons, our work we'll pursue.

There's some foolish people reject us,
 For which they are highly to blame ;
 They cannot shew any objection,
 Or reason for doing the same,
 The art's a divine inspiration,
 As all honest men will declare ;
 So here's to all true-hearted Brothers,
 That live within compass and square.



S O N G VIII.

FROM the depths let us raise
 Our voices, and praise
 The works of the glorious creation ;
 And extol the great fame
 Of our Maker's great name,
 And his love to an Accepted Mason.

In primitive times,
When men, by high crimes,
Occasion'd a great devastation :
The flood did abound,
And all men were drown'd,
Save a Free and an Accepted Mason.

In an Ark that was good,
Made of Gopher wood,
It was built by divine ordination ;
And first in his time,
That planted a vine,
Was a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Then Pharoah, the King
Of Egypt, did bring
Into bondage our whole generation :
But that King got a fall,
And his magicians all,
By a Princely and great learned Mason.

Four hundred and thirty years
By Scripture appears,
Was their bondage in th' Egyptian nation ;
But by providence great,
They made their escape,
Unto the Egyptians vexation.

Then thro' the Red-Sea,
 Heaven guided their way,
 By two pillars of divine ordinations ;
 But Pharaoh's great train
 The sea did restrain,
 From pursuing an army of Masons.

On the plains they did rear,
 A pavilion fair,
 It was built by divine inspiration ;
 Each part in it square,
 None cou'd it prepare,
 But a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Thro' Jordan they go,
 To face their proud foe,
 I mean the great Cananite nations ;
 But their gigantick train
 Could not sustain
 The force of that army of Masons.

King Solomon he,
 Was known to be free,
 Built a Lodge for the use of Free Masons ;
 Each beautiful part,
 Was due to the art
 Of that Princely and great learned Mason.

Let each Mason that's free
 Toast his memory :
 John hands without dissimulation ;
 Let cowans think on,
 For they are all wrong ;
 Drink a health to an accepted Mason.



S O N G IX.

ON, on, my dear brethren, pursue the great
 Lecture,
 And refine on the rules of old Architecture ;
 High honour to Masons the Craft daily brings,
 To those brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.

We drove the rude Vandals and Goths of the
 stage,
 And reviv'd the old arts of Augustus' fam'd age ;
 Vespasian destroyed the vast temple in vain ;
 Since so many now rise under *Dumfries'* reign.

The noble five orders, compos'd with such art,
 Shall amaze the swift eye, and engage the whole
 heart :

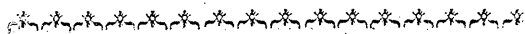
Proportion, sweet harmony, gracing the whole,
Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a soul.

Then Master, and Brethren, preserve your
great name ;

This lodge, so majestic, shall purchase you fame ;
Rever'd it shall stand till all nature expire,
And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire.

See, see, behold here what rewards all our toil,
Inspires our genius, and bids labour smile ;
To our noble Grand-Master let a bumper be
crown'd,
To all Masons a bumper,—so let it go round.

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,
Our ancient firm union cement with a glass :
And all the contention 'mong Masons shall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.



S O N G X.

TUNE,—*In the garb of old Gaul.*

IN the dress of Free-Masons, fit garments, for
Jove, (love
With the strongest attachment, true brotherly

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 and
love, (prove ;
Let us, like brethren, faithful to ev'ry brother
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 and
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 Master we bend;
For these are the rulers we're bound to defend:
And when such a King, such a Master arise,
As Britons, as Masons, we've cause to rejoice.
And since we're bound, &c.



S O N G XI.

By a YOUNG LADY.

OF your hearts to take care, now ladies pre-
pare;

Be silent! I'll tell you the reason:
Sly Cupid, they say, as the surest way,
To conquer the fair, is made Mason.

The music you hear, will ravish your ear;
Your eye will be pleas'd past expression:
But think on the snart, that follows the dart,
When thrown by the hand of a Mason.

The nymph may pretend, her heart to defend ;
 But let her from me take a lesson ;
 She's surely undone, tho' her heart was of stone,
 It will melt at one glance from a Mason,

By the apron and glove, Cupid reigns god of love,
 To deny his empire now is treason ;
 Then I humbly agree, soon married to be,
 Then answer each call of my Mason.

Heaven prosper the youth, for honour and truth,
 And secrecy fam'd by all nations ;
 I'll ne'er be asham'd, nor fear to be blam'd,
 While I write in the praise of Free-masons.



S O N G XII.

C O M E boys, let's more liquor get,
 Since jovially we all are met,
 Since jovially we all are met,
 Here none will disgrace ;
 Let's drink and sing, and all combine
 In songs to praise that art divine,
 In songs to praise that art divine,
 That's call'd Free-Masonry.

True knowledge seated in the head,
 Doth teach us masons how to tread,
 Doth teach, &c.

The paths we ought to go ;
 By which we ever friends create,
 And drown all cares, strife, and debate,
 And drown, &c.
 Count none but fools our foe.

Here sorrow knows not how to weep,
 And watchful grief is lull'd to sleep,
 And watchful, &c.

In our lodge we know no care ;
 Join hand in hand before we part,
 Each brother takes his glass with heart,
 Each brother, &c.
 And toast some charming fair.

Hear me, ye gods, and whilst I live,
 Good fellows and good liquor give,
 Good fellows, &c.

Then always happy me ;
 Sometimes a gentle She I crave,
 And when I'm summon'd to my grave,
 And when, &c.
 Adieu Free-Masonry.

S O N G XIII.

YOU cowans together both ancient and young,
Draw near a while to my merry song,
You'll all will be Masons before it be long.

Up and down, derry, derry, up and down, &c.

You are made for a trifle, the price is but small:
Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords, you brothers
will call.

Get aprons, get gloves, get drink, and that's all.

Up and down, &c.

Get aprons, get gloves, get secrets, that's all.

Up and down, &c.

You say, to your knowledge, you'll never disclose
To the best of your friends, or the worst of your
foes,

That secret which no blind cowan e'er knows.

Up and down, &c.

That secret which none but a Free-Mason knows.

Up and down, &c.

Likewise, to your knowledge, you never will tell,
Lest you are tormented by the flames of hell.

That fate to a Free-Mason never befel.

Up and down, &c.

S O N G XIV.

WHOEVER wants wisdom, must, with some
delight, (night;

Read, ponder, and pore, noon, morning, and
Must turn over volumes of gigantic size,
Enlighten his mind, tho' he puts out his eyes.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

If a general would know how to muster his men,
By thousands, by hundreds, by fifties by ten ;

Or level his siege on high castle or town,

He must borrow his precepts from men of re-
nown.

Derry down, &c.

Would a wry fac'd physician, or parson excel,
In preaching, or giving a sanctified spell ;

He first must read Gallen and Tillotson thro',

E'er he get credentials, or business to do.

Derry down, &c.

But these are all follies, Free-Masons can prove ;
In the lodge they find knowledge, fair virtue and
love ;

(their eyes,

Without deaf'ning their ears, without blinding

They find the compendious way to be wise.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G X V.

COME all ye elves that be,
Come follow, follow me;
All you that guards have been
Without, and ferv'd within;
Sing, let joy thro' us resound,
For all this lodge is sacred ground,

Guides too, that faries are,
Come, five by five prepare,
Come buy fresh oil with speed,
Your dying lamps to feed;
All trimm'd in new and glittering light,
For welcome garments must be white.

Come Seraphs too that be
Bright rulers, three by three,
Attend on me your queen,
Two hand-maids led between;
Whilst all around this health I name,
Shall make the hollow sounds proclaim.

While Silvans and Silvan loves,
O'er mountains and in groves,

With brighter gems, and sprightly dames,
 Of fountains and of flames ;
 With joyful noise of hands and feet,
 Shall echo and the noise repeat.

While we who sing and love,
 And live in springs above ;
 Descend, descend, do we,
 With masons to be free ;
 Where springs of wine revive each face,
 And streams of milk flow round the place.

Whilst Cherubs guard the door,
 With flaming sword before,
 We thro' the key-hole creep,
 And there we deeply peep.
 O'er all their jewels skip and leap,
 And trip it, trip it, step by step.

Or as upon the green,
 We faeries turn unseen,
 So here we make a ring,
 Whilst merry masons sing ;
 Around their cowans we whirl apace,
 And not one single hair misplace.

And down from thence we jump,
All with a silent thump.

None hear our feet rebound,
Round, round, the table round ;
Nor sees us, whilst we nimbly pass
Thrice round the rim of ev'ry glass.

But if any crumbs withal
Down from their table fall,
With greedy mirth we eat,
No honey is so sweet !
And when they drop it from their thumb,
We catch it supernaculum.

Now as for Masonry,
Altho' we are not free ;
In lodges we have been,
And all their signs have seen ;
Yet such love to the craft we bear,
Their secrets we will ne'er declare.

S O N G XVI.

TO the science that virtue and art do maintain,
Let the muse pay her tribute in soft gliding
strain,

Those mystic perfections so fond to display,
 As far as allow'd to poetical lay,
 Each profession and class of mankind must agree,
 That masons alone are the men who are free, &c.

Their origin they, with great honour can trace
 From the sons of religion and singular grace ;
 Great Hiram and Solomon, virtue to prove,
 Made this the grand secret of friendship and love
 Each profession and class of mankind must agree
 That masons, of all men, are certainly free, &c

The smart and the beau, the coquet and prude
 The dull and the comic, the heavy and rude,
 In vain may enquire, then fret and despise
 An art that's still secret 'gainst all they devise
 Each profession and class of mankind must agree
 That masons, tho' secret, are loyal and free, &c

Commit it to thousands of different mind,
 And this golden precept you'll certainly find,
 Nor interest nor terror can make them reveal,
 Without just admittance what they should conceal
 Each profession and class of mankind must agree
 That masons alone are both secret and free, &c

Fair virtue and friendship, religion and love,
The motives of this noble science still prove ;
'Tis the key and the lock of Christianity's rules,
And not to be trusted to knaves or to fools.
Each profession and class of mankind must agree,
That accepted masons are steady and free, &c.

Th' Israelites distinguish'd their friends from their
foes (those
by signs and characters ; then say, why should
Of vice and unbelief be permitted to pry,
Into secrets that masons alone should descry.
Each profession and class of mankind must agree,
That masons, of all men, are secret and free, &c.

The dunce, he imagines that science and art
Depends on some compact or magical part ;
Thus men are so stupid, to think that the cause
Of our constitution's against divine laws.
Each profession and class of mankind must agree,
That masons are jovial, religious, and free, &c.

Push about the brisk bowl, let it circling pass,
Let each chosen brother lay hold on his glass,
And drink to the heart that will always conceal,
And the tongue that our secrets will never reveal.

Each profession and class of mankind must agree,
That the sons of old Hiram are certainly free, &c.



S O N G XVII.

WE brethren, Free-Masons, let's mark the
great name,

Most ancient and loyal recorded by fame ;
In unity meet, let us merrily sing,
The life of a mason's like that of a king.

No discord, no envy, among us shall be,
No confusion of tongues, but let us all agree ;
Not like building of Babel, confound one another,
But fill up your glasses, and drink to each brother.

A tower they wanted to lead them to blefs ;
I hope there's no brother but knows what it is.
Three principal steps in our ladder there be,
A myst'ry to all but those that are free.

Let the strength of our reason keep the square of
our heart,
And virtue adorn every man in his part,
The name of a cowan wi'll not ridicule,
But pity is folly, and count him a fool.

Let's lead a good life, whilst power we have,
 And when that our bodies are laid in the grave,
 We hope with good conscience to heaven to climb,
 To give Peter the pass-word, the token and sign.
 Saint Peter, he opens, and so we pass in, (sin,
 To a place that's prepar'd for all those free from
 To that heavenly lodge which is tyld most secure,
 A place that's prepar'd for all those that are pure.



S O N G XVIII.

TUNE,—*On, on, my dear Brethren.*

THE curious vulgar, could never devise,
 What social free-masons so highly do prize:
 No human conjecture, no study in schools,
 Such fruitless attempts are the actions of fools.
 Sublime are our maxims, our plan from above,
 Old as the creation, cemented with love;
 To promote all the virtues adorning man's life,
 Subduing our passions, preventing all strife.
 Pursue my dear brethren, embrace with great care,
 A system adapted our actions to square,

Whose origin clearly appeareth divine,
Observe how its precepts to virtue incline.

The secrets of nature King Solomon knew,
The names of all trees in the forest that grew :
Architecture his study, free-masons sole guide,
Thus finish'd his temple, antiquity's pride.

True ancient free-masons our arts did conceal,
Their hearts were sincere, and not prone to reveal.

Here's the widow's son's mem'ry, that mighty
great Sage,

Who skilfully handled plumb, level and gage.

Toast next our Grand-master, of noble repute,
No brother presuming his laws to dispute ;

No discord, no faction, our lodge shall divide,

Here truth, love, and friendship must always
abide.

Cease, cease, ye vain rebels, your country's disgrace,
To ravage like Vandals, our arts to deface :

Learn, learn to grow loyal, our king to defend,

And live like free-masons, your lives to amend.

S O N G XX.

TUNE,—*The Miller of Mansfield.*

HOW happy a mason? whose bosom still flows
With friendship, and ever most chearfully
goes ;

Th' effects of the mysteries lodg'd in his breast,
Myst'ries rever'd, and by princes possess'd.

Our friend, and our bottle, we best can enjoy,
No rancour, or envy, our quiet annoy,

Our plumb-line and compass, our square and
our tools,

Direct all our actions in virtue's fair rules.

To Mars and to Venus, we're equally true,
Our hearts can enliven, our arms can subdue:

Let the enemy tell, and the ladies declare.

No class or profession with masons compare.

To give a fond lustre, we ne'er need a crest,
Since honour and virtue remain in our breast.

We'll charm the rude world when we clap,
laugh, and sing ;

If so happy a mason, say, who'd be a king?

S O N G XXI.

BEGIN, O ye muses ! a free mason's strain ;
 Let the numbers be gentle, and easy and plain ;
 Tho' sometimes in concert sublimely we sing,
 Whilst each brother mason join hands with a king,
 And princes disdains not companions to be
 With the man that is own'd for a mason and free.

Why seek our best nobles our myst'ry to know,
 And rather sing here, than sip tea with a beau ?
 The sweet notes of knowledge more pow'rfully call,
 Than a fav'rite at court, or a toast at a ball ;
 For truth's sake, a lord is of equal degree
 With the man that is own'd for a mason and free.

'Twas heaven first lighted the glorious flame
 Of science that sages free-masonry name.
 From Adam it flow'd to the patriarch of old ;
 The wise king preferred it to coffers of gold ;
 And Hiram of Tyre join'd with him to be
 Of the number of those that were masons and free.

The Grigs, Antigallics, and others, they say,
 Have set up their lodges, and mimic our way ;
 But frogs claim a curse when they croak from
 the fen,
 And monkeys a kick when they imitate men.

In vain, shallow mortals, ye rivals would be,
To the man that is own'd for a mason and free.

The wisdom of Greece and old Rome we explore
Nay pass to the learn'd of the Memphian shore
What secrets Euphrates and Tigris have known,
And Palestine gather'd, are here made our own
Well may the world wonder what strange things
we see,

With the man that's own'd for a mason and free.

Tho' the fair from our rites are for ever debar'd;
Ah, ladies! repent not, nor censure too hard;
You have no rivals here, nor ev'n in a glass,
Where fribbles so dote on the shade of an ass.
Your own dearest pictures, our hearts could you
see,

Would be found in the man that's a mason and free

The brightest of graces with virtue here join,
No such angel-looks in the drawing-room shine.
Bless'd Concord and angel-ey'd Truth hover round
And, face to face, Friendship says, See the bow
crown'd:

Here's a health, let it pass with the number of three
To the man that is own'd for a mason and free.

S O N G XXII.

ONE evening at ambrosial treat,
In her ætherial tour,
Minerva, the nine muses met,
In Ida's roseated bower,
Apollo and gay Bacchus join,
For hand in hand walk'd wit and wine.

With my fal de ral.

Pallas the swimming dance began,
Her hair a fillet bound,
Blue, like her eyes, the bandage shone,
Her sappient temples crown'd ;
Which loosen'd by the dance, dropp'd down,
And Bacchus seiz'd the azure zone. *With, &c.*

The ribbon to his breast he plac'd,
By Styx then swore the youth,
What the throne of wisdom grac'd,
Should grace the feat of truth ;
Then ope at once his robe he threw,
And on his bosom beam'd TRUE BLUE.

With, &c.

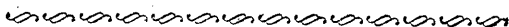
If mortals can give garters fame,
 And honours form on earth,
 Sure deities may do the same,
 And give one order birth ;
 This ribband lov'd celestials view,
 And stamp your sanction on TRUE BLUE.

With, &c.

Urania prais'd the rosy god,
 Her tuneful sisters join,
 Minerva gave th' assenting nod,
 Phœbus enroll'd the sign ;
 Along the skies loud peans flew,
 Olympus join'd, and hail'd TRUE BLUE.

With, &c.

This ribband Iris bore to earth,
 The gods enjoin'd the fair,
 Where first she met true sons of worth,
 To leave the ribband there :
 From clime to clime she searching flew,
 And in Hibernia left TRUE BLUE. *With, &c.*



S O N G XXIII.

JUST straight from his home,
 See yon candidate come,

Prepar'd for the time and occasion !

Of all that can harm,

We will him disarm,

That he no-ways may hurt a Free-mason.

His blind eyes cannot search

Out the way of his march,

Nor yet where his steps he must place on :

When him we receive,

He cannot perceive

How he came to me made a Free-mason.

Then he'll danger defy,

And on heaven rely,

For strength to support the occasion ;

With the blessing of pray'r

He banishes fear,

And undaunted is made a Free-mason.

When he makes his demand,

By the Master's command,

To know if he's fit for the station ;

Around he is brought,

E'er he get what he sought,

From a Free and an Accepted Mason.

When girded with care,
 By the help of the square ;
 The emblem of truth and of reason ;
 In form he is plac'd,
 While to him are rehears'd
 The mysteries of a Free-mason.

Then full in his sight,
 Doth shine the grand light,
 To illuminate the works which we trace on ;
 And now as his due,
 He is cloth'd in full view,
 With the badge of an Accepted Mason.

Now, hark ! we enlarge
 On the duties and charge,
 Where his conduct and walk he must place on ;
 Then a bumper we'll fill,
 And show our good will
 To a Free and an Accepted Mason.



S O N G XXIV.

HAIL, sacred art ! by heaven design'd
 To cultivate and cheer the mind ;

Thy secrets are to all unknown,

But masons just and true alone.

But masons just and true alone.

Then let us all their praises sing,

Fellows to peasant, prince, or king.

Fellows to peasant, prince, or king.

From west to east we take our way,

To meet the bright approaching day,

That we to work may go in time,

And up the sacred ladder climb.

And up, &c.

Then let us all, &c.

Bright rays of glory did inspire

Our Master great, who came from Tyre,

Still sacred hist'ry keeps his name,

Who did the glorious temple frame.

Who did, &c.

Then let us all, &c.

The noble art divinely rear'd,

Uprightly built upon the square,

Encompass'd by the pow'rs divine

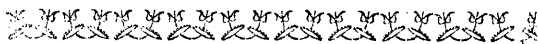
Shall stand until the end of time.

Shall stand, &c.

Then let us all, &c.

No human eye the beauties see,
 But masons truly just, and free,
 Inspir'd by each heav'nly spark,
 Whilst cowans labour in the dark.
 Whilst cowans, &c.

Then let us all, &c.



S O N G XXV.

WITH plumb, level, and square, to work
 let's prepare,
 And join in a sweet harmony ;
 Let's fill up each glass, and round let it pass
 To all honest men that are free.
 To all honest men that are free.

CHORUS.

*Then a fig for all those who are Free-masons' foes,
 Our secrets we'll never impart ;
 But in unity we shall always agree,
 And chorus it, prosper our art.
 And chorus it, &c.*

When we're properly cloth'd the master discloses
 The secrets that's lodg'd in his breast ;

Thus we stand by the cause that deserves great
applause,

In which we are happy and blest,

In which, &c.

Then a fig for all those, &c.

The Bible's our guide, and by that we'll abide,

Which shews that our actions are pure ;

The compass and square, are emblems most rare

Of justice, our cause to insure.

Of justice, &c.

Then a fig for all those, &c.

The cowlan my strive, nay, plot and contrive

To find out our great mystery ;

The inquisitive wife may in vain spend her life,

For still we'll be honest and free.

For still, &c.

Then a fig for all those, &c.

True brotherly love, we always approve,

Which makes us all mortals excel ;

If a knave should, by chance, to this grandeur
advance,

That villain we'll straightway expel.

That villain, &c.

Then a fig for all those, &c.

So our lodge that's so pure, to the end shall endure,

In virtue and true secrecy ;

Then let's toast a good health, with honour and wealth,

To attend the blest hands made us free.

To attend the kind hands made us free.

Then a fig for all those, &c.



S O N G XXVI.

LET worthy brethren all combine,
For to adorn our mystic art ;

So as the craft may ever shine,

And cheer each faithful brother's heart ;

Then brethren all in chorus sing,

Prosper the craft, and bless the king.

Well levell'd, plumb'd, and squar'd aright,

The five noble orders upright stand,

Wisdom and strength, with beauty's height,

The Wonder of the world command.

Then brethren all. &c.

Ye fools and cowans, all who plot,
 For to obtain our mystery ;
 Ye strive in vain, attempt it not,
 Such creatures never shall be free.
 Then brethren all, &c.

The wise, the noble, good, and great,
 Can only be accepted here ;
 The knave, or fool, tho' deck'd in state,
 Shall ne'er approach the master's chair.
 Then brethren all, &c.

Now fill your glasses, charge them high,
 Let our Grand-Master's health go round,
 And let each heart o'erflow with joy ;
 And love and unity abound.
 Then brethren all, &c.



S O N G XXVII.

COME follow, follow me,
 Ye jovial masons free ;
 Come follow all the rules
 That e'er was taught in schools,

By Solomon, that mason king,
Who honour to the craft did bring.

He's justly call'd the wise,
His fame doth reach the skies,
He stood upon the square,
And did the temple rear :

With true level, plumb, and gage,
He prov'd the wonder of the age,

The mighty mason lords
Stood firmly to their words ;

They had it in esteem,
For which they're justly deem'd :
Why should not their example prove.
Our present craft to live in love ?

The royal art and word,
Is kept upon record,
With upright hearts and pure,
While sun and moon endure :

Not written, but indented on
The heart of ev'ry Free-mason.

And as for Hiram's art,
We need not to impart,

The Scripture plainly shows
 From whence his knowledge flows ;
 His genius was so much refin'd,
 His peer he has not left behind.

Then let not any one,
 Forget the widow's son,
 But toast his memory
 In glasses charg'd full high ;
 And when our proper time is come,
 Like brethren part, and so go home.

S O N G XXVIII.

SOME folks have with curious impertinence
 strove,

From Free masons bosoms their secrets to move ;
 I'll tell why in vain their endeavours must prove,

Which nobody can deny,

Which nobody can deny.

Of this happy secret when once we're possess'd,
 Our tongues can't explain what is lodg'd in our
 breast ;

For the blessing's so great, it can ne'er be express'd.

Which nobody can deny, &c.

Truth, charity, justice, our principles are :
 What one does possess, the others may share ;
 And these in this world are blessings most rare ;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Now, since we are met, the world's wonder and
 boast,
 And each one enjoys what pleases him most,
 I'll give the best and most glorious toast ;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Here's a health to the gen'rous, the brave, and
 the good,
 To all those who think and act as they shou'd ;
 And in all this the Free-masons health's under-
 stood ;
Which nobody can deny, &c.



S O N G XXIX.

COME, come, my brothers dear,
 Now we're assembled here.
 Exalt your voices clear
 With harmony ;

There's none shall be admitted in,
 Were he a Lord, a Duke or a King;
 He's counted but an empty thing,
 Except he's free.

*Let ev'ry man take glass in hand,
 Drink bumpers to our Master Grand,
 As long as he can sit or stand
 With decency.*

By our arts we prove
 Emblems of truth and love,
 Types given from above
 To those that are free.

There's near a king that fills a throne,
 Will ever be asham'd to own
 Those secrets to the world unknown,
 But such as we.

Let ev'ry man take glass in hand, &c.

Now ladies, try your arts,
 To gain us men of parts,
 Who best can charm your hearts,
 Because we're free.

Then take us, try us, and you'll find,
 We're true and loving, just and kind,
 And taught to please a lady's mind
 By masonry.

Let ev'ry man take glass in hand, &c.

*God bless King George, long may he reign.
 To curb the bride of foes that's vain,
 And with his conqu'ring sword maintain
 Free masonry.*



S O N G XXX.

TUNE,—*O! Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd.*

YE people who laugh at masons, draw near,
 Attend to my ballad without any sneer,
 And if you'll have patience, you shall soon see,
 What a fine art is masonry.

There's none but an Atheist can ever deny,
 But that this art came first from on high;
 The almighty God here I'll prove for to be
 The first great Master of masonry.

He took up his compass with masterly hand,
He stretch'd out his rule, and he measur'd the
land :

He laid the foundation of earth and sea
By his known rules of masonry.

Our first father Adam, deny it who can,
A mason was made as soon as a man ;
And a fig-leave apron at first wore he,
In token of love to masonry.

The principle law our love does approve,
Is, that we still live in brotherly love.

Thus Cain was banish'd by heaven's decree,
For breaking the rules of masonry :

The temple that wise King Solomon rais'd,
For beauty, for order, for elegance prais'd,
To what did it owe all its elegancy ?
To the just form'd rules of masonry.

But should I pretend, in this humble verse,
The merits of Free-mason's art to rehearse,
Years yet to come too little would be
To sing the praises of masonry.

Then hoping I have not detain'd you too long,
 I here shall take leave to finish my song,
 With a health to the Master, and those who
 are free,
 That lives to the rules of masonry.



S O N G XXXI.

HERE let no dull faces of business appear ;
 Farewel till to-morrow hard labour and care.
 This night shall be sacred to friendship and ease,
 Each bosom be open, mirth dart from each face.

Consider, dear brethren, that masons grow old ;
 That relish abates, as the blood waxes cold :
 And, if to be happy, too long we delay,
 Soon as we attempt, cries death, Come away !

Then, fellows in masonry, let us rejoice,
 In beautiful melody join ev'ry voice.

Time shan't overtake us before we can say,
 That we have been easy, plyth, social, and gay.

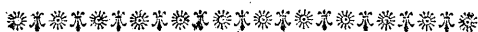
Adieu, sober thinking, detraction, and spleen ;
 You ought to be strangers where masons convene.

Come jest, love, and laughter, ye joyful throng,
You're free of the lodge, and to masons belong,

Let monarchs run mad after riches and power,
Fat gownmen be dull, and philosophers four ;
While the claret goes round, and the company
sings,

We're wiser than sages, and richer than kings.

Then fill up the goblet, and deal it about ;
Each brother will see it thrice twenty times out.
Our pleasures, as well as our labours, can tell,
How free-hearted masons all mankind excel.



S O N G XXXII.

LET us sing to the honour of those
Who baseness and error oppose ;
Who from sages and magic of old,
Have got secrets, which none can unfold ;
 Whilst thro' life's sweet career,
With mirth and good cheer,
 We're revelling
And levelling,

The monarch, till he
 Says our joys far transcend
 .. What on thrones do attend,
 And thinks it a glory with us to be free.

The wisest of kings pav'd the way,
 And his precepts we keep to this day.
 The most glorious of temples gave name
 To Free-masons, who still keep their fame.
 Tho' no prince did arise
 So great and so wise.
 Yet, in falling
 Our calling
 Still bore high applause.
 And tho' darkness o'er-run
 The face of the sun,
 We, diamond-like blaz'd, to illuminate the cause.



S O N G XXXIII.

THIS masonry unites mankind,
 To generous actions forms the soul ;

So strict in union we're conjoin'd,
One spirit animates the whole.

CHORUS to be repeated at every verse.

*Then let mankind our deeds approve,
Since union, harmony, and love,
Shall waft us to the realms above.*

Where'er aspiring domes arise,
Wherever sacred altars stand,
Those altars blaze up to the skies ;
Those domes proclaim the mason's hand.

The stone unshap'd as lumber lies
Till mason's art its form refines ;
So passions do our souls disguise,
Till social virtue calms our minds.

Let wretches at our manhood rail :
But those who once our judgment prove,
Will own, that we who build so well,
With equal energy can love.

Tho' still our chief concern and care
Be to deserve a brother's name ;

For ever mindful of the fair,
 Their choicest favours still we claim.

From us pale Discord long has fled,
 With all her train of mortal spite,
 Nor in our lodge dares shew her head ;
 Sunk in the gloom of endless night.

My brethren, charge your glasses high,
 To our Grand Master's noble name ;
 Our shouts shall beat the vaulted sky,
 And every tongue his praise proclaim.



S O N G XXXIV.

GLORIOUS Craft, which fires the mind,
 With sweet harmony and love ;
 Surely thou wert first design'd,
 A foretaste of the joys above.

Pleasures always on thee wait,
 Thou reformest Adam's race ;
 Strength and beauty in thee meet,
 Wisdom's radiant in thy face.

Art's and virtue now combine,
Friendship raises chearful mirth ;
All united to refine
Man from grosser part of earth.

Stately temples now arise,
And on lofty columns stand ;
Mighty domes attempt the skies,
To adorn this happy land.



S O N G XXXV.

Guardian genius of our art divine,
Unto thy faithful sons appear :
Cease now o'er ruins of the east to pine,
And smile in blooming beauties here.

Egypt, Syria, and proud Babylon,
No more thy blissful presence claim :
In Britain fix thy ever-during throne,
Where myriads do confess thy name.

The sciences from eastern regions brought,
Which after shone in Greece and Rome,
Are here in hundreds stately lodges taught,
To which remotest brethren come.

Behold what strength our rising domes appears,
Till mixing with the azure skies :

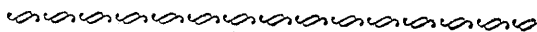
Behold what beauty through the whole appears
So wisely built, they must surprise.

Nor are we only to these arts confin'd ;

For we the paths of virtue trace :

By us man's rugged nature is refin'd,

And polish'd into love and peace.



S O N G XXXVI.

AS I at Wheeler's lodge one night

Kept Bacchus company,

For Bacchus is a mason bright,

And of all lodges free—FREE—FREE ;

Said I, Great Bacchus is a-dry ;

Pray, give the god some wine,

Jove in a fury did reply,

October's as divine—DIVINE—DIVINE.

It makes us masons more complete,

Adds to our fancy wings ;

Makes us as happy and as great

As mighty Lords and Kings—KINGS—KINGS.

S O N G XXXVII.

YE thrice happy few,
Whose hearts have been true,
In concord and unity found ;
Let us sing and rejoice,
And unite ev'ry voice,
To send the gay chorus around.

C H O R U S.

*Like pillars we stand
An immovable band,
Cemented by power from above ;
Then freely let pass
The generous glass
To masonry, friendship, and love.*

The GRAND ARCHITECT,
Whose word did erect,
Eternity, measure, and space,
First laid the fair plan,
Whereon we began,
The cement of harmony and peace.

Like pillars we stand, &c.

Whose firmness of hearts,
Fair treasure of arts,

To the eyes of the vulgar unknown ;
 Whose lustre can beam
 New dignity and fame
 To the pulpit, the bar, and the throne.

Like pillars we stand, &c.

The great DAVID's son,
 Unmatch'd SOLOMON,
 As recorded in sacred page,
 Thro' masonry became
 The first fav'rite of fame,
 The wonder and pride of his age.

Like pillars we stand, &c.

Indissoluble bands
 Our hearts and our hands,
 In social benevolence bind ;
 For true to his cause,
 By immutable laws,
 A mason's a friend to mankind.

Like pillars we stand, &c.

Let joy flow around,
 And PEACE, olive-bound,
 Preside at our mystical rites ;

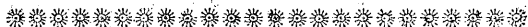
Whose conduct maintains
 Our auspicious domains
 And freedom with order unites,
Like pillars we stand, &c.

Nor let the fair maid
 Our mysteries dread,
 Or think them repugnant to love ;
 To beauty we bend,
 And her empire defend,
 Her empire deriv'd from above.

Like pillars we stand, &c.

Then let us unite,
 Sincere and upright,
 On the level of virtue we stand :
 No mortal can be
 So happy as we,
 With a brother and friend in each hand.

Like pillars we stand, &c.



S O N G XXXIX.

PRAY don't sleep or think,
 But give us some drink,

For 'faith I'm most plaguily dry.
 Wine cheers up the soul,
 Then fill up the bowl,
 For e'er long you all know we must die.
 Yesterday's gone,
 This day is our own;
 To-morrow we never may see.
 Thought causes us smart,
 And eats up the heart;
 Then let us be jovial and free.

The world is a cheat,
 With a face counterfeit,
 And freedom and mirth discommends:
 But here we may quaff,
 Speak our thoughts, sing, and laugh.
 For all here are masons and friends.



S O N G XL.

FROM henceforth ever sing
 The Craftsman and the King,
 With poetry and music sweet
 Resound their harmony complete,

And with Geometry in skilful hand

Due homage pay

Without delay,

To great DUMFRIES our MASTER GRAND.

He rules the free-born Sons of Art

By love and friendship, hand and heart.

C H O R U S.

Who can rehearse the praise

In soft poetic lays,

Or solid prose, of Masons true,

Whose art transcends the common view?

Their secrets ne'er to strangers yet expos'd ;

Preserv'd shall be

By Masons Free,

And only to the Ancient Lodge disclos'd ;

Because they're kept in Mason's heart

By Brethren of the Royal Art.



S O N G XLI.

U NITE, unite, your voices raise ;

Loud, loudly sing Free-Mason's praise :

Spread far and wide their spotless fame,

And glory in the sacred name.

Behold, behold, the upright band,
 In Virtues paths go hand in hand ;
 They shun each ill, they do no wrong,
 Strict honour does to them belong.

How just, how just, are all their ways;
 Superior far to mortal praise :
 Their worth description far exceeds :
 For matchless are Free-Masons' deeds.

Go on, go on, ye just and true,
 Still, still the same bright paths pursue ;
 Th' admiring world shall on ye gaze,
 And Friendship's altar ever blaze.

Begone, begone, fly discord hence,
 With party rage and insolence :
 Sweet peace shall bless this happy band,
 And freedom smile throughout the land.



S O N G XLII.

GRANT us, kind Heaven, what we request
 In Masonry let us be blest ;
 Direct us to that happy place
 Where Friendship smiles in every face :

Where Freedom and fweet innocence
Enlarge the mind and cheer the fenfe.

Where fceptur'd Reafon, from her throne,
Surveys the Lodge, and makes us one ;
And harmony's delightful fway,
For ever fhades ambrofial day :
- Where we bleft Eden's pleafure tafte,
Whilst balmy joys are our repaft.

No prying eye can view us here :
No fool or knave difturb our cheer :
Our well-form'd laws fet mankind free,
And give relief to mifery :
The poor, opprefs'd with woe and grief,
Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

Our Lodge the focial virtues grace,
And Wifdom's rules we fondly trace ;
Whole Nature, open to our view,
Points out the paths we fhould purfue.
Let us fubfift in lafting peace,
And may our happinefs increafe.

S O N G XLIII.

TUNE.—An old woman clothed in Grey.

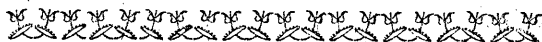
IN spite of the prejudic'd hate
 The vulgar against us retain,
 Let us new attachments create,
 And strengthen each link to our chain :
 Without ceasing, they slander us still,
 And fling at us many a joke ;
 But those, who of Masons speak ill,
 Are not worthy their wrath to provoke.

We challenge the witty, or sage,
 Our morals or deeds to gainfay,
 Since those of the primitive age,
 We are bound to esteem and obey ;
 A friendship that's warm and sincere
 Does always her favours dispense ;
 And our hearts to be sway'd will appear
 By the dictates of nature and sense.

Perhaps some may deem it a fault,
 That we so mysterious are,
 But virtue alone we are taught,
 Is the object that's worthy our care :

Assur'd of being honest, we taste,
 This chearful amusement at leisure,
 With the presence of decency grac'd,
 Which regulates every pleasure.

Hence it is that we see ev'ry brother
 An affable air entertain ;
 And, excusing the faults of each other,
 A social spirit maintain :
 Without hatred or jealousy, thus
 United we Masons do live :
 And he only is envy'd by us
 Who his friends the most pleasure can give.



S O N G XLIV.

WHILE yet as a cowan I wander'd the plain,
 I thought to be a mason again and again,
 But often was told it was not for my weil,
 For at meetings of masons they raised the Deil.
'raised the Deil, &c.

I thither repair'd, being resolv'd in my mind,
 When to my surprise a good friend I did find,

And bad me prepare, for so hearty I'd feel ;
 What still was now strange when I thought on the
 Deil.

thought on the Deil, &c.

We knock'd, but was stopp'd ; when we enter'd
 the door,

They said, Who bring you here whom we ne'er
 saw before ;

I told them I thought to be admitted fu' weil,
 As I freely came here to shake hands wi' the Deil.

shake hands wi' the Deil, &c.

By leave from the chair then admittance we found
 But like one that's blind I gropp'd all the way round ;
 'Till something I felt made me stagger and reel,
 Which rais'd my old thought, I'd meet wi' the Deil.

meet with the Deil, &c.

At last to my joy I found all things go right,
 And began by degrees to discover the light ;
 The master advis'd me to swallow a pill,
 Which he said would purge me from all fears of
 the Deil.

fears of the Deil, &c.

By leave from the chair I did join the glad throng,
And partook of their joys o'er a glass and a song,
Ye cowans, remember the masons are leel,
And beware of yourselves when you speak of the
Deil.

Speak of the Deil, &c.

S O N G XLV.

L Et masons be merry each night when they meet,
And always each other most lovingly greet ;
Let all fraud and discord be sunk in the deep,
By such as are able great secrets to keep ;
Let all the world gaze on our art with surprize
For they are all in the dark till we open their eyes.

Whosoever in masonry perfect is found,
And knows what belongs to its secrets profound
He's always respected, whether wealthy or mean,
And is never seen careless of matters divine ;
His actions are bright, and his life has no stain,
And at last will be happy in spite of bad fame.

To princes we're fellows, to kings we are brothers,
And all honest masons care for still each other ;

We lovingly meet, and most lovingly part,
 None bearing a grudge to a brother in heart ;
 Let fools be deceitful, a mason shall ne'er,
 All malice and discord is out of his sphere.

A mason shall ne'er to treason consent,
 And ne'er of religion will speak with contempt,
 To all men does justice, and is true to the fair,
 The widow and orphan are often his care ;
 His stores are still open, their wants to supply,
 In life-time he's happy, and happy, he'll die.

The Sanctum Sanctorum by masons was fram'd
 And all the fair building the temple contain'd,
 By Hiram grand master, who the work brought on
 That the noise of a tool was not heard all along
 And the number of workmen that round it did move
 By him were directed, being inspir'd from above

On St John's day our lodge did most lovingly join,
 When joy in each face did most gracefully shine ;
 Great toasts did each bumper most loyally crown
 With rum rack and claret, the best in the town
 Here's a health to all masons, and all their chaste
 wives,

Whose charming sweet faces still dazzle our eyes

S O N G XLVI.

BEHOLD in a lodge we dear brethren are met,
 And in proper order together are set ;
 Our secrets to none but ourselves shall be known,
 Our actions to none but Free-masons be shown.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Let brotherly love be among us reviv'd ;
 Let's stand by our laws that are wisely contriv'd,
 And then all the glorious creation shall see,
 That none are so loving, so friendly as we.

Derry down, &c.

The temple and many magnificent pile,
 V'n buildings now standing within our own isle,
 With wisdom contriv'd, with beauty refin'd,
 With strength to support, and the building to bind,

Derry down, &c.

These noble grand structures will always proclaim
 That honour is due to a Free-mason's name.
 V'n ages to come, when our work they do see,
 Will strive with each other, like us, to be free.

Derry down, &c.

What tho' some of late, by their spleen plainly
 show; (know ;
 They fain would deride what they gladly would
 Let ev'ry true brother these vermin despise,
 And the ancient grand secret keep back from
 their eyes.

Derry down, &c.

Then brethren let's all put our hand to our heart,
 And resolve from true masonry ne'er to depart ;
 And when the last trumpet on earth shall descend,
 Our lodge will be clos'd, and our secrets shall end.

Derry down, &c.



S O N G XLVII.

LET Masonry be now my theme,
 Throughout the globe to spread its fame,
 And eternize each worthy brother's name :
 Your praise shall to the skies resound,
 In lasting happiness abound, (crown'd
 And with sweet union all your noble deeds be

*Sing then, my muse, to masons' glory,
 Your names are so rever'd in story,
 That all th'admiring world do now adore ye !*

Let harmony divine inspire
 Your souls with love and gen'rous fire :
 To copy well, wise Solomon, your fire :
 Knowledge sublime shall fill each heart,
 The rules of geometry t' impart ;
 Whilst wisdom, strength, and beauty crown the
 glorious art.

Let DUMFRIES's health go round ;
 In swelling cups, all care be drown'd,
 And hearts united 'mongst the craft be found.
 May everlasting scenes of joy
 His peaceful hours of bless employ, (destroy.
 Which time's all conquering hand shall ne'er

My brethren, thus all cares resign.
 Your hearts let glow with thoughts divine,
 And veneration show to Solomon's shrine :
 Our annual tribute thus we'll pay,
 That late posterity shall say, (happy day.
 We've crown'd with joy this glorious, happy,

SONG XLVIII.

A Mason one time
 Was cast for a crime,

Which malice had put a bad face on;
 And then, without thought,
 To a gibbet was brought
 The Free and the Accepted Mason.

And then, without thought, &c.

And when he came there,
 He put up his pray'r
 For heav'n to pity his case on :
 His king he espy'd,
 Who in progress did ride,
 Was a Free and an Accepted Mason.

His king he espy'd, &c.

Then out a sign flew,
 Which the Grand Master knew,
 Who rode up to know the occasion :
 Ask'd who had condemn'd
 So worthy a friend
 As a Free and an Accepted Mason.

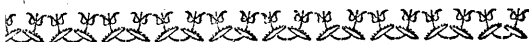
Ask'd who had condemn'd, &c.

He tried the cause,
 And he found out the flaws,
 According to justice and reason.

He tuck'd up the judge,
 And all that bore grudge
 To the Free and the Accepted Mason ?

He tuck'd up the judge, &c.

Tho' ignorant pride
 Our secrets deride,
 Or foolish conjectures occasion,
 They ne'er shall divine
 The word or the sign
 Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.
They ne'er shall divine, &c.



The MASTER'S SONG.

S O N G XLIX.

THUS mighty Eastern kings, and some
 Of Abram's race, and monarchs good
 Of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,
 True architecture understood :
 No wonder then, if Masons join,
 To celebrate those Mason-kings,
 With solemn note, and flowing wine,
 Whilst every brother jointly sings.

C H O R U S.

Who can unfold the royal art,
 Or sing its secrets in a song?
 They're safely kept in masons' heart,
 And to this ancient lodge belong.

S O N G L.

HERE's a health to each one,
From the King on the throne
To him that is meanest of station,
If he can contend
To have lawfully gain'd
The name of an Accepted Mason.

Fame trumpets it loud,
And seems to be proud
Of such a grand occupation,
To shew unto all,
That there is none shall
Ever vie with an Accepted Mason.

The glory of kings
Are poor empty things,
Tho' empires they have in possession,
If void of the fame
Of that noble name,
Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

It is ancients far
Than other arts are,
Surpassing all other profession :
There's none can pretend
To discover a friend
Like a Free and an Accepted Mason,

The world is amaz'd,
 Their wonder is rais'd,
 To see such concurring relation
 Among us : they cry,
 The devil is nigh
 When one is Accepted a Mason.

But let them say on,
 To us 'tis well known
 What's true or false in this relation :
 Let's drink his health round
 That is secret and found,
 And a Faithful and Accepted Mason.



S O N G L I.

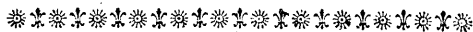
COME are you prepar'd
 Your scaffolds well rear'd ?
 Bring mortar, and temper it purely ;
 'Tis all safe, I hope,
 Well brac'd with each rope,
 Your ledgers and putlocks securely.

Then next your bricks bring,
 It is time to begin,

For the sun with its ray is adorning ;
 The day's fair and clear,
 No rain you need fear,
 'Tis a charming and lovely fine morning.

Pray where are your tools,
 Your line and plumb-rules ?
 Each man to his work let him stand, boys ;
 Work solid and sure,
 Upright and secure ;
 And your building, be sure, will be strong, boys.

Pray make no mistake,
 But true your joints break,
 And take care you follow your leaders ;
 Work, rake, beck, and tueth,
 And make your work smooth,
 And be sure that you fill up your headers.



S O N G LII.

BY Masons Art th' aspiring Done
 In various columns shall arise ;
 All climates are their native home,
 Their God-like actions reach the skies.

C H O R U S.

Heroes and kings revere their name,
 Whilst poets sing their lasting fame.

Great, generous, virtuous, good and brave,
 Are titles they most justly claim ;
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
 Which some unborn shall loud proclaim.

C H O R U S.

Time shall their glorious acts inrol,
 And love with friendship charm the soul.

S O N G LIII.

WE have no idle prating
 Of either Whig or Tory ;
 But each agrees
 To live at ease,
 And sing or tell a story.

*Fill to him
 To the brim,
 Let it round the table roll ;
 The Divine
 Tells us, wine
 Cheers the body and the soul.*

80 A NEW COLLECTION OF

We will be men of pleasure,
Despising pride and party ;
 Whilst knaves and fools
 Prescribe us rules,
We are sincere and hearty.

Fill to him, &c.

If any are so foolish
To whine for courtiers favour,
 We'll bind him o'er
 To drink no more
Till he has a better favour.

Fill to him, &c.

If an Accepted Mason
Should talk of high or low church,
 We'll set him down,
 A shallow crown,
As understanding no church.

Fill to him, &c.

The world is all in darkness ;
About us they conjecture ;
 But little think
 A song and drink,
Succeed the Masons' Lecture.

Fill to him, &c.

Then, landlord, bring a hoghead,
 And in the corner place it,
 Till it rebound
 With hollow sound,
 Each mason here will face it.

Fall to him, c.

S O N G L I V .

TH O' biggets storm, and fools declaim,
 And masons some thro' ign'rance blame,
 The good, the just, the learn'd, the wise,
 Free masonry will ne'er despise.

C H O R U S .

*O'er all the earth let masons join,
 To execute one grand design,
 And strike amazement into fools,
 Who laugh at masons and their tools.*

On justice, truth, and charity,
 This edifice shall founded be ;
 And will conspire to rear the whole
 By wisdom's just unerring rule.

O'er all, &c.

Let ev'ry mason then prepare
 By virtue's mould his work to square ;

And ev'ry task adjusted be
By the level of equality.

O'er all, &c.

Let jollity and freedom then
For ever in our lodge remain,
And still our work cemented be
By universal harmony.

O'er all, &c.

This structure we will fortify,
With the barrier of secrecy ;
A mason-barrier we may boast
Shall e'er impenetrable last.

O'er all, &c.

To mutual love and friendship rais'd,
This fabric shall by all be prais'd ;
And those who strive to ridicule
Our craft, shall but themselves befool.

Then o'er the earth, &c.



S O N G LV.

TO all who Masonry despise
This counsel I bestow :
Don't ridicule, if you are wise,
A secret you don't know.

Yourselfes you banter, and not it :
You shew your spleen, but not your wit.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

If union and sincerity
Have a pretence to please,
We brothers of the Masonry
Lay justly claim to these.
To state disputes we n'er give birth ;
Our motto Friendship is, and mirth.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

Inspiring virtue by our rules,
And in ourselves secure,
We have compassion on these fools,
Who think our acts impure.
From ignorance we know proceeds,
Such mean opinions of our deeds.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

Then let us laugh, since we've impos'd
On those who make a pothor :
Who cry the secret is disclos'd
By some false hearted brother :
The mighty secret gain'd they boast,
From post boy, or from flying post.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

S O N G LVI.

YE Brethren of the ancient craft,
 Ye fav'rite sons of fame,
 Let bumpers chearfully be quaff'd
 To great *Dumfries's* name.
 Happy, long happy may he be
 Who loves and honours masonry.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In vain would D'Anvers with his wit
 Our slow resentment raise ;
 What he and all mankind have writ,
 But celebrates our praise.
 His wit this only truth imparts,
 That masons have firm faithful hearts.

With a fa, la, &c.

Ye British fair, for beauty fam'd,
 Your slaves we wish to be ;
 Let none for charms like your's be nam'd,
 That love not masonry.
 This maxim D'Anvers proves full well,
 That masons never kiss and tell.

With a fa, la, &c.

True masons no offences give ;
 Let fame your worth declare :
 Within your compass wisely live,
 And act upon the square.
 May peace and friendship e'er abound,
 And great Dumfries's health go round.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.



S O N G LVII.

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of
 the sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
 He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his
 brine, wine.
 Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous
 What trafficking then would have been on the
 main,
 For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain !
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking ;
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.
 The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more
 Secure in the evening of such a repast ; [haste,
 And when he'd gottipfy would have taken his nap
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine ;
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us masons, when blest with such rain
 To fill all our vessels, and fill them again !
 Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,
 Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;
 And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
 That they were as happy as masons below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd,
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd !
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.



S O N G' LVIII.

COME lend me your ears, loving brethren, a
 while,

Quite sober my senses tho' joking my style :
 I'll sing you such wonders, unknown to all those
 That e'er flutter'd in verse, or hobbled in prose.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

When all in confusion the CHAOS yet lay,
Ere evening and morning had made the first day,
The uniform'd materials lay jumbled together.
Like so many Dutchmen in thick foggy weather.

Derry down, &c.

When to this confusion an end soon appear'd,
The sov'reign Grand Master's word sudden was
heard : (throes,
Then teem'd mother CHAOS with maternal
And so the Grand Lodge of this world arose.

Derry down, &c.

Then heaven and earth with jubilee rung,
And all the creation of masonry sung :
But, lo ! to adorn and complete the gay ball,
Old Adam was made the Grand Master of all.

Derry down, &c.

But Satan met Eve as she was a-gadding,
Which set her and all her daughters a-madding.
To find out the secrets of Free-masonry,
She did eat the fruit of the forbidden tree.

Derry down, &c. —

Her head being fill'd with many strange fancies,
As all the young girls who deal in romances.

And being with knowledge sufficiently cramm'd,
She said to her husband, Take, eat and be damn'd.

Derry down, &c.

Now Adam look'd on her, as one struck with
thunder ! (wonder !

He view'd her from head to foot over with
Then since you have done this thing, Madam,
said he,

For your sake, no women Free-masons shall be.

Derry down, &c.

And as she bewail'd in sorrowful ditty,
The good man beheld, and on her took pity.
Free-masons are tender, so he to the dame
Bestow'd his white apron to cover her shame.

Derry down, &c.

Then they did solace themselves in mutual joys,
Till in process of time they had two chopping boys,
The priest of the parish, as gossip devis'd,
By name Cain and Abel, the youths canoniz'd.

Derry down, &c.

Next old father Seth he mounted the stage ;
In manners severe, tho' in masonry sage.

He built up two pillars full strong and full thick;
The one was of stone, and the other of brick.

Derry down, &c.

But in a short time men became past all enduring;
There was nothing but swearing, and drinking,
and whoring;

Till Jove being wroth, rose up in his anger,
And swore he would suffer such miscreants no
longer.

Derry down, &c.

He from the high windows of heaven did pour,
Forty days, forty nights, one continued shower;
Till nothing was seen but waters all around;
And in this great deluge most mortals were
drown'd.

Derry down, &c.

Sure ne'er was beheld so dreadful a sight,
As to see the old world in this very sad plight;
For here in the waters all animals swimming,
Men, monkeys, priests, lawyers, cats, lap-dogs,
and women.

Derry down, &c.

Here floated a debtor away from his duns,
There swam Father Graybeard stark naked 'mong
nuns;

And here a poor husband quite carelefs of life,
Contented in drowning to get rid of his wife.

Derry down, &c.

A king and a cobbler here mingled in view,
Of rakes and young spendthrifts there were not a
few ; (tide ;

A whale and a Dutchman came down with the
And a rev'rend old bishop by a young winch's side.

Derry down, &c.

But Noah was wifest ; for Noah judg'd right :
He built up an Ark fo strong and fo tight ;
For tho' heav'n and earth seem'd coming together,
He kept safe in his lodge, and flood buff to the
weather.

Derry down, &c.

Then after the flood, like a brother fo true,
Who ftill had the good of the craft in his view,
He delved the ground, and he planted the vine ;
He founded a lodge, ay, and gave his lodge wine.

Derry down, &c.

Let ftatemen tofs, tumble, and jumble the ball ;
We'll fit here in our lodge, and laugh at them all :

Let bishops wear lawn-sleeves, and kings have
their ointment,

Free-masonry sure was by heaven's appointment.

Derry down, &c.

Then charge, my dear brethren, to Dumfries's
name,

Our noble grand master for virtue so fam'd,

That the craft may still flourish, and in all quar-
ters spring,

While we in full chorus do joyfully sing.

Derry down, down, down derry down.



S O N G LIX.

A Mason's daughter, fair and young,
The pride of all the virgin throng,

Thus to her lover said :

Though, Dæmon, I your flame approve,

Your actions praise, your person love,

Yet still I'll live a maid.

None shall untie my virgin-zone,

But one to whom the secret's known.

Of fam'd Free-masonry ;
 In which the great and good combine,
 To raise with gen'rous design,
 Man to felicity.

The Lodge excludes the fop and fool,
 The plodding knave, and party-tool,
 That liberty would sell ;
 The noble, faithful, and the brave,
 No golden charms can e'er deceive,
 In slavery to dwell.

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



S O N G L X.

WHAT tho' they call us mason fools ?
 We prove by geometry, our rules
 Surpass the arts they teach at schools ;

They charge us falsely then :
We make it plainly to appear,
By our behaviour every-where,
That when you meet with masons there,
You meet with gentlemen.

'Tis true, we once have charged been
With disobedience to our queen :
But after monarchs plain have seen
The secrets she had sought.
We hatch no plots against the state,
Nor 'gainst great men in power prate ;
But all that's noble, good, and great,
Is daily by us taught.

Those noble structures which we see
Rais'd by our fam'd society,
Surprise the world : then shall not we
Give praise to masonry ?
Let those who do despise the art,
Live in a cave or some desert,
To herd with beasts, from men apart,
For their stupidity.

But view these savage nations where
No masonry did e'er appear,
What strange unpollish'd brutes they are !

Then think on masonry ;
 It makes us courtenus, easy, free,
 Gen'rous, and honourably gay.
 What other art the like can say ?
 Then here's to masonry.

S O N G LXI.

THE world my dear brethren is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet ;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found ?
 O, friendship ! thou balm, and rich sweet'ner of
 life ;

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife ;
 Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour ?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend ?
 Our joys when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace ;
 When fortune is smiling what crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere ;

Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
No longer to court you they eagerly press.



S O N G LXII.

The Apology.

I'm sorry, dear brethren, I'm forc'd to comply,
To sing, you might as well have bid me to fly;
'Tis true I've a voice so has the town cryar,
If I say mine's a better, I'm sure I'm a liar.

However, to please you, altho' I be hoarse,
If you'll take it like marriage, for better for worse.
Now you've heard, nay you've heard the best I
can do, (true.
And I'm sure your convinc'd what I told you was



S O N G LXIII.

The enter'd Apprentice's Song, with Additions.

ONCE I was blind and cou'd not see,
And all was dark around;

But providence did pity me,
 And soon a friend I found ;
 Thro' secret paths my friend me led ;
 Such paths as babblers never tread.

All stumbling blocks he took away,
 That I might walk secure ;
 And brought me long ere break of day,
 To wisdom's temple door ;
 Where there we both admittance found,
 To mystic paths on hallow'd ground.

Tho' haughty in my bold attempt,
 Blest thoughts did me alarm ;
 Which hinted I was not exempt
 (If rash) from double harm ;
 Which quickly stopt my rising pride,
 And made me trust more to my guide,.

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

With humble heart in proper form,
I listen'd with good will ;
And found, instead of noise and storm,
That all was hush'd and still ;
And soon a heav'nly sound did hear,
That quite dispell'd all doubt and fear.

The guardian of this mystic charm,
In shining jewels drest ;
Said, that I need not fear no harm,
If faithful was my breast ;
For tho' to rogues he was severe,
No harm an honest man need fear.

Bright wisdom from his awful throne,
Bid darkness to withdraw ;
No sooner said but it was done,
And then—great things I saw ;
But what they were—I now won't tell,
But safely in my breast shall dwell.

Then round and round me did he tie
An ancient noble charm ;
Which future darkness will defy,
And ward off cowans' harm ;
With instruments in number three,
To learn the art of Geometry.

S O N G LXIV.

PHILANDER as musing he sat
 In a fragrant bower shaded with vine ;
 Cried, what bliss might mortals come at ?
 If they'd attend to precepts divine.

If instead of contending for power,
 Each striving to rule o'er another,
 They would improve the precious hour,
 Every one in instructing his brother.

Instead of amassing great wealth,
 Which oft does its owner destroy,
 They employ'd their time and health,
 To promote love and social joy.

Instead of pursuing vain toys,
 Which no satisfaction can yield ;
 Fair honour and justice they'd choice,
 As foundations whereon they might build.

Proportion, harmony and love
 Would then all their actions grace,
 Inferiors to those them above
 In virtue would freely give place.

A free Maſon liſt'ning, had weighed
 Theſe prudent reflections of his,
 Reply'd you miſplace your regard
 ſince all are not formed for bliſs.

There are few ſo wiſe as yourſelf,
 Not join'd to the virtuous few,
 Whoſe aim is not power or peſſ,
 But to be loving, brave, ſecret and true.



S O N G LXV.

The A N T H E M.

GRant us kind, heav'n what we requeſt ;
 In Maſonry let us be bleſt ;
 Direct us to that happy place
 Where friendſhip ſmiles in ev'ry face ;
 Where freedom and ſweet innocence
 Enlarge the mind, and cheer the ſenſe.

Enlarge the mind, &c;

Where ſcepter'd reaſon from her throne
 Surveys the Lodge, and makes us one ;
 And harmony's delightful ſway
 For ever ſheds ambroſial day ;

Where we blest'd Eden's pleasure taste,
 Whilst balmy joys are our repast.

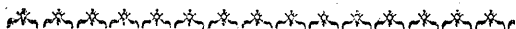
Whilst balmy joys, &c.

No prying eye can view us here,
 Or fool or knave disturb our cheer :
 Our well form'd laws set mankind free,
 And give relief to misery.
 The poor, oppress'd with woe and grief,
 Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

Gain from our bounteous, &c.

Our Lodge the social virtues grace,
 And wisdom's rules we fondly trace ;
 Whole nature, open to our view,
 Points out the paths we should pursue.
 Let us subsist in lasting peace,
 And may our happiness increase.

And may our happiness, &c.



S O N G LXVI.

A Health to our sisters let's drink :
 For why should not they
 Be remember'd, I pray,
 When of us they so often do think ?

When of us they so often do think.

'Tis they give the chieftest delight ;
 Tho' wine cheers the mind,
 And masonry's kind,
 These keep us in transports all night ;
These keep us in transports all night.



S O N G LXVII.

LET malicious people censure ;
 They're not worth a mason's answer ;
 While we drink and sing,
 With no conscience sting.
 Let their evil genius plague them,
 And for mollies devil take them.
 We'll be free and merry,
 Drinking port and zerry.
 Till the stars at midnight shine,
 And our eyes with them combine,
 The dark night to banish.
 Thus we will replenish
 Nature, whilst our glasses
 With the bottle passes.
 Brother mason free,
 Here's to thee, to thee ;

And let it on the table round,
While envy does the mason's foes confound,



S O N G LXVIII.

FATHER Adam no sooner beheld the light shine,
Than God made him a Mason, and gave
him the sign :

Heaven freely to man did the secret impart,
And oft' they in Paradise talk'd over the art.

Sing tantara-ra truth all,

The Apostles were masons, I'll show you straight
ways,

Christ promis'd a temple to raise in three days :
They knew what he meant, and whilst ign'rance
gaz'd, prais'd.

The brethr'n clap't hands, and the master was
Sing, &c.

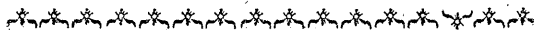
We are bid in the Scriptures no longer be blind,
But knock at our door, and the truth ye shall find :
The gospel advises Free-masonry further,
When it bids us, like brothers, to love one another.

Sing, &c.

The ladies calls mafons a butcherly trade,
 And are terribly frightn'd when husbands are made
 But we challenge their worſt, and deny't if they
 can, (man.
 Did they ever know a mafon who was not a
 Sing, &c.

Of men no diſtinction in Lodges we have,
 But all on a level, like men in the grave :
 We erect no proud Babels, to threaten the ſky ;
 For Jacob's ſtep-ladder can raiſe us on high.
 Sing, &c.

Our actions are ſquar'd by a rule that is right ;
 For mafons alone are the children of light :
 Our conſciences, white as the aprons we wear ;
 So an health to all mafons where-ever they are.
 Sing, &c.



S O N G LXIX.

THEN here's to th' friend, and now here's
 to thee, *Will* ; (quaff :
 Since we're met let us ſing, and let's mirrily
 The bottle and bowl ſha'nt a moment ſtand ſtill,
 Who knows when again we thus gaily may
 laugh.

The day is our own, be the day without sorrow,
 For life, my dear brethren, may be over to-mor-
 row.

Whatever you intend for to do or to say,
 Make sure of the present, and all will go right :
 For he who has liv'd as he ought the whole day,
 May sleep with content on his pillow at night.
 Make sure of to-day, that the next may'nt be
 sorrow,
 For life, my dear brethren, &c.

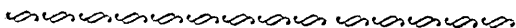
Ye lovers who're young, and more so who're old,
 Neglect not a moment to make the fair kind ;
 For love has got wings, and your girls may be cold,
 If to-day you can't get them to be of your mind.
 If you lose but an hour, it may be to your sorrow,
 Love and life, my dear brethren, &c.

Then trust not to-morrow, to-morrow's not here ;
 To-day is the season for business or play ;
 Who have not lost their time, have nothing to fear,
 Who thinks of to-morrow is losing to-day.
 Now, now, is our own, not of time let us borrow,
 Let us live as if life should be over to-morrow.

We'll drink to our Master and Wardens so rare,
That live within compass, and walks by the square.

CHORUS.

*For harmony social, this dome was duly rais'd,
To cultivate sweet virtue in every brother's breast :
We're by secrecy bound, that love so close doth lay,
And always keep the secret's depth from each pry-
ing eye.*



S O N G LXXI.

ARISE and blow thy trumpet's fame,
Free-masonry aloud proclaim ;
Thro' realms and worlds unknown ;
Tell it was the great David's son ;
The matchless wife King Solomon,
Rais'd far above his throne.

Rais'd far, &c.

King Solomon's temple's high-capt tow'rs,
The aspiring domes they're works of ours ;
By us these piles was rais'd.
Then did mankind with songs advance,
And thro' the ætherial vast expanse,
Let masonry be prais'd.

Let masonry, &c.

We help the poor in the time of need ;
The naked we cloath, the hung'ry feed,

'Tis our foundation stone :

We build upon the noblest plan,
Since by the *Union* we do stand,

It makes us all as one.

It makes, &c.

Still louder then thy trumpets blow,
Let all the distant regions know

Free-masonry it is this :

Almighty wisdom gave it birth ;

Religion fix'd it here on earth,

A type of future blifs.

A type, &c.

Then to our Lodge let's all repair,
And friendly salute each brother there,

With friendship and with love :

'Tis this alone can raise the mind,

Above the rest of human kind,

And all our actions prove.

And all, &c.

S O N G LXXII.

Come, come, my dear Brethren,
Great news I proclaim :

Our King's a free Mason,

A Mason of fame :

And tho' he's a King,

He's a Brother to me,

No mortals but Masons

So great then can be.

So great then can be,

So great then can be ;

No mortals but Masons

So great then can be.

Who would not be proud, say,

Of such a great name

He that's a free Mason

Is a true son of fame ;

Since kings, dukes, and princes,

Men of high degree,

Throw by their distinctions,

With us to be free.

With us to be free, &c.

We're sons of antiquity,

But not of pride

The Fathers of old, they
 Were all on our side.
 Being struck with surprise
 The grand temple to see;
 They all were ambitious
 Free-Masons to be.

Free-Masons to be, &c.

We're true and we're trusty,
 We're just and sincere ;
 We're bleis'd by the poor,
 And ador'd by the fair.
 Kings are our companions,
 So noble are we ;
 Then who would not wish
 A Free-Mason to be ?

A Free-Mason to be, &c.

Why then should we mind
 The reflections of fools,
 Who know not the value
 Nor use of our tools ?
 We keep within compass,
 Our conducts square be ;
 To plumb, line, and level,
 Our actions agree.

Our actions agree, &c.

H

S O N G LXXII.

Come, come, my dear Brethren,
 Great news I proclaim :
 Our King's a free Mason,
 A Mason of fame :
 And tho' he's a King,
 He's a Brother to me,
 No mortals but Masons
 So great then can be.

*So great then can be,
 So great then can be ;
 No mortals but Masons
 So great then can be.*

Who would not be proud, say,
 Of such a great name
 He that's a free Mason
 Is a true son of fame ;
 Since kings, dukes, and princes,
 Men of high degree,
 Throw by their distinctions,
 With us to be free.

With us to be free, &c.

We're sons of antiquity,
 But not of pride

The Fathers of old, they
 Were all on our side.
 Being struck with surprise
 The grand temple to see;
 They all were ambitious
 Free-Masons to be.

Free-Masons to be, &c.

We're true and we're trusty,
 We're just and sincere ;
 We're bleis'd by the poor,
 And ador'd by the fair.
 Kings are our companions,
 So noble are we ;
 Then who would not wish
 A Free-Mason to be ?

A Free-Mason to be, &c.

Why then should we mind
 The reflections of fools,
 Who know not the value
 Nor use of our tools ?
 We keep within compass,
 Our conducts square be ;
 To plumb, line, and level,
 Our actions agree.

Our actions agree, &c.

With innocent mirth,
 And with social soul,
 Let's taste the pure nectar
 Of the flowing bowl.
 Then fill up a bumper ;
 My toast it shall be,
 A health to our Master,
 Our Wardens and we.

Our Wardens and we, &c.



S O N G LXXIII.

COME fill up a bumper, and let it go round,
 Let mirth and good fellowship always abound,
 And let the world see,
 That free-masonry,
 Doth teach honest hearts to be jovial and free.
 Our lodge now compos'd of honest free hearts,
 Our master most freely his secrets imparts ;
 And so we improve,
 In knowledge and love,
 By help from the mighty Grand Master above.
 Let honour and friendship eternally reign,
 Let each brother mason the truth so maintain ;

That all may agree,
That Free-masonry,
Doth teach honest hearts to be jovial and free.

In mirth and good fellowship we will agree,
For none are more blest or more happy than we;
And thus we'll endure,
While our actions are pure,
Kind heaven those blessings to us doth insure.



S O N G LXXIV.

TUNE—*Come let us prepare,*

WHEN the Deity's word,
Throughout Chaos was heard,
And in order uprose this vast ball, fir,
The spheres sung his praise,
Who from discord could raise,
This Masonry's harmony all, fir.

Each child of the earth,
The chorus sung forth,
Te-deums were gratefully given ;

Land, sea, and skies rung
 With creation's glad song;
 And harmony echo'd thro' heaven.

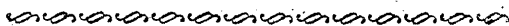
'Tis music, whose charms,
 Each fierce passion disarms,
 As we find by unhappy King Saul, fir,
 When his harp David tun'd,
 Madness sunk at the sound,
 For sense comes at harmony's call, fir.

The spider inflam'd,
 Tarantula nam'd,
 With his sting will each victim appal, fir,
 But music is sure,
 The sad patient to cure,
 For health comes at harmony's call, fir.

Timotheus had skill,
 To curb Philip's son's will,
 With a touch made his heart rise or fall, fir,
 He in tune put his breast,
 Then let love do the rest,
 For love comes at harmony's call, fir.

Euridice's fwain,
 By his fenfe-lulling ftrain,
 Could the forest's wild tenants enthral, fir,
 Nay ftones we can prove,
 Will obedient move,
 At mafonry's harmony's call, fir.

Man and beaft will decay,
 Rocks and feas fink away,
 The great globe muft to ruin refign, fir,
 Let him who fings beft,
 Sing a fong for the reft,
 Or join as he ought in a catch, fir.



S O N G LXXV.

J OY to my Brother Mafons,
 Who are meet to remember,
 And think upon
 The great St John,
 This twenty-feventh December.

C H O R U S.

Fill it up, to the top;
 Let the fparkling glafs go round:

And to him, to the brim :
For in love he doth abound.

And to him, to the brim :
Love and liquor do abound.

My glafs will be yours,
And your glafs will be mine,
In token of friendship,
Our hands let us join :
And with this chearing glafs,
With pleasure round we'll pafs,
The mem'ry of the Great,
And the good Divine.

We'll study for to follow,
The great St John's example,
By doing well, and hating ill ;
For the reward is ample, &c.

We will behave like brothers,
Avoiding all disorder :

Observing still, what is the will,
Of him who calleth ORDER, &c.

While we perform our duty,
By all we'll be respected ;

But if this place, we do disgrace,
With shame, we'll be ejected, &c.

May Providence protect us,
From all ensnaring dangers,

That we ne'er may, become the prey,
Of faithless friends or strangers, &c.

T' our Master and our Wardens,
With pleasure we agree,

To with good health, success and wealth,
By honours, three times three, &c.

May every loving Brother,
Employ his thoughts and heart,

How to improve, in peace and love,
The glorious Royal Art.

C H O R U S.

Fill it up, to the top ;
Let the sparkling glass go round :

And to him, to the brim :
For in love he doth abound.

And to him, to the brim :
Love and liquor do abound.

My glafs will be yours,
 And your glafs will be mine,
 In token of friendship
 Our hands let us join :
 And with this chearing glafs,
 With pleasure, round we'll pafs
 The mem'ry, of the Great
 And the Good Divine.



AN ODE ON MASONRY.

The Words by BROTHER JACKSON, *and set to*
Music by BROTHER GILDING.

WAKE the lute and quiv'ring strings,
 Mystic truths Urania brings ;
 Friendly Visitant to thee
 We owe the depths of MASONRY :
 Fairest of the virgin choir,
 Warbling to the golden lyre,
 Welcome here thy ART prevail :
 Hail! divine Urania, hail !

Here in Friendship's sacred bower,
 The downy-wing'd, and smiling hour,
 Mirth invites, and social Song,
 Nameless mysteries among ;
 Crown the bowl, and fill the glass,
 To ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace,
 To the BROTHERHOOD resound,
 Health, and let it thrice go round.

We restore the times of old,
 The blooming glorious Age of Gold ;
 As the new creation free,
 Blest with gay Euphrosine ;
 We with godlike Science talk,
 And with fair Astrea walk ;
 Innocence adorns the day,
 Brighter than the smiles of May.

Pour the rosy wine again,
 Wake a louder, louder strain ;
 Rapid Zephyrs, as ye fly,
 Waft our voices to the sky ;
 While we celebrate the NINE,
 And the wonders of the Trine ;
 While the ANGELS sing above,
 As we below of PEACE and LOVE.

P R O L O G U E.

IF to delight to humanize the mind,
 The savage world in social ties to bind ;
 To make the moral virtues all appear
 Improv'd and useful, soften'd from severe.

If these demand the tribute of our praise,
 The teacher's honour, or the poet's lays ;
 How do we view 'em all compris'd in thee,
 Thrice honour'd and mysterious Masonry.

By thee erected, spacious domes arise,
 And spires ascending glitter in the skies ;
 The wond'rous whole, by heav'nly art is crown'd
 And order in diversity is found.
 Thro' such a length of ages still how fair,
 How bright, how blooming do thy looks appear :
 And still shall bloom—Time as it glides away
 Fears for its own, before thine shall decay.

The use of accents from thy aid is known,
 Thou form'st a silent language of thy own,
 Disdain'st that records shou'd contain thy art,
 And only liv'st within the faithful heart.

Behold where kings, and a long shining train,
 Of garter'd heroes wait upon thy reign,
 And boast no honour but a Mason's name.
 Still in the dark let the unknowing stray,
 No matter what they judge, or what they say;
 Still may thy mystic secrets be conceal'd,
 And only to a Brother be reveal'd.



EPILOGUE.

WITH what malicious joy, e'er I knew better
 Have I been wont the Masons to bespatter?
 How greedily have I believ'd each lie
 Contriv'd against that fam'd society?
 With many more complain'd—'twas very hard
 Women should from their secrets be debarr'd,
 When kings and statesmen to our sex reveal
 Important business, which they should conceal;
 That beauteous ladies by their sparks ador'd
 Never could wheedle out the masons word;
 And oft their favours have bestow'd in vain,
 Nor could one secret for another gain.
 I thought, unable to explain the matter,
 Each mason, sure, must be a woman-hater.

With sudden fear and dismal horror struck,
 I heard my spouse was to subscribe the book.
 By all our loves, I begg'd he would forbear ;
 Upon my knees I wept, and tore my hair.
 But when I found him fix'd, how I behav'd !
 I thought him lost, and like a fury rav'd ;
 Believ'd he would for ever be undone
 By some strange operation undergone.
 When he came back I found a change, 'tis true,
 But such a change as did his life renew.
 With rosy cheeks and smiling grace he came,
 And sparkling eyes that spoke a bridegroom's
 flame.

Ye married ladies, 'tis a happy life,
 Believe me, that of a Free-mason's wife.
 Tho' they conceal the secrets of their friends,
 In love and truth they make us full amends.

A NEW
COLLECTION

O F
SONGS,
SCOTCH AND ENGLISH.

SONG I.

Sung in the Mask of Alfred.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain ;
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves ;
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,

Must in their turn to tyrants fall ; (free,
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,

More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,

All their attempts to bend thee down ;
Will but arouse, but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,

Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,

Shall to thy happy coast repair :

Blest isle ! with beauties, with matchless beauties
(crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the Fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.



S O N G II.

BANISH sorrow, let's drink and be merry boys,
Time flies swift, to-morrow brings care ;
If you believe it,
Drink, and deceive it,
Wine will receive it,
And drown despair,

C H O R U S.

*The sweets of wine are found in possessing,
Its juice divine, mankind's chiefest blessing :
The glass is thine, drink, there's no excess in
A bumper or two with a chearful friend.*

'Tis wine gives strength, when nature's exhausted,
Heals the sick man, frees the slave ;
Makes the stiff stumble,
And the proud humble,

Exalts the meek,
And makes cowards brave.

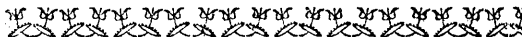
Chorus, &c.

'Tis wine that prompts the tim'rous lover ;
Be brisk with your mistress, denials despise ;
She'll cry, you'll undo her,
But be a brisk wooer,
Attack her, pursue her,
You'll gain the prize,

Chorus, &c.

'Tis wine that banishes all worldly sorrow,
Then who'd omit the pleasing task ?
Since wine's sweet society
Eases anxiety,
Damn dull sobriety,
Bring t'other flask.

Chorus, &c.



S O N G I I I.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my fate in a fair country-town,

May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

CHORUS.

*May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears
away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.*

In a country-town, by a murmuring brook,
With the sea at a distance, on which I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more
Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;
With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
And clean tho' coarse linen at ev'ry meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming
liquor,
And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
With a hidden reserve of Burgundy's wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
 And when I am dead, may the better fort say,
 In the morning when sober, in the ev'ning when
 mellow,

He is gone and han't left behind him his fellow.

For he govern'd his passions, &c.



S O N G IV.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Written by A Clergyman at Aberdeen.

C O M E gie's a sang, the lady cry'd,

And lay your disputes all aside,

What signifies't for folks to chide

For what's been done before them?

Let Whig and Tory all agree,

Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,

Let Whig and Tory all agree,

To drop their whigmegmorum.

Let Whig and Tory all agree,

To spend this night with mirth and glee,

And chearfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',

To mak' a chearfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae a breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be fae great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,

I wadna' gi'e our ain Strathspeys
For half a hundred score o'em.

They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.

They're douff and dowie at the best,

Their allegro's, and a' the rest,
 They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

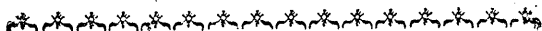
Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of want, and double cefs,
 And silly fauls themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Sour and fulky, four and fulky,
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna' rise to shake a fit
 At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' 'em!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot !
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum,

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him !
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him !
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whoe'er he be that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum !



S O N G V.

ANNA,—a favourite song.

Sung by Miss Catley.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna,

Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning,
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown,
Shepherds tell me whither,
Ah! woe me, perhaps she's gone
For ever and for ever.



S O N G VI.

TUNE,—*The Hounds are all out.*

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a sociable friend to sit down by me,
And a cellar that plentifully stor'd.

My brave boys.

My vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
Broach that cask, aye, that wine we will try,
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of flit hoop I my candle have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;
And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops
seem,
The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste
stream,
Like stucco work cut out of moss.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strode,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape-blesting Bacchus, the goodfellow's god,
And a sentiment give or a song.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,
No ancient more patriot-like bled ;
Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
And myself for my Bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are
well fill'd,

View that heap Old Hock in the rear;
Yon bottles of Burgundy, see how they're pill'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review,
When I cast my eyes around, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman my drink I'll enjoy,
In defiance of gravel and gout; [due—
Who cried, when he had no more worlds to sub-
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

When the lamp is brimful, see the flame brightly
shines,

But when wanting moisture decays;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shou'd be shed,
No HIC JACET be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red [boys.
And say, *A choice fellow is gone. My brave*

S O N G VII.

LET the grave and the gay enjoy life how
they may,

My pleasures their pleasures surpass ;
Go the world well or ill, 'tis the same with me still,
If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh, the courtier may lie,
And Croesus his treasure amass ;
All the joys are but vain that are blended with pain ;
So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires, and creates new desires,
And oft wins the lover his lass.

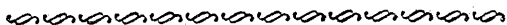
Or his courage prepares to disdain the nymph's airs
So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain, the sun draws the main
With the earth we are all in a class ;
Then enliven the clay, let us live while we may,
And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine only life can refine :
We care not whate'er come to pass ;

With courtiers or great men, there's none of the
statefmen:

Come—Here's to our friend and our glaſs.



S O N G VIII.

BRIGHT glory's a trifle, and ſo is ambition,
Deſpis'd by free hearts, tho' in low condi-
tion ;

Let boys ramble on, until their fair extent ;

But give me, oh give me, my bottle and friend.

Into the little cloſe room ſo neat and ſo trim,

Oh, then will I enjoy my bottle and friend.

Great George and Lewis, for kingdoms are a
wrangling,

Whilst miſers for gold are always a-jangling ;

But let them fight on, whilst my money I do
ſpend,

And give me, O give me, my bottle and friend.

Into, &c.

Whilst thus I am ſingle, I'm utterly a ſtranger,
I am free from all care, and Im quite out of dan-
ger,

Women laugh at mens folly, whilst their money
they do spend,

But give me, O give me, my bottle and friend.

Into, &c.

Come, come, my companions, so chearful and gay,
Let us have the other bumper, and drive sorrow
away ; [mend,

Let us drink and be merry, until the times do

But give me, O give me, my bottle and friend.

Into, &c.



S O N G IX.

PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

WHEN bick' rings hot,
To high words got,
Break out at gameorum ;

The flame to cool,

My golden rule

Is push about the jorum.

With fist on jug,

Coifs who can lug ?

Or shew me that glib speaker,
 Who her red rag
 In gibe can wag,
 With her mouth full of liquor.



S O N G X.

THE CONSTANT TAR.

LOVE, like the wind, is often changing,
 Like the sea it ebbs and flows ;
 Let the youth whose heart is raging,
 Fear the nymph whom most he knows.

But give me Fate, one faithful pilot,
 To direct and guide my soul :
 Changing lovers then I'll smile at,
 She's my magnet, she's my pole.



S O N G XI.

YE medley of mortals who make up this throng
 Spare your wit for a moment, and list to my
 song ;

What you'd not expect here, my wit shall be new,
And what is more strange, ev'ry word shall be true.

Sing tantara rara truth all, truth all,

Sing tantara-rara truth all,

Not a toy in the shop you'll buy cheaper than mine;
Bring your lasses to me, and you'll spare all your
coin ;

The ladies alone will pay dear for my skill,
For if they will hear me, their tongues must lie
still.

Sing tantara-rara mute all, &c.

Tho' our revels are scorn'd by the grave and the
wife,

Yet they practise all day, what they seem to
despise ;

Examine mankind from the great to the small,
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a ball.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The parson brim-ful of October and grace,
With a long taper pipe, and a round ruddy face,
Will rail at our doing—— but when it is dark,
The doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the clerk.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and
cock'd hat,

With, blood ! he'll do this ; and zounds ? he'll
do that ;

When he comes to his trial he fails in his part,
And shews that his looks are but masks to his
heart,

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The beau acts the rake, and will talk of amours,
Shews letters from wives, and appointments from
whores ;

But a creature so modest avoids all disgrace ;
For how would he blush, should he come face to
face !

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The courtiers and patriots, 'mongst other fine
things,

Will talk of their country, and love to their kings;
But their masks, will drop off, if you shake but
the pelf,

And shew king and country all center'd in self.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

With an outside of virtue, Miss Squeamish the
prude,

If you touch her, she faints ; if you speak, you are
rude ; (none,

Thus she's prim, and she's coy, tho' virtue she's
And perhaps she's caress'd by the coachman or
John.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

With a grave mask of wisdom say physic and law,
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's
no flaw, (big ;

Till death and the judge have decreed, they look
Then you find you have trusted—a full-bottom'd
wig.

Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,
Each neighbour will find, that his next is a cheat ;
But if, O ye mortals, these tricks ye pursue ;
You at last cheat yourselves—then the devil cheats
you.

Sing tantara rara, masks all, &c.

S O N G XII.

TO ATTAIN A LONG LIFE.

COME hear me, my boy, haſt a mind to live
 long,
 Take a doſe of briſk claret, and part of a ſong;
 A gen'rous heat good wine does impart,
 And time to good muſic is beat by the heart:
 Let each be content with his own proper ſtore,
 And keep ourſelves honeſt, tho' the world keeps
 us poor.



S O N G XIII.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

IT fell upon the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then,
 When our goodwife got puddings to make,
 And ſhe's boil'd them in the pan,
 The wind ſae cauld blew ſouth and north,
 And blew into the floor;
 Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
 "Gae out and bar the door."

My hand is in my huffy'f skap
Goodman, as ye may see,
An it shou'd na be barr'd this hundred year,
Its not be barr'd for me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure ;
That the first word whae'er should speak,
Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal, nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is't a poor ?
But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black :
Tho' muckle thought the gudwife to herself,
Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,

“ Here, man, tak ye my knife,
Do ye tak aff the auld man’s beard,
And I’ll kifs the goodwife.”

“ But there’s nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than ?”

“ What ails ye at the pudding bree,
That boils into the pan ?”

O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he ;

“ Will ye kifs my wife before my een,
And scad me wi’ pudding bree ?”

Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor :

“ Goodman, you’ve spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.”



S O N G XIV.

DE’IL tak the wars that hurried Billy from me
Who to love me just had sworn :

They made him captain sure to undo me ;

Woe's me ! he'll ne'er return.

A thousand loons abroad will fight him,

He from thousands ne'er will run :

Day and night I did invite him,

To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,

With muckle kind embraces,

Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall ;

And had he my soft arms

Preferr'd to war's alarms,

By love grown mad, without the man of God,

I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd, and patch'd, to make me look provoking ;

Snares that they told me would catch the men,

And on my head a huge commode fat poking,

Which made me shew as tall again ;

For a new gown too I paid muckle money,

Which with golden flow'rs did shine ;

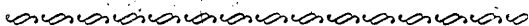
My love well might think me gay and bonny,

No Scots lads was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I sported,

Fringe too with thread I knotted,

Lace-shoes and silk hose, garter full over the knee;
 But, oh! the fatal thought,
 To Billy these are nought;
 Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.



S O N G XV.

TUNE; —Lumps of Pudding.

HOLLO! keep it up, boys—and push round
 the glass,

Let each seize his bumper, and drink to his lass:
 Away with dull thinking—'tis madness to think,
 And let those be sober who've nothing to drink.
 Tal de ral, &c.

Silence that vile clock, with its iron tongu'd bell,
 Of the hour that's departed still ringing the knell
 But what is't to us that the hours flie away;
 'Tis only a signal to moisten the clay.

Huzza, boys! let each take a bumper in hand,
 And stand—if there's any one able to stand.
 How all things dance round me!—'tis life, tho'
 my boys:

Of drinking and spewing how great are the joys?

My head! oh, my head!—but no matter, 'tis life;
 Far better than mopping at home with one's wife.
 The pleasures of drinking you're sure must be grand
 When I'm neither able to think, speak nor stand.



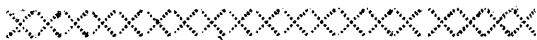
S O N G XVI.

A Friend of mine came here yestreen,
 And he wou'd hae me down
 To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
 In the nieft borrows-town.
 But, O! indeed it was, Sir,
 Sae far the war for me,
 For lang or e'er that I came hame,
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
 The truth I tell to you,
 That lang or e'er midnight came,
 We were a' roaring fou.
 My wife sits at the fire side,
 And the tear blinds ay her e'e,
 The ne'er a bed will she ga'e to,
 But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The ne'er a word she spake ;
 But mony a sad and sour look,
 And ay her head she'd shake.
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee
 To look sae sour on me ?
 I'll never do the like again,
 If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she sang
 Her arms about my neck ;
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If you'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life I'll be the wife
 That's never tak the gee.



S O N G XVII.

The Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invites the tuneful birds to sing ;

And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay :
Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
Like them, improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year;
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
And this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade :
Our taste of pleasures then is o'er,
The scatter'd songsters please no more ;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu, the Birks of Invermay.

S O N G XVIII.

DONALD's a shentleman, an evermore shall,
For she's porn i' the Highlands, the pack o'
Dunkel,
Put the king and his cadgers hae made her a prey,
An' tane paith her pot, an her tear Ufquebæ.

Nainfel now has naething of auld Highland hue
Put her turk, her claymore, and her ponnet o'
blue ;

Her plait and her kilt, ohon ! mair wae !
She's reaved of them, and her tear Ufquebæ :

I was not a ribel, tho' I faught for my chief,
Nor am I a rogue, who was never a thief :
Nainfel was a fodger, and got te king's pay,
An' yet I'm depriv'd of her tear Ufquebæ.

On te morning our Shanet he wad gie me a tram
Then I'd fight like a Turk, and work like a man :
If you see te king, tell her it's no te right way,
To tak frae poor Donald his tear Ufquebæ.

When our Shanet was sick, and pearing te pain,
A drink of good whisky it cherish'd his prain :
It made him to sing, and the houdie to pray ;
This was the fruits o' her goot Ufquebæ.

The Whisky's te life o' te Highland be sure,
Now te king's ain tear fogers may die in te muir :
When her feets will be fair, in a cauld winter-day,
She'll miss Donald's kebbucks an good Ufquebæ.

My curse on te cadger t'at e'er he was born;
 Poor Highlandman now maun pe Lallandman's
 fcorn:

Nainfell tho' pe hopes to see petter day,
 An' te te'il get the cadger, and her Ufquebæ.



S O N G X I X .

Molly Mog—An Irish Ballad.

MY fweet Molly Mog, you're as foft as a bog,
 And as wild as a kitten, as wild as a kitten;
 Thefe eyes in your face, oh pity my cafe,
 Poor Paddy have fmitten, poor Paddy have
 fmitten

Oh fofter than filk, and white as new milk
 Your lilly white hand is, your lilly white hand is;
 Your fhape's like a pail, from your head to your
 tail

Oh you're freight as a wand is, you're
 freight, &c.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 Coal black as the Devil, as black as &c.

Your breath is as sweet too, as any potatoe,
Or orange from Seville, or orange, &c.

When lac'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess.

So nimbly so frisky, so nimbly so frisky ;
One kiss of your cheek, so soft and so sleek,
Oh ! it warms me like whisky, it warms me, &c

I sigh and I pine, and I sob like a swine,
Because you're so cruel, because you're so
cruel ;

No rest can I take, asleep or awake,

I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
Your hate then give over, nor Paddy your lover
Thus cruelly handle, thus cruelly handle ;
Or poor Paddy must die, like a pig in a sty,
Or the snuff of a candle, or the snuff, &c.

S O N G XX.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain !
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great !

Why looketh he with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
And all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore;
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
And spreads along a gilded train;
When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
Dissolves to common air again:
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
When Jove commands, we must obey.

S O N G XXI.

WHEN first the sage mother began to advise
 Dearest Nancy (said she) be virtuous
 and good :

To treacherous men shut your ears and your eyes,
 I promis'd for certain I wou'd if I cou'd.

On the green when I danc'd, and the lads call'd
 me fair ;

While fighting and flatt'ring on tip-toe they
 stood :

They begg'd I'd believe them, their vows were
 sincere

I told them I certainly wou'd if I cou'd.

And when my dear Jocky appear'd on the plain,
 Each elderly maiden and ill-natur'd prude
 All bid me beware of the blooming young swain
 I said, with a sigh, I wou'd if I cou'd.

He approach'd with delight, and call'd me sweet
 maid, (shou'd,

Then whisper'd with all the respect that he
 If I offer my hand, you'd refuse I'm afraid,
 I laughing, replied, I wou'd if I cou'd.

Those smiles are propitious the shepherd then
cry'd

Her meaning though humble, he soon under-
stood. (bride ;

We'll meet on the morn, and I'll make you my
I promis'd, with blushes, I wou'd if I cou'd.

We met this blest morning, and hasten'd away,
For my shepherd is honest, and faithful and
good ;

And I, simple I, said, I'd love and obey,

But certainly meant, that I wou'd if I cou'd.



S O N G XXII.

THE DUMFRIES-SHIRE WITCHES.

IN history often recorded we find,
Attested by poor and by rich, (kind,
That the greatest tormentor and plague of man-
Is that terrible creature a witch,

My brave boys,

That terrible creature a witch.

If milk yielded butter in quantity small,
Or Hodge tumbled into the ditch,

Or cattle grew sickly, or the children did squall,
It was truly the work of some witch,

My brave, &c.

If Susan did stumble when going to cows,
Or barking had enter'd the black bitch,
The lafs wou'd have cry'd deliver me now,
For certainly near by their's a witch,

My brave, &c.

Thus made honest hearts without silver or gold,
Against young women swear through stich,
And the same that had the misfortune to be old,
Was sure to be mark'd for a witch,

My brave, &c.

Such idle chimeras for reason retire,
Since wit soars a rational pitch, (shire,
For who can with safety pass through Dumfries
Where every young lady's a witch,

My brave, &c.

This truth you would own, did you view but
their charms,
Tho' they ride not on broom nor on switch,

Then let each batchelor boldly take arms,
And each man feize on his witch,
My brave, &c.

When love's higheft spell, doth to virtue unite,
The poffeffors of both moft be rich,
Then hail happy country, true place of delight,
Where beauty and virtue bewitch,
My brave, &c.

F I N I S.

 Directions to the Binder. Letter A
folds in, the others folds as three half sheets.