



Masonic Hymnal

ARRANGED FOR

PADDINGTON MARK LODGE,

No. 17,

On the Reg. of the G. L. N. S. W. of M. M.

OPENING.

The Lodge being thus duly formed * * *
we may obtain our reward.

So MOTE IT BE !

OPENING HYMN.

H AILEternal by whose aid, All created things were made ; All Hail, great God. Heaven and earth Thy vast design, Hear us, Overseer Divine.	May our work, begun in Thee, Ever blessed with order be— All hail, great God. And may we, when labors cease, Part in harmony and peace.
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* * * Edge of the Gobel.

TO GOD, the Grand Overseer of the | un-i-verse : || Let all
creation | join and sing : || Alle-lu-ia, : || Alle-lu-ia. : ||

* * * Round the Lodge.

THE worthy men whose hands are clean,
Who shuns the gross delights of sin,
Who strives from evil to depart,
Sincere in friendship, pure in heart,
This is the man on whom descend,
Rich blessings without bound or end.

PRAYER.

MAY the * * * * * in His holy Temple.
So MOTE IT BE !

While Selecting Mark.

B RETHREN of the mystic tie, Skilful hand and watchful eye, Let us now our voices raise, In a hymn of sweetest praise. By the badge and jewel rare, By the honored mark we bear,	By our friendship, love, and truth, Guiding us in age and youth. For the noble craft we love, And the path wherein we move, For the charity we prize, And each object good and wise.
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Wages of Industry and Merit.

AND He caused both | small and great : || to receive |
a mark in their right hand : ||

After Obligation.

STEADFAST and true, Ne'er | do you part, : || With
sacred | se-cret of our art. : ||

When leaving Lodge.

WORK for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun,
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work for daylight flies ;
Work till the last beam fadeeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work ere the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is done.

Alas my labor is in vain.

MY work is rejected, | To whom shall I turn
My labor's in vain. | In my sorrow and pain.

Discharge your Special Duty.

MARK Masters all appear	Hiram the Widow's Son,
Before the Chief O'erseer,	Sent unto Solomon
In concert move.	Our great Key-stone.
Let Him your work inspect ;	On it appears the name,
For the Great Architect,	Which raises high the fame
If there be no defect,	Of all to whom the same
He will approve.	Is truly known.

Ye who have passed the Square	Now to the Westward move
For your reward prepare,	Where full of strength and love,
Join heart and hand ;	Hiram doth stand.
Each with his mark in view,	But if Imposters are
March with the just and true ;	Mixed with the worthy there,
Wages to you are due,	Caution them to beware
At His command.	Of the right hand.

Signs peculiar * * * are * * * in number.

G * * * 1.

HE that *hath* an | ear to hear : || *let* | him hear. : ||

You would rather have * * *

THE stone which the *build* | ers re-fus-ed : || is *become* the |
head stone of the corner. : ||

Jewel of a M. M. M.

TO him that overcometh I will give a white stone,
And on that stone a new name written,
Which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it.

— CLOSING —

BEFORE closing * * * meet for His habitation.
So MOTE IT BE!

— CLOSING HYMN —

HAVE we marked well Great Overseer,
A work to last beyond all time,
Each his allotted task fulfilled,
The glory and the praise be Thine.

In this degree we find the truth
On earth below in heaven above,
The Corner Stone of every work,
Should be unselfish lasting love.

Still will we work and working pray,
And trust that in a better land,
Our mystic Keystone may be raised,
And fitted by Thy Master Hand.

