

## *Farewell To The Brethren Of St. James Lodge, Tarbolton*

Adieu! a heart-warm fond adieu;  
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!  
Ye favoured, enlighten'd few,  
Companions of my social joy;  
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,  
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba';  
With melting heart, and brimful eye,  
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,  
And spent the cheerful, festive night;  
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,  
Presided o'er the sons of light:  
And by that hieroglyphic bright,  
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw  
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write  
Those happy scenes, when far awa.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,  
Unite you in the grand Design,  
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,  
The glorious Architect Divine,  
That you may keep th' unerring line,  
Still rising by the plummet's law,  
Till Order bright completely shine,  
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim  
Justly that highest badge to wear:  
Heav'n bless your honour'd noble name,  
To Masonry and Scotia dear!  
A last request permit me here, -  
When yearly ye assemble a',  
One round, I ask it with a tear,  
To him, the Bard that's far awa.



## *Ye Sons of Old Killie "Over the water to Charlie"*

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,  
To follow the noble vocation;  
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another  
To sit in that honoured station.  
I've little to say, but only to pray,  
As praying's the ton of your fashion;  
A prayer from thee Muse you well may excuse  
'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind, and the  
tide,  
Who mark'd each element's border;  
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,  
Whose sovereign statute is order:  
Within this dear mansion, may wayward  
Contention  
Or wither'd Envy ne'er enter;  
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,  
And brotherly Love be the centre!

## *The Mason's Apron*

There's mony a badge that's unco brow,  
Wi' ribbon, lace and tape on;  
Let Kings and Princes wear them a',  
Gie me the Master's apron!  
The honest Craftsman's apron,  
The jolly mason's apron,  
Bide he at hame, or roam afar  
Before his touch fa's bolt an' bar  
The gates of fortune fly ajar,  
'Gin he wears the apron!  
For w'alth and honor, pride an' power,  
Are crumbling stanes to base on;  
Fraternity sh'u'd rule the hour  
And ilka worthy Mason!  
Each Free Accepted Mason!  
Each Ancient Crafted Mason,  
Then, brithers, let a halesome sang  
Arise your friendly ranks along!  
Gudewives and bairnes blithely sing  
Ti' the ancient badge wi' the apron string  
That is worn by the Master Mason!



## *A Stanza Added In A Mason Lodge*

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,  
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;  
May ev'ry true Brother of the Compass and  
Square;  
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with  
care.