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M A S O N R Y:

A

P O E M.

To which are added several SONGS.



E D I N B U R G H,

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To the Right Honourable,

The Earl of *KINTORE*,

Grand Master of *Scotland*;

And to the whole

Ancient and Honourable Society

O F

Free and Accepted M A S O N S.

TO whom can a performance of this nature apply for protection, but to a Society, whose Virtues first engaged the author to attempt it? The FREE MASONS are distinguished by an universal good-will to mankind; and while they are happy in having your LORDSHIP at their head, may despise the little censures of ridiculous men, who, ignorant of the beauty of the Science, lose themselves to all the good and the wise, by railing at what they can never know.

I acknowledge, 'tis presumption in me to offer such a trifle; but as nothing of the kind has been ever before attempted, beyond a few Songs, I was encouraged to recommend a CRAFT so good and so beneficial.

THAT your LORDSHIP may continue the exercise of every noble and generous Virtue; that MASONRY may become the regard and the study of mankind; and that the Society may flourish, nor ever want a GRAND MASTER equal to your Lordship, is the sincere wish of

A FREE MASON.

MA

M A S O N R Y :

A

P O E M.

IMMORTAL Genius! that alone inspires
 The faithful MASON with superior fires;
 That all his breast with gen'rous rapture warms,
 To bless the world with virtue's fairest charms :
 Great Architect! at whose commanding nod
 Worlds rose on worlds, and own'd thee for their God,
 Assist my lays — I feel, I feel the flame
 Glow in my veins, and wake my verse to fame,
 Flow, Fancy, flow; ye lov'd ideas, throng,
 While MASONRY and MASONS are my song.

HAIL GLORIOUS CRAFT! distinguish'd Science,

HAIL!

Thou QUEEN of ARTS, thy laws shall still prevail,

A

Still

Still be admir'd by all the good and great,
 Triumph o'er time and all the power of fate :
 Thy empire scorns all pomp of pageant shew,
 Thou reigns the Goddess of a SELECT FEW.
 Thrice happy they, who know thy charms aright,
 Partake thy smiles, and share th' unfeign'd delight ;
 Who know the bliss of sweet society,
 Knit and improv'd by the strongest tie.

DISTINGUISH'D Art, who can thy praise rehearse,
 Or paint thee out in everlasting verse ?
 O could my numbers like my thoughts aspire,
 As full of softness, and as full of fire,
 I'd sing the Science with a *Maro's* skill,
 While *Homer's* genius should direct me still.
 Then, Muse, begin, and thro' all states and climes,
 Deduce the LABOURS to the present times.

NECESSITY, which social union ty'd,
 And the rude draughts of human arts supply'd,
 First taught the city and the dome to rise,
 A cov'ring from the savage and the skies.

Simple

Simple and coarse the new-born Art appear'd,
 With nothing studied, but what need requir'd ;
 The humble cottage rear'd its turf-clad head,
 And o'er the tent the savage-skin was spread :
 'Till human genius learn'd a farther end,
 In ornament, with simple use conjoin'd ;
 And the same pile rose nature's sure defence,
 And brought delight to the INTERNAL SENSE,
 The world's great Maker, infinitely good,
 On man a sense of beauty had bestow'd,
 A pure delight, that sprung from the survey
 Of order, state, and varied harmony ;
 And had all nature (where a skill divine
 Had fram'd an universe of just design,
 Great, regular, and yet diversify'd)
 Be his fair model, and unerring guide.
 Thus taught, the simple Artist first began
 T' enlarge his work, and build a nobler plan ;
 Trac'd the original in ev'ry part,
 And learn'd to copy nature into art.

Hence the first skill of earliest times appear'd,
Enoch's fair COLUMNS, fraught with art, were rear'd;
 The Patriarchs their cities did devise,
 And lofty BABELS sought to scale the skies,

FROM thence dispers'd, o'er all the spacious East
 In noble piles the Science stood confest.

Th' *Assyrian* Kings thus idoliz'd their names,
 And summon'd nations to complete their schemes;

The learned *Magi* the great models cast,

And still the son the father's work surpass:

The vast design of the *Virago Queen*,

The world's fair wonder, *Babylon*, was seen;

Egyptian Powers spent ages in the toil,

And Pyramids adorn'd the banks of *Nile*:

O'er the wide earth the growing Science spread,

Where-ever human-kind by fate was led;

Each rising age saw stately fabricks rear'd,

New *Babylons* in ev'ry clime appear'd.

AT length the master-piece of human art,

Whose glorious model heaven did impart,

JEHOVAH's Temple, work of *David's* son,
 Where the bright cloud of divine presence shone,
 Lifted its sacred summit to the skies,
 Praise of all tongues, and wonder of all eyes.
 From climes remote the curious Artists came,
 Monarchs conspir'd to rear the noble frame :
 The copious East laid open all her store,
 Her brilliant rubies, and metallick ore,
 Whatever fair materials did excell,
 Mountains were empty'd, and whole forests fell :
Parvaim and *Ophir* mines of gold bestow'd,
 And lofty *Lebanon* gave half his wood :
 Roofs, ~~perches, doors,~~ with gold were overlaid,
 Fair Cherubims their wings in gold display'd ;
 And, to complete its glory, there abode
 The Altar, and the oracles of God.

THE world with wonder saw the glorious pile
 Of best materials, in the fairest *STYLE* ;
 And charm'd with its design and gorgeous state,
 All *Asia's* Princes sought to imitate.

O'er the whole East illustrious copies shone,
 And mimic temples rose at *Babylon* ;
Menon's fair labour, *Cyrus's* regal feat,
 Walls bound with gold, magnificently great ;
 The stately Tomb rear'd by the widow Queen,
 And virgin *Dian's* glorious Fane was seen.

AND now o'er *Greece* the noble taste prevail'd,
 By *Thales* and the *Samian* Sage reveal'd ;
Athens's strong Citadel, a noble toil,
 Rear'd and adorn'd with Eastern art and spoil ;
 Halls, palaces, and spacious portico's,
 Of fair design, and stately pomp, arose.
 The guardian Gods were summon'd from the skies,
 To dwell in temples of stupendious size.
 Kings, Sages, Priests, the royal Science own'd,
 And just applause the glorious labours crown'd.

AT length the age of *Roman* state appear'd,
 When Empire's Genius to the West repair'd :
 Now *Rome*, the sov'reign of the world confess'd,
 Rais'd by the wealth and knowledge of the East,

With

With all the arts of former ages shone,
 And added godlike labours of her own.
 Now shone the days of Genius unconfin'd,
 When learning and the great *Augustus* reign'd :
 Now happy Science saw a golden age,
 The royal Art did all *Rome's* cares engage :
 And now the wise *Vitruvius*, mighty name !
 Whose plans stand sacred to all future fame,
 Rais'd the great labour to its highest state,
 And bad succeeding Artists imitate.
 Hence o'er the world the Builder's skill prevail'd,
 Which had not yet the grand design beheld :
~~Rome's Arts and Eagles~~ the wide North o'er-run,
 And Science flourish'd at the setting-sun.

BUT ah! the *Goths*, by brutal fury led,
 O'er Arts and Empires desolation spread :
 Great seat of Science, ancient *Rome*, beheld
 Her temples rifled, and her Gods expell'd ;
 The glorious labours of a thousand years,
 Piazza's, Forums, Amphitheatres,

Her

Her sacred Capitol, the Muses seat,
 With all the knowledge of the wise and great,
 Th' historic Column, and the patriot Bust,
 Broke by rude force, and humbled to the dust,

LONG time neglected hapless Science lay,
 And scarcely darted a departing ray ;
 Then faintly dawn'd again in quaint conceit,
 With all her pristine glories counterfeit.
 The godlike Genius of a former age,
 Which fill'd the poet's and historian's page,
 Adorn'd the painter's draught, and poet's theme,
 And furnish'd out the Builder's noble scheme,
 Once simply great, and just without restraint,
 Now dwindled down to antique ornament.
 Low pun and jingle grew the Muse's art,
 And Monks, with school-distinctions, storm'd the
 heart.

Quirk was the powerful language of the bar,
 The learning of the rude Philosopher

From

From Court descended to the Country Hall ;

* Ev'n stones were taught to quibble in the wall.

HUGE piles, 'tis true, even then were seen to rise,
With lofty turrets, aiming at the skies :

Great work of Kings, which scarce an age could raise!

And the just wonder of preceding days!

Whose pompous ruins, venerably great,

Still shine superiour in their antique state.

Lo! yonder spires, which neighb'ring vales command,

All wild and ruin'd, see the pillars stand,

With skill adorn'd, and science unconfin'd ;

The best, the noblest of the *Gothic* kind.

~~What impious band could thus their charms deface,~~

Destroy their beauties, and deform each grace?

Behold the awful relick! see how bare

The shatter'd roofs and lofty walls appear!

Illustrious monuments of former Art,

Domes, Pillars, Arches, Figures, every part

B

Now

* This alludes to the little conceits which, in ancient times, were looked upon as witty ornaments. In *Melrose* you see in several parts of that ancient Abbey a *Mell* and *Rose*, curiously wrought upon the wall.

Now mangl'd, with their last remains, upbraid
The spite and fury of hot zeal run mad.

But what tho' wide the vaulted roofs extend,
Domes rise on domes, and spires on spires ascend?

Tho' the great work remains unrival'd still,

In height majestic, and mechanic skill,

And the smooth chisel so performs its part,

As seems to go beyond the reach of art ;

Still wild disorder shapes the vast design,

The whole's a blunder, tho' each part is fine ;

Grov'ling conceits with noble figures plac'd,

A motely mixture, speak the *Gothic* taste :

And tho' its beauties we with wonder view,

Yet almost still the false eclipse the true.

THUS are the labours of the learn'd and wise,

The wit and arts of many centuries,

By a mistaken elegance ingross,

And all their graces in their faults are lost.

The vicious relish marr'd the brightest parts,

And, still victorious, o'er the liberal arts

Maintain'd its empire. Tho' true knowledge' rays
 Now shone with stronger, now with weaker blaze ;
 Yet the dark cloud, ne'er driven quite away,
 Return'd, and still obscur'd the face of day ;
 Its gloom extended o'er all arts and climes,
 And darken'd Science down to modern times,

ARTS to restore, and nobler schemes compose,
 Great son of Science, first *Palladio* rose,
 And let his native *Italy* behold,
 Reviv'd, the genius of the days of old:
 By which, long since, its glorious *Rome* surpass'd
 All former ages, and shall teach the last ;
 While his great rival, in the *British* isle,
 Immortal *Jones*, essay'd an equal stile,
 And taught the sons of *Britain* to disdain
 Less than the models of *Augustus*' reign,

AND now behold the MASON'S Art appear
 With ancient splendor, regularly fair,
 Large without swelling, without meanness neat,
 Plain tho' adorn'd, and regular tho' great ;

Now purg'd of low conceit and *Gothic* schemes,
 All fanciful refinement it condemns,
 And now, once more, attracts the wond'ring eye,
 With nature and long lost simplicity.
 The beautiful *Augustan* stile revives,
 Skill executes what just design contrives ;
 Now lovely Order claims its ancient rule,
 And methodises the consenting whole ;
 Order, which strength and elegance imparts,
 The law of nature, and the soul of arts.
 'Tis this delights the *Virtuoso's* eye,
 This, with its sister grace, Simplicity ;
 While thro' the various windings of the pile,
 He can the members trace and reconcile,
 And in th' epitomizing works of man
 Reads an abridgment of the general plan,
 Where wise OMNIPOTENCE itself displays
 In varied harmony a thousand ways.
 Wild ornament may please a *Gothic* SENSE,
 Or varnish o'er the artist's impotence,

Who

Who, nature's hints unable to pursue,
 Crowds in fantastick beauties for the true.
 So the vain nymph, who wants the native grace,
 Coquettes and sparkles with a borrow'd face.
 But ORDER and SIMPLICITY alone,
 Which in fair nature's works so fair are shown,
 Which now the schemes of Architecture fill,
 Can claim just wonder, or display just skill.
 By these old *Greece* and *Rome* their schemes did raise,
 And shone the patterns of succeeding days :
 By these their gen'rous modern sons are known,
 A KENT, a FLITCROFT, and a BURLINGTON,
 NOR is ~~the Art to domes and spires confin'd,~~
 Its laws alike can beautify the mind :
 There fair proportion all her charms unveils,
 And o'er the rude and vulgar SENSE prevails.
 Observe yon stately fabrick, and survey
 Its beauty, strength, and varied harmony.
 The pleas'd spectators ev'ry prospect warms,
 Lost in a sweet variety of charms ;

They

They see each part to gain one end combine,
 And wonder o'er the regular design,
 The rising pillars crowd upon the view,
 Fraught with fresh beauties, and for ever new ;
 They all, supporting and supported, bend
 To one extended comprehensive end,
 And ev'ry part, sole or conjoin'd, can warm ;
 For all the building's one continued charm.
 Thus in the LODGE, which reaches to the skies,
 The glorious pillars beautifully rise.
 Supported thus, both strength and order meet,
 And beauty joins to make the whole complete,
 Deep as the centre shall the building stand,
 Nor time subject it to his dire command.
 That harmony, which with the world began,
 Appears to crown the MASON'S glorious plan ;
 Tho' differing quite in genius, yet the same,
 All glowing mutual with one friendly flame,
 Uniting and united, all combine
 To execute one generous design,

To

To teach the world what love and virtue is,
 To smooth the face of woe, and heal distress.
 Lo how their breasts with love of mankind glow,
 Pity their pains, and kindly sooth their woe ;
 With pious care approve each gen'rous plan,
 Design'd for universal good to man.
 See yonder walls with infant beauty smile,
 Care of the CRAFT, and rear'd by MASONS toil,
 Fit refuge of distress, where ghastly pain
 May frown and torture, but shall frown in vain :
 There shall the trembling wretches fly for ease,
 And there all torments and all anguish cease.
 Immortal work ! by godlike men design'd,
 Whose bosoms feel for all the human-kind.
 Fair may the fabrick rise, and finish'd shine,
 With the same beauty as its good design.
 Still may the good, the pious, and the wise,
 With gen'rous kindness pour in fresh supplies,
 'Till CHARITY shall, smiling at the door,
 Invite the tortur'd to be pain'd no more.

Be ours the task for others good to toil,
To sweeten grief, and bid misfortune smile;
To square our lives by just proportion's rule,
And still be animated with one soul.
Be ours the virtues hid from vulgar eyes,
Yet blazing bright upon the good and wise.
Fair *Liberty*, be thou our sovereign guide,
And always chuse in Lodges to preside:
Thee, Goddess, thee the social train adore,
Thee they invoke, thou bright celestial power!
Still may'st thou charm, our happy flame still feed,
For thou and heaven are surely near ally'd.

VIRTUE and Science, offspring of the skies,
The great perfection of the good and wise,
Reflect new glories on each other grace,
Wealth, Titles, Honours, and high Lin'ages:
By these the Worthies of preceding days
Have earn'd an immortality of praise:
By these, with borrow'd lustre, sceptres shine,
And human excellence becomes divine.

Hence

Hence in all climes and Ages, where the sense
 Of true politeness, learning, elegance,
 Virtue, or social graces, have obtain'd,
 And human nature from the brute refin'd,
 The MASON'S worth and art rever'd has stood;
 And all the Godlike claim'd the Brotherhood;
 Sages and Magi, all the ancient wise,
 Whom contemplation led beyond the skies;
 Who trac'd the order of the starry frame;
 And earth and nature's universal scheme,
 Tho' blest'd with Science' great celestial store,
 Yet still have sought to add this KNOWLEDGE more:
~~Illustrious conquerors,~~ whom fate did raise
 To empire's height, the Gods of former days,
 After great Kings subdu'd, and vict'ries won,
 Large cities sack'd, and provinces o'er-run,
 Adorn'd with laurel, diadem and spoils,
 Have thus desir'd to crown their glorious toils.
 And now the great, the virtuous, and the good,
 All with the taste of lib'ral arts endow'd,

Whoever have the noble thirst to know,
 Or with the godlike love of Freedom glow,
 All heaven-born souls, who seek the exercise
 Of social duties, and the dearest ties
 Of friendship, honour, unity and love,
 Or would foretaste the harmony above,
 Charm'd with their worth, are fenc'd to bear a part
 In myst'ries of the LODGE, and know the Royal Art.

BEHOLD KINTORE, by merit call'd to reign,
 Great Sov'reign of the Virtuoso Train,
 Bless'd with each virtue, and each graceful art,
 A taste refin'd, and bounteous of heart:
 He from a race of noble Chiefs, who won,
 By glorious deeds, their honours and renown,
 Who oft in fields of death undaunted stood,
 And fought their Country's glory with their blood,
 By true descent derives the Patriot-flame,
 And rises to hereditary fame,
 With low pursuit let others seek to gain
 A place, a garter, or a splendid train,

And

And glitter in the pageantry of state,
 Rais'd by their country's spoils, ignobly great ;
 Illustrious KEITH demands a nobler praise,
 A place to which desert alone can raise ;
 And, lifted to the height of human pride,
 O'er Arts and MASONS chuses to preside.

LET holy bigots, foes to virtue's charms,
 Thunder against us with spiritual arms ;
 With pompous madness vent their hellish rage,
 The *Goths* and *Vandals* of a modern age ;
 Let persecution, rais'd by Papal pride,
 In all its ugly shapes diversify'd,
 Attack the Art ; Yet ever shall it last,
 The first of Sciences, and sure the best ;
 Rise fairer from the purifying flame,
 And thro' the world extend its noble name.

LET slavish nations, servile tools of *Rome*,
 Attend her nod, and trembling wait their doom,
 Not so *Britannia*, fairest Queen of isles,
 There Liberty, in all her beauty, smiles ;

The fairest arts from distant climates come,
 And with the gen'rous *Britons* fix their home.
 Our glorious CRAFT, that scorns the proudest slave,
 TRUST only worthy of the wise and brave,
 Shall here for ever fill a peaceful throne,
 Above all tyrant rage or priestly frown.
 To latest times the ROYAL ART shall live,
 And all the hate of envy's self survive,
 While true and honest ev'ry Brother proves,
 With mutual ardour is belov'd, and loves ;
 Spite of th' united world the Lodge shall stand,
 Secure above each sacrilegious hand,
 Then, DIVINE GENIUS, spread thy influence round,
 And MASONRY shall thro' the world resound ;
 Firm, faithful, secret, evermore remain,
 Till sinking nature found her last Amen.

ILLUSTRIOUS sons of Science, still pursue
 The glorious LABOUR, worthy Kings and you,
 While to mankind you lib'rally impart
 The fairest Virtues, and the fairest Art ;

Led by your Laws, to the last height aspire
 Of excellence, and bid the world admire.
 Let former glories all your bosoms warm,
 And the GRAND LODGE'S ancient GENIUS charm,
 Where all the human graces which excell,
 Have ever dwelt, and may they ever dwell ;
 Its Arts, its Virtues, Godlike, great and free,
 Your badge of honour, and your pattern be,
 As in old *Rome* may your great Labour shine,
 By the just laws of ORDER and DESIGN ;
 And may the virtues which these laws suggest,
 Be thence transcrib'd into a faithful breast :
 So shall your Skill the modern structures raise
 To *Roman* merit, and to *Roman* praise ;
 And that desert which with the world begun,
 Unspotted still, convey'd from fire to son,
 By you transferr'd to future Sons of Art,
 Who may to future still the same impart,
 As it has charm'd the many ages past,
 So shall it charm the present and the last.

S O N G I.

I.

HERE let no dull faces, or business appear,
 Farewell till to-morrow hard labour and care.
 This night shall be sacred to friendship and ease;
 Each bosom be open, mirth smile in each face.

II.

Consider, dear Brethren, that Masons grow old,
 That relish abates as the blood waxes cold;
 And if to be happy, too long we delay,
 Soon as we attempt it, cries death, *Come away.*

III.

Then, Fellows in Masonry, let us rejoice,
 In beautiful melody join every voice;
 Time sha'n't overtake us before we can say,
 That we have been easy, blyth, social and gay.

IV.

Adieu, sober thinking, detraction and spleen,
 You ought to be strangers where Masons conven;

Come,

Come, jest, love and laughter, ye joyful throng,
 You're free of the Lodge, and to **Masons** belong.

V.

Let Monarchs run mad after riches and pow'r,
 Fat Gown-men be dull, and Philosophers four,
 While the Claret goes round, and the Company sings,
 We're wiser than Sages, and greater than Kings.

VI.

Now fill up the Goblet, and deal it about,
 Each Brother will see it twice twenty times out.
 Our Pleasures, as well as our Labours, shall tell,
 How free-hearted **Masons** all mankind excell.

S O N G . I I .

PRAY don't sleep or think,
 But give us some drink ;
 For, faith, I'm most plaguily dry.
 Wine cheers up the Soul,
 Then fill up the Bowl ;
 For, ere long, you all know we must die.

II.

Yesterday's gone,
 This day is our own,
 To morrow we never may see:
 Thought causes us smart,
 And eats up the heart ;
 Then let's be jovial and free.

III.

The world is a cheat,
 With a face counterfeit,
 And Freedom and Mirth discommends ;
 But here we may quaff,
 Speak our thought, sing and laugh,
 For all here are Masons and Friends.

F I N I S.

