

For the MORNING CHRONICLE.

The following are the most-approved AIRS in the Pantomime of HARLEQUIN FREE-MASON, performed for the first time yesterday evening at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden. 1780

A I R I. Mason's Glee.

BEHOLD the model of our art,
Work on whatever plan,
Masons must borrow still some part
From that great structure Man.
Here, well to captivate the sight,
The orders all agree;
Proportion, strength, and force unite
With ease and symmetry.
But see, the sun rides down the West,
And hark, our sign from work to rest.

A I R. Master Mason.

The Sun's a Free-mason, he works all the day,
Village, city, and town to adorn,
Then from labour at rest,
At his Lodge in the West,
Takes with good Brother Neptune a glass on his way,
Thence ripe for the fair,
He flies from all care,
To Dame Thetis's charms,
Till rous'd from her arms
By the morn.

C H O R U S.

So do we, our labour done,
First the glass,
And then the lass,
And then
Sweet slumbers give fresh force
To run our course,
Thus with the rising sun.

II.

The course of the sun all our mysteries defines;
First Masonry rose in the East,
Then to no point confin'd,
His rays cheer mankind,
Besides, who'll deny that he well knows the signs?
The Grand Master he
Then of Masons shall be,
Nor shall aught the Craft harm,
Till to shine and to warm
He has ceas'd.

Then like him, our labor done, &c.

A I R. In the Temple of Bacchus.

At a jovial meeting of Gods once on high,
Ere Bacchus was hatch'd from old Jupiter's thigh,
This one told his story, and that sung his song,
And did what he could left the time should seem long.

Apollo read verses, the Graces wreath'd flowers,
The Muses of harmony sung for the powers,
Bully Mars crack'd his joke, and fly Mev' his jest;
Yet their mirth wanted something to give it a zest.

Says Jove, our assembly to-day's pretty full,
Yet I don't know how 'tis, we're boredly dull;
We have all the ingredients that might inspire,
But some clay-born alloy damp our heavenly fire.

I have it,—in this I'll mix a new life
Of all the delights where good fellowship flows,
And we'll taste of its rosy red, for mirth's best
When there's any thing wanting to give it a zest.

So saying, & doing he' cried the strain
Which quickly forming up in the form of a vine,
The leaves so green and verdant, the fruit so deep blue,
Y' hence a juicy flow'd, that health, love or youth might
renew.

As influence to feel, they came round it in swarms;
Mars took draughts of courage, and Venus drank charms;
Momus swallow'd bon'mots, Cupid love,—so the rest,
While Jove spurning Nectar, cry'd,—This is the zest.

A I R.

Hail Masonry, thou craft divine,
Glory of earth from heaven reveal'd,
Which does with jewels precious shine,
From all but Masons eyes conceal'd:

As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
A Mason other men excels:
For what's in knowledge choice or rare,
But in his breast securely dwells?

His silent breast and faithful heart
Preserve the secrets of our art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
From beafts whose roar the forest rends,
From the assault of warriors bold
The Mason's art mankind defends.

Ensigns of state that feed our pride,
Distinctions troublesome and vain,
By Masons true are laid aside,
Art's free-born sons such toys disdain.

Ennobled by the name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
Friendly converse of Brotherhood,
The Lodge's lasting cement be,
Which has for ages firmly stood.

Be justice done in every lay,
To those who have enrich'd the art;
Down to the Master of this day,
And let each Brother bear a part.

Let noble Masons healths go round,
Their praise in lofty Lodge resound.

C H O R U S. In the Procession;

Your cymbals tune, your voices raise,
Sing the name,
And mighty fame
Of Solomon in ever living lays:
He our Grand Master shall remain,
While lofty pile, and holy fane,
Vestige, monument of taste,
Or gloire by shall last.

1780

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A new Pantomime, obviously prepared with great pains, and at great expence, was last night performed at Covent-Garden Theatre, under the title of HARLEQUIN FREEMASON. To give the reader a tolerably intelligible idea of a representation so mixed, so incongruous, and generally so unconnected as a modern pantomime, is at all times a difficult and frequently an impossible attempt; but when a Pantomime is founded on Masonry, it must strike every observer, that as the essence of the entertainment is awkwardly wrapped in mystery, the difficulty must be doubled, and that none but a brother of the secret can unfold, and explain the ceremonies of the night. Without attempting to display any knowledge and skill in Masonry, (for we are determined not to betray any of the secrets of the art) we shall proceed in the plainest and most homely language to describe the works of yesterday evening, performed in the grand lodge of Covent-garden theatre.

The opening scene of this entertainment is conformable to the opinion held by all Freemasons, that the original of architecture is taken from that great building, MAN. Agreeable to this idea, three masons are discovered at work, one a figure representing a man, composed of the different orders of architecture, as

The Head of the	Composite.
Arms	Corinthian.
Body	Ionic.
Thighs	Doric.
Legs	Tuscan.

On the masonic signal for leaving work, they depart, when the shade of Hiram Abiff (Grand Warden to King Solomon, and his assistant in building his Temple) rises; and from the stone figure produces an Harlequin, instructs him in the use of tools, and endues a trowel with magic power, which (like the customary sword) is to assist him in all his difficulties; Hiram Abiff after this ceremony leaves him. Harlequin's first sight of Colombine (who is the daughter of a Jew) is with her father, while he is surveying an house (which he is about to have built) just rising from the foundation. Harlequin and Colombine (as usual) are reciprocally enamoured at sight, and the first proof he makes of the virtue of his travel, is, by shewing the building completely at a touch.—In the general astonishment at this miracle, Harlequin finds means to steal Colombine from her father; who recovers her, however, soon after, and introduces her to a Dutch lover, whom he wishes her to marry.—Various amusing incidents arise among the common characters. The second exertion of Harlequin's trowel, is amidst a group of peasants at the Alps, by raising the Temple of Bacchus, and the next, by a representation of the wooden-building in Covent-garden, where the aloe was shewn. Many more adventures are introduced and changes of the scenery, particularly a frost scene in Holland, with skaters, to a tumultuous sea; a Court of Justice to the market at Billingsgate; and the whole interspersed with occasional airs, catches, and chorusses, till Hiram Abiff again appears, and obtains the old Jew's consent to the marriage of Harlequin and his daughter.—This point settled, he signifies the necessity of his attendance at a Grand Lodge, it being the anniversary