



# FREEMASONS' SONG.

Come all you Freemasons that dwell around the globe,  
That wear the badge of innocence—I mean the royal robe  
Which Noah he did wear in the ark wherein he stood,  
When the world was destroyed by the deluging flood.

Noah he was virtuous in the sight of the Lord,  
He lov'd a Freemason that kept the secret word,  
He built up the ark, and planted the first vine,  
Now his soul like an angel in heaven doth shine.

The fifteenth day rose the ark, let us join hand in hand,  
As the Load spake to Moses, by water and by land,  
Nigh to a pleasant river which through Eden ran,  
Where Eve tempted Adam by the serpent of sin.

O when I think of Moses, it makes me to blush,  
On the mount of Horeb, where he saw the burning bush  
My staff I threw down, and my shoes I cast away,  
And I'll wander like a pilgrim until my dying day.

O, Abraham was a man beloved of the Lord,  
Was found to be faithful o'er Jehovah's word,  
He stretch'd out his hand with a knife to slay his son,  
But an angel appear'd, saying, the Lord's will be done.

O Abraham, O Abraham, don't lay hands upon the lad,  
For I have sent him thee for to make thy heart glad,  
For thy seed shall increase like the stars in the skies,  
And thy soul unto heaven like Gabriel's shall rise.

There were twelve dazzling knights of light who did me  
surprise,  
I listened awhile, and I heard a great noise ;  
A serpent appeared, and fell unto the ground,  
With peace, joy and comfort the secret was found.

The secret was lost, and likewise was found,  
'Twas by our blessed Saviour, it is very well known ;  
In the garden of Gethsemane he sweat the bloody sweat ;  
Repent, my dearest brethren, before it is too late.

It's once I was blind, and could not see the light,  
When unto Jerusalem O there I took my flight,  
They led me like a pilgrim through the wilderness of care,  
You may see by the sign and the badge that I wear.

Onever will I hear a poor orphan cry,  
Nor yet a fair virgin, until the day I die ;  
Nor be like the restless Jew, that wanders the world round,  
But I'll knock at the door where truth is to be found.

So now against the turk and the Infidel we fight,  
To let the wondering world know that we are in the right,  
For in heaven there's a lodge, and St. Peter keeps the door,  
And none can enter there but such as are pure.

(71.)

