

THREE SONGS.

King Solomon's Temple.

The Accepted Mason.

The Banks of the Bawn.



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2

Solomon's Temple,—a Masonic Song.

IN history we read of a Free-Mason King,
The monarch of Israel, his praises we'll sing;
He built a large fabric, as we understand,
On the top of Moriah, near Jerusalem.

He that slew Goliath, in story we find,
He purchas'd the land to raise his design;
He order'd young Solomon, he being his son,
To tear up the strong works that he had begun.

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

Then Solomon in order to raise this fine plan,
He number'd all the workmen that were in the land
Threescore & six thousand to bear burdens & serve,
Eighty thousand in the mountains to cut, hew and
carve.

Three thousand six hundred he order'd to be,
To be masters of the work and to oversee;
And if you believe me, I'll tell you what's true,
He clothed them all in the Orange and Blue.

These crafty men the Stones did square,
Made ready for building before they came there,

And upon proper carriages they were brought down
That upon this fine building no hammer might sound

Then straight unto Tyre a letter did send,
Beseeching King Hiram for to stand his friend,
And finding him willing to send him relief,
Sent that crafty workman call'd Hiram the brave!

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

He cast two fine pillars which dazzled your sight:
They were full eighteen cubits as they stood upright.
He set them on each side of King Solomon's porch,
That all Israel might see them as they went to the
church.

Such beautiful pillars the like was ne'er cast,
Admir'd by all people that did them by pass:
And the place where he cast them is still to be found
In the plains of Jordan into the clay ground.

He cast two fine Cherubims of the image work,
They spread forth their wings to cover the ark,
They stood better there than they stood in the field:
They were made by old Ebran or by Bazreel,

The molten sea was eight cubits high,
And the brazen oxen which look'd every way,

With bases of brass whereon they did rest ;
And many more vessels I'm sure I have mist.

There was on the top of this beautiful pile,
Three golden rods lest the birds should defile ;
And the place made for worship of his holy Name,
Was all quite laid over with gold of perfume.

When placid in the morning the clouds does
expel,
This beautiful building I'm sure looked well ;
When light against light in three rows does shine
Such a beautiful building sure never was seen.

Jerusalem's a city with walls great and high,
It's a wonder to all strangers that do pass it by—
It's the top of that vision was there to be seen,
On the Island of Patmos by John the Divine.

When the Queen of Sheba heard of its fame,
Straightway to Jerusalem she instantly came ;
For the fame of that King thro' the nations did pass,
He was the King Solomon the grandson of Jesse.

She prov'd him with questions according to wit,
Till he told her all the secret that was in his heart ;
She being quite amaz'd, like one in surprize,
Such a beautiful building had dazzel'd her eyes.

When our noble Free-masons in a lodge they all
join,

Each brother is clothed with jewels so fine,
 When our Master right noble he sits in his chair,
 He governs them all with his compass and square.

May He that doth rule in the Temple above,
 Bless all the Free-masons with honour and love,
 Bless Solomon in memory and Hiram also—
 Come fill up a bumper, well drink and well go.

The Entered Free-masons Song.

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 secrets 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.

'Tis this and 'tis that, they cannot tell what,
 why so many great men in the nation,
 Should aprons put on, to make themselves one
 with a free and an accepted mason.

Great kings, dukes & lords have laid by their swords
 our mystery to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er are sham'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 passions move cool
 of a free and an accepted mason.

All idle debate about church or state,
 the Springs of impiety or treason:
 These raisers of strife never 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.

A brother that's poor we know at our door,
 and are ready to shew our compassion;
 No niggardly spirit possesses the breast
 of a free and an accepted mason.

Then join hand in hand, to 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.

The Banks of the Bawn.

IN Noisy Harbour called sweet Hill town,
 On mountains, clear fountains they did me sur-
 round.

I espied a fair female as you may understand,
 That was viewing small fishes on the river Bawn.

I stepped up to her and this to her did say,
 Fair nature has formed you all hearts to betray;
 If you will come with me, my dear, I am the one,
 That will be your guardian on the river Bawn.

Will not go with you young man she did say,
 For you are a stranger and will me betray;
 A chaste virgin would break the command,
 Your absence is a cordial on the river Bawn.

May Phœbus and Luna in dark eclipses mourn,
 And the gulf of Venu and sulphur mines burn,
 May the wide ocean return to dry land,
 If ever I prove false to you on the river Bawn.

At length my persuasions began to take place,
 Knew by the blushes that shewed on her face;

er feet they did slide on a quick bed of sand,
And she fell into my arms on the river Bawn.

And when that she came to her senses again,
Says dearest Willie do not me disdain,
You have undone me my dear out of hand,
Come let us be married on the river Bawn.

I cannot yet marry, I am a poor prentice, bound
To a linen weaver in high Riffryline town,
When my time is out, here is my hand,
That we will be married on the river Bawn.

Since it is so fir pray tell me your name,
The place that you live in, or from whence you
came?

My name it is Will Angler, from sweet Murrays
land.

And my dwelling it lies on the river Bawn.

Come all you fair maidens wherever you be,
When you fall a thinking of my sad destiny.
Never go a roving by one or two o'er the lawn,
For fear of Will Angler that roves on the Bawn.

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