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Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
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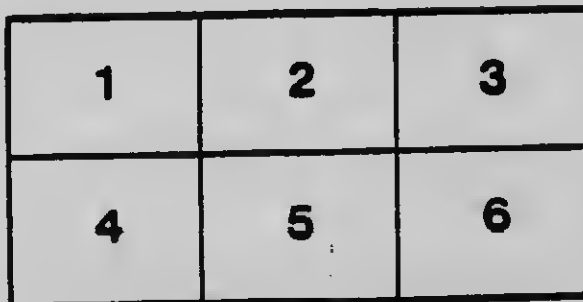
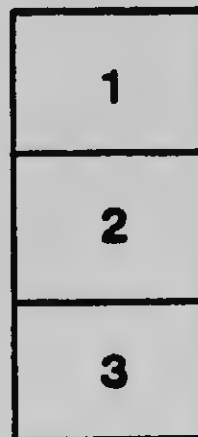
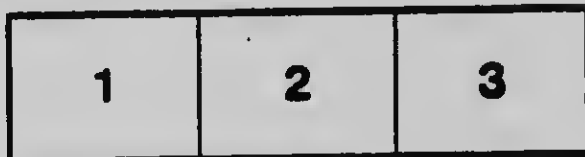
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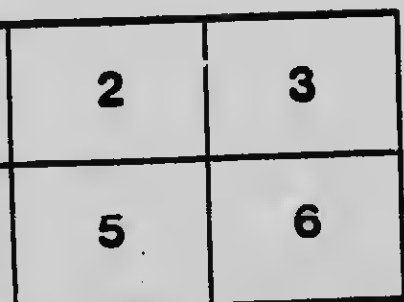
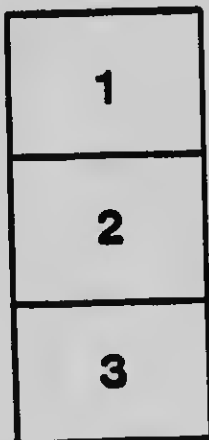
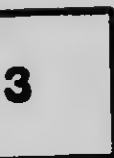
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(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Khartum

Temple



THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless hero came
And planted firm, Britannia's Flag, on Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast our pride, and joined in love together.
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine, The Maple Leaf Forever.

At Queenstown heights and Lundy's Lane, our brave Fathers side by side
For Freedom homes, and loved ones dear, firmly stood and nobly died,
And those dear rights which they maintained, we swear to yield them never
Our watchword evermore shall be, The Maple Leaf Forever.

Our fair Dominion now extends from Cape Race to Nootka Sound—
May peace for ever be our lot, and plenteous store abound;
And may those ties of love be ours, which discord cannot sever.
And flourish green, oh freedom's home, The Maple Leaf Forever.

On Merry England's far famed land, may kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless Old Scotland, ever more, and Ireland's Emerald Isle.
Then swell the song, both loud and long, till rocks and forests quiver,
God gave our King and Heaven bless The Maple Leaf Forever.

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear, the Maple Leaf forever,
God save our King, and Heaven Bless The Maple Leaf Forever.

2

ARABS CALL TO PRAYER.

La I-la ha ill' a-lah; Mo-ham-mad o - ra sool' ool-ah;
Call' Al-la-hoo 'a-ley-hi wa sal-'em.

THE KING.

3

God save our Gracious King, Long live our Noble King,
God save the King.
Send him Victorious, Happy and Glorious, Long to reign 'ver' us,
God save the King.

11

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine mild laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark.
And now my love once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove
To signify I died of love.

CHORUS.

Fare thee well for I must leave thee, do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

5

MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Round the meadows am a ringing, the darkeys' mournful song,
While the mocking bird am singing, happy as the days am long;
Where the ivy am a creeping, o'er the grassy mound,
Dare old Massa am a sleeping, sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

When the autumn leaves were falling, when the days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling, cause he was so weak and old;
Now the orange tree am blooming, on the sandy shore,
Now the summer days are coming, massa nebber calls no more.

Massa made de darkeys love him cause he was so kind,
Now they sadly weep above him, mourning cause he leave dem behind.
I cannot work tomorrow, cause de tear drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow, picking on the old banjo.

CHORUS.

Down in de corn field, hear dat mournful sound,
All de darkies am a weeping, massa's in de cold, cold ground.

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W
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6

BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon, how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair
How can ye chaunt ye little birds, and I sae weary f' o' care?
You'll break my heart ye little birds, that wanton through the flowing thorn
Ye mind me of departed joys, departed never to return.

Oft have I strayed by bonny doon, to see the rose and woodbine twi
Where ilka sang o' his love, and fendly sae did I of mine.
With lightsome heart I pulled a rose, full sweet upon its throny tree
But my false lover stole the rose, and left the thorn behind for me.

KHARTUM TEMPLE will have the pleasure of greeting our
IMPERIAL POTENTATE

HARRY A COLLINS

(who may Allah protect) who visits us for the purpose of
INSTITUTING THE TEMPLE



The Floor Work will be in exclusive charge of the Director and the Arab Patrol. If the Director needs other assistance he has nerve enough to ask for it,

BE COMFORTABLY SEATED and witness the show—**SEE!**

FEZ!

The proper covering for a Shriner's think tank is a Red felt cap with a black tassel. Put it in your pocket and bring it with you—and wear it. We have known a man to gain a reputation by wearing a Prince Albert Coat, with his hand thrust into his bosom. We have known Manitoba politicians to gain a seat in the legislature by stumping the province in a check shirt, jean trousers, and—SOCKLESS! But a Shriner looks better in a dress suit. The NOVICE need'n't worry about his raiment.



THE BANQUET

There will be a Banquet at the close of the Work. Particulars cannot be now given but it will be

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!



As a guarantee that you need lose no sleep on this account,

BENIGN THE CHEF!



MUSIC

will be furnished by

Khartum's New Band

Who make their appearance at this
Session for the first time clad in their

Gorgeous Uniforms



We present to you portraits of
NOBLE McCLELLAN, the Director
and **NOBLE ROSS**,
the Drum Major

7

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to min'
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days o' auld lang syne

We twa ha'e run about the braes, and pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered many a weary foot, sin auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn, frae mornin sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared, sin auld lang syne.

Then here's a hand my trusty frien, and gies a hand o' thine,
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

SCOTLAND YET.

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
Gae bring it free and fast
For I maun sing anither sang, ere all my glee
be past,
And trow ye, as I sing my lads, the burden
o't shall be:
Auld Scotlands howes, and Scotlands knowes
and Scotlands hills for me,
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, We all the
honours three!

The heath waves wild upon her hills, and
foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing of freedom still, as they
dance down the dells
And weel I lo'd the land, my lads, that's
girdled by the sea;
Then Scotland vales and Scotlands dales and
Scotland's hills for me
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, we a' the
honours three.

A PICNIC FOR TWO.

The moon looked gaily down, he didn't wear
 a frown,
 A happy pair was spooning there;
 They sat upon the sands, and held each
 other's hands,
 For nothing else they seemed to care.
 He thought "I love her true, I don't know
 what to do,
 Or how to tell,—I love her well."
 Soon the boy was asking—
 "Sweetheart can you guess what would bring
 me happiness."

The fishes in the sea were swimming 'round
 in glee,
 It seemed absurd, upon my word,
 And many an ocean wave, said "why don't
 they behave?
 Such foolish talk we never heard."
 The girlie's head was bowed, the moon hid
 'neath a cloud,
 He said "What bliss! They want a kiss"
 Soon the moon was winking with a merry
 face, when he saw the two embrace.

CHORUS.

Take a cunning little cottage, you will find
 there's lots of room,
 Take a pretty little garden where flowers
 bloom;
 Take a dainty little girlie, one who says she's
 fond of you;
 Then you settle down to love her, that's a
 picnic for two.

A STEIN SONG.

Give a rouse, then, in the May-time—for a
life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time with the sun-
light of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather, when good fel-
lows get together,
With a stein on the table and a ringing good
cheer!

CHORUS.

For it's always fair weather when good fel-
lows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song
ringing clear.
And it's birds of a feather when good fellows
get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart without
care.

When the wind comes up from Cuba and the
birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba to the banjo
of the spring,
Then life slips its tether when good fellows
get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of
spring.

CHORUS.

And life slips its tether when good fellows
get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of
spring.
Then life slips its tether when good fellows
get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of
spring.

11

THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a well known name,
The 'tis but a little spot;
Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall aver it is not.
Of the deathless ones who shine and live
In arms, in art, in song,
The brightest the whole world can give,
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The Island home of an Englishman;
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The Island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where,
And to treat that flag as aught but free
Is more than the strongest dare;
For the Lion spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the Brave,
And that flag may sink with a shot torn deck
But will never float o'er a slave.
It's honor is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true born Englishman;
Its honor is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone
And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow
While he tells of his native earth.
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That breathes in the words "I'm an En-
lishman."
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That breathes in the words, "I'm an En-
lishman."

MY IRISH MOLLY O.

Molly dear and did you hear the news that's
going 'round,
Down in the corner of my heart a loving
place you've found,
And ev'ry time I gaze into your Irish eyes of
blue,
They seem to whisper, darling boy, my love
is all for you.

Molly dear and did you hear I furnished up a
flat,
Three little cozy rooms and bath with wel-
come on the mat,
Ten dollars down and two a week, I'll soon
be out of debt,
It's all complete except they havn't brought
the cradle yet.

CHORUS.

Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet achusla
dear—
I'm fairly off my trolley, my Irish Molly,
when you are near,
Spring time, you know is ring time—come
dear, don't be so slow.
Change your name g'wain, be game, begorra
and I'll do the same,
My Irish Molly O.-O.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His fathers sword he hath girdled on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
Land of song, said the warrior Bard,
Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword at 'east thy rights shall guard
One faithful Harp shall praise thee.

The Minstrel fell but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder—
And said no chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery ;
Thy songs were made for the pure and free—
They shall never sound in slavery.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LO-MON.

By yon bonnie banks and yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo Mon,
Where we ha'e passed sae mony happy days,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo Mon.

We'll meet where we partied, in yon shady
glen,
On the steep side o' Ben Lo Mon,
When in purple hue the hie-lan' hills we view,
An' the Moon looks oot frae the gloamin'

CHORUS.

O' ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the
low road,
An I'll be in Scotland before ye,
But the trouble is there, an' mony harts are
sair,
On the Bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo Mon.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swanee Ribber, far, far
away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation, sadly I
roam,
Still longing for de old plantation, and for de
old folks at home.

All round de little iarm I wandered, when I
was young,
Den many happy days I squandered, many
de songs I sung,
When I was playing wid my brudder, happy
was I,
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder. Dere
let me lib and die.

One little hut among de bushes, one dat I
love,
Still sauly to my mein'ry rushes, no matter
where I rove.
When shall I see de bees a-humming, all
round de comb?
When shall I hear de banjo thrumming,
Down in my good old home?

REFRAIN.

All de world am sad and dreary, Eb'ry where
I roam,
O darkey, how my heart grows weary, Far
from the old folks at home.

NOT BECAUSE YOUR HAIR IS CURLY

I'm so very lonesome dear;
You went away—just yesterday,
How I wish that you were near.
Sweet things to say—with me to stray,
Ev'ry time I hear your voice—
So soft and low, it thrills me so;
All I ever do is to think of you,
All the whole day long.

You look awful good to me;
You bet you do, and that is true,
You're the only one I see,
So don't you mind—I'll not go blind.
Keep a cozy corner dear,
For little me—yes, little me.
I want you to know, that I love you so—
You're the only one for me.

CHORUS.

Not because your hair is curly,
Not because your eyes are blue,
I want you to know, my little dearie,
You're the sweetest little chum I ever knew.
There's something in your style and manner
That seems to tell me, tell me true,
That the reason why I love you,
Because it's you, just you!—you!

17

OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.

In a cabin, in a canon, an excavation for a
mine
Dwelt a miner a forty niner, and his daughter
Clementine.

She drove her ducklets to the river, every
morning just at nine.
Stubbed her toe against a sliver, fell into the
foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles,
soft and fine,
Alas for me, I was no swimmer, so I lost my
Clementine.

CHORUS.

Oh my Darling, Oh, my Darling, Oh my Dar-
ling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever, Drefful sorry
Clementine.

