

*The Lord's Prayer of the Freemason.*

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 in 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 needy creatures see,  
 And hear the cries of those in agony,  
 Then to my arms the needful power lend,  
 That with the Mason's trowel I spread cement ;  
 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 withstand,  
 That nevermore my heart a bitter wrath may call,  
 Against a brother never let me bear ill-will ;  
 Let me his faults with a white lamb's-skin cover,  
 Let guardian angels even round him hover :  
 Whose heart is pure, whose life without alloy,  
 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, now 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 firmament :  
 Onward by Thy guide Thou tak'st us to the far-off Orient,