

AIR, Powder Monkey.

H YARN I'm going to sing as how our minutes sure will tell,
Of a gamey little Birdie who I'm sure you all know well,
He was scarcely fledged e'er we could see he soon would rule the roast,
And make the sort of Mason that our Lodges all should boast,
As Junior Deacon this young bird knew right well what to do,
And stepping off to show his spurs *looked* cock-a-doodle-too ;
And the Master said, and meant it too, he did upon my word,
Before he'd even office got, he thought *that* little Bird
Soon would be in the master's chair, see my lads, yo, ho !
He will fly well if the wind is fair, see my lads, yo, ho !
Here's a go ! on he'll go, see my lads, yo, ho !
He's hatched *before his time you know*, see my lads, yo, ho !

In '80, just at pairing time, if memory serves me right,
That this little bird he broke his shell, and saw the Mason's light,
And at the banquet table he was asked to reply,
When like a bantam cock he *crossed* that very night say I ;
Now as his heart was in the work he was in office soon,
And still with eagle eye he *looked* beyond the sun and moon,
And we quickly saw him *roosting* in the Junior Warden's chair,
And looking to the east he sang, I next year shall perch there ;
Yes, soon I'll be in the Master's chair, see my lads, yo, ho !
I'll plume my wings when I get there, see my lads, yo, ho
Oh, oh, here's a go, see my lads, yo, ho !
I have the purple that you *seek*, see my lads, yo, ho !

But here a circumstance occurred that clipped this poor bird's wing,
As he was courting some where else and acting as a king,
An obstacle presented itself o'er which he could not fly
And by arrangement for a year, in ambush had to lie ;
Says he my mates can't vote for me, its no use if you do,
A dispensation can't be got to let me hold the two.
But now the moulting time is o'er, full feathers he has on,
And Dixon's brought a Branch for him to try his beak upon.
Now he's in the Masters chair, sing my lads, yo, ho,
We all are glad to see him there, sing my lads, yo, ho !
Oh, Oh, it should be so, sing my lads, yo, ho,
None deny it, this I know, sing my lads, yo, ho.

Free Hand

AIR, *Putting hand against the Stream.*

THROUGH the scenes I'm daily walking
Many destitute I've seen,
And with them I've found while talking
In the foremost ranks they've been.
But, alas! some rude blasts broken
Down the props whereon they leant,
Still they've kept an honest token,
A line of rectitude unbent.
So true by the square let our action be found,
Let brotherly love and affection abound,
Thus be ready sure and steady
On this true masonic ground.

I've seen the strong, likewise the wealthy,
Both brought low, aye many a time,
And I've seen such cases worthy,
Helped by masonry's sublime.
Firmly fixed then let us labour,
Thus to share another's care
While there's time to help a neighbour,
And thus raise him from despair.
So true by the square, etc. etc.

Have we riches more than some men
We should do well to beware
'Twould become us ill to hoard them,
Lest it may become a snare.
Rather let us use them freely,
To assist our fellow man,
'Twill be said that we've done bravely
If we do the best we can.
So let the square, etc., etc.

Some are homeless, helpless, friendless,
Help them then while yet you may;
There's One whose mercy's ever endless,
If your kindness will repay,
And with you will surely reckon
When your task on earth is o'er;
May you see your Master beckon
You to life on endless shore.
So true by the square, etc., etc.