

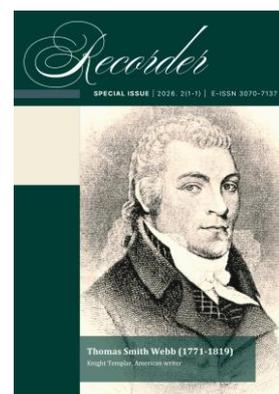
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### Original Research

## Masonic Folklore in the United States in the Late 18th – Early 19th Centuries: Authors, Texts, Music

Natalia Shevchenko <sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Cherkas Global University, Houston, USA

### Abstract

The article examines Masonic folklore in the United States in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, focusing on song texts and musical publications included in the works of Thomas S. Webb, *The Freemason's Monitor* (1797, 1808), and Jeremy L. Cross, *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor* (1826). The study analyzes 31 compositions associated with various degrees of the York Rite—from the symbolic lodge degrees to the Royal Arch and Knights Templar.

Particular attention is devoted to authorship, thematic content, and the presence of musical notation. It has been established that some texts were written by Thomas S. Webb and other identified authors (J. Stimpson, Bacon, Burns, R.T. Paine, N.H. Wright), while a significant number were published anonymously or under the designations *Brother* and *Companion*, reflecting the collective nature of Masonic tradition. The study demonstrates that the song repertoire performed not only aesthetic functions but also didactic, ritual-communicative, and symbolic ones, contributing to the formation of the fraternity's value system.

The research highlights the interconnection between textual and musical components of Masonic culture and traces the evolution of publication practices from the late eighteenth century to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The article contributes to the study of early American Masonic culture and expands understanding of the role of music and poetry in shaping the corporate identity of fraternal societies.

**Keywords:** Masonic folklore, texts, composers, authors, USA, Freemasonry, late 18th – early 19th centuries, Thomas S. Webb (1771-1819).

### Introduction

The relevance of the study “Masonic Folklore in the United States in the Late 18th – Early 19th Centuries: Authors, Texts, Music” is determined by several interrelated factors. First, Masonic songs and hymns of the early American tradition constitute a rare body of sources documenting not an official normative discourse, but the “living” practice of the fraternity: its modes of self-representation, ritual emotionality, collective memory, and value orientations during the formative period of American national culture.

Second, this corpus of texts lies at the intersection of Masonic history, music history, and social history. The combination of poetic forms with references to melodies and musical notation makes it possible to reconstruct not only semantic but also performative aspects of ritual—how ceremonies sounded and what emotional states they were intended to evoke.

Third, the systematization of works from the publications of Thomas S. Webb and Jeremy L. Cross fills a gap in historiography, where musical-poetic materials have often remained “appendices” without comprehensive analysis of authorship, dating, and the genre spectrum of the York Rite degrees. Finally, the publication of musical notation in facsimile form preserves source accuracy and makes the material available for further interdisciplinary research and comparison with European fraternal traditions.

### Materials

The materials for this study consist of Masonic publications from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The research draws upon Thomas S. Webb's *The Freemason's Monitor* (first and fourth editions, 1797 and 1808 respectively), as well as Jeremy L. Cross's *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor* (New Haven, 1826).

A total of 31 compositions were included in the study, 11 of which were published in the works of Thomas S. Webb and the remainder in Jeremy L. Cross's publication. Musical notation accompanies many of the songs; since resetting the musical scores proved impractical, they have been reproduced in facsimile form. The song texts are arranged in chronological order.

### Results

Since the song texts and musical notation were drawn from two principal groups of sources, this section is divided into two parts:

1. Songs published in *The Freemason's Monitor* by Thomas S. Webb;
2. Songs published in *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*.

Let us consider these two parts in sequence.

Part I. Songs Published in *The Freemason's Monitor* by Thomas S. Webb.

1<sup>st</sup> Song. **MOST EXCELLENT MASTER'S SONG,**  
*to be Sung when one is received into that Degree.*

ALL hail! to the morning  
That bids us rejoice;  
The Temple's completed,  
Exalt high each voice;  
The Cape-Stone is finish'd,  
Our Labour is o'er;  
The sound of the Gavel  
Shall hail us no more.  
To the power Almighty, who ever has guided  
The tribes of old Israel, exalting their fame;  
To him who hath govern'd our hearts, undivided,  
Let's send forth our voices to praise his great name,  
Companions, assemble  
On this joyful day,  
Th' occasion is glorious,  
The Key-Stone to lay;  
Fulfill'd is the promise,  
By the ANCIENT OF DAYS,  
To bring forth the Cape-Stone,  
With shouting and praise.

*Ceremonies.*

There's no more occasion for Level or Plum-line,  
For Trowel or Gavel, for Compass or Square;  
Our works are completed, the Ark safely seated,  
And we shall be greeted as workmen most rare.  
Now those that are worthy,  
Our toils who have shar'd,  
And prov'd themselves faithful,  
Shall meet their reward.  
Their virtue and knowledge,  
Industry and skill,  
Have our approbation,  
Have gain'd our good will.  
We accept and receive them, most excellent masters,  
Invested with honours, and power to preside;  
Amongst worthy craftsmen, wherever assembled,  
The knowledge of Masons to spread far and wide.  
Almighty Jehovah,  
Descend now, and fill

This Lodge with thy glory,  
 Our hearts with good will;  
 Preside at our meetings,  
 Assist us to find  
 True pleasure in teaching  
 Good will to mankind.  
 Thy wisdom inspired the great institution,  
 Thy strength shall support it, 'till nature expire;  
 And when the Creation shall fall into ruin,  
 Its beauty shall rise, through the midst of the Fire!<sup>1</sup>

In the fourth edition of *The Freemason's Monitor* (1808), Thomas S. Webb indicated that he was the author of this song<sup>2</sup>.

2<sup>nd</sup> Song. **MASTER'S SONG.**  
 [Tune—"Greenwich Pensioner."]

The musical notation for this song was found in Jeremy L. Cross's *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*<sup>3</sup>.

The image displays a musical score for the song "Master's Song". The score is presented in two columns. The left column contains the SOLO section, marked "MODERATO", and the right column contains the DUET section, marked "MEZZA VOCE". The music is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "Not those who at our meet-ings Hear lec-tures 'gainst their will, But on-ly those whose plea-ure, At ev'-ry lodge can be, I'im-prove them-selves by lec-tures, In glo-rious Ma-son-ry. To eat and drink their fill,". The score includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature. The SOLO section is marked "MODERATO" and the DUET section is marked "MEZZA VOCE".

<sup>1</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1797). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts*. Albany: Spenser and Webb. P. 271-272.

<sup>2</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1808). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts*. Boston: Cushing and Appleton. P. 329-330.

<sup>3</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 183-185.

SING the Masons glory,  
 Whose prying mind doth burn;  
 Unto complete perfection,  
 Our mysteries to learn;  
 Not those who visit Lodges  
 To eat and drink their fill;  
 Not those who at our meetings  
 Hear lectures 'gainst their will:

*Chorus.*

But only those whose pleasure  
 At every Lodge can be,  
 T' improve themselves by lectures,  
 In glorious Masonry.  
 Hail glorious Masonry!  
 The faithful worthy Brother,  
 Whose heart can feel for grief;  
 Whose bosom with compassion  
 Steps forth to its relief,  
 Whose soul is ever ready,  
 Around him to diffuse  
 The principles of Masons,  
 And guard them from abuse;

*Chorus.*

These are thy sons, whose pleasure,  
 At every Lodge, will be,  
 T' improve themselves by lectures,  
 In glorious Masonry.  
 Hail! glorious Masonry!

King Solomon, our patron,  
 Transmitted this command,  
 "The faithful and praiseworthy,  
*True light* must understand;  
 And my descendants, also,  
 Who're seated in the East,  
 Have not fulfill'd their duty,  
 'Till light has reach'd the West."

*Chorus.*

Therefore, our highest pleasure  
 At every Lodge, should be,  
 T' improve ourselves by lectures,  
 In glorious Masonry.  
 Hail! glorious Masonry!  
 My duty and my station,  
 As Master in the chair,  
 Obliges me to summon  
 Each Brother to prepare;  
 That all may be enabled,  
 By slow, though sure degrees,  
 To answer in rotation,  
 With honour and with ease.

*Chorus.*

Such are thy sons, whose pleasure  
 At every Lodge will be,  
 T' improve themselves by lectures,  
 In glorious Masonry.  
 Hail! glorious Masonry! <sup>1</sup>

In the fourth edition of *The Freemason's Monitor* (1808), Thomas S. Webb indicated that he was the author of this song <sup>2</sup>.

3<sup>rd</sup> Song. **SENIOR WARDEN's SONG.**  
*Tune "When the hollow drum doth beat to bed."*

WHEN the Senior Warden, standing in the West  
 Calls us from our labour to partake of rest,  
 We unite, whilst he recites  
 The duties of a Mason.  
 On the level meet,  
 On the square we part,  
 So says each worthy Brother.  
 This rule in view,  
 We thus renew,  
 Our friendship for each other,

*Chorus.* When the Senior, &c.

When our work is over, implements secure,  
 Each returning homeward, with intentions pure,  
 Our wives we kiss, give sweethearts bliss,  
 Which makes them both love Masons;  
 And thus we may  
 Enjoy each day  
 At home, and at our meetings;  
 Our sweethearts eas'd,  
 Our wives well pleas'd,  
 Saluted with such greetings.

*Chorus.* When the Senior, &c.<sup>3</sup>

In the fourth edition of *The Freemason's Monitor* (1808), Thomas S. Webb indicated that he was the author of this song <sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1797). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Albany: Spenser and Webb. P. 273-274.

<sup>2</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1808). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Boston: Cushing and Appleton. P. 330-332.

<sup>3</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1797). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Albany: Spenser and Webb. P. 275.

<sup>4</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1808). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Boston: Cushing and Appleton. P. 332-333.

4<sup>th</sup> Song. **JUNIOR WARDEN'S SONG.**  
 [Tune—"The way-worn Traveller."]

NOW the Junior Warden calls us from our labours,  
 Now the Sun is at meridian height,  
 We will merrily unite most cheerily,  
 With social harmony new joys invite.

One and all, at his call,  
 To the feast repairing,  
 All around joys resound,  
 Each the pleasure sharing.

*Chorus.* When the Junior Warden, &c.  
 Mirth and jollity, without frivolity,  
 Pervade our meetings at the festive board;  
 Justice, Temperance,  
 And Prudence govern us,  
 There's nought but harmony amongst us heard.  
 One and all, at the call,  
 To the feast repairing,  
 All around joys resound,  
 Each the pleasure sharing.

*Chorus.* Mirth and jollity, &c.  
 Thus we ever will enjoy the pleasant moments  
 Giv'n unto us from the Master's chair,  
 'Till the Sun an hour has past meridian,  
 And then each Brother to his work repair.  
 One and all hear the call,  
 From the feast repairing,  
 All around gavels found,  
 Each the labour sharing.

*Chorus.* Thus we ever will, &c.<sup>1</sup>

In the fourth edition of *The Freemason's Monitor* (1808), Thomas S. Webb indicated that he was the author of this song <sup>2</sup>.

5<sup>th</sup> Song. **SENIOR WARDEN'S TOAST.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.

FREEMASONS all,  
 Attend the call;  
 'Tis by command  
 You all are warn'd,  
 To fill up a bumper and keep it at hand,  
 To drink to "The Mother of Masons."  
 Let each give the word to his Brother,  
 To prove that we love one another;  
 Let's fill to the dame  
 From whom we all came,  
 And call her "Of Masons the Mother."  
*Chorus.*  
 The Stewards have laid foundations,  
 To prove that we love our relations;  
 By toasting the Dame  
 From whom we all came,  
 We'll call her "The Mother of Masons."  
 In days of yore  
 Freemasons bore  
 A flask of wine,  
 Of mirth the sign,  
 And often they fill'd with the liquor divine;  
 To drink to "The Mother of Masons."

'Twas on these joyful occasions,  
 All charg'd stood firm to their stations,  
 And toasted the dame, from whom we all came,  
 Repeating, "The Mother of Masons."

*Chorus.*  
 The Stewards have laid, &c.

Be all prepar'd,  
 Each motion squar'd,  
 And at the nod,  
 With one accord,  
 In strictest rotation we'll pass round the word,  
 Drink, Drink, to "The Mother of Masons."  
 Have a care right and left, and make ready,  
 Be all in your exercise steady;  
 And fill to the dame  
 From whom we all came,  
 And toast her "The Mother of Masons."  
*Chorus.* The Stewards have laid, &c. <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1797). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Albany: Spenser and Webb. P. 276.

<sup>2</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1808). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Boston: Cushing and Appleton. P. 333-334.

<sup>3</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1797). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Albany: Spenser and Webb. P. 277-278.

6<sup>th</sup> Song. **NEW-YEAR, OR FESTIVAL SONG.**

By Brother J. Stimpson.

COME Brothers, let us cheerful sing,  
Who can our arts discover?  
For friendship, like a boiling spring,  
Flows constant for each other.  
Let's crown the festival with mirth,  
And hail the great mysterious birth,  
That adds such friendship here on earth,  
As makes a faithful Brother.  
While jarring discords separate  
The finest bands of unity,  
Of every class, of every state,  
Except it be Freemasonry;  
Our arts are form'd so just and pure,  
They will from age to age endure,  
And in the bosom rest secure,  
With all that gain the mystery.  
Our manners we derive and wear,  
From actors we discover;  
Let's cheerful hear him in the chair,  
And each proclaiming brother.

And as we now begin the year,  
Let love and friendship fill the ear,  
With cordial harmony sincere,  
To every faithful Brother.  
The greatest man found in the land,  
Of this, or any other,  
Will take a Brother by the hand,  
And bid him welcome hither.  
O may their fame in raptures roll,  
And wide extend from pole to pole;  
There's no such friendship for the soul,  
No, not with one another.  
Where is an art with Masons vie?  
None—say the wife, of every tongue;  
Yet so secure, from thought, or eye,  
And handed down from sire to son.  
Now let each celebrate the strain  
That echoes with a Mason's name:  
And all as one salute the fame  
Of our Grand Master WASHINGTON.<sup>1</sup>

7<sup>th</sup> Song. **KNIGHT TEMPLAR'S SONG**

By Thomas Smith Webb

To the Knight Templar's solemn dome,  
Where glorious Knights in arms were dressed,  
Filled with surprise, I slowly came,  
With sacred jewels on my breast.  
A pilgrim to this house I came,  
With sandal, scarf, and scrip so white;  
Through rugged paths my feet were led,  
All this I bore to be a Knight.

With feeble arm I gently struck  
At the Knight Templar's mercy gate;  
What I beheld when it was opened  
Was splendid, elegant, and great.  
Twelve dazzling lights I quickly saw,  
All chosen for the cross to fight;  
In one of them I found a flaw,  
And swiftly put out that light.

In regimental dress I stood,  
Trimmed with colors black and blue;  
A blazing star upon the left breast  
Denotes a heart forever true.  
Let none the Templar's name deny,  
As Peter once the faith forsook;  
Preserve your conduct free from blame,  
And keep your heads safe from the stake.

Unite your hearts and join your hands  
In every solemn bond of love;  
United, every Templar stands  
To prove the virtue of his cause.  
Until the world is tried by fire,  
By order of the Trinity,  
The watching world shall still admire  
Our steadfast love and unity.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1797). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Albany: Spenser and Webb. P. 278-279.

<sup>2</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1797). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Albany: Spenser and Webb. P. 280-281.

8<sup>th</sup> Song. **ROYAL ARCH SONG.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.

ALMIGHTY Sire! our heavenly king,  
 Before whose sacred name we bend,  
 Accept the praises which we sing,  
 And to our humble prayer attend!  
 All hail great Architect divine!  
 This universal frame is thine.  
 Thou who didst Persia's King command,  
 A proclamation to extend,  
 That Israel's sons might quit his land,  
 Their holy temple to attend.  
 That sacred place where three in one,  
 Compris'd thy comprehensive name;  
 And where the bright meridian sun  
 Was soon thy glory to proclaim. <sup>1</sup>

9<sup>th</sup> Song. **ORIGIN OF MASONRY.**  
*[Sung to the tune King Solomon.]*  
 By Brother Bacon.

E'ER time's great machine was in motion,  
 Or light had emitted a ray;  
 Enwomb'd in the bowels of Chaos,  
 All nature in embryo lay;  
 'Till the word of the *Great Architect*  
 Bid matter approach to the birth:  
 Then his hand spread the ethereal blue curtain,  
 And moulded the solid round earth.

*Chorus.*  
 From the chaos of mankind selected,  
 A qualified, fraternal band,  
 By affection and honour cemented,  
 The Masonic Order shall stand.  
 But still did a veil of thick darkness  
 The face of creation invest;  
 Till the omnific word of the *Master*  
 Bid light to burst forth from the East:  
 And instant the Sun, in full splendor,  
 Obey'd the potential behest;  
 And the Moon, in unclouded effulgence,  
 Display'd her fair orb in the West.

*Chorus.*  
 Selected from darknefs and ign'rance,  
 By mysteries deep and divine,  
 Illumin'd by mental effulgence,  
 The Masonic Order shall shine.  
 In order the bright constellations,  
 Through space, *ad infinitum* shone;  
 Instarr'd with its signs, the broad Zodi'ac  
 Begirt the fair heav'ns like a zone.  
 Then all the bright orbs, and their systems,  
 Composing one uniform whole,  
 Round their axis, and primary centers,  
 In mystical motion did roll.

*Chorus.*  
 All taught by the most refin'd order,  
 In one friendly circle to move;  
 And tending to one general center,  
 The Lodge stands cemented in love.  
 The work thus completed, the Mufes  
 All harmony's pow'rs did employ;  
 Aloud all the sons of God shouted,  
 And clapp'd their pure hands with new joy;  
 Their goblets all charg'd with rich nectar,  
 High rais'd in their hands when they sung,  
 While with rounds to the grand Architect,  
 The Arch through immensity rung.

*Chorus.*  
 Then, brethren, charge! charge all your glasses;  
 The sentiment echo along;  
 United, let's join to commemorate  
 The harmony, mirth, and the song.  
 Hence, man, taught geometry, motion,  
 The musical pow'rs, so divine!  
 The circle, the rules of proportion,  
 The square, and the unerring line;  
 On the face of rude unadorn'd nature,  
 Caus'd cities and temples to rise;  
 His barks plow'd the billowy waters;  
 His songs mounted up to the skies.

*Chorus.*  
 Hail! Masonry—hail! which descended,  
 With music and arts from on high;  
 Thy existence, with these, shall be blended,  
 'Till arts and the muses shall die. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1797). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Albany: Spenser and Webb. P. 281.

<sup>2</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1797). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Albany: Spenser and Webb. P. 282-284.

10<sup>th</sup> Song. **PAST MASTER'S SONG.**

[Tune—Rule Britannia.] The author of the text and the music is unknown.

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.

*Chorus.*

Hail, mysterious—hail, glorious Masonry!  
That makes us ever great and free.  
In vain mankind for shelter sought,  
In vain from place to place did roam,  
Until from heaven, from heaven he was taught  
To plan, to build, to fix his home.  
Illustrious hence we date our Art,  
And now in beauteous piles appear,  
Which shall to endless, to endless time impart,  
How worthy and how great we are.  
Nor we less fam'd for every tie,  
By which the human thought is bound;  
Love, truth, and friendship, and friendship socially,  
Join all our hearts and hands around.  
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. <sup>1</sup>

11<sup>st</sup> Song. **ANTHEM.** The author of the text is unknown. Music as in the song *MASONIC HYMN*, p. 80-81.

“LET there be light!” the Almighty spoke;  
Refulgent streams from chaos broke,  
To illumine the rising earth!  
Well pleas'd the Great Jehovah stood;  
The Power Supreme pronounc'd it good,  
And gave the planets birth!

Chorus. In choral numbers Masons join,  
To bless and praise this light divine.

Parent of light! accept our praise!  
Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays,  
The light that fills the mind:  
By choice selected, lo! we stand,  
By friendship join'd, a social band!  
That love, that aid mankind!  
Chorus. In choral numbers, &c.

The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,  
All wants our ready hands supply,  
As far as power is given;  
The naked clothe, the prisoner free;  
These are thy works, sweet charity!  
Reveal'd to us from heaven.  
Chorus. In choral numbers, &c. <sup>2</sup>

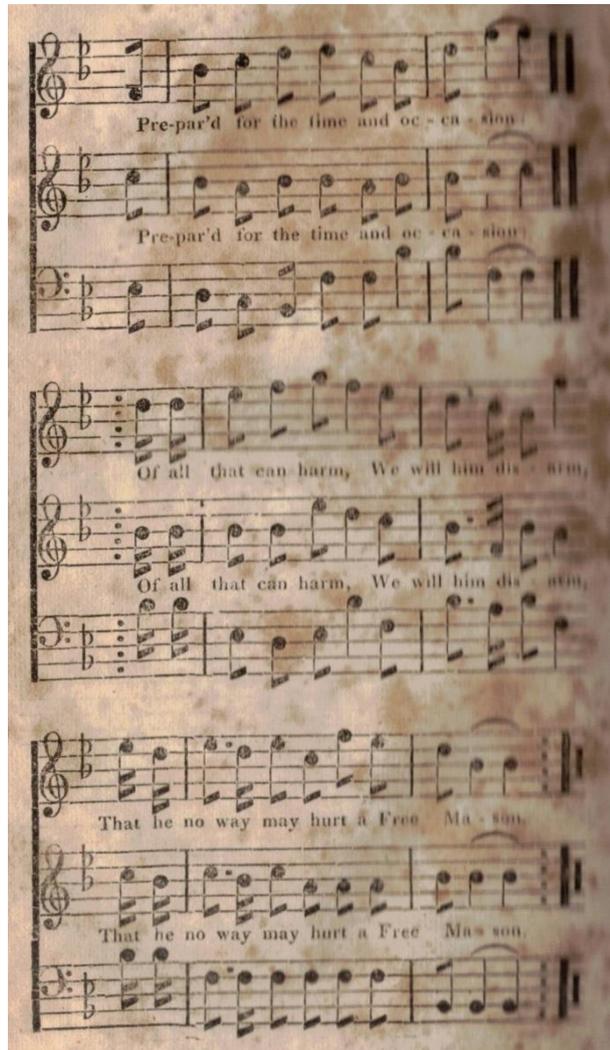
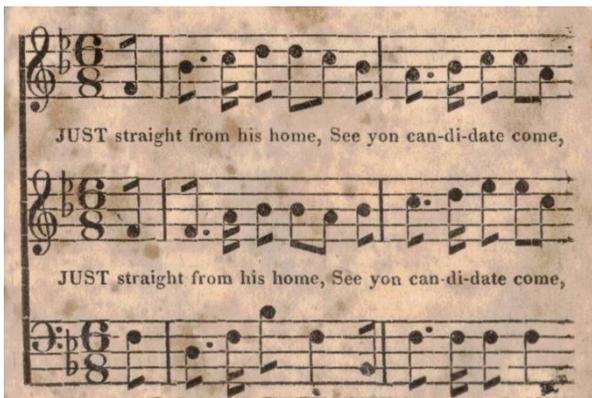
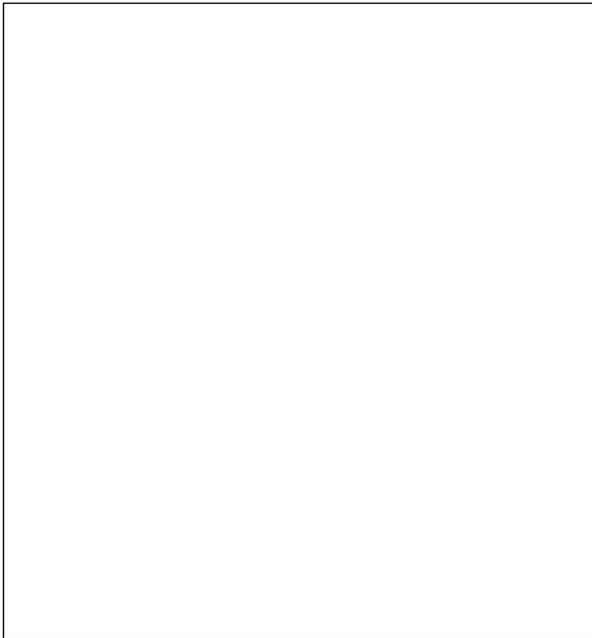
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<sup>1</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1808). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Boston: Cushing and Appleton. P. 335-336.

<sup>2</sup> Webb, Thomas S. (1808). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts.* Boston: Cushing and Appleton. P. 336.

Part II. Songs Published in *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*

12<sup>nd</sup> Song. **ENTERED APPRENTICES' SONG.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.

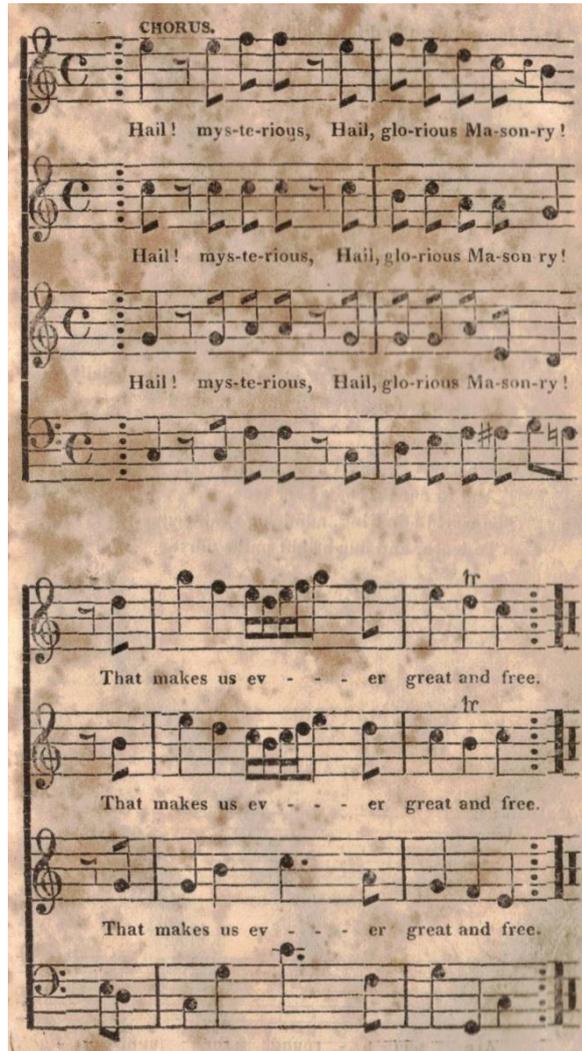


His eyes cannot search  
 Out the way of his march,  
 Nor yet where his steps he must place on;  
 When him we receive,  
 He cannot perceive  
 How he came to be made a Free Mason.  
 Then he'll danger defy,  
 And on Heaven rely,  
 For strength to support the occasion,  
 With the blessing of pray'r  
 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,  
 Ere 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 illumine the works which we trace on;  
 And now, as his due,  
 He's 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 our rites we'll fulfil,  
 And show our good will  
 To a free and an accepted Mason.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 175-177.

13<sup>rd</sup> Song. **FELLOW CRAFT'S SONG.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.



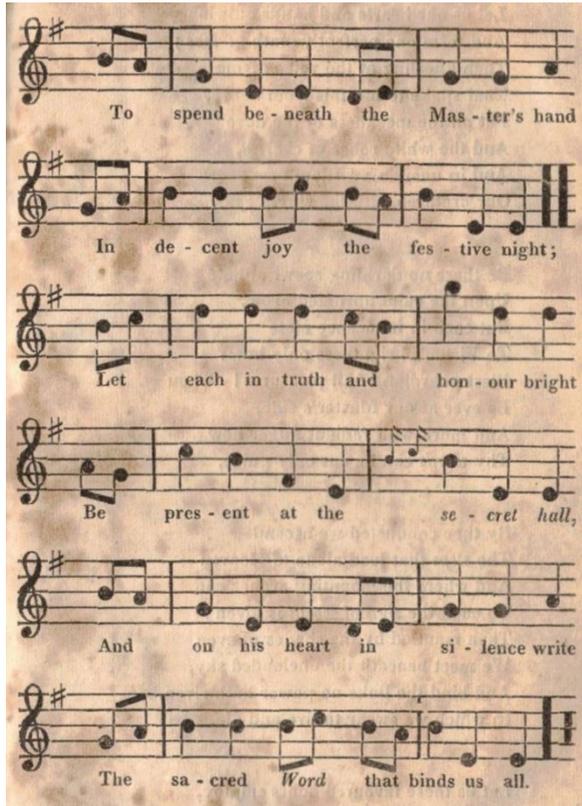
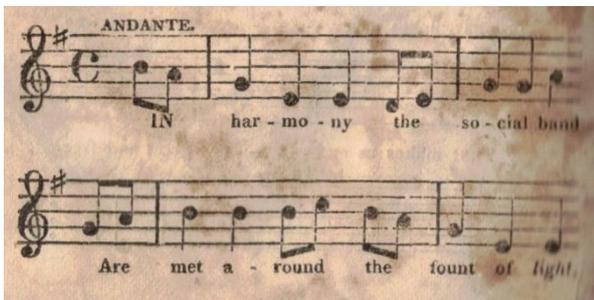
In vain mankind for shelter sought,  
 In vain from place to place did roam,  
 Until from Heaven, from Heaven he was taught  
 To plan, to build, to fix his home.

Illustrious hence we date our Art,  
 And now in beauteous piles appear,  
 We shall to endless, to endless time impart,  
 How worthy and how great we are.

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

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.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 178-180.

14<sup>th</sup> Song. **MASTER'S SONG.** By a Brother

Beneath the blue and starry zone,  
Whose arch high swelling girds the pole,  
The Master on his *orient throne*  
Unfolds to view the mystic roll;  
At once the pure fraternal soul  
Bends to the *sign* with sacred awe,  
And reads upon the letter'd scroll  
In words of light, the unutter'd *law*.

Let us our hearts and hands entwine,  
And form one perfect wreath of love;  
Then kneeling at the voice divine  
That spake to mortals from above,  
Put on the meekness of the dove  
And the white robes of charity,  
And in unerring wisdom prove  
Our brethren with the single eye.

Be there no darkling scowl of hate  
Upon the calm unruffled brow;  
But each in innocence elate  
To Virtue's brightness only bow:  
Blest guardian of all pleasures! Thou  
Be ever at our Master's side,  
And mark with radiant finger how  
Thy words can be our only guide.

By thee conducted we ascend  
The steps that lead alone to Heaven,  
And where the mounting arches end  
To each the sign of worth is given;  
Then mantled by the shades of even  
We meet beneath the unclouded sky,  
And bind the links no power hath riven,  
In which we swear to live and die.

Let us these favoured hours employ,  
These moments of the social night  
To sing the silver song of joy,  
And make the chain of union bright;  
So may we ever here unite  
To spend the hours in mercy given,  
Led by the tokens which invite  
Alone to happiness and Heaven.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 180-182.

15<sup>th</sup> Song. **THE MASON'S ADIEU.** Words by Burns.

ADIEU, a heart warm, fond a - - dieu,  
 Ye bro - thers of our mys - tic tie;  
 Ye fa - vour'd and en - - light - - en'd few,

Com - pan - ions of my so - - cial joy,  
 Though I to for - - eign lands must hie,  
 Pur - - su - - ing for - - tune's slipp' - ry bu'  
 With melt - ing heart and brim - - ful eye,  
 I'll mind you still when far a - wa'.

Oft have I met your social band,  
 To spend a cheerful, festive night,  
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,  
 Presiding o'er the sons of light;  
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,  
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw,  
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write,  
 Those happy scenes when far away.

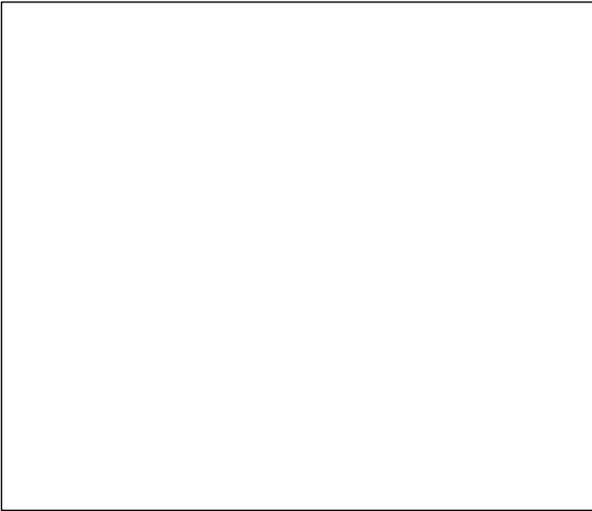
May freedom, harmony, and love,  
 Cement you in the grand design,  
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,  
 The glorious Architect divine:  
 That you may keep th' unerring line,  
 Still guided by the plummet's law,  
 'Till order bright completely shine,  
 Shall be my pray'r when far away.

And you, farewell, whose merits claim  
 Justly that highest badge to wear,  
 May Heaven bless your noble name,  
 To Masonry and friendship dear:  
 My last request permit me then,  
 When yearly you're assembled a',  
 One round, I ask it with a tear,  
 To him, your friend, that's far away.

And you, kind-hearted sisters, fair,  
 I sing farewell to all your charms,  
 Th' impression of your pleasing air  
 With rapture oft my bosom warms.  
 Alas! the social winter's night  
 No more returns while breath I draw,  
 Till sisters, brothers, all unite,  
 In that Grand Lodge that's far away. <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 187-190.

16<sup>th</sup> Song. **ODE FOR GRAND VISITATION.** Words by R.T. Paine, Esq.



tell the Art, which guides the spheres, Bless'd Ma - son  
tell the Art, which guides the spheres, Bless'd Ma - son  
tell the Art, which guides the spheres, Bless'd Ma - son

*Allegro ma non Presto.*  
SWEET Min - strel, who to mor-tal ears, Canst  
SWEET Min - strel, who to mor-tal ears, Canst  
SWEET Min - strel who to mor-tal ears, Canst

*PIA.*  
ry, all hail! With na-ture's birth thy laws be - gan  
ry, all hail!  
ry, all hail! With na-ture's birth thy laws be - gan

To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And still in

To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And still in

FOR.

heav'n pre-vail. With na-ture's birth thy laws be - gan

With na-ture's birth thy laws be - gan

heav'n pre-vail. With na-ture's birth thy laws be - gan

To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And

To rule on earth fra - ter - nal man, And

still in heav'n pre - vail.

And still in heav'n pre - vail.

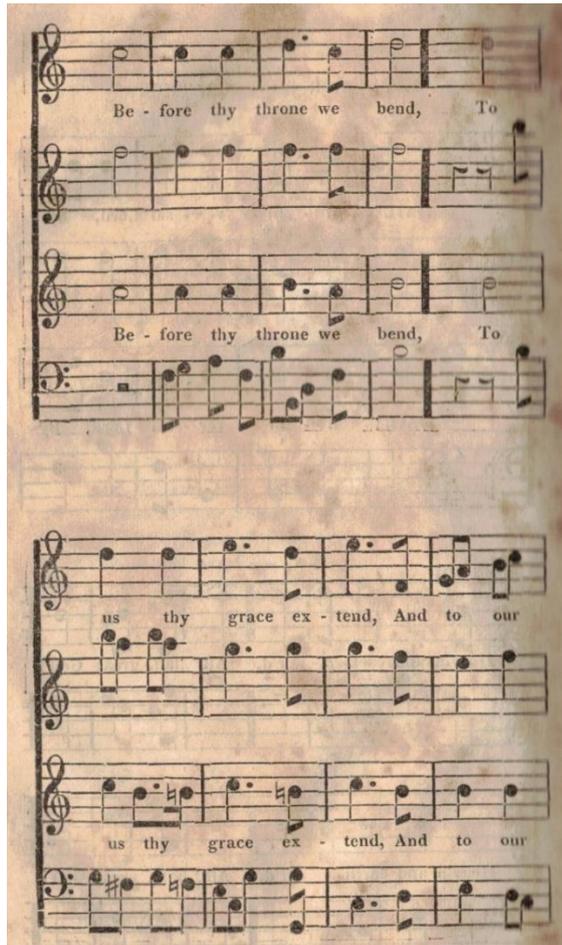
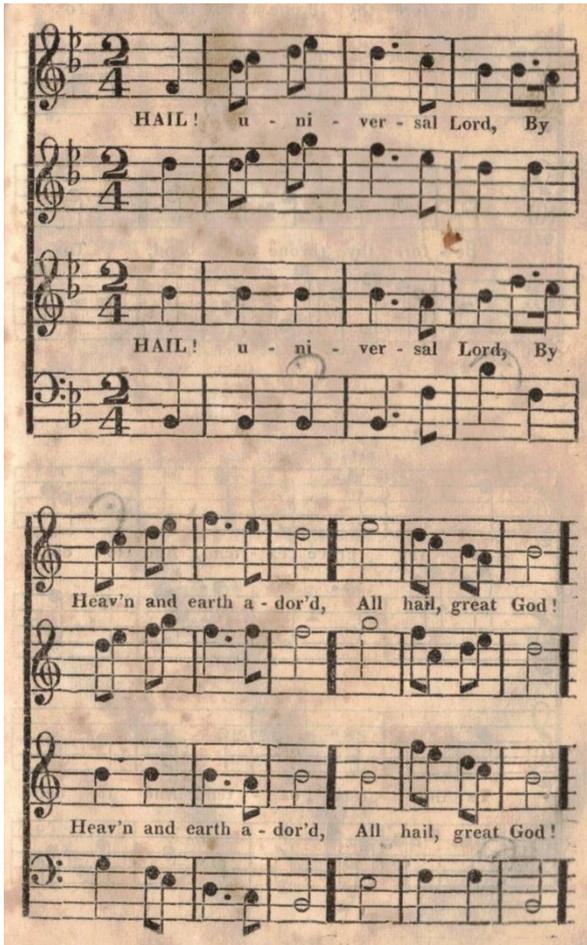
O'er matter's modes thy mystic sway  
 Can fashion Chaos' devious way,  
 To order's lucid maze;  
 Can rear the cloud-assaulting tow'r,  
 And bid the worm, that breathes its hour,  
 Its humble place raise.

From nascent life to being's pride,  
 The surest boon thy laws provide,  
 When wayward fate beguiles;  
 The tears thou shedst for human wo,  
 In falling shine like Iris' bow,  
 And beam an arch of smiles.

Come, Priest of Science, truth array'd,  
 And with thee bring each tuneful maid,  
 Thou lov'st on Shinar's plains;  
 Revive Creation's primal plan,  
 Subdue this wilderness of man,  
 Bid social virtue reign.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 190-194.

17<sup>th</sup> Song. **HYMN FOR CONSECRATION.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.



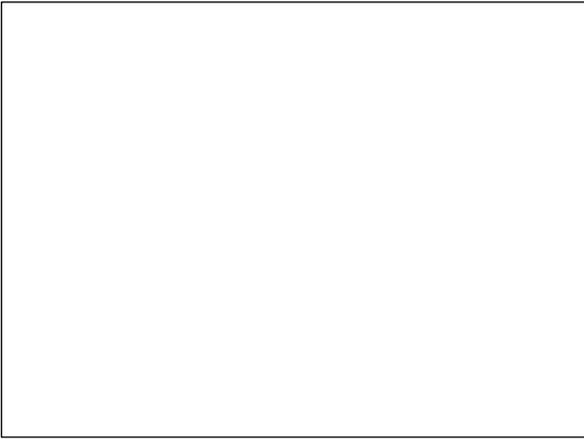
O, hear our prayer to-day,  
 Turn not thy face away,  
 O Lord our God!  
 Heaven, thy dread dwelling place,  
 Cannot contain thy Grace,  
 Remember now our race,  
 O Lord our God!

God of our fathers, hear,  
 And to our cry be near,  
 Jehovah, God!  
 The Heavens eternal bow,  
 Forgive in mercy now  
 Thy suppliants here, O Thou,  
 Jehovah, God!

To Thee our hearts do draw,  
 On them, O write thy law,  
 Our Saviour, God!  
 When in this Lodge we're met,  
 And at thine Altar set,  
 O, do not us forget,  
 Our Saviour, God!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 195-198.

18<sup>th</sup> Song. ODE FOR DEDICATION. By J.H.



Kings! From thy ce - les - tial

courts a - - bove, Send beams of

grace on se - raph's wings; O,

ANDANTE. *tr*

AL - MIGH - TY FATHER! God of Love!

BASSOON.

Sa - cred e - - ter - nal King of

may they, gillt with light di-  
vine, Shed on our hearts in-  
spir - ing rays; While bend - ing

*Lento.*  
at this sa - cred shrine, While  
*Cres. ad lib.*  
bend-ing at this sa - - - cred shrine,  
*a tempo.*  
We of-fer mys-tic songs of praise.

Faith! with divine and heav'nward eye,  
Pointing to radiant realms of bliss,  
Shed here thy sweet benignity,  
And crown our works with happiness;  
Hope! too, with bosom void of fear,  
Still on thy steadfast anchor lean,  
O! shed thy balmy influence here,  
And fill our breasts with joy serene.

And thou, fair Charity! whose smile  
Can bid the heart forget its woe,  
Whose hand can misery's care beguile,  
And kindness' sweetest boon bestow,  
Here shed thy sweet soul-soothing ray;  
Soften our hearts, thou Power divine!  
Bid the warm gem of pity play,  
With sparkling lustre, on our shrine.

Thou, who art thron'd midst dazzling light,  
And wrapp'd in brilliant robes of gold,  
Whose flowing locks of silv'ry white  
Thy age and honour both unfold,  
Genius of Masonry! descend,  
And guide our steps by thy strict law;  
O! swiftly to our temple bend,  
And fill our breasts with solemn awe.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 198-202.

19<sup>th</sup> Song. GLEE. The author of the text and the music is unknown.

ALLEGRO MA NON PRESTO.  
PIA.

HAIL! mys-te-rious, glo-rious sci-ence,

CRES.

Hail! mys-te-rious, glo-rious sci-ence,

FOR.

Hail! mys-te-rious, glo-rious sci-ence,

Which to dis-cord bids de-fi-ance,

Which to dis-cord bids de-fi-ance,

Har-mo-ny a-lone reigns here,

Har-mo-ny a-lone reigns here,

Har - mo - ny a - lone reigns here.

Har - mo - ny a - lone reigns here.

MEZZO FOR.

Come let's sing

Come let's sing to Him that

rais'd us From the rug-ged path that maz'd us,

PIA.

To the light that we re - vere,

To the light that we re - vere,

FOR.

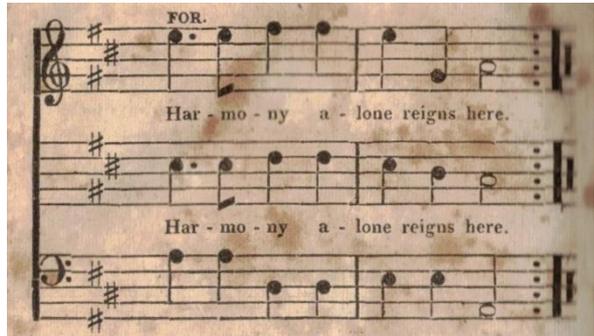
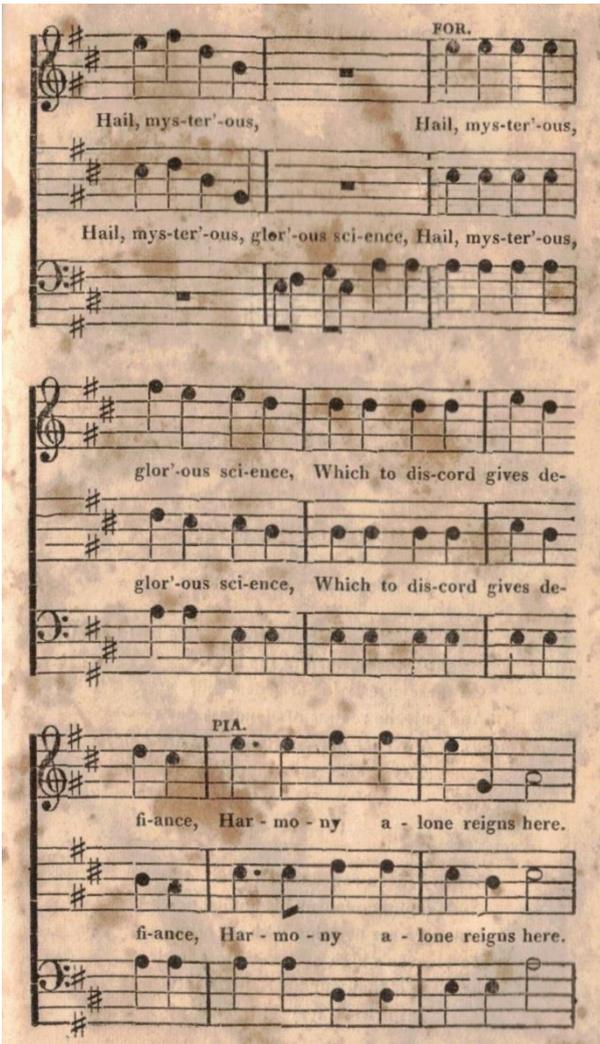
To the light that we re - vere,

To the light that we re - vere.

PIA.

Hail, mys - ter' - ous,

Hail, mys - ter' - ous, glor' - ous, sci - ence,



The entire song is presented in musical notation <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 203-208.

20<sup>th</sup> Song. **ODE TO CHARITY.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.  
*Music as in the song FELLOW CRAFT'S SONG, p. 67.*

OFFSPRING of Heav'n, mankind's best friend,  
 Bright Charity, inspire the lay;  
 On these celestial shores descend,  
 And quit the realms of cloudless day:

**Chorus.**

To Thee our constant vows are paid,  
 Thy praise we hymn, Angelic Maid.

When Vulcan rages unconfin'd,  
 And Neptune mourns his baffled pow'r;  
 When flames aspiring with the wind,  
 To Heaven's high arch resistless tow'r:

**Chorus.**

'Tis thou our hearts with pity's glow,  
 Inspir'st to feel for human wo.

The house a dismal ruin lies,  
 Where mirth late tun'd her lyre of joy;  
 And tears of anguish fill your eyes,  
 Poor orphan girl, and houseless boy;—

**Chorus.**

But thou, sweet maid, with pity's glow,  
 Inspir'st each heart to soothe their wo.

Come then, all-bounteous as thou art,  
 And hide thee from our sight no more;  
 Touch ev'ry soul, expand each heart,  
 That breathes on freedom's chosen shore:

**Chorus.**

Columbia's sons with pity's glow  
 Inspire to feel for human wo.<sup>1</sup>

21<sup>st</sup> Song. **CHARITY. A Hymn.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.

ANDANTE. MEZZO FOR.

O Cha - ri - ty! thou heav-en-ly grace,

O Cha - ri - ty! thou heav-en-ly grace,

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is marked 'ANDANTE. MEZZO FOR.'. The lyrics are 'O Cha - ri - ty! thou heav-en-ly grace,' repeated on the first and second staves.

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 208-209.

All ten-der, soft, and kind; A friend  
 All ten-der, soft, and kind; A friend  
 to all the hu-man race,  
 to all the hu-man race,  
 To all that's good and kind.  
 To all that's good and kind.

PIA.  
 The man of cha-ri-ty ex-  
 The man of cha-ri-ty ex-  
 tends To all his lib'-ral hand;  
 tends To all his lib'-ral hand;  
 FOR.  
 His kin-dred, neigh-bors, foes, and friends,  
 His kin-dred, neigh-bors, foes, and friends,  
 His pit-y may com-mand.  
 His pit-y may com-mand.

He aids the poor in their distress—  
 He hears when they complain;  
 With tender heart delights to bless  
 And lessen all their pain:  
 The sick, the prisoner, poor, and blind,  
 And all the sons of grief,  
 In him a benefactor find,  
 He loves to give relief.

'Tis love, that makes religion sweet;  
 'Tis love, that makes us rise,  
 With willing mind and ardent feet,  
 To yonder happy skies:  
 Then let us all in love abound,  
 And Charity pursue!  
 Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,  
 And love as angels do.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 209-212.

22<sup>nd</sup> Song. **MASONIC HYMN.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.



FIRST VOICE.  
ANDANTE.

GREAT Ar-chi-tect! su-preme, di-vine,  
SECOND VOICE.

GREAT Ar-chi-tect! su-preme, di-vine,  
BASS.

Whose wis - dom plann'd the grand de - sign,  
Whose wis - dom plann'd the grand de - sign,

And gave to na - ture birth!  
And gave to - na - ture birth!

PIA.

Whose word with light a - dorn'd the skies,  
Whose word with light a - dorn'd the skies,

CRES.

Gave mat - ter form, bade or - der rise,  
Gave mat - ter form, bade or - der rise,

FOR.

And bless'd the new-born earth;

And bless'd the new-born earth;

CHORUS.

'Till love shall cease, 'till or-der dies,

'Till love shall cease, 'till or-der dies,

To Thee ma-son-ic praise shall rise.

To Thee ma-son-ic praise shall rise.

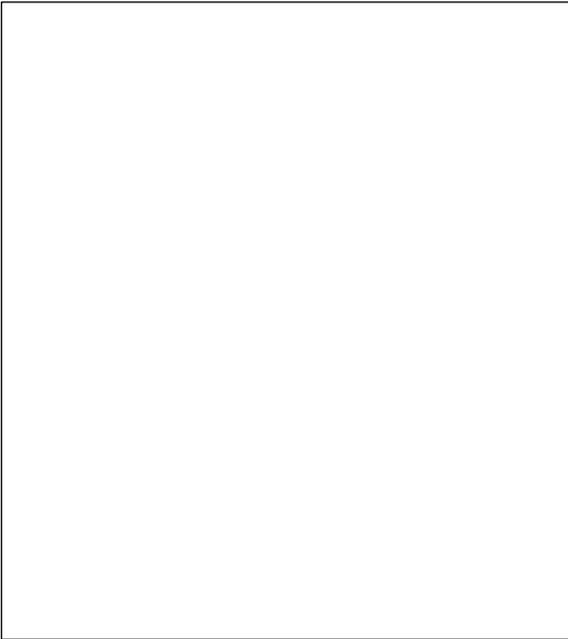
*Repeat the last Chorus.*

O, bless this love-cemented band,  
 Form'd and supported by thy hand,  
 For Charity's employ;  
 To shield the wretched from despair,  
 To spread through scenes of grief and care,  
 Reviving rays of joy.  
**Chorus.** Till love, &c.

The lib'ral Arts, by Thee design'd,  
 To polish, comfort, aid mankind,  
 We labour to improve;  
 While we adore Jehovah's name,  
 Pour on our hearts the melting flame,  
 And mould our souls to love.  
**Chorus.** Till love, &c.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 213-216.

23<sup>rd</sup> Song. **FUNERAL HYMN.** The author of the text is unknown. Music by Handel.



In the si - lent dust.

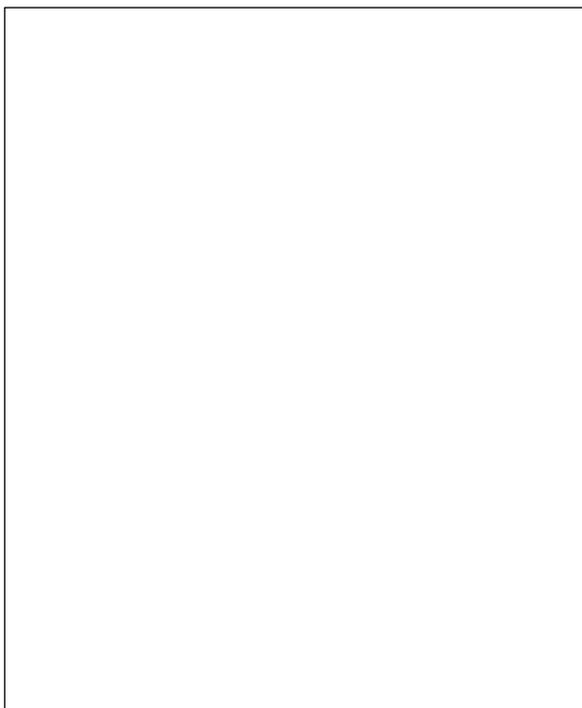
In the si - lent dust.

And give these sa - cred

And give these sa - cred

rel - ics room To slum-ber

rel - ics room To slum-ber



in the si - lent dust.

in the si - lent dust.

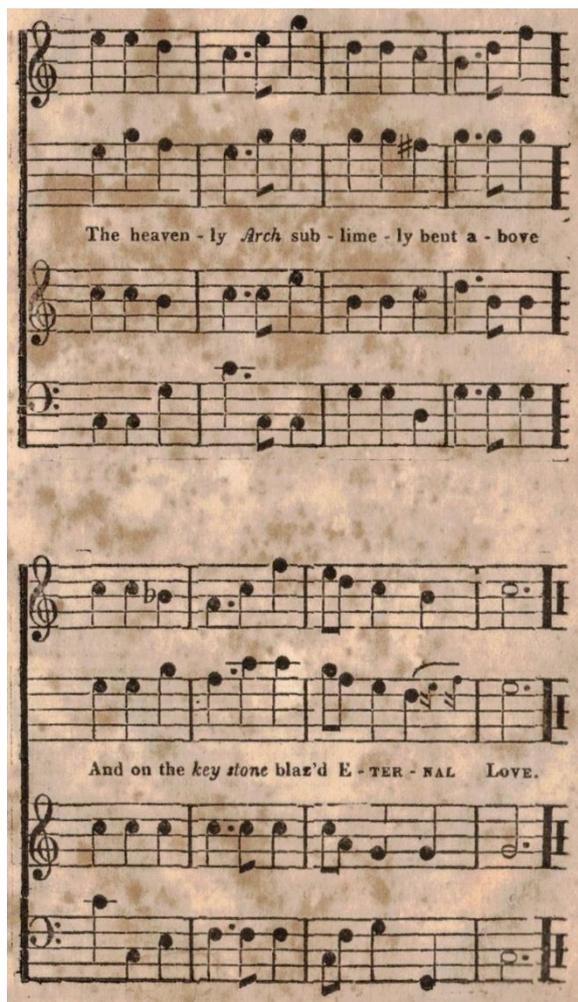
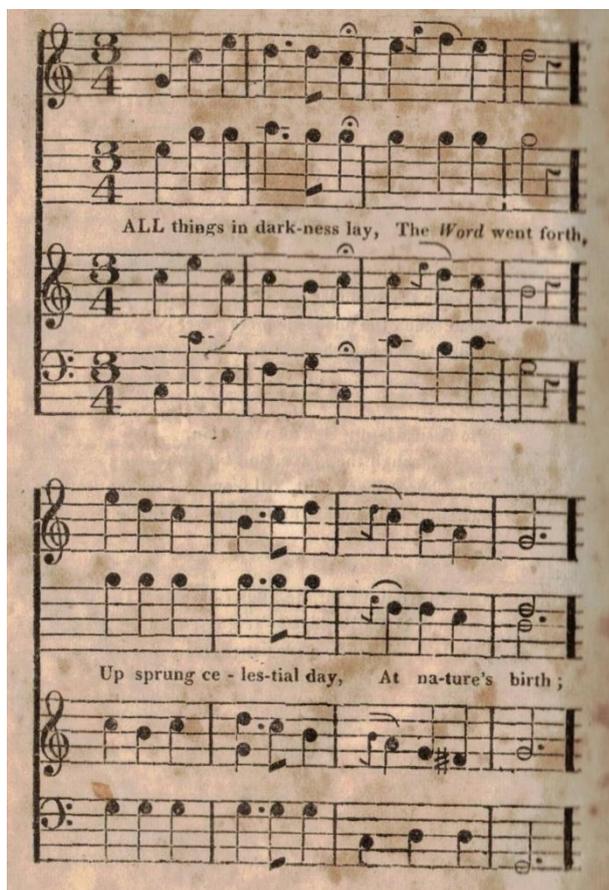
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
 Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes  
 Can reach the silent sleepers here,  
 And Angels watch their soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son,  
 Past through the grave, and blest the bed;  
 Rest here, dear Saint, till from His throne  
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious Morn!  
 Attend, O Earth, his sov'reign Word!  
 Restore thy trust, a glorious form,  
 He must ascend to meet his Lord.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 216-219.

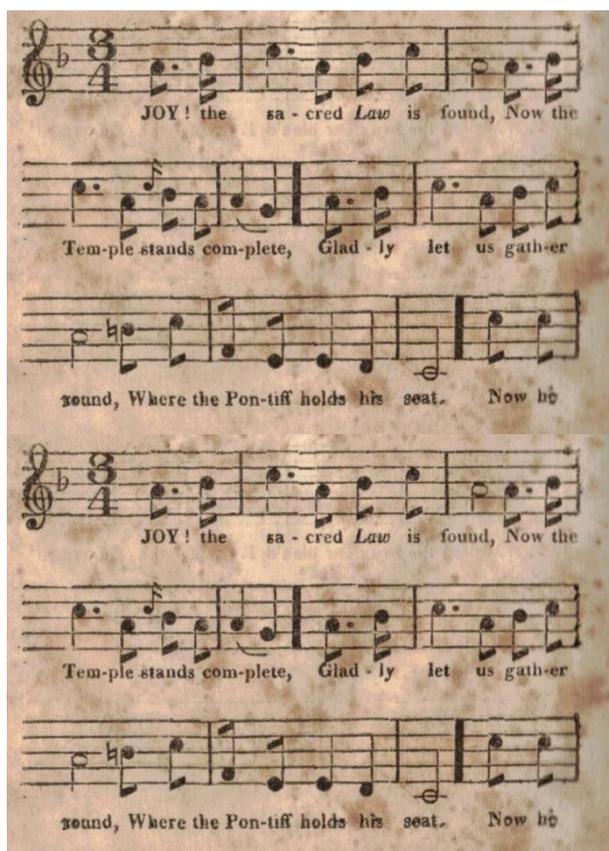
24<sup>th</sup> Song. **MOST EXCELLENT MASTER'S ODE.**  
The author of the text is unknown. Music by A. Brown.



Heaven's favourite, man was made  
In beauty fair;  
Crime chang'd blest Eden's shade  
To black despair;  
Love from the sacred Arch came gently down,  
Rais'd man from death, to an immortal crown.

Love, then, in chorus sing;  
Hail Love divine!  
Masons your Cassia bring  
To deck his shrine;  
Christians unite while Angels join in song,  
All Earth and Heaven the glorious strain prolong.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 220-222.

25<sup>th</sup> Song. **ROYAL ARCH SONG.** By a Companion. Music by J. Whitaker.

Joy! the secret vault is found;  
 Full the sunbeam falls within,  
 Pointing darkly under ground,  
 To the treasure we would win.  
 They have brought it forth to light,  
 And again it cheers the earth;  
 All its leaves are purely bright,  
 Shining in their newest worth.

This shall be the sacred mark  
 Which shall guide us to the skies,  
 Bearing, like a holy ark,  
 All the hearts who love to rise;  
 This shall be the corner stone  
 Which the builders threw away,  
 But was found the only one  
 Fitted for the arch's stay.

This shall be the gavel true,  
 At whose sound the crowd shall bend,  
 Giving to the law its due;  
 This shall be the faithful friend;  
 This the token, which shall bring  
 Kindness to the sick and poor,  
 Hastening on, on Angel's wing,  
 To the lone and darksome door.

This shall crown the mighty arch,  
 When the temple springs on high,  
 And the brethren bend their march  
 Wafting incense to the sky.  
 Then the solemn strain shall swell  
 From the bosom and the tongue,  
 And the Master's glory tell  
 In the harmony of song.

Here the exile, o'er the waste  
 Trudging homeward, shall repose;  
 All his toils and dangers past,  
 Here his long sojourning close,  
 Entering through the sacred cells  
 To the holy cell he bends;  
 Then as sinking Nature fails,  
 Hope in glad fruition ends.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 222-224.

26<sup>th</sup> Song. **ROYAL ARCH SONG.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.



ANDANTE POMPOSO.

WHEN or'-ent Wis-dom beam'd se - rene,

And pil-lar'd Strength a - rose;

When beau - ty ting'd the glow - ing scene,

And Faith her man-sion chose; Ex - ult - ing

bands the fa-bric view'd, Mys - ter' - ious

*Pia. sf*  
pow'rs a - dor'd; And high the Trip-ple

*sf*  
Un-ion stood, And high the Trip - ple

Un - ion stood, That gave the *mys - tic*

word, - - - - - That gave the *mys-tic*

word, - - - - - And high the Trip-ple

Un-ion stood, That gave the *mys-tic* word.

Pale Envy wither'd at the sight,  
 And, frowning o'er the pile,  
 Call'd Murder up from realms of night,  
 To blast the glorious toil.  
 With ruffian outrage join'd, in wo  
 They form'd the league abhorr'd;  
 And wounded Science felt the blow,  
 That crush'd the Mystic Word.

Concealment, from sequester'd cave,  
 On sable pinions flew;  
 And o'er the sacrilegious grave,  
 Her veil imperious threw.  
 The associate band, in solemn state,  
 The awful loss deplor'd;  
 And Wisdom mourn'd the ruthless fate,  
 That whelm'd the Mystic Word.

At length, through Time's expanded sphere,  
 Fair Science speeds her way;  
 And warm'd by Truth's refulgence, clear  
 Reflects the kindred ray.  
 A second fabric's towering height,  
 Proclaims the sign restor'd;  
 From whose foundation, brought to light,  
 Is drawn the Mystic Word.

To depths obscure, the favour'd Trine,  
 A dreary course engage;  
 'Till, through the Arch, the ray divine  
 Illumes the sacred page.  
 From the wide wonders of this blaze,  
 Our ancient sign's restor'd;  
 The Royal Arch alone displays  
 The long lost Mystic Word.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 225-228.

27<sup>th</sup> Song. **ROYAL ARCH SONG.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.



*ANDANTE MODERATO.*

ALMIGHTY SIRE! our heaven-ly King!  
Be - fore whose sa-cred Name we bend, Ac-  
cept the prais - es which we sing, And to our  
hum - ble prayer at - tend; Thou, who didst  
Per - sia's king com-mand A pro - cla - ma - tion  
to ex - tend, That Is - rael's sons might quit

the land, Their ho - ly Tem - ple to at - tend ;

*CHORUS. For.*

All hail! great Ar-chi-tect di-vine! This u-ni-ver-sal  
All hail! great Ar-chi-tect di-vine! This u-ni-ver-sal  
frame is thine, This u-ni - ver - sal frame is thine,  
frame is thine, This u-ni - ver - sal frame is thine,  
*Slow.*  
This u - ni - ver - sal frame is thine.  
This u - ni - ver - sal frame is thine.

That sacred place, where Three in One  
Comprisd thy comprehensive name,  
And when the bright meridian Sun  
Was seen thy glory to proclaim.  
Thy watchful eye, a length of time,  
The wond'rous circle did attend;  
The glory and the power be thine,  
Which shall from age to age descend.

**Chorus.** All hail, &c.

On thy Omnipotence we rest,  
Secure of thy protection here;  
And hope hereafter to be blest,  
When we have left this world of care.  
Grant us, great God, thy powerful aid  
To guide us through this vale of tears,  
For where thy goodness is display'd,  
Peace soothes the mind, and pleasure cheers.

**Chorus.** All hail, &c.

Inspire us with thy grace divine;  
Thy sacred law our guide shall be;  
To every good our hearts incline,  
From every evil keep us free.  
Our glad hosannas, Sovereign King!  
Thy welcome here shall e'er proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy revealed, holy Name:

**Chorus.**

All hail! great Architect divine!  
This universal frame is thine.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 229-232.

28<sup>th</sup> Song. **SELECT MASTER'S SONG.** By a Companion.

HUNGARIAN AIE.

THE vault arch-es o'er us and night broods a - round,  
 Not a whis-per is heard thro' the depth of the cave ;  
 All hearts, in the si-lence of se - cre - cy bound,  
 Are read-ing the words, the great Ar-chi-tect gave

U - ni - ted they lis-ten the voice of the Law,  
 The guide to our rea-son, the spur of the soul,  
 And they feel in the sounds a sweet mys-te-ry draw  
 Their hearts to the Spir-it who ut-ter'd the whole.

Now the work is completed and all are combin'd,  
 To close in the secret and deep-hidden cell  
 The words which are treasur'd as light to the mind,  
 Like the waters of truth in their close-cover'd well.  
 Here safely secured they shall live in the rock,  
 When the storm rages o'er it and levels the wall,  
 And still in the rage of the conqueror's shock,  
 The arches shall neither be shaken nor fall.

We have laid in its secret and silent retreat  
 The treasures that Kings shall exult to behold;  
 And the pilgrim shall hasten with ardour to meet  
 This gift, valued higher than jewels or gold:  
 Ages roll on their way, and no foot shall be heard  
 In search of this roll to enlighten the world;  
 But a hand shall be found to recover the Word,  
 And then shall the standard of truth be unfurl'd.

We are seated in silence, and nothing can find  
 Its way to our distant and mystical cave;  
 And the watchman who guards not, our mandate shall brand,  
 In the deeper concealment of death and the grave;  
 Be faithful and true, ever firm to your trust,  
 In the lesson we give in the council of light,  
 And the herald shall summon you forth from the dust  
 Above in the meeting of souls to unite.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 232-234.

29<sup>th</sup> Song. **SONG.** Written by N.H. Wright.

*Allegretto. Mezza Voce.*

AH! why should the heart be de - press'd

When its fond - ness is treat-ed with scorn?

The couch that with ro - ses is dress'd,

In its soft - ness con - ceals a rude thorn,

In its soft - ness con - ceals a rude thorn,

The couch that with ro - ses is dress'd

In its soft - ness con - ceals a rude thorn.

The bright eye of beauty may beam  
 With a light like the meteor glare;  
 But her victim may wake from his dream,  
 And hope may be chang'd to despair.

Like the rainbow, which shines from the cloud;  
 Her allurements awhile may deceive;  
 Till joy is enwrapp'd in a shroud,  
 And the mourner is left but to grieve.

But Friendship has charms, which endure,  
 Its birth was in regions above;  
 'Tis a passion, like heaven, most pure,  
 For it sprang from the fountain of love.

Then let not the heart be depress'd  
 If one treat its fondness with scorn;  
 It may find in a Brother's warm breast  
 The rose that conceals not a thorn.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 235-237.

30<sup>th</sup> Song. **MASONIC ODE.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.

EMPIRES and kings have pass'd away,  
Into oblivion's mine;  
And tow'ring domes have felt decay,  
Since auld lang syne.

But Masonry, the glorious art,  
With wisdom's ray divine;  
'Twas ever so, the Hebrew cries,  
In auld lang syne.

Behold the occidental chair  
Proclaims the day's decline—  
Hiram of Tyre was seated there,  
In auld lang syne.

The South proclaims refreshment nigh;  
High twelve's the time to dine;  
And beauty deck'd the southern sky,  
In auld lang syne.

Yes, Masonry, whose temple here  
Was built by hands divine,  
Shall ever shine as bright and clear,  
As auld lang syne.

Then brethren, for the worthy three,  
Let us a wreath entwine,  
The three great heads of Masonry  
In auld lang syne.

Remembering of that worthy one,  
With gratitude divine,  
The Tyrian youth—the widow's son,  
Of auld lang syne.<sup>1</sup>

31<sup>st</sup> Song. **EPILOGUE.** The author of the text and the music is unknown.

AS lately, brethren, from the Lodge I came,  
Warm'd with our royal order's purest flame;  
Absorb'd in thought;—before my ravish'd eyes,  
I saw the Genius, Masonry, arise:  
A curious hieroglyphic robe he wore,  
And in his hand the sacred volume bore:  
On one side was divine Astraea plac'd,  
And soft-eyed Charity the other grac'd;  
Humanity, the gen'ral friend was there,  
And Pity, dropping the pathetic tear;  
There too was Order;—there, with rosy mien,  
Blithe Temp'rance shone, and white rob'd Truth was  
seen.  
There, with a key suspended to his breast,  
Silence appear'd; his lips his finger prest:  
With these, soft warbling an instructive song,  
Sweet Music, gaily smiling, tripp'd along.  
Wild laughter, clam'rous noise, and mirth ill bred,  
The brood of folly, at his presence fled.  
The Genius spoke,—“My son, observe my train,  
Which, of my order different parts explain.  
Look up—behold the bright ASTRAEA there,  
She will direct thee how to use the Square.

Pity will bid thee grieve, with those who grieve,  
Whilst Charity will prompt thee to relieve;  
Will prompt thee every comfort to bestow,  
And draw the arrow from the breast of woe;  
Humanity will lead to honour's goal,  
Give the large thought, and form the gen'rous soul.  
Will bid thee the fraternal love expand,  
To virtue of all faiths,—and ev'ry land.  
Order will kindly teach her laws of peace,  
Which discord stop, and social joys increase;  
TEMP'RANCE instruct thee all excess t' avoid,  
By which fair fame is lost, and health destroy'd:  
TRUTH warn thee ne'er to use perfidious art,  
And bid thy tongue be rooted in thy heart;  
SILENCE direct thee never to disclose,  
Whate'er thy brethren in thy breast repose;  
For thee shall Music strike the harmonious lyre,  
And whilst she charms the ear, morality inspire.  
These all observe;—and let thy conduct show,  
What real blessings I on man bestow.”  
He said, and disappear'd;—and Oh! may we,  
Who wear this honour'd badge, accepted, free,  
To ev'ry grace and virtue temples raise,  
And by our useful works our Order praise.<sup>2</sup>

For better visualization, we have summarized the information on the song titles, authors of the texts and music, as well as the years of publication in Table 1.

<sup>1</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 237-238.

<sup>2</sup> Cross, Jeremy L. (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print. P. 239-240.

**Table 1.** Song titles, authorship of text and music, and year of publication.

No.	Song	Author of the text	Author of the music / notation	Year of publication
1	MOST EXCELLENT MASTER'S SONG	Thomas S. Webb	- / -	1797
2	MASTER'S SONG	Thomas S. Webb	- / +	1797
3	SENIOR WARDEN'S SONG	Thomas S. Webb	- / -	1797
4	JUNIOR WARDEN'S SONG	Thomas S. Webb	- / -	1797
5	SENIOR WARDEN'S TOAST	-	- / -	1797
6	NEW-YEAR, OR FESTIVAL SONG	J. Stimpson	- / -	1797
7	KNIGHT TEMPLAR'S SONG	Thomas S. Webb	- / -	1797
8	ROYAL ARCH SONG	-	- / -	1797
9	ORIGIN OF MASONRY	Bacon	- / -	1797
10	PAST MASTER'S SONG	-	- / -	1808
11	ANTHEM	-	- / -	1808
12	ENTERED APPRENTICES' SONG	-	- / +	1826
13	FELLOW CRAFT'S SONG	-	- / +	1826
14	MASTER'S SONG	Brother	- / +	1826
15	THE MASON'S ADIEU	Burns	- / +	1826
16	ODE FOR GRAND VISITATION	R.T. Paine	- / +	1826
17	HYMN FOR CONSECRATION	-	- / +	1826
18	ODE FOR DEDICATION	J.H.	- / +	1826
19	GLEE	-	- / +	1826
20	ODE TO CHARITY	-	- / +	1826
21	CHARITY. A Hymn	-	- / +	1826
22	MASONIC HYMN	-	- / +	1826
23	FUNERAL HYMN	-	Handel / +	1826
24	MOST EXCELLENT MASTER'S ODE	-	A. Brown / +	1826
25	ROYAL ARCH SONG	Companion	J. Whitaker / +	1826
26	ROYAL ARCH SONG	-	- / +	1826
27	ROYAL ARCH SONG	-	- / +	1826
28	SELECT MASTER'S SONG	Companion	- / +	1826
29	SONG	N.H. Wright	- / +	1826
30	MASONIC ODE	-	- / -	1826
31	EPILOGUE	-	- / -	1826

Analyzing Table 1, we can observe that five texts were written by Thomas S. Webb. One text each was attributed to J. Stimpson, Bacon, Burns, R.T. Paine, an author identified by the initials J.H., and N.H. Wright. In two texts the author was designated as *Companion*, and in one as *Brother*. Information about the composers is even more limited. Only three songs contain indications of musical authorship. The composers identified are Handel, A. Brown, and J. Whitaker. The thematic scope of the songs encompasses all degrees of the York Rite, from the symbolic lodge degrees to the Royal Arch and the Knights Templar.

### Conclusion

The conducted research has demonstrated that Masonic folklore in the United States of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries constitutes a coherent and representative corpus of texts and musical materials reflecting both the ideological foundations of the fraternity and the practices of ritual performance. Based on the analysis of 31 compositions published in the works of Thomas S. Webb (*The Freemason's Monitor*, 1797; 1808) and Jeremy L. Cross (*The True Masonic Chart*, 1826), it has been established that the songs cover a broad range of York Rite degrees—from the symbolic lodge levels to the Royal Arch and the Knights Templar.

It has been determined that the authorship of some texts is clearly indicated (Webb, Stimpson, Bacon, Burns, R.T. Paine, N.H. Wright), while a substantial portion remains anonymous or is designated simply as *Brother* or *Companion*, reflecting the collective character of the tradition and the specific features of Masonic print culture. A comparison of Webb's and Cross's editions reveals an evolution of the repertoire: from

predominantly textual publications to an expanded inclusion of musical notation, highlighting the increasing importance of the musical component in ritual communication.

The publication of musical notation in facsimile form, given the technical difficulty of resetting the scores, preserves source authenticity and provides a foundation for further research—textological, music-historical, and comparative—including the study of melodic borrowings, local performance variations, and the transformation of Masonic symbolic language within early American culture.

### **References**

*Cross, Jeremy L.* (1826). *The True Masonic Chart, or Hieroglyphic Monitor*. New Haven, Conn: T.G. Woodward and Co. Print.

*Webb, Thomas S.* (1797). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts*. Albany: Spenser and Webb.

*Webb, Thomas S.* (1808). *The Freemason's Monitor; or Illustrations of Masonry: in two parts*. Boston: Cushing and Appleton.