



ST. JOHN'S BI-CENTENNIAL

(Tune: *America the Beautiful*)

All hail! St. John's! dear Mother Lodge!

Thy sons are gathered here
To celebrate with joyful hearts

Thy bi-centennial year!
We lay upon thine altar fire
The homage of our love,
And pray that God bestow on thee
His blessing from above.

The "Bunch of Grapes" no longer hangs,

And Price is but a name—
Inscribed with that of Henry Hope
Upon our Roll of Fame—
Still stands St. John's—long may she stand!
Uphold all we hold dear!
Then let us sing her praises now
In this two-hundredth year!

In Masonry, true Masonry,
We act upon the square—
A brother's welfare as our own
We guard with watchful care!
At old St. John's, dear Mother Lodge,
We meet with one accord,—
'Tis friendship true we bring to you,
And pledge our grip and word!

—REUEL W. BEACH.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,

Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died,

Land of the Pilgrim's pride.

From ev'ry mountain side,

Let freedom ring.