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THE
Free-Mason's Garland,
CONTAINING
THE BUILDING OF
Solomon's Temple,
A MASONIC SONG.

A NEW SONG,

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

Maggie's Lament.



Edinburgh: Printed in the Year 1821.

THE
BUILDING OF
SOLOMON'S TEMPLE
A MASONIC SONG

Tune—"Derry-down, down"

In history we read of a Free-mason
The monarch of Israel, his praises we
He built a fine fabric, as we do find
On the mount Moriah, near Jerusalem
Derry-down, down, hey derry-

He that slew Goliath, in history we
He purchas'd the land for to raise his
He ordered young Solomon, he being
To raise up the strong works that he

Said David to Solomon with cheer
As we two are chosen by the Powers
That great Architecture of honour we
He gave all these patterns in writing

Then Solomon, in order to raise them
He went and he number'd the workmen
Seventy thousand, to bear burdens,
Eighty thousand, to receive;

Eighty thousand in the mountains to cut



(3)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When light against light in such beau
Sure such a fine building there never

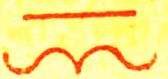
When the Queen of Sheba she heard
To the city of Jerusalem she instantly
And when she came there she with
On that beautiful temple she saw with

She ask'd him some questions accord
And he told her the secret that came
Of wisdom and justice, things both gr
Show'd he was King Solomon, the gra

When the noble Craftsmen the flo
square
Made them ready for building before t
Upon proper carriages they were bro
And on that fine building ne'er ham

When our noble Free Masons in a
all join,
Each brother is clothed with jewels
When our Master, right noble, he fi
He governs them all by his compas

May he that doth rule in the tem
Bless all our Free Masons with hone
Bless Solomon in memory, and Hira
Come fill up a bumper, we'll drink e



W. RY

(5)

A MASON SONG.

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

TUNE—*In the Garb of Ola Gault.*

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

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

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

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

With justice, with candour, our bosom
Our tongues are with truth and since
We're loyal, we're trusty, we're faith
Who treat us as friends, and we smile
And since we're bound, &c.

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



MAGGIE'S COURTSHIP

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

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



(7)

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

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

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

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

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

But still afraid to mention it,
I've but my penny fee,
While ye ha'e gowd and silver
and brawer far than me.
Quoth Maggie, silver's very good
to answer it: ain't that;
But ye are dearer far to me,
the darling o' my heart!

O happy pair! young Johnny
we soon shall buckl'd be:
So Maggy, sweetest, fairest,
come a'lang wi' me.
We'll join our hands in wedlock
and there unparted be;
In love sincere we'll spend our
free care and trouble free.

F I N I S

Printed by I. Johnston, P.



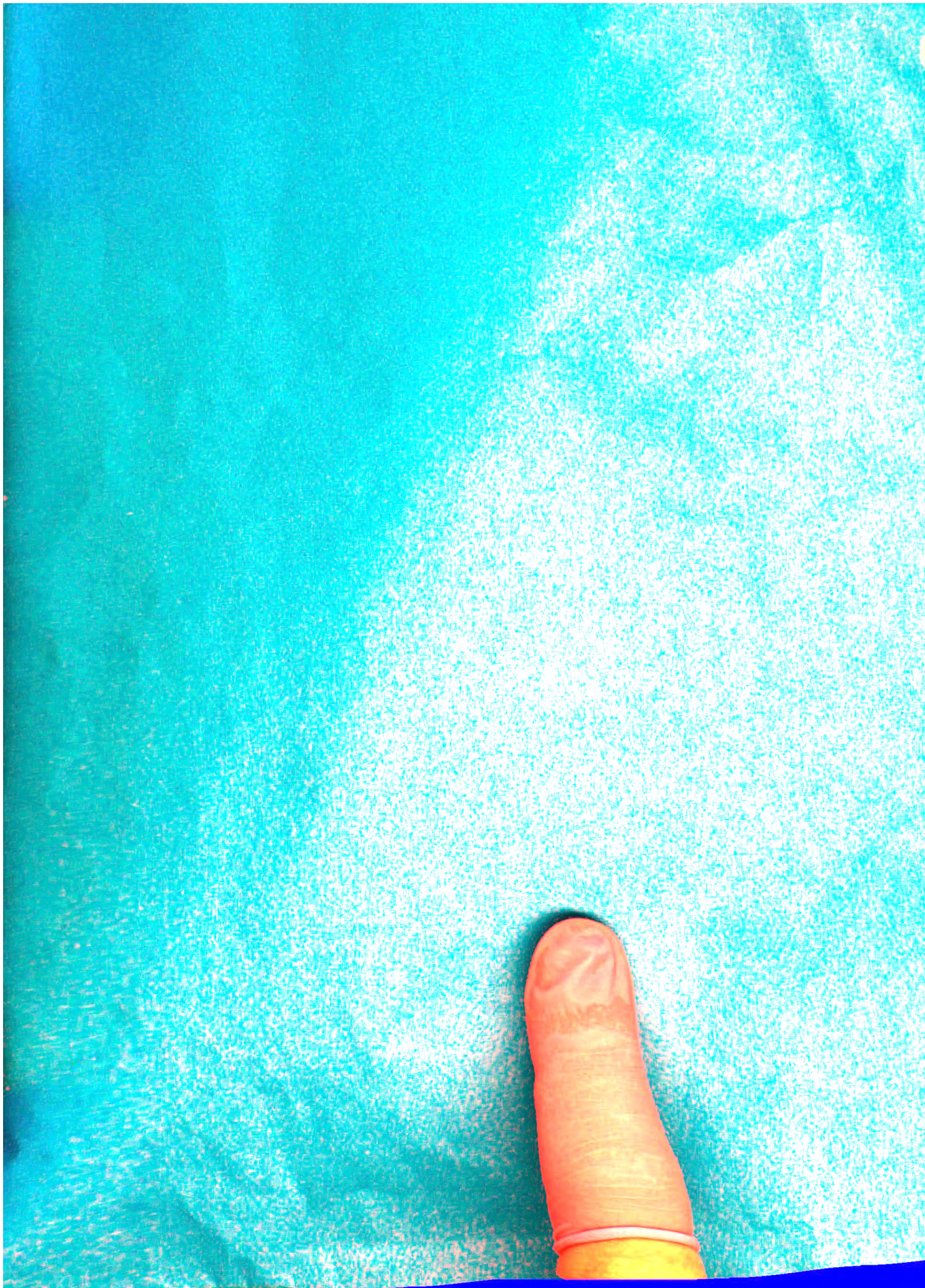
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But ye are dearer far to me,
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F I N I S H

Vol. 1. — I. Johnny, Pr...



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to answer its ain part;
But ye are dearer far to me,
the darling o' my heart!

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

F I N I S H

Polküh — I. Johnston. Prän



(8)

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

But still afraid to mention it,
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While ye hae gowd and silver
and brawer far than me.
Quoth Maggie, silver's very good
to answer its ain part ;
But ye are dearer far to me,
the darling o' my heart !

O happy pair ! young Johnny
we soon shall buckl'd be :
So Maggy, sweetest, fairest, dearest,
come a gang wi' me.
We'll join our hands in wedlock
and there unree'd be ;
In love sincere we'll spend our
fae care and trouble free.

F I N I S H

Patkirk — I. Johnston, Printer



(8)

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

But still afraid to mention it,
I've but my penny fee,
While ye ha'e gown and filler
and brawer far than me.
Quoth Maggie, filler's very g
to answer it ain part;
But ye are dearer far to me,
the darling o' my heart!

O happy pair! young John
we soon shall buckl'd be:
So Maggy, sweetest, fairest
come along wi' me.
We'll join our hands in wedd
and there united be;
In love sincere we'll spend o
frax care and trouble free

F I N I

Polkirk - I. Johnston