A SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR ROB MORRIS DAY

Music—Vocal or instrumental
Call to order and announcements
Short address—"What the Eastern Star Means to Masonry"
or some similar topic.
Vocal music—"In Galilee"
Address—"Robert Morris, Founder of the Eastern Star"
Readings—From Robert Morris' poems, "Adah", "Ruth", "Esther", "Martha" and "Electa".

MARTHA

Yea, I believe, although death's cloud
Enwrap my soul in gloom;
Thou art the Christ, the Son of God,
The Saviour that should come—
Yea, Lord, I do believe—
Thy promised King hath come at last
My Saviour and my God;
Yea, Lord, I do believe—

Yea, I believe; what though the grave
Hath won my love from me?
I felt that Thou hadst power to save,
And still do trust in Thee—
Yea, Lord, I do believe—

Wildly her hands are joined in form of love,
As at the Saviour's feet the mourner lies;
Beseechingly she raises them above,
While showers of tear drops blind her languid eyes;
Then locks, and pleads, and supplicates His aid
In words that win her brother from the dead.

Raise thy hands above, sweet mourner, He has wept for human sorrow,
Higher, higher, toward the throne! Let thy sobs with Him plead!
Ah, He sees thee, hears thy story, Raise thy hands in faith, and doubt?
Hears and feels that plaintive plea. He hath power o'er the dead. (noT

ESTHER

See, O, King, the suppliant one,
Pale and trembling at the throne!
See the golden crown she bears,
And the silken robe she wears;
Whiter, brighter than their sheen,
Is the woman's soul within!

Mercy's golden wand extend,
While her gentle head shall bend
Weekly o'er Thy scepter now,
Pardon, favor, bounty show;
Naught in all Thy broad domain,
Like the woman's soul within!

Must we perish, O my nation,
With the light of ages crowned?
Surely there is yet salvation
With our great Deliverer found;
Cry aloud, then, Sion's Daughter,
Rend with screeching grieving the sky;
Blunt with prayer the sword of slaughter,—
Haste, my people, ere we die!

Thou, who shone our Nation's glory,
Mark this time of deep distress!
Hear, with pitying ear, our story,
See our anguish, Lord, and bless!
But if thus our sins to chasten
Thou refuse Thy children's cry,
All submissive, I will hasten
With my people, Lord, to die.

Nobly she stands, a Queen; the glittering band,
Mark of a royal state, beneath her hand;
She points the silken robe with peerless grace,
Pure as her soul and pallid as her face;
Then reaches to the Scepter, whence is drawn
The kingly pardon she has bravely won.
JEPHTAH'S DAUGHTER

On the hills of Mizpeh bloomed the mountain maid;
Blue the skies above her where she strayed;
As the light gazelle she scaled the rocky slope,
Adah, child of love and hope.

Chorus.

Gone from the mountain,—lost to her home,—
Called in life's beauty to the tomb;
Wake the wild lamenting in the lonely glen,
She will never come again.

Glad was her uprising, when, with maiden mirth
And merry timbrel, she came forth;
But alas! the death march! day of utter gloom!
'Twas the signal of her doom.

O, the grand deliverance of the mountain maid!
"Keep the vow, my father,"—thus she said;
"Shall a Mason's daughter fear for truth to die?
There's a home beyond the sky!"

From the hills of Mizpeh let the story rise,—
"Death before dishonor,"—to the skies;
While the seasons blossom on the mountain free,
Adah, we will weep for thee!

She will not die as thief or murderer dies,
Whose fate but expiates his horrid crime;
She will not veil her pure and loving eyes,
As fearing death, for hers is death sublime;
Lo, with determined heart and eye she stands,
Her face upturned toward Celestial lands!

See midst the multitude the VICTIM stands!
Dauntless, serene, though terror palsies them!
And she must die by her own father's hands!
And she must die, a sacrifice of shame!
Of shame? ah, no! she flings the veil abroad,
Once, twice, yea thrice; looks hopefully to God;
Fixes the noonday sun with earnest eyes,
Then crowned with innocence, the Maiden dies.

Lament for Jephthah, ye who know his fate,
Weep and lament: "Broken the beautiful rod,
And the strong staff; Mizpeh is desolate!"
But for sweet Adah weep not; let the word
Be: "Joy to the Captive, freed from earthly dust,
Joy for one witness more to woman's trust,
And lasting honor, Mizpeh, be the strain
TO HER WHO DIED IN LIGHT without a stain!"

ELECTA

Land far away,—home of the blest,—
Mansion Celestial, O, give her sweet rest!
With her beloved, crowned with His crown,
Bathed in His glory, whose Cross she has borne;
No failing tongue,—no fading eye,—
No worldly scorn, or heart-rending sigh,—
Land far away, etc.

Found with the saved, she who was lost,
Raised in His likeness to dwell with His host;
Clothed all in white, spotless as snow,
Henceforth with Jesus the Master to go.
Ah, who would stay on this cold shore,
When she has gone to joys evermore?
Land far away, etc.
From Moab's hill the stranger comes,  
By sorrow tried, widowed by death;  
She comes to Judah's goodly homes,  
Led by the trusting hand of faith.

Entreat me not, dear friend, to go  
Or leave thy cherished side;  
The Lord hath called me here, I  
And here I will abide.       (know, Chorus.

Ye friends of God, a welcome lend  
The fair and virtuous Ruth today;—  
A generous heart and hand extend.  
And wipe the widow's tears away.

There is a place beyond the sea,  
Where sisters meet again;  
Ah! let me journey there with thee,  
And with thee still remain.

She leaves her childhood's home, and all  
That brothers, friends and parents gave;  
The flowery fields, the lily hall,  
The green sod o'er her husband's grave.

The haunts of girlhood, once so  
My soul doth prize no more; (dear  
I yearn, my love, far off to hear,  
And find the better shore.

She leaves the gods her people own,—  
Soulless and weak, they're hers no more;  
Jehovah, He is God alone,  
And Him her spirit will adore.

I leave the mansions of the dead,  
Farewell the grassy mound;  
The flowery plains we soon will  
Where all the lost are found. (tread.

At Bethlehem's gates the stranger stands, I'll go with thee, de not deny;  
All friendless, poor, and wenting rest;  
I'll make with thee my home,  
She waits the cheer of loving hands,  
And kindred hearts that God hath blest.

Pity the widow, desolate and poor;  
Those little parcels are her only store;  
Weekly upon her breast she crosses them,  
Prophetic of the Cross of Bethlehem;  
Then looks, imploringly, into the sky,  
Where sits enthroned the pitying Deity.

Widow, mourning for the dead,  
Midst the golden harvest mourning,  
Beats the sun thy aching head,  
Burns the stubble 'neath thy tread?  
No kind look thy gaze returning?  
These poor parcels all thy store?  
Surely God will give thee more.

Stand, then, mournfully and sigh;  
Raise thy hands in meek submission;  
Thy Redeemer, Ruth, is nigh,—  
Marks thee with a gracious eye,  
Knows thy lonely, sad condition;  
All thou'lt given Him, and more,  
Shall be rendered from His store.

ELECTA

When cares press heavy on the heart,  
And all is gloom around,  
Where shall we fix the heavy eye  
In all this mortal bound?  
What emblem hath the mourner here?  
What love to warm, what light to cheer?

Thine, true Electa, thine which tells,  
Of His distress and thine!  
The Cross upon whose rugged limbs  
Ye both did bleed and pine!  
The Cross by heavenly wisdom given  
To raise our thoughts from earth to Heaven.

Dying, as Jesus died, upon the tree,—  
Was ever worthier sacrifice than hers?  
Sacred the Cross, the nail, the thorn; for He  
Who suffered has redeemed them from the curse;  
Just as she passed to bless eternity  
She pleads forgiveness to her murderers.