The Mystic Chord.

A COLLECTION OF

Masonic Odes and Melodies

FOR THE

CEREMONIES AND FESTIVALS

OF THE

FRATERNITY

TO WHICH IS ADDED A

CHOICE COLLECTION OF MISCELLANEOUS MUSIC

BY

CHESTER W. MABIE

TWELFTH EDITION

MACOY PUBLISHING AND MASONIC SUPPLY CO.

45-47-49 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK

1925



60. Hym

1 Unto thee, Great God, belong
Mystic rites, and sacred song;
Lecular bending at the shrine.

Lowly bending at thy shrine, Hail, thou Majesty divine!

2 Glorious Architect, above, Source of Light, and source of Love; Here thy light and love prevail, Hail ! Almighty Master, hail!

3 Still to us, O God! dispense Thy divine benevolence;

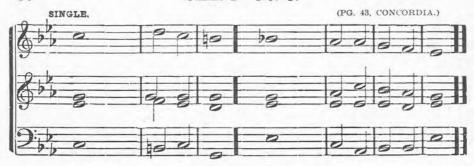
Hymn for Installation.

Teach the tender tear to flow, Melting at a brother's woe.

(PG. 28, CONCORDIA.)

4 Heavenly Father, grant that we, Blest with boundless charity To th' admiring world may prove, Happy they who dwell in Love.

5 Join, oh earth; and as you roll, East to West, from pole to pole, Lift to him your grateful lays, Join the universal praise



Master Mason.

Remember, now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil | days come | not, ||

Nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I | have no | pleasure | in them.|

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darken'd, || Nor the clouds re-| turn | after the | rain.

In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall | bow them-| selves,||

And the grinders cease, because they are few, and those that look | out of the | windows be | darkened, ||

And the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the | grinding is | low.||

And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of | music | shall be brought | low; ||

And when they shall be afraid of that | which is | high,||

And | fears shall | be in the | way, |

And the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and de-| sire shall | fail.||

Because, man goeth to his long home, and the mourners | go a-| bout the | streets, ||

Or ever the silver chord be loosed, or the golden | bowl be | broken ;||
Or, the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel | broken | at
the | cistern ;||

Then shall the dust return to the | earth, as it | was,||
And the spirit shall re-| turn unto | God who | gave it.||



1. Let us remember, in our youth, before the evil | days draw | nigh, ||
Our Great Creator, and his truth! ere memory | fail, & | pleasure | fly; ||
Or sun, or moon, or planet's light grow dark, or clouds re-|turn in |
gloom: ||

Ere vital spark no more incite, when strength shall | bow, and | years

con- sume.

2. Let us in youth remember Him; who formed our frame and | spirits | gave, ||

Ere windows of the mind grow dim, or door of | speech ob-| structed | wave ;||

When voice of bird fresh terrors wake, and music's daughters | charm no | more, ||

Or fear to rise with trembling shake, along the | path we | travel | o'er.||

3. In youth, to God let memory cling, before desire shall | fail, or | wane, ||

Or e'er be loosed life's silver string, or bowl at | fountain | rent in | twain ;||

For man to his long home doth go, and mourners group a-| round his | urn;||

Our dust to dust again must flow, and spirits | unto | God re- | turn. ||