
T H E F A R E W E L L.

TO THE BRETHREN OF St. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune, Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'

I.

A DIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye*!

Ye favored, *enlighten'd* Few,

Companions of my social joy!

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',

With melting heart, and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,

And spent the chearful, festive night;

Oft, honor'd with supreme command,

Prefided o'er the *Sons of light*:

And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,

Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw!

Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa!

III.

May Freedom, Harmony and Love
Unite you in the *grand Design*,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious ARCHITECT Divine!
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
Till *Order* bright, completely shine,
Shall be my Pray'r when far awa.

IV.

And *YOU*, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly that *highest badge* to wear!
Heav'n blest your honor'd, noble Name,
To MASONRY and SCOTIA dear!
A last request, permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, *the Bard*, that's far awa.