

**The Lord's Prayer of the Freemason.**

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY  
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I call on Thee,  
For whom a myriad suns are burning,  
To whom a thousand hearts are turning,  
I call on thee !  
Behold in awe all wonders of Thy hand,  
I view Thy Beauty, Wisdom, Strength,  
Thyself I cannot see.  
O Thou Eternal Spirit ! who hast e'er divined !  
But yet I know that I can find Thee, Father,  
In loftiest sanctuary, or by night or day ;  
There I will seek Thee and Thy child will pray,  
" Our Father who art in heaven."

I praise Thee.  
Where is the name pronounced the Godhead's  
own ?  
Since Thou on earth by many names art  
known.  
And though they call Thee Isis, Allah, Bra-  
mah,  
Seraphim praise Thee in Jehovah Jireh,  
A name embraces not Thy glory ;  
And while in pious zeal the pagan's idols burn,  
And Greeks in ardour for their Denyurgos  
yearn,  
So I, great builder of the firmament, would  
call on Thee,  
While on my knees lie bent, and pray,  
" Hallowed be Thy name."

Lord, I implore thee !  
Thou hast conferred the grace to see the right  
By granting me the favour of Thy light.  
Oh ! list to me !  
Let all the brothers feel Thy glory and Thy  
might,  
That stronger grows the links that unite  
To one great chain that death can not destroy ;  
And if forlorn we walk on life's lone strand,  
If on the icepole or in desert sand,  
They all bow down before the living God,  
And all the scattered brothers will at length  
Devote their life to Beauty, Wisdom, Strength,  
Oh ! let me pray, " Thy kingdom come."

I trust in Thee !  
Show me the heights endowed by Thy grace ;  
Within Thy compass let my foot take pace,  
My guide be Thy omniscience ;  
If selfish pride the heart yet holds in chain,  
Then let me soon an humble one regain.  
Humility's the Mason's noblest duty,  
Its holy breath may lend us Strength and  
Beauty ;  
Therefore the prayer, " Thy will be done in  
heaven and on earth."

What thine is mine should be.

I do not pray for earthly power and gold ;  
They are but dust that leaves the heart so  
cold.

Thou gav'st me much ; but where  
Distress and poverty their voice would rise,  
And pity pleads from wan and suffering face,  
Where I the wants of suffering creatures see,  
And hear the cries of those in agony,  
Then to my arms the needful powers lend,  
That with the Mason's trowel I spread ce-  
ment ;

Oh ! let me give with open brother's hand,  
Whatever in my apron gathered let me grant ;  
And for the sake of charity pray.  
" Our daily bread, dear Lord, give us this  
day !"

Forgive us, Lord.

The paths of sin lie thick on every hand,  
But give that in Thy strength we may with-  
stand,  
That nevermore my heart a bitter wrath may  
fill,

Against a brother never let me bear ill-will ;  
Let me his faults with a white lamb's skin  
cover,  
Let guardian angels ever round him hover ;  
Whose heart is pure, whose life without al-  
loy.

Thou hast with gracious love embraced us,  
Now we call on Thee in prayer,  
" Forgive us all our trespasses  
As we forgive those who against us sin ;"  
Let our hearts be purified within.

Guide us, O Lord !

The Mason's step, if life be dark or fair,  
Must be within the compass and the square ;  
Oft in our temple, with a hand profane,  
The light we crave, nor let this be in vain ;  
Lead us from sin, and from temptation far,  
To fairer climes where all blessed brethren  
are.

O Thou who art, who wert, who e'er will be,  
Protect, we pray, our pure Freemasonry,  
So mote it be !  
Great Master ! Thy eternal pillars stand,  
Though the great temple is not built with  
hand ;  
The structure reaches far beyond the land,  
And million pulses beat beneath the firma-  
ment ;  
Onward by Thy guide Thou tak'st us to the  
far-off Orient,  
Where a J. : shall open the gates up to the  
temple's hall,  
Where worship evermore is our celestial call ;  
Thine is the wisdom infinite, Thine the pow-  
er, Thine the glory,  
And from now to all eternity every creature  
will adore Thee !  
Amen.