

THE
FREE MASON'S
SONG;

To which are added,

★ The Wexford Tragedy,

Or, The False Lover;

AND
My Friend and Pitcher.



The free and accepted Mason.

Entered according to order,

1818.

THE

FREE MASON'S SONG.

Come let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Assembled on a merry occasion;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring,
Here's a health to an accepted Mason.

The world is in pain
Our Secret to gain,
And still let them wonder & gaze on,
They ne'er can divine
The Word or the Sign
Of a free and an accepted Mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men of the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
 Have laid by their swords,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er been asham'd
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a free and an accepted Mason.

Still firm to our trust,
 In friendship we're just,
 Our actions we guide by our reason;
 By observing this rule,
 The passions move cool
 Of a free and an accepted Mason.

All idle debate
 About Church and the State,
 The springs of impiety and treason;
 These railers of strife
 Ne'er ruffle the life
 Of a free and an accepted Mason.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side, [tion;
 Which adds high renown to our sta-

There's nought but what's good,
 'To be understood
 By a free and an accepted Mason.
 The clergy embrace,
 And all Aaron's race, [place on:
 Our square actions their knowledge to
 And in each degree
 They'll honoured be
 With a free and an accepted Mason.
 We're true and sincere
 In our love to the fair,
 Who will trust us on every occasion,
 No mortal can more
 The ladies adore
 Than a free and an accepted Mason.
 Then join hand in hand,
 To each other firm stand;
 Let's be merry and put a good face on
 What mortal can boast
 So noble a toast
 As a free and an accepted Mason.

THE FALSE LOVER.

My parents rear'd me tenderly, endeavouring for
me still

And in the town of Wagan they bound me to a
mill,

Where there I spied a Wexford girl, that had a
black rolling eye,

And I offered to marry her if she would with me
lie.

In six mont's after this this maid grew big with
child,

Marry me, dear Johnny, as you did me beguile;
I promised to marry her, as she was big with

child;
But little did this fair maid know her life it would
beguile.

I took her from her sister's door, at 8 o'clock at
night,

But little did this fair maid know at her Inboré a
spite;

I invited her to take a walk to the fields a little
way,

That we might conclude a while and appoint a
wedding day,

But as we were discoursing Satan did me sur-
 round,
 I pull'd a stick out of the hedge and knock'd this
 fair maid down,
 Down on her bended knees she fell, and for
 mercy she did cry,
 I'm innocent, don't murder me, for I'm not pre-
 par'd to die.

He took her by the yellow hair, and dragged her
 along,
 And threw her into a river that ran both deep
 and strong,
 All in the blood of innocence his hands and
 clothes were dy'd.
 He was stain'd with the purple gore of his in-
 tended bride.

Then returning to his mother's door, at 12 o'-
 clock at night;
 But little did his mother think how he had spent
 the night,
 Come tell to me, dear Johnny, what dy'd your
 hands and clothes?
 The answer that he made her was, bleeding at
 the nose.

He called for a candle to light himself to bed,
 And all the whole night over the damsel lay dead,
 And all that whole night over peace nor rest he
 could not find,

the burning flame of torment before his
breast did shine.

three days after this fair maid she was miss'd,
she was taken up on suspicion, and into jail was
cast,

her sister swore away his life, without either
fear or doubt,
her sister swore away his life, because he call'd
her out.

six weeks after that this fair maid she was
found,

floating to her brother's door, that liv'd
in Wexford town.

My Friend and Pitcher.

the wealthy fool, with gold in store,
will still desire to grow the richer,
give me but these, I ask no more,
my charming girl, my friend and pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 with such what mortal can be richer
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 with my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
 From morning sun I'd never grieve
 to toil, a hedger, or a ditcher,
 If that, when I come home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 Though fortune ever shuns my door,
 (I know not what can thus bewitch her,)
 With all my heart I can be poor,
 with my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher

FINIS.