

# Academia Lodge № 847

[About Our](#)

[Lodge](#)

[Statement of](#)

[Principles](#)

[Lectures](#)

[\\_ & Symposia](#)

[2012 MRF](#)

[Symposium](#)

[Library Articles](#)

[by Our](#)

[Members](#)

[Visual Arts](#)

[Reference](#)

[Shelf](#)

[Resources](#)

[Traditional](#)

[Lodges](#)

[Masonic](#)

[Research](#)

[Bodies Search](#)

[Contact Us](#)

## Opening Ode

This striking song first appeared in the 1781 edition of **The Vocal Magazine, or Compleat British Songster**. The author's name is not given, but it is labelled: "Sung at Free-Masons Hall." (p. 43) It was later reprinted in William Preston's **Illustrations of Masonry**, the fifth edition of 1792 (pp. 373–74), where it was listed as having been "set to music by Dr. Arnold." Since then, it has been reprinted many times in later English and American Masonic songbooks. W.L. Wilmshurst wrote that it was sung at the 1776 dedication of Freemasons Hall in London, although no verification of this has been found.

Academia Lodge has used this occasionally as an opening ode (in the form of the WM's remarks after the opening ritual is completed). Note that the first four lines given below are slightly altered. See the footnote for the original lines and an explanation.

Assist me, ye fair tuneful Nine,  
 Great Architect, grant me Thine aid,  
 In an offering of incense so fine  
 As Jewels of the Craft are displayed. \*  
 Cease Clamour and Faction, oh cease,  
 Fly hence all ye cynical train;  
 Disturb not, disturb not the lodge's sweet peace,  
 Where Silence and Secrecy reign.

Religion untainted here dwells,  
 Here the morals of Athens are taught;  
 Great Hiram's tradition here tells  
 How the world out of chaos was brought.  
 With fervency, freedom, and zeal,  
 Our master's commands we obey;  
 No cowan, no cowan our secrets can steal,  
 No babbler our myst'ries betray.

Here Wisdom her standard displays,  
 Here nobly the Sciences shine;  
 Here the temple's vast column we raise,  
 And finish a work that's divine.

Illum'd from the East with pure light,  
 Here Arts do their blessings bestow;  
 And all perfect, all perfect, unfold to the sight,  
 What none but a Mason can know.

If on earth any praise can be found,  
 Any virtue unnam'd in my song;  
 Any grace in the universe round,  
 May these to a Mason belong!  
 May each brother his passion subdue,  
 Proclaim charity, concord, and love;  
 And be hail'd, and be hail'd by the thrice happy few  
 Who preside in the Grand Lodge above!



\* The song as given here is slightly altered from the version that appears in Preston. The first four lines originally read:

Assist me, ye fair tuneful Nine,  
 Euphrosyne, grant me thy aid,  
 While the honours I sing of the Trine,  
 Preside o'er my number, blithe maid!

This change was made because the original wording is a bit difficult for modern ears. Rarely do people know the mythological character of Euphrosyne, one of the Three Graces. She was the Greek goddess of mirth. Not knowing that Euphrosyne is one of the Three Graces leads to confusion when the ode's next line refers to "the honours I sing of the Trine." The replacement verses are intended to minimize confusion and allow the Ode's message to be clearly understood: that the Brethren are now called to circumscribe their passions and to place a sentiment at their lips, that the "sweet peace" of the Lodge be not disturbed.

A similar, but less impactful, ode appears in the first edition of 1772 (pp. 33–34). It was sung at the Grand Gala held by William Preston's Lodge for the Grand Officers of England the same year. It is reproduced below for the purposes of comparison and general study:

ODE.  
 Sung by Brothers Du Bellamy, Burton and Reilly,  
 accompanied with the instruments.

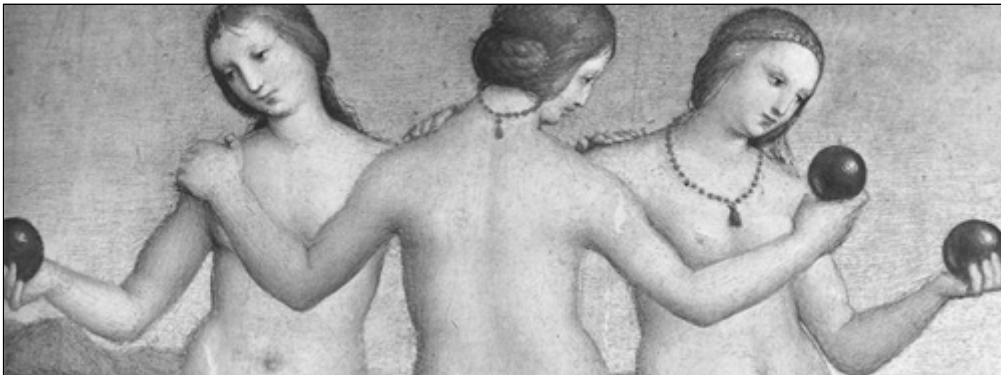
Wake the lute and quiv'ring strings,  
 Mystic truths Urania brings;  
 Friendly visitant, to thee  
 We owe the depths of Masonry:  
 Fairest of the virgin choir,  
 Warbling to the golden lyre,  
 Welcome; here thy Art prevail!  
 Hail! divine Urania, hail!

Here in Friendship's sacred bower,  
 The downy-wing'd and smiling hour,  
 Mirth invites, and social song,  
 Nameless mysteries among:  
 Crown the bowl, and fill the glass,  
 To every virtue, every grace,  
 To the Brotherhood resound  
 Health, and let it thrice go round.

We restore the times of old,  
 The blooming glorious age of gold;  
 As the new creation free,  
 Blest with gay Euphrosyne;  
 We with god-like Science talk,  
 And with fair Astræa walk;  
 Innocence adorns the day,  
 Brighter than the smiles of May.

Pour the rosy wine again,  
 Wake a louder, louder strain;  
 Rapid Zephyrs, as ye fly,  
 Waft our voices to the sky;  
 While we celebrate the Nine,  
 And the wonders of the Trine,  
 While the Angels sing above,  
 As we below, of Peace and Love.

[Toast. The Deputy Grand Master and Grand Wardens.]



IN VIAM  
 INITIATORVUM

Copyright © 2004–2019 Academia Lodge № 847