

LYRICS FOR THE ORDER.—No. 1.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

vain. Then a song we'll raise to the Or - der's praise, and hail it with rapturous cheers ; Let

this be our aim to give it a name that may flourish a thousand years.

II.

No pauper's bell shall e'er ring a knell
 When a brother hath past away,
 But many a friend to his grave shall wend,
 And tears shall bedew the clay ;
 When at eve we meet, in communion sweet,
 In our own secluded room,
 We breathe forth the name, and the virtuous fame,
 Of our brothers who rest in the tomb.

CHORUS

Then a song we'll raise to the Order's praise,
 And hail it with rapturous cheers ;
 Let this be our aim, to give it a name—
 That will flourish a thousand years !

III.

If the mind should be from pollution free,
 We refuse not a brother's clasp,
 Nor his acts do we spy with a curious eye,
 But we greet him with cordial grasp ;
 Though strife abound in the world around,
 We aid not with word or deed—
 Our part is to bless and to banish distress,
 And care not for class or for creed.

CHORUS.

Then a song we'll raise to the Order's praise,
 And hail it with rapturous cheers :
 Let this be our aim, to give it a name—
 That will flourish a thousand years !

DEATH OF THE YEAR.

The old Year he is gone,
 Another one is here—
 We shall see his face no more,
 The old beloved Year !
 He has left us with a smile
 Upon his forehead clear,
 Like a blessing to beguile
 The future of its fear.

Can we all rejoice like him
 O'er the hours now fled away ?
 Can we say that they were happy,
 Or look for more as gay ?
 Can we hope to feel no sorrow,
 To check the heart's free play ?
 To bid us fear the morrow,
 And weep for yesterday ?

Shall we look up to the skies,
 As now we look, nor see
 That another star is there—
 Another spirit free ?

And when this Year is dying,
 Shall we as happy be ?
 Will he smile when he is flying
 As sweetly over me ?

There are some that we loved dearly
 Have faded from our sight ;
 An early death has stricken
 The beautiful, the bright !
 And our visions of to-morrow
 Are dimm'd with tears to-night,
 But with a gentler sorrow
 That thus they take their flight.

The old Year he is fled
 Away into the Past—
 While his requiem is chanting,
 And tears are falling fast,
 The New Year comes to scatter
 The gloom about us cast—
 With hopes as bright to flatter,
 As fleeting as the last !