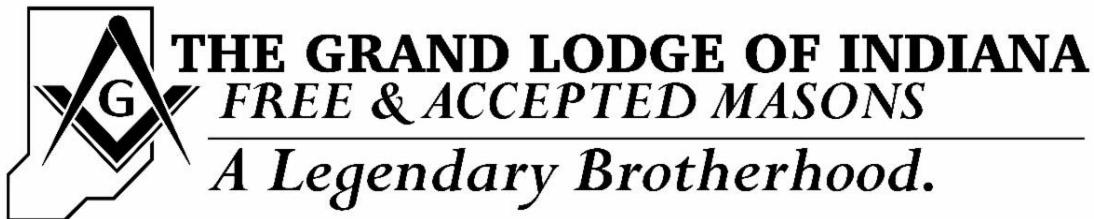

✉ Freemasons: Information Pack 11 - Masonic Singing and Odes

1 message

Indiana Grand Lodge of Freemasons <grandlodge@ingrandlodge.com>Reply-To: marketing@ingrandlodge.comTo: andy@muratshrine.org

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Information Pack 11 Singing & Masonic Odes

Brother Elman

Music has long been an important way to bind the fraternity and is addressed in the lecture of the Fellowcraft degree as one of the liberal arts we are to concern ourselves with. In recent generations, the inclusion of music in both the ritual and in the time before and after the work of the Lodge. While a number of appendant bodies have musical units - most lodges no longer even have a brother who has stepped forward to accompany their labors.

Jump In: If you are proficient on a keyboard or another instrument appropriate for individual background music - don't let the lodge organ intimidate you. Your accompaniment would be as welcome on a portable keyboard or an acoustic guitar as on the pipe organ at the Indianapolis Scottish Rite. If you can serve your lodge as their Director of Music or Organist - let your Master know and do some research on what music is appropriate for specific parts of the work.

Even if being an instrumentalist is not a skill you have honed, your voice, if possible, should be a tool that you use to strengthen the cement between you and your brethren. We wanted you to have an understanding of some of the songs and traditions of the music that you are likely to encounter in your Masonic travels. We will present these in order from most frequent to less frequent in use:

Masonic Dirge (to the tune of "Pleyel's Hymn")

Solemn strikes the funeral chime!
Notes of our departing time,
As we journey here below

On a pilgrimage of woe.
Brothers, now indulge a tear,
For mortality is here!
See how wide her trophies wave,

O'er the slumbers of the grave.

Here another guest we bring,
Seraphs of celestial wing,
To our funeral altar come,
Waft a friend and brother home.
Lord of all, below, above,
Fill our hearts with Truth and Love.
As dissolves our earthly tie,
Take us to Thy Lodge on High.



Celebrated German Hymn
(Also Known as: "Dirge" or "Devil's Hymn")

avid Vinton, 1816 Bro. Ignaz Josef Pleyel
(1757, Vienna - 1831, Paris)

Sol - emn strikes the in- fune - ral chime,
Mor - tals now in- dulge a tear,
Notes of For mor - tal - i - ty de - part - ing

The Star Spangled Banner (to the tune "The Anacreontic Song")

Have you ever noticed that our nation's anthem leaves the singer with an unanswered question? That is because there is more to the poem. We assume that most brothers who approach the Alter of Freemasonry in the United States are well aware of the lyrics to the Star Spangled Banner.... at least the first verse, we don't stop there. When sung inside lodges beholden to The Grand Lodge of Indiana, we are directed to sing both the first and final verse at every singing with verses two and three being optional. Because of this, it is strongly recommended to place the final verse of our National Anthem to your memory:

O say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,
'Tis the star-spangled banner - O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a Country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto - "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



Auld Lang Syne

This song, traditionally sung by everyone at New Years, is sung by Freemasons throughout the year frequently at the end of Festive Boards. The song is Scottish in origin and is presented in Scots Language - even when presented by our Russian brethren in the example below. The song reminiscences of "old times' sake" and are about friends having a drink together and remembering times, adventures, and people from times before. When sung - the brethren should form a chain by crossing their arms in front, right over left in a chain of union.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For days of auld lang syne

We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin days of auld lang syne

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn
Frae morning sun till dine
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin days of auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For days of auld lang syne



And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere
And gie's a hand o' thine
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught
For auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne



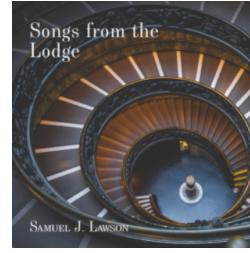
But we've wander'd many a
weary fit since days of auld lang
syne.
(But we've wandered many a
weary foot since days of old
long since)

Other songs of note

Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past



For more historic music used in conjunction with Freemasonry, visit Brother Samuel J. Lawson's Reverb page with his adaptation of lodge music.



Visit "Songs from the Lodge" by Bro. Samuel Lawson

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