

Society
OF
United Fishermen.

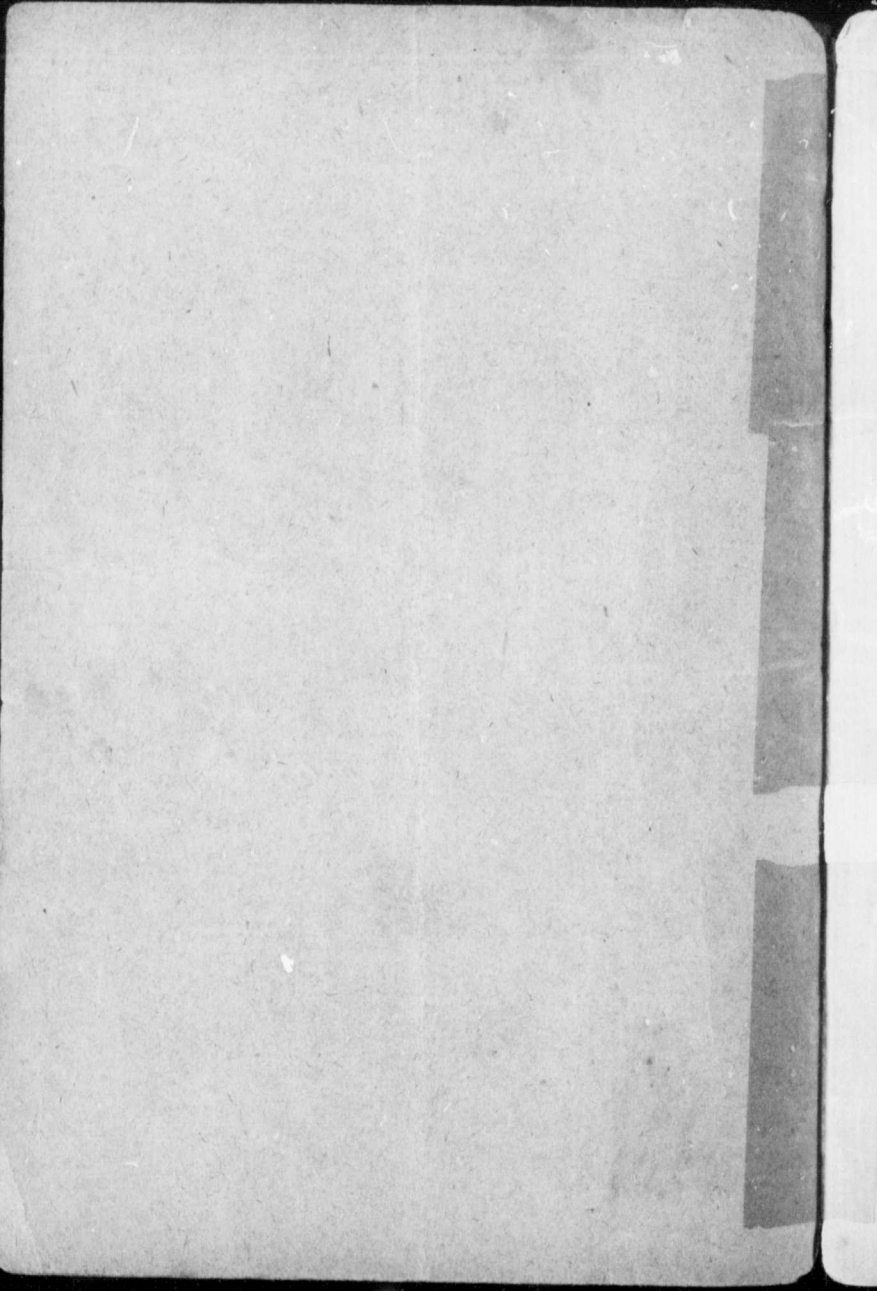


Odes and Psalms
FOR
Red, White and Blue Degrees

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PSALMS and ODES.

Society of United Fishermen.

RED DEGREE.

Opening Ode.

God bless our native land ;
May heaven's protecting hand
 Still guard our shore.
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And all our rights depend
 On war no more.

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve the King ;
 Long may he reign.
His heart inspire and move,
With wisdom from above.
And in a Nation's love,
His throne maintain.

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
 From shore to shore,
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be
And form one family,
 The wide world o'er.

Initiation.

NEWFOUNDLAND, a gem of the Ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free ;
 In a fisherman's estimation,
 No land can compare unto thee,
 Thy sons shall in brotherhood assemble,
 For Charity and Loyalty most true,
 Their banners make enemies to tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue ;
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue ;
 Their banners make enemies to tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Then welcome unto our Order,
 Friends in need you will find us to be,
 If you prove a faithful brother,
 And keep all your vows steadfastly ;
 Then let us in brotherhood assemble,
 For Temperance and Loyalty most true ;
 Our banners make enemies to tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
 When borne, &c.

Closing Psalm.

They that go down to the sea in ships : and occupy
 their business in great waters ;

Thesemen see the works of the Lord : and his won-
 ders in the deep.

For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which
 lifted up the waves thereof.

They are carried up to the heaven, and down again
 to the deep : their soul melteth away because of the
 trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken
 man : and are at their wits' end.

So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble : he
 delivereth them out of their distress.

For he maketh the storm to cease : so that the waves
 thereof are still.

Then are they glad, because they are at rest : and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness : and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men !

That they would exalt him also in the congregation of the people : and praise him in the seat of the elders !

Who turneth the floods into a wilderness : and drieth up the water-springs.

A fruitful land maketh he barren : for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

Again, he maketh the wilderness a standing water : and water-springs of a dry ground.

And there he setteth the hungry : that they may build them a city to dwell in ;

That they may sow their land, and plant vineyards : to yield them fruits of increase.

He blesseth them, so that they multiply exceedingly : and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

And again, when they are minished, and brought low : through oppression, through any plague, or trouble ;

Though he suffer them to be evil intreated through tyrants : and let them wander out of the way in the wilderness ;

Yet helpeth he the poor out of misery : and maketh him households like a flock of sheep.

The righteous will consider this and rejoice : and the mouth of all wickedness shall be stopped.

Whoso is wise will ponder these things : and they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Closing Hymn.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, angelic host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

WHITE DEGREE.

Opening Ode.

'Tis a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree,
Children of a God of love,
Live as they shall live above ;
Acting each a Christian part,
One in life, and one in heart.

As the precious ointment shed
Upon Aaron's hallow'd head
Downwards through his garments stole,
Spreading odour o'er the whole ;
So from our High Priest above
On our heads flow heavenly love.

Where divine affection lives,
There, our Lord His blessing gives,
There His will on earth is done,
There His heaven is half begun ;
Lord, our great example prove,
Teach us all like Thee to love.

Closing Hymn.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Closing Ode.

O Thou whose way is on the waves,
Defend us on the deep ;
Our King, our country, all we love,
Bless, and in safety keep.

Our towering mast, that spreads its arms
Outstretching far and wide,
Is like the all-embracing Cross
On which the Saviour died.

The flag that floats above our head,
To sun and breeze unfurl'd,
Contains the banner of the Cross,
Which overcomes the world.

Anchors, that safely moor our ship
In deep abysses lie ;
But Christian hope with firm set grasp
Is anchor'd in the sky.

Sometimes we plunge in yawning gulfs,
Sometimes we are at rest,
Sometimes our bark is tempest-tost,
And now no more distressed.

Each at his post, the work assigned
In order we fulfil ;
So may we in the bark of Christ,
Obey His holy will.

BLUE DEGREE.

Opening Ode.

This bright red scarf I now do take
To be my badge for virtue's sake ;
And as securely it is tied,
So may true faith with me abide.

The white stripes sewn upon it tell
In this degree I'm raised well,
And close within my heart of hearts,
I'll keep its secret arts and parts.

The blue badge round my arm doth prove
That firm and true, I will not move,
Fast in my principles remain,
My third degree I will not stain.

For life itself is only given
To steer and shape our course for Heaven,
The glorious temple in the sky,
The grand celestial Lodge on High.

Closing Psalm.

O COME let us give thanks unto the Lord, for he is
gracious and his mercy endureth for ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, let the
redeemed of the Lord say so: whom he hath delivered
from the merciless rage of the sea.

The Lord is gracious and full of compassion, slow to
anger and of great mercy.

He hath not dealt with us according to our sins: nei-
ther rewarded us according to our iniquities.

But as the heaven is high above the earth : so great hath been his mercy toward us.

We found trouble and heaviness : we were even at death's door.

The waters of the sea had well-nigh covered us : the proud waters had well-nigh gone over our soul.

The sea roared : and the stormy wind lifteth up the waves thereof.

We were carried up as it were to heaven, and down again to the deep : our soul melted within us, because of the trouble.

Then cried we unto thee, O Lord, and thou didst deliver us out of our distress.

Blessed be thy Name, who didst not despise the prayer of thy servants : but didst hear our cry and hast saved us.

Thou didst send forth thy commandments : and the windy storm ceased, and was turned into a calm.

O let us therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he hath done, and still doeth for the children of men.

Praised be the Lord daily : even the Lord that helpeth us, and poureth his benefits upon us.

He is our God, even the God of whom cometh salvation : God is the Lord by whom we have escaped death.

Thou, Lord, hast made us glad through the operation of thy hands : and we triumph in thy praise.

Blesseth be the Lord God : even the Lord God who only doeth wond'rous things.

And blessed be the Name of his Majesty forever : and let every one of us say, Amen, Amen.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Closing Ode.

The home of the Grand Master of all the world,
Where the banner of love is ever unfurled,
Where the years are as countless as insects that fly,
As the birds of the air, as the fish of the sea.

Those numberless years in yon Blue Lodge above,
Where anthems are rolling mid oceans of love ;
The summer's eternal, decay is unknown
The Master invites us to sit by His Throne.

He asks us to join in a chorus of praise.
Composed by Himself, the Great Ancient of Days ;
Oh ! there let us hasten, He bids us prepare.
He bids us be clothed, He bids us be there.



