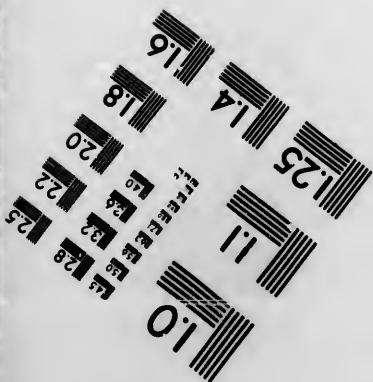
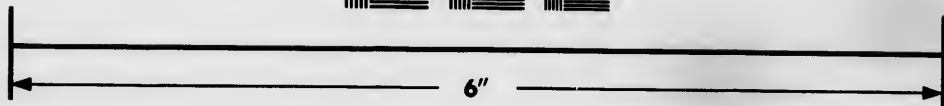
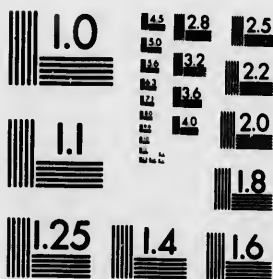


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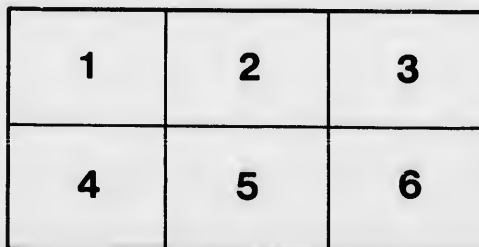
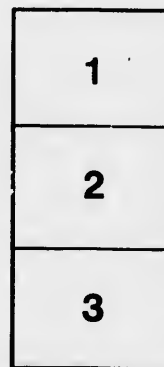
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SONGS

FOR

The Grange

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Price Five Cents,

To be had on application to the Secretary of the Dominion Grange, Patrons of Husbandry.

LONDON, ONT.:

PRINTED BY THE FREE PRESS PRINTING CO., RICHMOND ST.

1874

Songs for the Grange.

David Bennett

* 15726.

3/80

SONGS FOR THE GRANGE.

This collection is offered to the Members of the Order of Patrons, to supply a long-felt want, and with the hope that it may induce those favored with musical talent to speedily bring out something more appropriate.

Members of the Order are most earnestly requested to send their compositions to the Secretary of the Dominion Grange.

42908

OPENING.

Air—*Come, Come away; or, Crambambull.*

O come, come away, from labor now reposing,
Let busy care awhile forbear,

O come, come away.

Come, come, our social joys renew,
And here where Trust and Friendship grew,
Let true hearts welcome you—

O come, come away.

[appearing,

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars
With silver light illumine the night,

O come, come away.

Come, join your prayers with ours; address
Kind Heaven, our peaceful Grange to bless,
And crown all with success—

O come, come away!

TUNE—*America.*

Come Thou who made this earth,
And to mankind give birth,

Bless us to-day!

Thou who hast taught the worth

Of labor, bring us forth

From East, West, South, and North,

In proud array.

Bless Thou our efforts here,

Each drooping spirit cheer,

And care beguile;

Wipe Thou away each tear—

Cement in *Friendship*, dear—

Removing every fear

From those who toil!

Air—*Bonnie Doon.*

Great God, we bless the gentle care
 That watches o'er us day by day,
 That guards us from the tempter's snare,
 And guides us in the heavenly way;
 We bless Thee for fraternal love,
 That blends our labors all in one—
 That bids us look to Thee above,
 To bind us in unison.

Our Father, in this evening hour,
 We cast our cares in trust on Thee—
 Whatever storms without may lower,
 Be peace within, and make us free!
 And when life's joys and toils are o'er,
 And evening gathers on our sky,
 Our circle broke—this Grange no more—
 Oh, may we meet and sing on high.

CLOSING.

P. M.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light—
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest, the night—
 May Thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet, thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne.*

BISHOP HESSE.

Brothers and sisters, now we must
 Give each the parting hand,

Beseeching God in whom we trust,
 To freely bless our land;
 To bless the Grange assembled here,
 Our hearts to him incline,
 And make us pure as PATRONS were
 In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

AIR—*Bonnie Doon.*

Good-night, one song before we part,
 Of purest friendship and delight,
 May love flow sweetly from each heart,
 And each bid all Good-night, Good-night.

Good-night, dear friends; may happy days
 Make every vision fair and bright,
 And each one bathe in golden rays
 Where none will say, Good-night, Good-night.

LABORER.

*(Sing one or both verses while candidate is conducted to
 Lecturer on first entrance.)*

Air—*What Fairy-like Music.*

Come, Patrons assemble to bow on our shrine,
 Who walk by the plow, or take pride in the vine,
 While travelling in love on the green lawn of time,
 Sweet hope shall light on to a far better clime.

We'll seek in our labors the Spirit divine,
 Our faith to renew and our hearts to refine;
 And thus to our members a tribute we'll bring,
 While joined in true friendship our anthem
 we'll sing.

(The following after obligation, as candidate retires to preparation room :)

AIR—*Home, Sweet Home.*

Be faithful, O Patron, thy promise observe!
 May truth to each other our union preserve!
 Keep each obligation a gem of thy soul,
 'Mid every temptation untarnished and whole!

(This verse as candidate returns and passes around to Overseer :)

AIR—*What Fairy-like Music.*

See order and beauty rise gently to view;
 Each brother and sister so perfect and true.
 When order shall cease and when temples decay,
 May each, fairer Granges, immortal, survey.

(Or this:)

L. M.—*Hamburg; or, Vanhall's Hymn.*

God of the universe! whose hand
 Hath sown with suns of fields of space,
 Round which, obeying Thy command,
 Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race.

How vast the region where Thy will
 Existence, form, and order gives!
 Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
 For all that grows, and feels, and lives.
 Lord, while we thank Thee, let us learn
 Beneficence to all below;
 Those praise Thee best whose bosoms burn
 Thy gifts on others to bestow.

HAPPY ARE WE TO-NIGHT.

Happy are we to-night, friends
 Happy, happy are we;

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

The hearts that we delight, friends,
With us may happy be.
Friends should laugh with those who laugh,
And sigh for those in pain;
The most of us have met before,
And now we meet again.

Happy are we, &c., &c.

Many will be the mile, friends,
Many, many the mile,
That we shall rove and smile, friends,
With friends we ne'er beguile.
The voices we have often heard,
And faces we have met.
Like tones of sweetest melody,
We never can forget.

Happy are we, &c., &c.

(Slow, and with feeling.)

Weary we may return, friends,
Weary, weary at last,
But memory will learn, friends,
To love the happy past.
Age may bring us gloomy hours,
And time may make us sad;
But we to-night are free from care,
And all our hearts are glad.

(Spirited)

Happy are we, &c., &c.

MAID.

(As candidate enters, the following:)

AIR—*Saviour like a Shepherd lead us; or Greenville.*

Welcome sisters, to our order;
We shall need your help and care.

In the harvest and the vintage
 You shall have a rightful share.
 Welcome, welcome,
 Welcome, welcome,
 Heaven bless you is our prayer.

(After obligation, the following:)

AIR—*Bonnie Doon.*

For those now seeking for the light
 That knowledge sheds o'er error's way,
 A dazzling gleam bursts forth this night
 To turn their darkness into day.
 And for their cheer a welcome here
 Spontaneous trills on every tongue,
 Dispelling fear with Patron's cheer,
 And welcomes from both old and young.
 Break error's chain with wisdom's might,
 Let truth and science have full sway,
 Join in the warfare for the right,
 Make art and progress rule the day.
 And for your cheer a welcome here ;
 For those whose trust is placed in heaven
 Will banish fear, while joyous cheer
 To you by Patrons will be given.

(At close of Degree:)

AIR—*Flow gently, sweet Afton.*

We bid you here welcome to altar and heart—
 We bid you here welcome, no longer to part—
 We bid you here welcome to shrine and to hall—
 We bid you here welcome! thrice welcome to all!
 Ye Reapers and Fruiters and Florists, rejoice,
 And here in thanksgiving *all* lift up the voice ;
 Oh, never may discord heart-music destroy,
 We'll sing the high chorus, the chorus of joy !

We'll sing of the grain that graces our shrine—
 We'll sing of the fruits of the tree and the vine—
 We'll sing of the flowers of garden and wood—
 All teaching the lesson, "Our Father is good."
 Thus ever from gift to the giver should rise
 Our thanks for the blessings His wisdom supplies ;

And ever should we His protection implore,
 Whose power is dispensing His love evermore,

CULTIVATOR.

(As candidate enters:)

TUNE--Zion.

Welcome brothers, welcome ever,
 To our social, friendly band,
 True and faithful naught can sever
 Brothers pledged in heart and hand,
 Whilst our Order,
 Reared in Love, shall ever stand.

(On going from O. to L.:)

TUNE--Sparkling and Bright

O, come at the call,
 There's work for all,
 And a great reward for labor,
 No work offends
 Or want attends
 The kind, true-hearted neighbor,

Then here to-day,
 Our hearts so gay,
 And heaven smiling o'er us,
 We all unite,

With warm delight,
To sing the farmer's chorus.

Then come to the plain
Where the waving grain
Awaits us with our neighbor,
And the bounteous yield
Of the harvest field
Will repay us for our labor.
Then here to-day, &c.

(After Master's Lecture on planting the seed:

AIR--Greenville; or, Like a Shepherd lead us.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness?
They shall blossom bright ere long.
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They shall bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whatso'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

(On going to Master to be instructed in the use of the tools:)

AIR--Greenville.

We can never be too careful
What the seed our hand shall sow:
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.

Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

SHEPHERDESS.

(On entering:)

S.M.—*Olmutz, Mornington, or Olney,*
Sow in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

(After Chaplain's Charge:)

AIR—*Bonnie Doon.*

Nay, speak no ill ! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind ;
Then let us reach a higher mood,
The noblest summit of the mind ;
For life is but a passing day,
To the oldest how brief its span ;
Then in the little time we stay
Let's speak of all the best we can.

(After Lecturer:)

S.M.—*Olmutz, Mornington, or Olney.*
Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

(Close of Degree:)

AIR—C. M.

Go, gladly, with true sympathy,
 Where want's pale victims pine,
 And bid life's sweetest smiles again
 Along their pathway shine.

HARVESTER.

*(After Lecturer's Charge:)*AIR—*Who'll be King but Charley?*

We'll join to sing how happy he
 Who handles plow and sickle,
 And who is haply ever free
 From freaks of fortune fickle.

When seed he soweth, and while it groweth,
 Dame Nature is ever a charmer;
 And we agree that none can be,
 More happy than a farmer.

(After Overseer:)

The farmer knows his life is one
 Of labor, and not mere ease,
 And that by toil alone is won
 The blessing smile of Ceres.
 For him she poureth the fruit he storeth,
 And proves a bountiful charmer;
 Her plenty horn is full of corn
 To bless the faithful farmer.

Her kindness he to all repays
 Without a word of parley,
 And folks may glean his rows of maize,

And fields of wheat and barley.
 For him the fruiter, Pomona's suitors,
 And Flora, the flower charmer,
 Their gifts will bring, and all will sing
 The home-bred joys of the Farmer.

A. C. Thomas, (altered).

HARVEST HYMN.

(On return from Harvest Field:)

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

Brown o'er the wide extended fields
 The heavy harvest waves;
 Its treasures to the reaper yields,
 And forms the ponderous sheaves.

The loaded stack, the spacious barn,
 Receive the plenteous store;
 The blessings of the coming years,
 The riches of the poor.

Now, grateful for the bounty given,
 Let constant thanks arise,
 For every blessing that falls from heaven,
 Each hope beyond the skies.

HARVEST SONG.

Come, Autumn, crowned with ripened grain
 And fruits of richest flavors,
 With notes of joy we hail again
 The season of thy favors;
 Our hearts and voices strike the chime,
 The harvest time, the harvest time.

[Repeat at pleasure.]

The harvest sun, how bright at noon,
 His richest radiance throwing;
 And, oh, how bright the harvest moon,
 As she with joy is glowing.
 And fain with us would strike the chime,
 The harvest time, the harvest time.
 [Repeat at pleasure.]

Our land is broad, we've every clime,
 And all some gifts possessing;
 And all enjoy the harvest time,
 That makes each gift a blessing;
 Then let our hearts and voices chime,
 The harvest time, the harvest time.
 [Repeat at pleasure.]

(Or this:)

AIR—*The Mellow Horn.*

In spring, Dame Nature gaily wakes;
 In all her proud attire,
 And sunshine o'er the glassy lakes
 Reflects like liquid fire;
 All nature smiles to usher in
 The blushing Queen of Morn,
 And farmers with the day begin
 To plant the yellow corn.
 CHORUS.—The yellow corn, the yellow corn,
 The yellow, yellow corn.

As summer days grow long and warm
 Around the laborer's cot,
 And flocks and herds on all the farm
 Seek some more sheltered spot.
 The farmer still, with patient toil,

By faith and hope upborne,
 From day to day he stirs the soil,
 And hoes the growing corn.
 CHORUS:—The yellow corn, the yellow corn,
 The yellow, yellow corn.

When Autumn comes with tinted skies,
 And falling leaves proclaim
 The harvest time, the farmer hies,
 With ardor still the same,
 To gather in from tree and field
 The ripened fruit, from storm
 Secures his crops, and counts the yield
 In bushels of golden crown,
 CHORUS.—The yellow corn, the yellow corn.
 The yellow, yellow corn.

Old Winter comes with roaring blast,
 And drifting snow and storm,
 The flocks and herds secure and fast
 In well-closed barns are warm.
 The farmer by his fire at ease
 May sit and laugh to scorn
 The howling of the wintry breeze,
 And shell his surplus corn.
 CHORUS—The yellow corn the yellow corn,
 The yellow, yellow corn.

HARVEST DANCE.

Dedicated to Patrons of Husbandry)

1. Forward and back.
2. Cross over.
3. Chassez.

4. Back to places.
5. Grand Circle round.
6. Balance.
7. All promenade.
8. First two down the centre. Next, &c.
9. Cross over.
10. Swing.
11. Back to places.
12. Balance.
13. Swing.
14. All promenade. Seats.

GLEANER.

(On candidate passing from O. to M.)

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

To praise the bounteous Lord of all,
 Wake all your thankful powers;
 He calls, and at His call come forth
 The smiling harvest hours.

His covenant with the earth He keeps
 His goodness we will sing;
 Summer and Winter know their time,
 And harvest crowns the Spring.

(Passing from L. to Chap.)

Oh! not in the outward world alone
 May the beautiful be to the soul made known;
 In its far depths, in its inner life,
 Silent and pure in its spirit rife.

(Going from C. to M.)

Speak kindly to the erring!
 Thou may'st yet lead them back,

With holy words and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.
 Forget not thou has't often sinned,
 And sinful may yet be;
 Deal gently with the erring one,
 As God hast dealt with thee.

(Close of Degree.)

AIR—*Tyrolese Song of Liberty.*

Heartily let us join in singing,
 Heartily, O! heartily, O!
 Nature e'er with joy is ringing;
 Merrily, O! merrily, O!
 Heart a free domain ever craveth,
 Where the golden grain Ceres waveth,
 Joy and blessing ever flingeth,
 Plentifully, O! plentifully, O!

Beautiful fruit Pomona groweth,
 Beautiful, O! beautiful, O!
 And her varied bounty showeth,
 Merrily, O! Merrily, O!
 In the orchard fine she delighteth,
 And to bush and vine, taste inviteth,
 While the song of joy there floweth,
 Merrily, O! merrily, O!

Towering trees in wood were o'er us,
 Towering, O! towering, O!
 Flowers springing up before us,
 Merrily, O! merrily, O!
 Everywhere are found happy voices,
 Garden, lawn, or wood—earth rejoices,
 We will join Creation's chorus,
 Merrily, O! merrily, O!

Joyfully--gratefully--happily--heartily--cheerily
 Merrily, O! Cheerily, O! Merrily, O!

HUSBANDMAN.

(Any of the following, or parts of them, may be used in this degree.)

CLING TO THOSE WHO CLING TO YOU.

AIR—*Vacant Chair.*

There are many friends of Summer,
 Who are kind while flowers bloom;
 But when winter chills the blossoms
 They depart with the perfume.
 On the broad highway of action,
 Friends of worth are far and few;
 So when one has proved his friendship,
 Cling to him who clings to you.

Do not harshly judge your neighbor—
 Do not deem his life untrue,
 If he makes no great pretensions,
 Deeds are great though words are few;
 Those who stand amid the tempest,
 Firm as when the skies are blue,
 Will be friends while life endureth—
 Cling to those who cling to you.

When you see a worthy brother
 Buffeting the stormy main,
 Lend a helping hand fraternal
 Till he reach the shore again.
 Don't desert the old and tried friend
 When misfortune comes in view,
 For he needs friendship's comforts—
 Cling to those who cling to you.

L. M.—*Hamburg, Park Street, or Vanhall's Hymn.*

The last full wain has come—has come!
And brought the golden harvest home;
The labors of the year are done—
Accept our thanks, All bounteous One!

For the green Spring, her herbs and flowers;
For the warm Summer's blooming bowers;
For all the fruits that flush the boughs,
When russet Autumn decks her brows.

For the bright sun, whose fervid ray
Ripens the corn and cheers the day;
For the round moon, whose mellow light
Gilds the long labors of the night;

For the rich sea of shining grain,
That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain;
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sun-burnt husbandman;

For the soft herbage of the soil;
For ruddy health, the child of toil;
For *all the good* the year displays,
Accept, O God, our grateful praise.

TUNE—*Bonnie Blue Flag.*

Now, Patrons free, of each degree,
Who fill this spacious hall,
We'll join in joyful harmony,
In chorus one and all;
We'll sing of heaven's gracious plan,
To cheer the good and brave,
The true and honest husbandman

Can never be a slave.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! The *bravest* on the sod
Is the true and honest husbandman, the noblest
work of God.

He turns his furrows deep and straight,
His honest bread to gain,
With heart elate, he doth await
The sunshine and the rain;
In faith he scatters wide his seed,
He deems the promise true,
And trusts that heaven for his need,
Will send the kindly dew.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Most *trustful* on the sod
Is the true and honest husbandman, the noblest
work o' God.

And when the harvest crowns his pains,
Who then so glad as he ?
As grateful thinking o'er his gains,
He bends a thankful knee.
With heart so light, his eye so bright,
With glances kindly range
O'er brothers of the mystic rite,
The "Patrons of the Grange."
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! The *happiest* on the sod
Is the true and honest husbandman, the noblest
work of God.

TUNE--The Brave Old Oak.

A song to the plow, the brave old plow,
That hath ploughed the wide world o'er ;
For life and good fare on his strong steel share
Shall depend for evermore ;

There is strength in his beam, as the toiling team
 Turns the furrow so long and deep,
 While it mellows the sod, we have trust in God
 That His promise He surely will keep.
 Then a health to the plow, the brave old plow,
 Who hath fed all the nations gone ;
 And glory as now to the brave old plow,
 When a thousand years have flown.

Thou hast seen the time when no pealing chime
 Was heard the wide world through ;
 When the king's broad hall and the cottage small
 Of a Christmas never knew.
 And many a day, along the highway,
 Have hundreds starving lain. [borne,
 They are dead, they are gone, to earth's bosom
 But the plow it till doth reign.
 Then God speed the plow, the brave old plow,
 Who hath fed all the nations gone.
 And glory as now to the brave old plow
 When a thousand years have flown.

Thou hast seen the time in many a clime
 When the bread was hard to win,
 When both great and small, at hunger's call,
 Were led into deadly sin ;
 But thou ne'er canst say thou hast seen the day
 When want bowed the strong man's head,
 The righteous man's seed, in his greatest need,
 Ever begged for his daily bread.
 Then God speed the plow, the grand old plow,
 Who hath fed all the nation's gone ;
 And may glory as now encircle the plow
 When a thousand years have flown.

SONGS FOR THE GRANGE.

TUNE--*Red, White and Blue.*

The farmer's the chief of the nation--

The oldest of the nobles is he ;

How blest beyond others is his station,

From want and from envy how free !

His patent was granted in Eden,

Long ages and ages ago ;

O, the farmer, the farmer, forever,

Three cheers for the plow, spade and hoe !

In April, when nature is waking,

And bluebirds are fast on the wing,

His plow now the fallows are breaking,

Whence the beautiful harvest shall spring ;

Then broadcast along the brown furrow,

We hasten the good seed to sow ;

O, the farmer, the farmer forever,

Three cheers for the plow, spade and hoe !

When summer in beauty is glowing,

With fresh early morn he's away,

And skilfully guides he the mowing,

Or tosses the sweet-scented hay ;

Then casts him at noon at the brook-side,

Where gaily its bright waters flow ;

O, the farmer, the farmer forever,

Three cheers for the plow, spade and hoe !

But when, in the clear Autumn weather,

He reaps the reward of his care,

So busy and joyful together,

What monarch with him can compare ?

His barns running over with plenty,

His trees with their fruit bending low,

O, the farmer, the farmer forever,

Three cheers for the plow, spade and hoe !

Then sing me the life of a farmer,
 With comfort and health in his train,
 And heed not the voice of the charmer,
 That whispers of speedier gain ;
 With all the rich treasures 'tis teeming,
 That Heaven on its child can bestow,
 O, the farmer, the farmer forever,
 Three cheers for the plow, spade and hoe !

MATRON.

(After Chaplain:)

AIR--*The Ingleside.*

All blind and deaf the soul may be
 To God's o'erruling plan,
 And nothing hear and nothing see
 Of truth exalting man.
 But they who look with curious eye,
 And list with spirit ear,
 Shall see bright visions ever nigh,
 And heavenly music hear.

(Going from L. to O.:)

AIR--*Flow gently, sweet Afton.*

The breezes that blow o'er the broad fields of
 corn.
 Is music to them who of spirit are born;
 The blossoms that blow on the tree and the vine
 Direct, by their beauty, to wisdom divine;
 The voices unite to impart
 A lesson of trust to the lonely of heart,
 And sounding from earth to the kingdom above,
 Is heard the high anthem of gladness and love,

SONGS FOR THE GRANGE.

(As Grange join hands, the following song:)

AIR--Good-by.

Come, Patrons, let us join our hands
 Around our sacred shrine,
 We'll pledge to each fraternal love
 As sacred and divine.

(Chorus after Master:)

We pledge fidelity,
 Hold fast unto your vow :
 In love, in truth, and charity,
 The pledge you give us now.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

AIR--Greenland.

'Tis toil that over nature
 Gives man his proud control,
 And purifies and hallows
 The temple of his soul.
 It startles foul diseases,
 With all their ghastly train ;
 Puts iron in the muscle,
 And crystal in the brain.

The Grand Almighty Builder,
 Who fashioned out the earth,
 Hath stamped his seal of honor
 On labor from her birth.
 In every angel flower
 That blossoms from the sod,
 Behold the master touches—
 THE HANDIWORK OF GOD.

SPEAK NOT IN HASTE.

Time to me has taught this truth—
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—
More offend for want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a tone in which to say it.

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret on it preys
Which no human aid can touch.
So in many a lovely breast
Lies some canker grief concealed,
That, if touched, is more oppressed;
Left unto itself—is healed.

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness!
Time to me this truth has taught—
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—
More offend for want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

SMILE WHEN'ER YOU CAN.

AIR—*Farewell, Good-Bye.*

When things don't go to suit you,

SONGS FOR THE GRANGE.

And the world seems upside down,
 Don't waste your time in fretting,
 But drive away that frown;
 Since life is oft perplexing,
 It is the wisest plan
 To bear all trials bravely,
 And smile when'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow
 And thus spoil your to-day?
 For when you borrow trouble
 You always have to pay.
 It is a good old maxim;
 Which should be often preached—
*Don't cross the bridge before you,
 Until the bridge is reached.*

You might be spared much sighing,
 If you would keep in mind
 The thought, that good and evil
 Are always here combined.
 There must be *something* wanting
 And tho' you roll in wealth,
 You may miss from your casket
 That precious jewel, *Health!*

And, tho' you're strong and sturdy,
 You may have an empty purse;
 (And earth has many trials
 Which I consider worse!)
 But whether joy or sorrow
 Fill up your mortal span,
 'Twill make your pathway brighter
 To smile when'er you can!

GRAPES OR THORNS.

We must not hope to be mowers,
 And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
 Unless we have first been sowers,
 And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
 This mystical world of ours ;
 Life's field will yield, as we make it,
 A harvest of thorns or flowers.

THINGS REQUISITE.

Have a tear for the wretched—a smile for the
 glad ;
 For the worthy, applause—an excuse for the bad ;
 Some help for the needy—some pity for those
 Who stray from the path where true happiness
 flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet ;
 Have respect for the aged ; and pleasantly greet
 The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee,
 Have a covering to spare if he naked should be.

Have a hope in thy sorrow, a calm in thy joy ;
 Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ ;
 And oh ! above all things on this side the sod,
 Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with
 thy God.

*AIR—The Lone Grave by the Sea; or, The Girl I Left
 Behind Me.*

A smile is but a little thing
 Unto the happy giver,
 And yet full oft it leaves a calm

SONGS FOR THE GRANGE.

Upon life's boisterous river,
 O, gentle words are never lost,
 However small their seeming;
 And sunny rays of love are they
 About our pathway gleaming.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

AIR--*Girl I Left Behind Me.*

The burden of a good old song
 Says, "better days are coming;"
 And though I've waited somewhat long,
 I still the tune keep humming.

They are not past, that all admit;
 Few think them yet begun,
 Which makes the proof but clearer yet
 That they are still to come.

For if 'twas true so long ago,
 As minstrels all allow,
 Though they've been moving very slow,
 They must be close by now.

Then look beyond the cloudy skies,
 Where shines the future's sun,
 And dry the tears that dim the eyes,
 And sing the days to come.

WORK.

Down and up, and up and down,
 Over and over and over;
 Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
 Turn out the bright red clover.
 Work, and the sun your work will share,

And the rain in its time will fall;
 For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
 And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
 Dress the ground and till it;
 Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
 Turn out the golden millet.
 Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
 Work, and rest shall be won;
 I hold that a man had better be dead
 Than alive when his work is done.

Down and up, and up and down,
 On the hill top, low in the valley,
 Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
 Turn out the rose and lily.
 Work with a plan, or without a plan,
 And your ends they shall be shaped true;
 Work, and learn at first-hand, like a man—
 The best way to know is to do.

Down and up, till life shall close,
 Ceasing not your praises,
 Turn in the wild white winter snows,
 Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
 Work, and the sun your work will share,
 And the rain in its time will fall,
 For nature, she worketh everywhere,
 And the grace of God through all.

THREE OLD SAWS.

AIR—*Down by the Mill.*

If the world seems cold to you,
 Kindle fires to warm it!

SONGS FOR THE GRANGE.

Let their comfort hide from view
 Winters that deform it,
 Hearts as frozen as your own,
 To that radiance gather;
 You will soon forget to moan,
 "Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a wilderness,
 Go build houses in it!
 Will it help your loneliness
 On the wind to din it?
 Raise a hut, however slight,
 Weeds and brambles smother,
 And to roof and meal invite
 Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
 Smile till rainbows span it,
 Breathe the love that life endears,
 Clear from clouds to fan it.
 Of your gladness lend a gleam
 Unto souls that shiver;
 Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
 Blends with Hope's bright river.

 THE GLEANER.

When the earth is crowned with fatness,
 And the yellow harvest yields
 To the sickle of the reaper,
 Toiling in the sunny fields,
 Mark the glad contented gleaner,
 Gather one by one her store—
 Every act of cheerful labor
 Makes her richer than before.

Envy not thy richer neighbor,
Though he owns a large estate;
Messengers from Heaven coming
Do not tarry at his gate.
Open wide the cottage lattice,
Enters in the balmy air;
And the great sun brightly shining.
Glads the heart that worships there.

Golden treasures thickly scatter'd,
Strew the world's great surface o'er;
Man is but a humble gleaner,
Finding knowledge, seeking more;
Step by step he plods his way,
One by one his blessings rise;
He who binds his store together,
He alone is truly wise.

JUDGE NOT.

Do not rashly judge thy brother
If he stumbles in the way;
Life's beset with sore temptation—
He has fallen—and we may.

Let us rather kindly help him
To regain the pathway lost;
Gentle words are never wasted,
Freely give—they little cost.

Take good heed unto thy footsteps:
Round thy walk lurks many a snare.
If like him thou should'st be tempted,
O, my brother, watch, beware!

SONGS FOR THE GRANGE.

For we group our way so blindly
 Through the darksome shades of life;
 And the best will err so often
 'Mid its tumult, toil, and strife,
 That I think it ill becomes us
 Thus to judge our brother's case;
 Let us wait until we've triumphed,
 Standing in the self-same place.

SONG FROM GOETHE.

Many thousand stars are burning
 Brightly in the vault of night;
 Many an earth-worn heart is yearning
 Upward, with a fond delight.

Stars of beauty, stars of glory,
 Radiant wanderers of the sky!
 Weary of the world's sad story,
 Ever would we gaze on high.

ODES IN FUNERAL CEREMONY.

TUNE—*Montgomery.*

Friend after friend departs!
 Who has not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end!
 Where this frail world our filial rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath;
 Nor life's affectionate transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines,
 To pure and perfect day;
 Nor sink those stars in empty might,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

TUNE—*Greenville.*

Mourner, joy! an angel's pathway
 Brightens with thy treasured flower;
 Wings unseen its perfume bear thee,
 Sweetest in life's darkest hour.

Patrons, joy! no tie is broken—
 All love's strength thou may'st retain—
 God removes, but faith has spoken,
 Heaven shall yield thee all again.

TUNE—*Araby's Daughter.*

Forget not the dead, who have loved, who have
 left us,
 Who bend o'er us now from their bright home
 above;
 But believe—never doubt—that God who be-
 reft us,
 Permits them to mingle with friends they
 still love.

Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds
 cherish,
 Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears;
 Other joys may be lost, but their names shall
 not perish
 While time bears our feet through the valley of
 years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to re-
member
The last look of life and the low whispered
Prayer?
O, cold be our hearts as the ice of December,
When love's tablets record no remembrances
there.

Then forget not the dead, who are evermore
nigh us,
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted
beds,
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd, they are by us;
Forget not the dead—O, forget not the dead.

cease to re-
low whispered
f December,
remembrances

are evermore
dream-haunted
they are by us;
not the dead.

APPENDIX.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TUNE—Page 60, *Songs with music.*

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul.
Trust no future how'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act!—act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'er-head.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother
Seeing shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

SONGS FOR THE GRANGE.

PATRONS' HARVEST SONG.
TUNE—Page 62, *Songs with Music.*

Hear the reapers rattling,
See the strong arms battling,
With the sheaves of grain.
Toss them to the master;
Quickly toss them faster
Ere the falling rain.

Done at last the lapping,
Finished up the capping
On the rounded stacks.
Home go we singing,
Where the vines are swinging
O'er the beaten track.

Shepherdess and Matron
Greet the tired Patron
Welcome to the feast;
Lamp-light gaily streaming,
Moon-light softly beaming,
Coming from the east.

What exquisite pleasure,
Gathering in the treasure,
Of the fruitful grange.
Joys like these shall never
Let our hearts dissever—
Time shall bring no change.

PATRONS' SOCIAL SONG.
TUNE—Page 64, *Songs with Music.*

Brothers and sisters, Patrons dear,
We've met for sweet communion;
For 'tis the social tie that binds,

And makes a perfect union.
 Then while we're here let's banish care,
 Let Grange bring rest and pleasure,
 The advocates of industry,
 We scorn not well-spent leisure.

No honest toiler we despise,
 Nor do we shrink from labor,
 And our reward is rich supplies
 Fresh from the hand of Nature.
 Comes Ceres, bearing golden grain,
 Comes Flora, crown'd with flowers,
 Pomona bringing the mellow fruit,
 And blessings on us showers.

We'll plow, and sow, and reap, and mow,
 And gather into garner;
 Nor scorn with toil our hands to soil,
 Tho' monarchs we, the Farmers.
 Brothers and sisters, Patrons dear,
 We've met for sweet communion;
 For 'tis the social tie that binds,
 And makes a perfect union.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

TUNE—Page 66, *Songs with Music*

Awake my soul! with eager zeal
 The daily task beginning;
 For labor hath its pleasures real,
 And doubly worth the winning.
 What tho' with toil and care oppressed,
 The day seems long and dreary?
 We should not know the joy of rest
 If we were never weary.
 Then up! and banish sloth away,

Nor care nor trouble borrow,
 For patient earnest toil To-day
 Wins triumphs for To-morrow.

For God designed that man should gain
 His living by his labor;
 And he far worse than lives in vain
 Who lives upon his neighbor.
 Though lily hands and costly clothes
 Are often won by shirking,
 Still "Nature's noblemen" are those
 Who earn their bread by working.
 Then up! and banish sloth away,
 With labor brave and thorough;
 For those too proud to work To-day
 May beggars prove To-morrow.

What though the heedless crowd around
 May greet you with their laughter,
 It proves that they have never found
 What we are seeking after:
 The lofty joy, the pure delight,
 That lights the path of duty—
 That makes the earth above us bright,
 And like a thing of beauty.
 Then up! and banish sloth away,
 At work-bench or in furrow;
 Let others laugh at us To-day—
 We'll laugh at them To-morrow.

This lesson nature still instills,
 As well as Revelation—
 That everything created, fills
 Some chasm in creation;
 There's not a grass blade in the vale,

Or flower that looks to heaven,
To which, could we but read the tale,
Some use has not been given.
Then up! let us, of noble clay,
From these a lesson borrow
For sloth and idleness To-day
Will bring regret To-morrow.

The meanest worm that crawls the dust,
Before its life is ended,
Accomplishes the purpose just
For which it was intended;
Think ye that man alone hath been
Placed in the world to mar it?
Shall we live, and our fellow-men
Be none the better for it?
No! let us lend a feeble ray
To light the gloom of sorrow;
For we, who proffer aid To-day,
May need the same To-morrow.

We each can make, tho' small and weak,
The world a little brighter;
With every cheering word we speak,
Somebody's heart is lighter;
And should misfortune be our share,
With grief and pain attended,
Each pang with patience let us bear—
We know 'twill soon be ended!
Though rough and thorny be our way,
And paved with pain and sorrow—
Though we may sow in tears To-day,
We'll reap in joy To-Morrow.

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LABORERS' SONG.

TUNE—Page 68, *Songs with Music.*

Though the winter be cheerless and cold,
 And the wild winds are bowing the trees,
 In promise the spring we behold,
 And rejoice with the birds and the bees.

Cho.—Bud and bloom, sweet perfume,
 And the fruit in its time Nature yields;
 Bud and bloom, sweet perfume,
 We will hark to the call of the fields.

In the axe and the conquering plough,
 The harrowing and the mellowing spade,
 We the symbols of labor avow,
 The tools of our industry made.

Cho.—Bud and bloom, &c.

From the hour that we scatter the seed,
 To the day when the harvest we glean,
 Only peace from the Father we need,
 To make us devoutly serene.

Cho.—Bud and bloom, &c.,

HITHER COME.

TUNE—Page 70, *Songs with Music.*

As the shades of evening softly
 Over town and country fall,
 Brightly, through the gathering darkness,
 Shine the lights from Patrons' Hall.
 And, as we were wont to hasten,
 Fondly to our father's home,

Guided by the evening lamp-light,
 Brothers, sisters, hither come.

May kind Heav'n the glad day hasten,
 When, in one fraternal band,
 We may number in our Order
 All who till this smiling land.
 As a mighty host of banners,
 Peaceful vict'ries will we gain;
 Moved by Right's resistless purpose,
 Held by Love's electric chain.

Serfs and vassals then no longer,
 Chain'd to ceaseless labor's oar,
 Deaf to Heaven's highest teaching,
 Blind to Nature's grandest lore;
 But with minds that honor freedom,
 Strong in strength that shields the weak,
 And, with freemen's peaceful weapons,
 We'll inforce the rights we seek.

 LABORER.

TUNE—Page 72, *Songs with Music.*

As we go forth to labor,
 And toil within the fields,
 God bless with us each neighbor,
 And give a glorious yield.
 May each observe with order,
 As he goes forth to toil,
 Within our peaceful border
 He must prepare the soil,

We pay you for your wages
 No silver, neither gold,

But with our *Golden Pages*,*
 True wisdom we unfold,
 And when we cease our Labors,
 To rest beneath the sod,
 May we with these our neighbors,
 Repose our *Faith in God*.

*The Ritual. †Sign the First Degree.

TWO SIDES OF LIFE.

TUNE—Page 73, *Songs with Music*.

There is a shady side of life,
 And sunny side as well,
 And 'tis for every one to say
 On which he'd choose to dwell.

For every one unto himself
 Commits a greivous sin,
 Who bars the blessed sunshine out,
 And shuts the shadows in.

The clouds may wear their saddest robes,
 The sun refuse to smile,
 And sorrow, with its troop of ills,
 May threaten us the while;

But still the gentle heart has power
 A sunbeam to provide;
 And only those whose souls are dark
 Dwell on life's shady side,

THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD.

TUNE—Page 74, Songs with music.

Brothers of the plow!
 The power is with you;
 The world in expectation waits
 For action prompt and true.
 Oppression stalks abroad,
 Monopolies abound;
 Their giant hands already clutch
 The tillers of the ground.

Chorus.—Awake! then, awake!

The great world must be fed,
 And heaven gives the power
 To the hand that holds the bread
 Yes! brothers of the plow,
 The people must be fed,
 And heaven gives the power
 To the hand that holds the bread.

Brothers of the plow!
 In calm and quiet might,
 You've waited long and patiently,
 For what was your's by right.
 A fair reward for toil,
 A free and open field,
 An honest share for wife and home
 Of what your harvest yield.

Brothers of the plow!
 Come, rally once again,
 Come, gather from the prairie wide,
 The hillside, and the plain;
 Not as in days of yore,
 With tramp of battle sound,
 But come, and make the world respect,
 The tillers of the ground.

SOWING AND REAPING.

TUNE—Page 76, *Songs with Music.*

He that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above.
 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine;
 Precious fruits will all be given,
 Through an influence all divine.

Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Let no fears thy soul annoy;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruit of joy.
 Lo, the scene of verdure bright'ning!
 See the rising grain appear;
 Look again! the fields are whit'ning!
 For the harvest time is near.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

TUNE—Page 77, *Songs with Music.*

Work, for the night is coming,
 Work thro' the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling,
 Work' mid springing flowers;
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun,
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Work thro' the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,

Rest comes sure and soon;
 Give every flying moment
 Something to keep in store,
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for day-light flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more,
 Work while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

SPEED THE BROTHERHOOD.

TUNE—*Page 78, Songs with Music.*

An Order of brave brotherhood,
 A gallant, firm, and noble host;
 Is rallying through the western land,
 On to the far Pacific coast.
 And silently as falls the snow,
 And steadily as sunbeams shine,
 They are moving onward, sure and slow,
 Like pilgrims to their promised shrine.

What nurves the heart, and spurs the feet
 Of these bold trav'lers in the way?
 What bow of promise in the sky
 Gives token of a brighter day!
 They are the monarchs of the soil,
 The noblest powers that rule the earth,
 Their calling, at creation's dawn,
 In Eden's garden had its birth.

Their charter by the Master's hand
 Was signed, and witnessed by his eye,
 And the recording angels keeps
 A transcript in the Grange on high.
 And these brave men, who long have felt
 Oppressor's grinding, crushing heel,
 Arise in legions, as one man,
 To conquer, — not with brand or steel.

But in the *majesty of right*,
 In honor pure, in purpose true,
 They fling their glorious banner out,
 The favoring gales of Heaven to woo.
 Oh, speed them, Father! Thou hast said,
 "Seed-time and harvest shall be thine;
 Bless those whose heritage of toil
 Is sanctioned by Thy will Divine.

RALLY ROUND THE GRANGE.

TUNE—Page 80, *Songs with Music.*

We will rally round the Grange, we will rally
 once again,
 Shouting the Farmer's cry of Freedom,
 We will rally to the Grange, our rights to
 maintain,
 Shouting the Farmer's cry of Freedom.

Chorus.—The Patrons forever, hurrah then,
 hurrah!
 Down with th'oppressor, up with our
 stars,
 We will rally to the Grange, our
 rights to maintain,
 Shouting the Farmer's cry of freedom.

We will gather for the conflict, with earnest
heart and true,
Shouting the Farmer's cry of Freedom.
The world will bless our progress in the work
we have to do,
Shouting the Farmer's cry of Freedom.

Cho.—The Patron's, &c.

We are springing from the hill-sides and coming
from the valleys,
Shouting the Farmer's cry of Freedom.
We will hurry from our Farms, in the Granges
to rally,
Shouting the Farmer's cry of Freedom.

Cho.—The Patrons, &c.

We will gather for the right cause, with honest
heart and hand,
Shouting the Farmer's cry of Freedom.
Come, Farmers, one and all, and join our
Social Band,
Shouting the Farmer's cry of Freedom.

Cho.—The Patrons, &c.

POMONA.

TUNE—Page 82, *Songs with Music.*

Come, come, come,
Spring, with a hearty good cheer, [grow,
We'll plow and we'll sow, and flowers we'll
To beautify all the year.
To beautify, beautify all the year.

Come, come, come,
 Summer with fruit and with flowers,
 The choicest and best, for Patrons who come
 To the shade of our sweet-scented bowers,
 Our beautiful, beautiful, sweet-scented bowers.

Come, come, come,
 Autumn, with rich golden grain,
 The husbandman sings as he gathers his
 sheaves,
 Our labor has not been in vain,
 O, joyfully, gratefully, labor has not been in
 vain.

Come, come, come,
 In winter all come to the Grange,
 As Patrons of Husbandry, join hand in hand,
 And plans for the future arrange,
 In harmony, harmony all to arrange.

Come, come, come,
 Come to the banquet of love,
 When seed-time and harvest are ended below,
 We'll rest in the mansions above,
 The beautiful, beautiful mansions above.

FUNERAL HYMN.

TUNE—Page 84, *Songs with Music.*

Oh, fondly we gather beside thee to-day,
 Thy form in earth's bosom we tenderly lay;
 But still, 'mid our sorrow, one thought will re-
 main,
 Thy spirit in glory shall blossom again!
 Thy labors are ended, and calmly to rest
 We lay thee where sorrow shall never molest,

Cut down from among us, like earth's ripened
grain,
In yon Home of gladness thou'rt garner'd again!

We'll miss thee, our comrade, and fondly we'll
speak
Thy goodness and kindness, with tear-moistened
cheek;
And when we shall gather, who sadly remain,
Thy mem'ry shall bloom in its freshness again.

Then rest thee, beloved one, from toil and
from care,
At home with the Master, in mansions so fair;
Thy harvest is gathered, away from life's pain;
We know we shall meet the, dear comrade,
again!

FUNERAL HYMN.

TUNE—85, *Songs with Music,*

Our dear sister has cross'd the bright river,
Her guides were all robed in pure white;
The boat was full-mantled with garland,
The ensign and pendant were light.

The shores were all lined with white lilies,
The strand with pure diamonds there shone,
A bright angel band, decked with laurels,
Formed an escort to welcome her home.

Then why should we mourn her departure,
Well knowing our loss in her gain;
We shall soon cross that beautiful river,
And to our arms fold her again.

PARTING.

TUNE—Page 24, Songs with Music.

Bless be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in social love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

OPENING SONG.

TUNE—Page 86, Songs with Music.

We have come to the Grange, where 'tis joy-
 ful to meet,
 Our friends and companions in unity sweet;
 Now our labor is done, and to rest and repose
 We bid a fond welcome at day's weary close.

Chorus.—Then Patrons, in joy, come gather
 around,

Concord and harmony with us
 found!

Down with the spite and the hate
 that estrange,

And long live the Peace that we find
 at the Grange.

Oh, our hearts they are glad for what Heav'n
 has sent,

The smiles of the sky that is over us bent;
 For the grand, teeming earth, in its wealth and
 its pride,

And loving companions, who toil at our side,

Cho.—Then, Patrons, in joy, &c.

Let us all to our tasks and our duties repair;
With hearts that are grateful, we rest in God's
care!

In our counsels may Wisdom and Justice pre-
vail,

And Friendship and Trust, in our Order, ne'er
fail.

Cho.—Then, Patrons, in joy, &c.

HAIL TO THE FARMER.

TUNE—Page 88, *Songs with Music.*

This is the scythe of the Farmer,
Wielded with honest love and pride!
Fast fall the grain ranks around him,
Plenty and Peace are by his side!
Hard are his hands with labor,
Scorning all other aid;
Honor and Truth are his Patrons,
And straight life's furrows are laid.

Chorus:

Hail to the Farmer! the Farmer! the Farmer!
Patrons, plow deep! we'll hoe *our own* row!
Hail to the Farmer! the Farmer! the Farmer!
Banded together, in Friendship, and Concord,
To Fraud and to Faction a foe!

This is the Plow of the Farmer,
Followed with manliness and might!
Grandly the hard earth upturning,
Bringing its fruitfulness to light.
Still firm and independent,
Onward his course shall be;
Blessings forever attend us,—
The Patrons of Husbandry!

Cho.—Hail to the Farmer,

CLOSING SONG.

TUNE—Page 90, *Songs with Music.*

Patrons, now the hour has come
 When our steps must homeward wend ;
 Keep our precepts while we roam,
 Whatsoever the years may send,
 Pray that Heav'n may guide us all,
 Till we here shall meet again ;
 May success upon us fall,
 As the gentle summer rain.
 Patrons, Patrons,
 Good-bye, till we meet again !

Hand and hand, still may we toil,
 Blest by Heav'n's untiring love,
 Here amid earth's dark turmoil,
 Symboling His will above.
 Oh, in every heart and mind
 May His Trust and Truth remain.
 Unto all his ways resigned,
 May we fondly meet again.
 Patrons, Patrons,
 Good-bye, till we meet again.

RALLYING SONG.

TUNE—Page 92, *Songs with Music.*

Hark to the clarion, the echoes awaking,
 Calling the brown-handed children of toil ;
 Brightly the dawn of a new day is breaking,
 Rouse from your lethargy, Sons of the Soil !

Chorus.

Rally, true hearts, to the circle of Brotherhood,
 Able to conquer, and strong to endure,

Honor and Truth are the Husbandman's heritage.

Union is strength, and the victory sure.

Cast off the chains that for ages have bound you,
Break them like withes in your God-given
power;

Bear not the burdens of idlers around you,
Crush'd in confusion your Shylocks will cower.

Leave the old paths where your fathers, un-
heeded,

Wrought out existence 'mid poverty's pain ;
Lo ! in your hands are the keys that they needed,
Let them not rust with inaction again.

Punish the knave who has smiled and betrayed
you,

Masters ! no longer as suppliants sue,
Grasp the warm hands that have reached out
to aid you,
Be to yourselves and humanity true.

THE FARMER.

TUNE—Page 94, *Songs with Music.*

Drive on, thou sturdy farmer,
Drive cheer'ly o'er the field ;
The pleasures of a farmer's life
No other life can yield.

Thou risest with the morning sun,
To till the fruitful earth ;
And when thy daily task is done,
Thou seek'st thy peaceful hearth.

Thou lovest not the gaudy town,
 With its tumultuous roar;
 Plenty and peace thy fireside crown,
 And thou dost ask no more.

Monarchs, with robes in crimson dyed,
 Are low, compared with thee.
 They are the pampered sons of pride;
 Thou'rt God's nobility!

Go on, thou sturdy farmer,
 Tread thankfully the sod—
 Thy proud and goodly heritage—
 Thou chosen man of God.

HOME OF THE PATRON.

TUNE—Page 95, *Songs with Music.*

A quiet home, where love and peace are found,
 Where each in love performs his willing part,
 Where cheerfulness and sweet content abound,
 Such is the home that wins upon the heart.

A home where shade trees and luxuriant vine,
 And shrub, and plant, in all their beauty
 grow;

And bright birds sing, and fond affections twine,
 Ah, this is home,—a paradise below.

Seek ye, O Patrons, for the pure and good,
 Oh, seek ye love above all other prize,
 For this possessed, and rightly understood,
 Ye need not wait for bliss beyond the skies!

OUR INDUSTRIAL ARMY.

TUNE—Page 96, *Songs with Music.*

Unfurl, unfurl the Patron's banner,
 Emblazon'd with the shining plow;

Fall in, fall in, we're moving onward,
 Where fields with golden harvests bow.
 Ho, brothers, strong, and brave, and trusty,
 And sisters, fair, and sweet, and true,
 Join manly strength and maiden beauty,
 To conquer Nature's realms anew.

We leave behind the deadly rifle,
 We bring no sword or gleaming spear,
 We drag along no black-mouthed cannon;
 Far better weapons have we here.
 Our axes bright to clear the forest,
 Strong spades of steel to delve the soil,
 And sickles for the bounteous harvest,
 Which rewardeth cheerful toil.

Our choppers clear the field for action,
 The plowshare marks our battle lines,
 Our earth-works are the vineyard trenches,
 We've planted with the fruitful vines.
 With luscious grapes and wine for gladness,
 With harvest feast and songs of mirth,
 Now go we forth in serried order,
 The peaceful conquerors of the earth.

THE ARMY OF HUSBANDMEN.

TUNE—Page 98, *Songs with Music.*

Hear ye the tramp of the army,
 Marching o'er hill-side and vale?
 Hear ye the sound of the music,
 Borne on the cheerful gale?
 Whence comes this conquering army?
 Strange the device they bear,
 Plowshares and sheaves on their banners,
 Gleaming aloft in the air.

Chor.—'Tis the army of husbandmen gathering,
 'Tis the incoming tide of their might;
 To shatter the strongholds of evil,
 To lift up the standard of right.

Steady their march and resistless,
 Bloodless battles they will wage,
 Yet shall the list of the fallen
 Closely write history's page.
 Long have they borne with oppression,
 Patiently toiled for this hour;
 In their united uprising
 Who shall set bounds to their power?

Hail to the conquering army!
 Greet them with garlands and song;
 Peaceful and pure is their mission,
 Countless their numbers, and strong.
 Falsehood shall cower before them,
 Baseness shrink back to its lair,
 Hearts bowed and sore be uplifted,
 Heaven's free sunlight to share.

HO! PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

TUNE—Page 102, *Songs with Music.*

Come and join the joyful song,
 Which our woods and fields prolong,
 Let the echo ring from valley, hill and glen!
 Freedom smiles with lovelier grace,
 Gives a new boon to the race,—
 Crown of liberty and wealth to workingmen.

Chorus.

Ring the glad bells! answer freedom's call!
 Lay up on the altar fruit and grain,

Ring the glad bells! shout *Equal Rights to all*;
Come and join in Freedom's glad refrain.

Serfs no more, but masters they,
Who o'er Nature's gardens sway,
Crown'd with garlands plucked from their own
vine and tree.

We will take and wear the crown,
Now *Monopoly* goes down!
We are swinging into line with all the free!

Truest monarchs of the soil
Are the noble sons of toil,
Nature's stores to them their richest treasures
yield;

Then respond to this true call,
"Free and equal rights to all."
Now the Farmer is true monarch of his field.

SONG OF THE GRANGE.

TUNE—Page 104, *Songs with Music.*

O'er nature, when winter winds dismally blow,
Her heart is alive, tho' her pulses be low;
And prophesy comes with the singing of birds,
The springing of grass, and lowing of herds.

Chorus.—All hail to the beautiful fields,
With bounty that overflow;
All hail to the living seed
We trustfully plant or sow.
All hail, all hail,
All hail to the bountiful fields

The Lord of the harvest his promise will keep,
That whoso hath scatter'd shall certainly reap;

And germs that the earth in its bosom receives,
With Ceres shall shout in her rich golden
sheaves.

The newly-burst buds of the vines and the trees,
Are kissed by the dew, and the fresh rustling
breeze;

And gardens and orchards in fruitfulness greet
Pomona's sweetbreath, and the print of her feet.

O dim is the vision that does not behold
The wide realm of nature in blessings unfold,
When Flora comes forth with her blossoming
train.

To garnish the earth as her holy domain.

BEAUTIFUL GRANGE THAT WE LOVE.

TUNE—Page 106, *Songs with Music.*

Beautiful Grange that we love,

Emblem of Order and Duty

Fair as the planets above,

Leading our hearts by thy beauty.

Wisdom and Friendship and Peace,

Here, in their brightness are dwelling;

Still may thy Patrons increase,

Ever in duty excelling!

Chorus.—Grange of our hope and our pride,

Neve from thee may we rove!

Trust in thy councils abide,—

Beautiful Grange that we love!

Banded in honor and joy,

Sweet is the tie that enfolds us!

Far be the hand would destroy

Aught of the Friendship that holds us;
 Yielding fair Grange, unto thee,
 Homage and praise never dying;
 Onward our pathway must be,
 While on Heaven's bounty relying!

Cho.—Grange of our hope, &c.

“PLOUGH DEEP”’S THE MOTTO OF THE PATRONS.

TUNE—Page 80, Songs with Music.

There's a sound upon the breeze, and they hear
 it from afar,—
 “Plough deep”’s the motto of the Patrons!
 There's a union in the Grange that the world
 can never mar,—
 “Plough deep”’s the motto of the Patrons!

Chorus.

Plough deep forever! Patrons arise!
 Fraud and contention forever despise!
 We can tarry for the harvest, growing day by
 day.
 “Plough deep”’s the motto of the Patrons.

From the Granges of the East, and the Granges
 of the West,—
 “Plough deep”’s the motto of the Patrons!
 From the North and from the South, in the land
 we love the best,—
 “Plough deep”’s the motto of the Patrons!

Oh, we need no *politicians* to aid us in the
 fight,—
 “Plough deep”’s the motto of the Patrons!

We are firm and self-reliant in battling for the
right,—
“Plough deep”’s the motto of the Patrons!
Bold Monopoly and Faction we’ll ever keep at
bay,—
“Plough deep”’s the motto of the Patrons!
And Dishonesty shall tremble when Farmers
clear the way,—
“Plough deep”’s the motto of Patrons!
We are rooting out corruption in the highways
of the land,—
“Plough deep”’s the motto of the Patrons?
And the mighty helm of State yet shall feel the
Farmer’s hand,
“Plough deep”’s the motto of the Patrons.

SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

TUNE—Page 43, Songs with Music.

In all our happy moments,
Inspired with love profound,
Be sung this joyful chorus,
By us in Friendship bound,
The love which brought us hither,
Now make our union strong;
Its flames anew shall kindle,
When swells our grateful song.

With ev’ry step grows brighter,
Our wid’ning onward way;
Sources of joy now treasured,
Shall soothe our latest day;
And we shall ne’er grow weary,
Tho’ all else changed and fall
But live long, long, forever,
Ever united all.

THE PATRON'S TOAST.

At the Harvest Feast

TUNE—Page 40, Songs with Music.

Here's to the Grange, O brothers true,
 And sisters fair and sweet ;
 Fill up and pledge yourselves anew,
 As round the board we meet.
 We've Flora crowned with fragrant flowers,
 To Ceres brought the corn,
 Pomona's fruit from garden bowers,
 Our tables now adorn.
 The Grange! the Grange! O brothers tried and
 true,
 And sisters fair, with hand and heart,
 Pledge now yourselves anew.

Here's to the Grange, whose mystic ties
 So closely bind us all,
 'Neath Northern or 'neath Southern skies,
 Where e'er our lines may fall ;
 Whose pass-words to us open gates,
 Fast closed to all beside;
 And everywhere the "grip" awaits
 The Patron true and tried.
 The Grange! the Grange! strike hands, O Pa-
 trons true,
 And with the grip, the Patron's grip,
 We'll pledge ourselves anew.

Here's to the Grange, the dearest place
 To us, save heaven and home;
 We greet with joy each well-known face,
 And friends we all become.
 We link our hands the altar round,
 With emblematic chain ;

The solemn oath by which we're bound
 Was taken not in vain.
 The Grange ! the Grange ! we're brother's tried
 and true,
 And sisters here in faith and love,
 To pledge ourselves anew.

Here's to the Grange, O sons of toil,
 Whose emblem is the plow ;
 In hope and faith who delve the soil,
 And bid its harvests bow.
 Here's to our lovely household band—
 Our country's daughters fair,
 The pride and glory of the land,
 Who here our labors share.
 The Grange ! the Grange ! O sister fair and
 true,
 We toast the eyes which make it bright,
 And pledge to ye anew.

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