

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

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FUNERAL SERVICE.

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PLEYEL'S HYMN.

1. Solemn strikes the funeral chime, Notes of our de part-ing time,
 2. Mortals now in-dulge a tear, For mor-tal-i-ty is here,
 3. Here an-oth-er guest we bring, Ser-aphs of ce-les-tial wing,
 4. Lord of all be-low, a-bove, Fill our souls with Truth and Love,

As we journey here be-low, Through a pil-grimage of woe.
 See how wide her trophies wave, O'er the slumbers of the grave.
 To our fu-neral al-tar come, Waft our friend and brother home.
 As dis-solves our earth-ly tie, Take us to thy Lodge on high.

60.

Hymn for Installation.

(PG. 28, CONCORDIA.)

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| <p>1 Unto thee, Great God, belong
 Mystic rites, and sacred song;
 Lowly bending at thy shrine,
 Hail, thou Majesty divine!</p> <p>2 Glorious Architect, above,
 Source of Light, and source of Love;
 Here thy light and love prevail,
 Hail! Almighty Master, hail!</p> <p>3 Still to us, O God! dispense
 Thy divine benevolence;</p> | <p>Teach the tender tear to flow,
 Melting at a brother's woe.</p> <p>4 Heavenly Father, grant that we,
 Blest with boundless charity
 To th' admiring world may prove,
 Happy they who dwell in Love.</p> <p>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</p> |
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SINGLE.

(PG. 43, CONCORDIA.)

*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.||

DOUBLE CHANT.

G. W. MABIE.

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 | spir-
 its | 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.||