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A DAUGHTER OF
HIRAM ABIF
—
LANIER



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THE DAUGHTER OF HIRAM ABIF

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THE DAUGHTER OF HIRAM ABIF

A STORY OF THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

BY JOHN J. LANIER



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DEDICATED TO
MASONS, THEIR WIVES, SISTERS
AND DAUGHTERS

THE DAUGHTER OF HIRAM ABIF

THE DAUGHTER OF HIRAM ABIF

In allusion to the part played by Hiram Abif in building Solomon's Temple, it is said that the *wisdom* of Solomon contrived the fabric, and the *strength* of King Hiram's wealth and power supported the undertaking, and it was adorned by the *beauty* of Hiram Abif's curious and cunning workmanship.

Such is the character of Hiram Abif, which has been transmitted by the uninterrupted stream of Masonic tradition, and as such all Masons have learned to know and to love the Widow's Son.

This book recounts the virtues and sings the beauty and fame of his daughter, so that all may know and love this glorious woman as did King Solomon and Cleonthes, the young Greek architect, who helped Hiram Abif build the Temple of Jehovah in Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon three thousand years ago.

I tell the story as it was told me by a learned Rabbi, who said: You have heard of, and

10 *The Daughter of Hiram Abif*

doubtless know, Hiram Abif; but do you know the Daughter of Hiram Abif?

No: then, I will tell you her story as it has been preserved in the archives of the Lodge founded by Cleonthes in memory of Hiram Abif's Daughter, whose love was stronger than death.

'Who is this Rabbi and where is this lodge? Here the Rabbi pledged me to silence and secrecy, but said: Tell him who asks, Why is it not the lodge erected in your heart to the memory of her

Whose love is as beautiful as Tirza,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Whose flashes are flashes of fire—
A very flame of the Lord!

THE DAUGHTER OF HIRAM ABIF
A STORY OF THREE THOUSAND
YEARS AGO



CHARACTERS

KING SOLOMON

KING HIRAM OF TYRE

HIRAM ABIF

ZABUD

THE SHULAMMITE

CLEONTHES, THE ASSISTANT

ARCHITECT OF HIRAM ABIF

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

THE CHORUS, COURT LADIES

COURTIERS, AND OFFICERS OF STATE

PAN

THE PRIESTS OF PAN

THE SPIRITS OF PAN

THE YOUTHS, MAIDENS, FATHERS AND
MOTHERS OF ARCADIA

PROLOGUE

Love is as strong as death;
The flashes thereof are flashes of fire,
A very flame of the Lord.
Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it;
If a man give all the substance of his house for
love,
It would be utterly contemned.

ACT I

SCENE I. THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER OF KING SOLOMON

HIRAM IN ANGER

The twenty cities in Galilee please me not, nor are they such as thou promised me. Thou hast not kept thy faith. My servants did cut thee down as many trees out of Lebanon as thou didst want, and conveyed them to thee on rafts by sea to Joppa—cedar and fir trees and pine-trees from Lebanon—providing timbers in abundance for the houses which thou didst desire to build; and I sent thee Hiram, the Master, a wise and most skillful man, to devise ingeniously all the work needed for thy house, who hast lost his life in thy service. There was peace between us, and we made a league together, notwithstanding my gods are not thine, because we were brethren in the sacred mysteries; and thou didst give me twenty towns for the service to be rendered thee.

SOLOMON

The anger of King Hiram is unjust and does little credit to the honor and wisdom of King Hiram.

KING HIRAM

Thy wisdom surpasseth that of all men of the East and of the Egyptians; and yet thou art not wise enough to know that cunning is not wisdom. For he is not wise, because he is not honest, who doth not keep his word in the spirit as well as in the letter.

SOLOMON

Again thou speakest unjustly. The twenty towns I promised thee, I will give thee—and no more.

KING HIRAM

[*Becomes still more angry and raises his voice in tones of menace*]

Thou didst promise me twenty towns! I did not look to receive so many ruined and dilapidated villages, surrounded by howling wildernesses; but twenty populous and flourishing places, surrounded by smiling fields and fruit-

ful meadows. These cities which thou hast given me are *cabul*, and shall be so called from this time henceforth.

THE GUARDS

[*Enter with a prisoner*]

Most wise and powerful king Solomon, we found this fellow playing the eaves-dropper.

KING HIRAM

Let the eaves-dropper be slain! Such is the fate of those who spy upon kings.

KING SOLOMON

Thrice Illustrious King Hiram, it doth not become the majesty of kings, to whom is given the power of life and death, to condemn any one, even the humblest, unheard. Zabud, what hast thou to say in explanation of thy conduct?

ZABUD

O King Solomon, seeing the Thrice Illustrious King Hiram, whom I did not know personally, enter hastily and angrily into the audience chamber, and not knowing what evil purpose might

have led him thither, I approached the door that I might be ready to enter, protect, and defend thee, O King Solomon, in case my assistance should be necessary.

KING SOLOMON

Zabud, I commend thy watchfulness and loyalty, but in the future let not thy zeal outrun thy caution.

[*Turning to King Hiram*]

His zeal caused him to neglect the precautions, which curiosity would have taken against discovery. He was seen by the guards and taken to be an eaves-dropper.

[*Exeunt Guards and Zabud*]

HIRAM

[*His anger having cooled, and realizing that he has done Solomon a great injustice says*]

In mine anger, chafing under the injustice done me, I did my royal brother a wrong in condemning him unheard.

SOLOMON

Let the memory of our dead friend Hiram Abiff, cement more firmly the friendship of the living. My brother, if the towns in the land of Galilee suit thee not, choose wherever else

thou wilt in my dominions, and whatever cities thou chosest shall be thine.

HIRAM

My brother, thy friendship is of greater value than many cities or even kingdoms. Accept again the towns as a token of my brotherly regard, and of the renewal of our league and firm alliance. And I give thee an hundred and twenty talents of gold from my treasury, toward the expenses of the Holy House of Jehovah, and thine own palace, and to aid in building the walls of Jerusalem, and thy other cities.

SOLOMON

Now is Hiram my brother again. Since thou hast had report from the cities of Galilee, I have sent Cleonthes, the Greek architect who assisted Hiram Abiff in building the Temple, to restore those cities. When thou camest I was making ready to visit Galilee to see if they were restored according to my instructions. Come, go with me.

But before going, let a new treaty be drawn and sealed, as a perpetual memorial to all generations of our people, that shall bind thy people and mine more closely together. My ships have

20 *The Daughter of Hiram Abif*

returned from Ophir laden with gold, and I now make payment to thee in gold for building the Temple and take back the cities of Galilee, thanking my brother for his generous and royal gift.

KING HIRAM

Let thy secretary write the treaty; and sealed with our seals, let it be laid up in the archives of each kingdom.

KING SOLOMON

Tomorrow we will depart for Galilee.

SCENE II. GALILEE

King Solomon, King Hiram, and the Court make a tour of Galilee and Lebanon. While the Chorus is singing the praises of King Solomon, the cavalcade suddenly comes upon a beautiful shepherd maid, who is watching them pass.

CHORUS

[*Singing the praises of Solomon*]

King Solomon made a palanquin of the wood
of Lebanon,
He made the pillars thereof of silver,
The bottom thereof of gold,
The seat of it of purple,
Inlaid with love from the daughters of Jeru-
salem.

Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold
King Solomon,
With the crown wherewith his mother hath
crowned him,

22 *The Daughter of Hiram Abif*

In the day of his espousals,
And in the day of the gladness of his heart.

THE SHULAMMITE IN SURPRISE

Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness
Like pillars of smoke,
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
With all the powders of the merchants?
Behold it is the litter of Solomon;
Threescore mighty men are about it,
Of the mighty men of Israel.
They all handle the sword and are expert in
war;
Every man hath his sword upon his thigh,
Because of fear in the night.

THE COURT IN SURPRISE

[*At the beauty of the Shulammite*]
Who is she that looketh forth as the morning
Fair as the moon, pure as the sun,
Terrible as an army with banners?

KING SOLOMON

[*Looking in admiration at the Shulammite*]
There are threescore queens,
And fourscore concubines,

And virgins without number.
My dove, my undefiled, is but one,
She is the only one of her mother,
She is the pure one of her that bear her.
[Addressing the Shulammite]
Come with me from Lebanon, my bride;
Come from the top of Armana,
From the top of Senir and Hermon,
From the lions' dens,
From the mountains of the leopards.

THE COURT IN ALARM

[*As the Shulammite turns to go away.*]
Return, return, O shulammite,
Return that we may look upon thee!

SHULAMMITE

Why will you look upon the Shulammite?

COURT LADIES

As upon the dance of the Mahanaim!

Solomon carries the Shulammite away to Jerusalem.

SCENE III. THE HAREM IN JERUSALEM

SHULAMMITE SOLILOQUIZING

The King hath brought me into his chambers.

CHORUS

We will be glad and rejoice in thee
We will make mention of thy name more than
of wine:
Rightly do they love thee.

SHULAMMITE

[*To the virgins while robing her*]
I am black.

CHORUS

But comely.

SHULAMMITE

O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
As the tents of Kedar,

CHORUS

as the curtains of Solomon.

SHULAMMITE

Look not upon me, because I am swarthy,
Because the sun hath scorched me.
My mother's sons were incensed against me,
They made me keepers of the vineyards;
But mine own vineyard have I not kept.
Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
Where thou feedest *thy flock*, where thou
makest *it* to rest at noon:
For why should I be as one that is veiled
Beside the flocks of thy companions?

CHORUS

If thou know not, O thou fairest among women,
Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock,
And feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.

*She is robed by the virgins and seated by
King Solomon during the banquet.*

SCENE IV. THE BANQUET

SOLOMON

How beautiful are thy feet in thy sandals,
Thy neck is like a tower of ivory;
Thine eyes are as the pools of Heshbon,
By the gates of Bath-Rabbin;
The hair of thy head is like purple,
The king is held captive in the tresses thereof;
How fair and how pleasant art thou!

SHULAMMITE

[*Thinking of her shepherd lover*]
Behold thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant;
Also our couch is green.

SOLOMON

The beams of our house are cedars,
And our rafters are firs.

SHULAMMITE

[*Still thinking of her shepherd lover*]

I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to his banqueting house,
And his banner over me was love;
His left hand is under my head,
And his right hand doth embrace me.

SOLOMON

Much better is thy love than wine!
Thy lips drop as the honey comb,
Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
Thou art a fountain of gardens,
A well of living waters,
Better than all flowing streams from Lebanon,
And the smell of thy garments than all manner
of spices!

SHULAMMITE

Awake, O north wind; and Come, O south;
Blow upon my garden,
That the spices thereof may flow out,
But my garden is not for King Solomon.
I beseech you by the roes and hinds of the
fields,
That you wake not love till it please.

28 *The Daughter of Hiram Abif*

*I am my beloved's
And my beloved is mine:
He feedeth his flock among the lilies.*

*Solomon is greatly surprised that the Shulamite rejects his love, and casts her into prison.
The captain of the guard enters.*

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

O King Solomon, live forever. Cleonthes whom thou didst send to restore the cities of Galilee hath returned and desireth audience with thee.

SOLOMON

How dareth Cleonthes disturb the banquet of the kings?

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD

He saith the message concerns the honor of the King and will not take denial upon pain of death. He hath given the sign of the Lion of Judah and craveth audience with thee and King Hiram.

HIRAM

The message of Cleonthes must then indeed be urgent.

SOLOMON

[*To King Hiram*]

He hath given the sign of the Lion of Judah,
and we cannot violate our oath of Brotherhood.

[*To the Captain of the Guard*]

Admit Cleonthes to our private audience chamber.

CLEONTHES

Most wise and noble King Solomon, dost thou know that the maiden whom thou hast brought to Jerusalem is the daughter of Hiram Abif? While in Galilee superintending the building of the cities, I met the Shulammite and under the guise of a shepherd won her love. She is my promised bride.

SOLOMON

The Shulammite, thy promised bride! She is the lily of the valley, the rose of Sharon, and shall be the queen of King Solomon!

CLEONTHES

If she loveth thee, O King, better than she doth Cleonthes. If she doth not, she will marry Cleonthes. Remember, O most wise and

noble Solomon, thine oath sworn on the sacred altar just before the death of Hiram Abif?

SOLOMON

I love the Shulammite, Cleonthes, better than life itself, and to win her love I would give the half of my kingdom: but our oath is stronger than love or life or death. By that oath I swear to return the Shulammite maiden to Galilee, as she was when she came, if she loveth Cleonthes and not King Solomon.

CLEONTHES

Now is the wise and powerful King Solomon more than a king. He is my brother. I accept the pledge of the oath we swore on the sacred altar in the presence of Hiram, King of Tyre, and Hiram Abif, the father of the Shulammite maid. But do not let her know that I have been here. As a shepherd I won her love, and wish her to think so still. I pledge thee to silence and secrecy.

*King Solomon visits the Shulammite in prison,
and again tries to win her to be his queen.*

SOLOMON

Who is the shepherd thou lovest?

SHULAMMITE

My beloved is white and ruddy,
The chiefest among ten thousand.

SOLOMON

This palace will I give thee,
And all that wealth, fame, and glory
Can give, will I give thee
If thou wilt be my bride:
The gold of Ophir and the rubies of Arabia
Shall adorn thee,
The glorious banner of Solomon's love
Shall float over thee;
Thy name shall be above the names
Of all the queens of the earth.

SHULAMMITE

Love is as strong as death;
If a man give all the substance of his house for
love,
It would be utterly contemned.

*I am my beloved's
And my beloved is mine!
I beseech thee, O King,
By the roses and hinds of the fields,
That you stir not up nor waken love
Until it please!*

SOLOMON

[*Returns the Shulammite to Galilee, and, as she kneels to thank him says.*]]

A garden shut up is my sister, my bride,
A spring shut up,
A fountain sealed.

Thy shoots are an orchard of pomegranates,
With precious fruits;
Henna and spikenard plants,
Spikenard with saffron,
Calmus with cinnamon, with all trees of
frankincense,
Myrrh with aloes and all spices.

ACT II

SCENE I. THE RETURN TO GALILEE

After the Shulammite leaves Jerusalem for her home in Galilee, Cleonthes follows. Upon the night she returns home the Shulammite dreams that Solomon has put her in prison again, but she escapes and seeks her shepherd lover.

SHULAMMITE

I was asleep but my heart waked:
It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh,
Saying, Open to me,

 My sister, my love,
 My dove, my undefiled;
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with the drops of the night.

I rose to open to my beloved;
And my hand dropped with myrrh,
 Upon the handles of the bolt.

But my beloved was gone.
I sought him but could not find him;
I called him but he gave me no answer.

The watchman that goeth about the city found
me,

They smote me, they wounded me;

The keepers of the wall took away my veil
from me.

[*In her dream she accosts the Chorus of the
daughters of Jerusalem.*]

I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,

If ye find my beloved,

Tell ye him, that I am sick of love.

CHORUS

What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
O thou fairest among women?

What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
That thou dost so adjure us?

SHULAMMITE

My beloved is white and ruddy,

The chiefest among ten thousand.

His eyes are like doves beside the water
brooks.

His lips are as lilies, dropping liquid myrrh:

This is my beloved, and this is my friend,

O daughters of Jerusalem.

CHORUS

Whither is thy beloved gone,
O thou fairest among women?
Wither hath thy beloved turned him,
That we may seek him with thee?

SHULAMMITE

My beloved is gone down to his garden,
To the bed of spices,
To feed in the garden
And gather the lilies.

*I am my beloved's
And my beloved is mine:
He feedeth his flock among the lilies.*

SCENE II. MY BELOVED IS MINE

[She wakes in the morning, and finds that she has been dreaming, and exclaims:]

My beloved is mine and I am his!

He feedeth his flock among the lilies,
Until the day break and the shadows flee
away!

[She hears her lover calling and exclaims:]

The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh
Leaping upon the mountains,
Skipping upon the hills!

My beloved is like a roe or young hart:
Behold he standeth behind our wall.

SHEPHERD

Rise up, my beloved, my fair one,
And come away.

For lo the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear upon the earth;

The time of the singing birds have come,
And the voice of the turtle dove is heard in
the land;
The figtree ripeneth her figs,
And the vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my fair one,
And come away.

SHULAMMITE

[*On the way to her garden she tells her lover her dream.]*

By night, on my bed, I sought him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him but found him not.
I said, I will go about the city,
 In the streets and broad ways,
I will seek him whom my soul loveth:
 I sought him but found him not.
The watchmen that goeth about the city found me:
To whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?
It was but a little that I passed them
When I found him whom my soul loveth:
I held him and would not let him go,
Until I brought him into my mother's house.

SHEPHERD

Come, let us go forth into the field;
Let us get up early to the vineyards;
Let us see whether the vine hath budded,
And the tender grapes appear,
 And the pomegranate be in flower.

SCENE III. I AM MY BELOVED'S

[*She tells her lover how King Solomon carried her away to Jerusalem.*]

I went down into the garden of nuts,
To see the green plants of the valley,
To see whether the vine budded,
And the pomegranates were in flower.
Or ever I was aware, my soul let me among
The chariots of my princely people.

He carried me away to Jerusalem,
The beams of his palace are cedars,
And its rafters are firs.

And his fruit was sweet to my taste,
He brought me to his banqueting house,
And his banner over me was love.

SHEPHERD

Come with me from the lions' dens,
From the mountains of the leopards.

SHULAMMITE

I am the rose of Sharon,
A lily of the valleys.

SHEPHERD

As a lily among the thorns,
So is my love among the daughters.

SHULAMMITE

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my beloved among the sons.

SHEPHERD

Thou art fair, my love; behold thou art fair,
Thine eyes are as the eyes of a dove;
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,
And thy mouth is comely:
Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate.

SHULAMMITE

Tell me where thou feedest thy flock,
Where thou makest it to rest at noon;

For why should I be as one that wandereth
Beside the flocks of thy companions?

SHEPHERD

O thou fairest among women,
Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock,
And feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tent.

SHULAMMITE

Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
And as a signet upon thine arm,
For love is as strong as death,
And jealousy as cruel as the grave;
The flashes thereof are flashes of fire,
A very flame of the Lord!
Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it;
If a man should give all the substance
of his house for love
It would be utterly contemned!

SHEPHERD

Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Terrible as an army with banners.
Turn thine eyes away from me,
For they have overcome me!

SHULAMMITE

Let me see thy countenance,
 Let me hear thy voice;
For sweet is thy voice,
And thy countenance is comely.

SHEPHERD

Kiss me with the kisses of thy mouth,
 For thy love is better than wine!

SHULAMMITE

My beloved is mine and I am his:
He feedeth his flock among the lilies,
I will get me unto the mountain of myrrh,
And to the hill of frankincense!

*I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes and hinds of the fields,
That ye stir not up, nor waken love,
Until it please.*

SCENE IV—THE FESTIVAL OF MALKARTH

In the meanwhile, Hiram arrives in Galilee on his way to Tyre, and informs Cleonthes that he must accompany him and design a temple for his God, Malkarth, at Tyre.

Cleonthes must obey, but asks leave to revisit his native land and be married as his father was at the Festival of Pan. King Hiram consents, and the mother of the Shulammite and her sons join Hiram's caravan on its way to Tyre.

On arriving at Tyre, King Hiram celebrates the Festival of Malkarth, the incarnation of the Sun at the Winter Solstice, called his rebirth or Awakening, which was celebrated by means of a pyre on which the God regained through the aid of fire a new life. Hiram first performed these ceremonies while the Temple was building at Jerusalem.

After witnessing and joining in these ceremonies, they sail for Athens on their way to Arcadia, the home of Cleonthes, which they reach in time for the Festival of Pan.

ACT III—IN GREECE

THE FESTIVAL OF PAN

The marriage Festival in Arcadia, was held in honor of Pan, the god of herds and hunters. Their wandering life led them from the pastures of the lowlands up to the mountains in the summer. Here Pan was honored with annual sacrifices and a Torch race.

There are several conceptions of Pan. Originally he was the god and protective spirit of the herds and hunters of Arcadia. Then he passed into the war-god with the growth of the mercenary spirit of the Arcadians. His worship was introduced into Athens after the battle of Marathon, when Pan was believed to have fulfilled the promise to help the Arcadians. Later philosophers, and especially the Stoics, transformed the divinity of Pan into the All-God.

Pan's appearance has been described, in accordance with his supposed origin, as having goat's legs and horns and a shaggy beard and

hair, whose animal nature is marked by short horns on his forehead.

But at the time Cleonthes and the Shulammite were married these coarse features had not been introduced. Pan was the protective spirit of the herds and hunters of Arcadia, and the inspiration of the love of youths and maidens.

Every poem in this act is original with the exception of "The Shepherd of Tempè," which is from the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The "Marriage Festival of Cleonthes and the Shulammite in Arcady" is the glorification of the joyous spirit of youth. Everything connected with it must have the perfection of delicate finish, and especially the music and dancing.

It calls for all possible coloring effects of light and shade, mountain and forest scenery. It exhausts the possibilities of graceful costuming, joyous music, and Greek dancing. It gives the director unlimited possibilities of producing mass effects.

When the proper music is written, it will be a veritable Midsummer-Night Dream which will "make the things we see a glory and a melody for you and me."

ACT III

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL OF CLEONTHES AND THE SHULAM- MITE IN ARCADY

SCENE I—TO THE GROVES OF PAN

The Arcadians, as it begins to dawn, ascend the mountains to the Groves of Pan. The priests lead, chanting. The youths and maidens follow, driving the herds and flocks, singing.

I. INVOCATION TO PAN

[*The priests lead chanting.*]

To Pan our hearts uplifted be
For Alpha of the gods is he!

And the Omega he shall be
For Pan doth live eternally!

II. THE SONG OF THE YOUTHS

[*Driving the herd.*]

O maidens! come with me
To Arcady!

And sing the songs of Pan!

III. THE SONG OF THE MAIDENS

[*Driving the sheep.*]

O youths! come ye with me
To Arcady!
For there we hear
The songs of Pan, the god
Most loved by maid and man
Since time began!

CHORUS

The songs of Pan we sing!
Who makes the glory of our youth
When love is king!

Then hail! All hail to Pan!
Who piping comes to wake
Love in the heart of man and maid,
And make
Her love answer the love of man,
And then—!

O moon! O stars! O gentle wind!
O nature splendor robed and
Glorified!
And man and maiden deified
By Pan,
Lip answering lip with love divine
Since time began!

SCENE II—THE GROVES OF PAN

During the sacrifice the priests chant “The Coming of Pan.” At the rising of the sun, the youths and maidens sing the “Hymn to the Sun God,” who brings Spring and Pan. While they are singing, Pan enters. They surround him, join hands, dance, and sing the “Hymn to Pan.”

I. THE COMING OF PAN

[*During the sacrifice the priests chant*]

In this enchanted hour!
Lend ye, O moon and stars,
The magic of your power
To the conspiracy of Pan!

For now the Sun god comes
In every glade and glen
To kiss
The Spring to life again!

And bring the great god Pan
Who soon will piping come

To waken love
In heart of maid and man!

II. HYMN TO THE SUN GOD

[*As the sun begins to rise,
the youths and maidens sing.*]

The Sun god banishes
The winter into nothingness!
And as it vanishes
The Spring entralls the world
With her eternal grace and
Loveliness—
But not more fair than maid!

For then, 'tis said,
There comes the Pipes of Pan,
Sounding through wood and vale,
That never fail
To snare the heart of youth
By the sweet magic of the maid,
Whose hand in hers is laid!

[*Pan enters*]

III. THE HYMN TO PAN

[*All join hands, dance and sing around Pan*]

Then hail! All hail to Pan!
Who piping comes to wake
Love in the heart of man and maid,
And make
Her love answer the love of man
And then—!

O moon! O stars! O gentle wind!
O nature splendor robed and
Glorified!
And man and maiden deified
By Pan,
Lip answering lip with love divine
Since time began!

SCENE III—THE SONG OF YOUTH AND LOVE

*All dressed as lilies. Pan ascends his throne.
The youths and maidens sing the song of "Youth
and love."*

I. THE GIFT OF PAN

[*Cleonthes sings*]

While in my heart I was divining
A gift for you, my love, to-night,
I saw in heaven's airs reclining
The nymphs of Pan as fair as light.

In dark eyes much deep love expressing
Uprose the tallest and began:
"This gift from heaven goes confessing
The love Pan has for maid and man."

II. GIFTS OF THE NYMPHS

[*The Shulammite sings*]

A soft robed spirit spake, revealing

More her thought with eye than word,
And naught her thought with word concealing,
What with applause the others heard.

"As love is sweetest love when bounded
By links that make it ever sure,
The heart of this must be surrounded
With meetest emblem of the pure."

[*Cleonthes sings*]

Then said another nymph arising,
Possessed of youth forever young,
The words to suit her thoughts devising
In softest accents of her tongue:

"Since love that's pure must live forever,
As doth her fair twin-sister, truth,
From this our gift we must not sever
The emblem of eternal youth."

III. LOVE, YOUTH, AND PURITY

[*Cleonthes and the Shulammite sing*]

Love, youth, and purity expressing,
In one gift passing fair they boast,
Which put beyond all doubt and guessing
That which the nymphs of Pan love most.

"This gift," said they, "shall be a flower
Soft pillow'd on the level mere,
Its head above green leaves shall tower,
And lily will we call it here.

'Its heart of gold shall be exposing,
Its calyx leaves the richest green,
Its petals to the earth disclosing
The purest white that e'er was seen."

IV. THE MAKING OF THE LILY

[*Youths and maidens dance and sing
with appropriate gestures.*]

The snow tint from their bosoms taking,
So white and pure in heaven's air,
They to the petals gave while making,
Creating thus the lily fair.

"The white and gold and green combining,"
Said they, "bear this blest emblem true,
Of pure young love in one entwining
The lives and loves and hearts of two."

V. WHEN I SEE THE LILY BLOWING

[*Youths sing*]

And when I see the lily blowing,

The nymphs of Pan and their fair gift,
I feel my heart within me glowing,
And to my love my eyes I lift!

And to her gaze the lily showing,
Its sheen of white and gold and green,
When in her eyes comes love's light flowing
Maid of my heart, I crown thee queen!

CHORUS

[*The maidens are crowned with lilies by
their lovers while the chorus sings*]

O Grecian maid, more fair
To me than all the nymphs of Pan
I crown thee queen!

Then hail! All hail to Pan!
Who piping comes to wake
Love in the heart of man and maid
And make
Her love answer and love of man,
And then—!

O moon! O stars! O gentle wind!
O nature splendor robed and
Glorified!
And man and maiden deified
By Pan,
Lip answering lip with love divine
Since time began!

SCENE IV. THE TORCH RACE

The youths and maidens begin the Torch Race, which is the Arcadian method of courtship. While the lovers are in the Forest, the priests call up the spirits of Pan.

I. LIGHTING THE TORCHES

[*While lighting the torches, the youths and maidens sing.]*

For you and me
The glowing twilight throws
Her beauty o'er the earth and sea!
And clasps in her fair arms
My soul filled with the sweet alarms
Of all your charms!

II. THE TORCH RACE

[*The youths and maidens sing as the Torch Race begins]*

O come with me!
The heaven is with stars abloom,

56 *The Daughter of Hiram Abif*

And mingles with her shining light
The rose's blushed perfume
For you and me to-night!

[*In the distance*]

O come, my love!
For soon the moon will rise
And veil the starlight eyes
That shine in heaven blue!

But not dim thine
For when they shine
There is no night for you
And me!

III. THE POOL OF PAN

[*Tableau. Nymphs swimming in the pool of Pan.
Pan softly plays beautiful music, called the
"Swimming Song of the Nymphs."*]

IV. THE SPIRITS OF PAN

[*The priests chanting invoke the spirits of Pan*]

O ministering spirits of great Pan!
Steal round their path with flowers strown;
From meadow green and mountain height
Troop all your forms with graceful zone.

But let them come with harp in hand,
Prepared with music's magic sound,
To sing and peal in joyous band
The beauty of the world around.

V. FROM FAR OFF LAND

[*The Spirits of Pan appear to the lovers
in the forest. Cleonthes sings*]

O see, my love, from far-off land
 Of orange, lemon, cocoa tree,
The shining spirits round us stand
 And tune their lutes for you and me!

From misty ocean's bluest wave
They come with dancing airy light,
From silent island, grot, and cave
They stand mysteriously bright.

They come from moonlit shore
Of tropic isle low rocked in blue—
O love! such forms of radiant hue
 Were never seen before
 I first saw you!

[*Spirits of Pan enter. All dance and sing*]

Then hail! All hail to Pan!
Who piping comes to wake

Love in the heart of man and maid
And make
Her love answer the love of man,
And then—!

O moon! O stars! O gentle wind!
O nature splendor robed and
Glorified!
And man and maiden deified
By Pan,
Lip answering lip with love divine
Since time began!

SCENE V. THE FOREST OF PAN

Scene, the Forest of Pan. The lovers are betrothed by Pan who plays "The Betrothal Song" which is sung by the Spirits of Pan.

I. THE BETROTHAL SONG

May you forever live
In sweet content
And blessed wonderment
Of youth and love!

More dear to Pan
Are souls like these
Than those who sail the seas
For golden fleece
In famous argosies!

O wind and dew and flowers!
Whom Pan doth bless,
Build for them peaceful bowers
Of love and happiness!

II. THE SPIRITS OF PAN ENTER

[*As they enter the lovers sing*]

Now in the circling ring
The Dew begins to sing.
 Her arms are bare
Draped with her golden hair.

 Her swift light fingering
Flies on from string to string.
O listen, love, the minstrelsy
 She sings for you and me!

III. THE SONG OF THE DEW

[*Spirit of the Dew plays on harp and sings.*
The spirits of Pan softly dance]

As the lengthening shadows
 Creep,
I bring on the soft blown wings
 Of sleep
New life for everything:

For the shriveled blade of
 Grass
That would wither and fade away
 Alas!
At close of day;

For the leaves that shimmer in
Their shining sheen
Of purple and gold and green
They glimmer in;

The rose I wake with a kiss,
And open
The beautiful eyes men miss
In the soul that is hidden
In everything.

CHORUS

Ah, love, her song hath ceased!
And now the spirit of the flowers
Glides from the snowy breasted band,
And charms the swiftly passing hours
With airs known only to her land.

IV. THE SONG OF THE FLOWERS

[*Spirit of Flowers enters, sings, and dances*]

My realm, more beautiful far
Than on poets ope
A bright world of inspired
Thought,

Doth swing far beyond the
Pleiades,

A starlighted world that seer
 Ne'er sees
In his rapt lone visions
 Wrought

I reign there in state and
 Perfumes make,
The fair fashioned flowers
 Thirst to slake
With the richest scented
 Draught.

And thus in the light, and thus
 In the gloom,
The air is all filled with rich
 Perfume
By the distillations of my
 Craft.

And oh, a great wonder it is
 To see
The myriad bright hues there
 Made by me,
In a low wind's changeful
 Rhyme,

For the decking of the flowers
 Born
Just at the blest time before

The dawn,
Ere the morning light begins
To chime.

CHORUS

Blest spirit of the flowers!
How swiftly pass the golden hours
Your sweet enchantments bring!

But see, my love, in yonder ring
Come dancing nymphs from leafy shade,
In rainbow gossamer arrayed,
To hear the South Wind sing.

Her dark eyes flash and shine
Like thine,
Her voice grows sweet and strong
As swells the music of her song.

V. THE SOUTH WIND'S SONG

[*The South Wind dances and sings*]

I bring
The velvet greens
And purple sheens
Out of the southern seas!
And then
I spring on bounding wing

Away! Away! All day!

And dance and play
Among the grass and trees
And over the waters low!

And gently trip
The blushing rose's lip
To kiss!

The red, red rose I kiss!
Ah, bliss!

For when her lips I kiss
All lovely thoughts come
Everywhere
I roam the rounded sphere!

Among the scented vines!
The music of the whispering pines!
The starlight and the flowers
With honeyed nectar
For sweet bees in fairy bowers!

O! Everywhere
The earth enchanting spreads
To where
A youth for love a maiden weds!
Ah, there
My softest pinions veer!

And spreading wide them find!
Ah! them I find!
Their lives I bind
With love and flowers twined!

VI. HYMN TO PAN

[*All dance and sing*]

Then hail! All hail to Pan!
Who piping comes to wake
Love in the heart of man and maid
And make
Her love answer the love of man,
And then—!

O moon! O stars! O gentle wind!
O nature splendor robed and
Glorified!
And man and maiden deified
By Pan,
Lip answering lip with love divine
Since time began!

SCENE VI. THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL

All return from the Forest of Pan to the Marriage Festival which is celebrated in the Groves of Pan. After the marriage of the lovers, the spirits of Pan depart and are heard singing in the distance.

THE MARRIAGE OF CLEONTHES AND THE SHULAMMITE

Tableau, the Grecian custom of Marriage

I. THE MARRIAGE HYMN

[During the marriage ceremony the spirits of Pan softly sing]

By his side his glowing bride
Is robed in snowy white,
Like glad-eyed Spring
When loosed from Winter's tyranny
To captivate the world!

Custom cannot change the glory of
her youth,
Nor time wrinkle the beauty of her
brow!
Such as creation's dawn beheld,
She was so then and is so now,
A miracle of beauty and of love!

O happy! Happy mortals ye!
Care disinherited
And every lover nearest her
He loves the best!

Methinks the gods would envy you
Though feasting on ambrosial food
On shady slope of seagirt Paphos
Isle

II. ON THIS GLAD NIGHT

[*After the marriage the chorus sings*]

On this glad night!
Pour out, O moon and stars,
The glory of your light!

And blow, forever blow, ye winds
The love that sends
The youthful heart which sings
The everlasting beauty
Of these things!

[*The spirits of Pan sing in the distance*]

The glory of the waving sea
 For you and me!
 The music of the blowing wind
 For you and me!
 The stars from heaven bend
 For you and me!

The mountains and the mossy vales
 With hidden ferns in shady dales
 For you and me!
 The grassy plains and glistening dew
 With shining suns shot through
 For you and me!

[*Cleonthes and the Shulammite Sing*]

O love! poor is the crownèd King
 Of vastest realm,
 Though boasting armies and the mind
 Which could the world o'erwhelm,
 To those who find
 That nature's God to them hath flung
 The poet's soul, harp strung,
 Which makes the things we see
 A glory and a melody to you and me!

[*The lovers depart, dancing to the music of Pan*]

SCENE VII. THE SHEPHERD'S TENT

Cleonthes and the Shulammite are in front of the shepherd's tent, surrounded by the sheep in the background, with the scene flooded by moonlight.

CLEONTES SINGS

Now through the Groves of Pan
Are scattered all the feasting throng.
Some seek the dance and some
Enticed by the sweet magic of the moon,
Do tempt the night lip answering lip
With lover's vows.

The music floats upon the perfumed breeze,
And mingled with it comes the love,
The laughter and the dancing feet,
One with and wonderful as great god Pan,
Who smiles upon them splendor robed
And glorified!

SHULAMMITE SINGS

Thou too gaze forth on earth's fair jeweled
works

And all her matchless beauty made for thee!
Not thine by titles writ on earth, but writ
By the eternal title Giver's love
When first he made spring forth the waving
trees:
The flowing streams and low-voiced singing
winds,
The grassy plains and diamond-beaded dew,
The lifted mountains and the circled vales;
Old ocean's tide of waters organ tuned,
Nights mighty depth of wondrous mistiness,
The wheeling suns and moon and stars
Wide wheeling on through space were
good:

SHULAMMITE SINGS

He placed the titles in thy Kingly hands
Of more than hundred royal sceptred thrones,
Endowed with richest lands,
And breathed in thee the spirit that uplifts
Thy soul to love great Pan and all his gifts
Of beauty, happiness, and love!

CLEONTHES SINGS

Kiss me with the kisses of thy mouth,
For thy love is better than wine!

SHULAMMITE SINGS

My beloved is mine and I am his!
*I adjure you, O daughter of Jerusalem,
By the roes and hinds of the fields,
That you stir not up, nor waken love,
Until it please.*

CLEONTHES SINGS

I was a shepherd of Tempè,
You were a maiden of Tydè—
What ship could it be brought oversea
You and your eyes of fire?
You and your blue and purple,
Your hair in a twisted spire?

I carried you off to Tempè,
Out of the white sea town,
You and your dusky tresses,
You and your eyes of brown,
To my sheepskin tent, the way we went,
And there I set you down.

And love was lord of Tempè,
Love like a noonday glow;
And the smoke of our heath stole upward,
And the bell of our flock rang low

As I clasped you tight in the smoldering
light
Three thousand years ago!

[*Spirits of Pan softly sing*]

Then hail! All hail to Pan!
Who piping comes to wake
Love in the heart of man and maid,
And make
Her love answer the love of man,
And then—!

O moon! O stars! O gentle wind!
O nature splendor robed and
Glorified!
And man and maiden deified
By Pan,
Lip answering lip with love divine
Since time began!

THE SONG OF SONGS

The natural interpretation of the Song of Songs by Ewald, with which the best scholarship of today in substance agrees, is as follows:

"The fascinatingly beautiful Shulammite is supposed to have been met by the King on the occasion of a tour of his in the north of the Kingdom, (Chap. 6:11 f) and placed in his harem. The King seeks by flattering and enticing speeches to win her love, but from the very first meeting (Chap. 1) she gives him to understand to whom her heart belongs. While the King then presses her with ever renewed words of love and admiration, the emotion of love thus stirred within her pours itself forth in words addressed to her lover far away. In the intensity of her feelings, she imagines she sees him come from afar to her prison, she hears his words meant for her (Chaps. 2:8f; 4:7f; 5:2f), and in a dream seeks for him by night in the streets (Chaps. 3:1f; 5:2f). Even the prospect of becoming the favorite wife of the splendid monarch cannot shake her fidelity to her absent lover, and even when the King imagines he

has gained his point she remains firm, and refuses to entertain the idea of allowing anyone to enjoy her love but the object of her heart's affections (Chaps. 3:6 and 5:8). A last attempt of Solomon to win her heart fails (Chaps. 6 and 7). Finally, the King gives her back her liberty, and in her home in union with her beloved shepherd she finds the consummations of her happiness. The song reaches its ideal and goal in the impassioned eulogium on pure, true love, in Chapter 6:8."

The plain language of the Song of Songs does not suggest that it is other than the glorification of human love, and the wonder is that it ever found its way into the Canon of Sacred Scripture. This would indeed have been impossible had not those responsible for admitting it into the Bible been obsessed with the allegorical interpretation of Scripture. They wrested the natural interpretation of this exquisite love poem into an allegory of the love existing between Jehovah and his people, while the evil minded find in it the licentiousness of an eastern seraglio.

Sufficient inducement to the allegorical interpretation was supplied by Scripture itself; for, at least since the time of the prophet Hosea, the representation of the Covenant between Jehovah

and his people under the figure of the relation between husband and wife had become frequent and popular. The true inspiration of the book, and the real reason why it should be in the Bible, is because the love between man and woman is holy and divine. That a poet took this for his theme is, indeed, the highest proof that he was really inspired. His theme is the love of the "only man and only woman" for each other, and not the polygamy of eastern and western harems.

THE ALLEGORICAL INTERPRETATION

According to the paraphrase of the Targums, the poem portrays the history of Israel from the Exodus to the redemption and glorification in the Messianic times, when the full and final union of Jehovah with his people shall be realized. The roots of this interpretation can be found in prophetic literature, such as the three first chapters of Hosea, second and third chapters of Jeremiah, Ezekiel 16, and Isaiah 50:1 and 54:5f. But this explanation puts difficulties in the way of the natural interpretation of the poem which deals with earthly love, and in parts is the product of erotic poetry. The consciousness of this had not been lost by the Jews. It was felt by them that one must have the ripeness

of religious and moral insight and strength in order to understand the song not in a false and morally pernicious manner. The Jewish regulations, reported by Origen and Jerome, was that no one was to read the poem until he was thirty years of age; while its dramatic rendition in "The Daughter of Hiram Abif" portrays the supreme passion and love of man and woman without bringing a blush to the cheek of the purest maiden.

THE DAUGHTER OF HIRAM ABIF

For dramatic purposes, and in justice to the known character of King Solomon, one fatal defect in the poem is that no motive is assigned that is sufficient, to those who know the love affairs of eastern despots, to make him surrender the Shulammite and return her to her home.

In "The Daughter of Hiram Abif" this motive is found in the strong ties of commercial and personal friendship, and the solemn and binding oath of Brotherhood existing between Solomon, King Hiram of Tyre, and Hiram Abif, the father of the Shulammite, and Cleonthes.

The Song of Songs is the only book in the Bible where the name of God is linked with the master passion of human love.

The king tries to win the maiden's love and

place her in his harem with the other court ladies or, as they are called, "daughters of Jerusalem." Notwithstanding all the blandishment of King Solomon; the glittering allurements of the palace, city, and court life; wealth, fame, and dazzling glory; the offer of queenship; she remains unflinchingly loyal to her shepherd lover, even after imprisonment and threat of death.

Through it all she remains chaste, pure, undazzled and unbought, crying out in every temptation, "my beloved is mine, and I am his;" and in every victory says, "I adjure you by the roes and hinds of the fields, that you stir not up nor waken love until it please."

In this poem the romance of love has its home and birth in the bosom of God, "whose flashes are flashes of fire, the very flame of the Lord." In its naturalness, intensity, and passion it is the greatest love poem ever written.

HIRAM, KING OF TYRE, AND HIRAM ABIF, THE WIDOW'S SON

The Account in Kings

II Sam. v, ii. I Kings v, 7, 13-46. ix, 10-14, and ix, 26-28.

The Account in Chronicles

I Chron. xiv, 1. II Chron. ii. viii, 1-2. viii, 17-18; II Chron. ix, 21-22.

HIRAM KING OF TYRE

Hiram, King of Tyre, was contemporary with David and Solomon. We first hear of Hiram when he sends an embassy to David after the conquest of Jerusalem, and provided him the artisans and materials for the building of his palace. (II Sam. v, 11 and I Chron. xiv, 1)

On the accession of Solomon messengers were

again sent to the Israelitish court, doubtless to offer congratulations to the new king. (I Kings v, 11)

A treaty was concluded between the two kingdoms, in accordance with which Hiram supplied cedar trees and fir trees from Lebanon, together with skilled workmen for the building of the temple. In return, Solomon paid a yearly tribute of 20,000 cors of wheat and 20,000 baths of pure oil (after the reading of the Septuagent, II Chron. and Josephus; the Hebrew gives 20 cors of oil, I Kings v, 6-11). At the end of twenty years "wherein Solomon had built the two houses, the house of the Lord and the King's house," he presented Hiram with twenty cities in the land of Galilee. The gift, however failed to please king Hiram, who called them the land of *Cabul*, which means *worth nothing* (I Kings ix, 13), though in return he made Solomon a present of 120 talents of gold (I Kings ix, 10-14).

The friendly relations between the two monarch were further strengthened by their combined trading operations: for "the king (Solomon) had at sea a navy of Tarshish with the navy of Hiram: once every three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver,

ivory, and apes, and peacocks" (I Kings x, 22, II Chron. xix, 21). In addition to this we are told expressly that the sailors of Solomon's merchant vessels trading between Ezion-Geber (at the top of the gulf of Akabah on the Red Sea) and Ophir were accompanied by Hiram's servants, "shipmen that had knowledge of the sea" (I Kings ix, 26-28, II Chron. viii, 17-18) and were well acquainted with the route to Ophir (I Kings x, 11).

In the book of Chronicles the account of Solomon's dealing with Hiram (II Chron. 2:3f) the yearly tribute paid by the former is increased to "20,000 measures of beaten wheat, and 20,000 measures of barley, and 20,000 baths of wine and 20,000 baths of oil," and is applied to the maintenance of the Tyrian workmen.

This statement seems due to some confusion on the part of the Chronicler. Probably a certain quantity of wheat and oil was supplied to the Tyrian court, and a similar contribution of barley, wine, and oil handed over to "the hewers that cut timber." The Book of Kings only mentions the former payment, which the Chronicler incorrectly combines with a second statement (apparently obtained from another source) relating to the work people only. A more striking discrepancy between the two accounts occurs

at II Chron. 8:1-2, where the Chronicler, who ignores the present of gold made by Hiram to Solomon (I Kings 9:14) refers to the cities of Galilee as if they had been presented to Solomon by Hiram. The omission, as well as the contradiction of the statement of I Kings 9:11f, is probably due to the desire of the Chronicler to bring the history more into conformity with the views of his own age. According to the latter conception it would be as improbable that Solomon, with all his fabulous riches, should receive gold from Hiram, as that he should present Israelitish cities to a foreign monarch.

HIRAM ABIF

Hiram was the artificer procured by King Solomon from Tyre for the purpose of casting the various vessels and ornaments of brass for the temple (I Kings vii, 19f: according to II Chron. ii, 13, he was also "skillful to work in gold and in silver . . . in iron, in stone, and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen, and in crimson"). The more important of his works were the two pillars of brass, the molten sea and the twelve oxen, the ten bases and the ten lavers, all of brass, beside the vessels of brass required for the temple service. Accord-

ing to I Kings vii his mother was a widow woman of the tribe of Naphthali, and his father a Tyrian brass worker.

The Chronicler, however describes him as "Horam Abi" (the word *Abi* is usually taken in the sense of "master," a title of respect and distinction, as in Genesis iv, 20-22 and xxxv 8) the son of a woman of the daughters of Dan (II Chron. ii, 13f). It is probable that the Chronicler has here preserved the truer account; the latter portion of the name was omitted as unintelligible to the author of Kings. He further suggests that the dislike felt by the editor of Kings to the idea of the temple being built by a half-Phoenician, caused him to insert the words "a widow of the tribe of Naphthali." Josephus describes him as of the tribe of Naphthali on his mother's side, his father being Ur of the stock of Israel. (Ant. VIII iii, 4.)

THE MASONIC TRADITION OF HIRAM ABIF

There is no character in the annals of Freemasonry whose life is so dependent on tradition as the celebrated architect of King Solomon's Temple. Profane history is entirely silent in respect to his career, and the sacred records supply us with only very unimportant items. To fill up the space between his life and his death, we are necessarily compelled to resort to those oral legends which have been handed down from the ancient Masons to their successors.

When King Solomon was about to build a temple to Jehovah, the difficulty of obtaining a skilful workman to superintend and to execute the architectural part of the undertaking was such that he found it necessary to request his friend and ally, Hiram, King of Tyre, the use of some of his most able builders; for the Tyrians and Sidonians were celebrated artists, and at that time were admitted to be the best mechanics in the world. Hiram willingly com-

plied with his request, and dispatched to his assistance an abundance of men and material, to be employed in the construction of the temple, and among the former, a distinguished artist, to whom was given the superintendence of all the workmen, both Jews and Tyrians, and who was in possession of all the skill and learning that were required to carry out, in the most efficient manner, all the plans and designs of the King of Israel.

Of this artist, whom Freemasons recognize sometimes as Hiram the Builder, sometimes as the Widow's Son, but more commonly as Hiram Abif, who increased that knowledge by assiduous study and constant intercourse with the artisans of Tyre, who were greatly distinguished for their attainments in architecture. Tyre was one of the principal seats of the Dionysiach fraternity of artificers, a society engaged exclusively in the construction of edifices, and living under a secret organization, which was subsequently imitated by the Operative Freemasons. Of this association, it is not unreasonable to suppose that Hiram Abif was a member, and that on arriving at Jerusalem he introduced among the Jewish workmen the same exact system of discipline which he had found of so much advantage in the Dionysiac associa-

tions at home, and thus gave, under the sanction of King Solomon, a peculiar organization to the Masons who were engaged in building the Temple.

On arrival of this celebrated artist at Jerusalem, which was in the year B. C. 1012, he was at once received into the intimate confidence of Solomon, and was intrusted with the superintendence of all the workmen, both Tyrians and Jews, who were engaged in the construction of the building. He received the title of "Principal Conductor of Works" an office which, previous to his arrival, had been filled by Adoniram, and, according to Masonic tradition, formed with Solomon and King Hiram of Tyre, his ancient patron, the Supreme Council of Grand Masters, in which everything was determined in relation to the construction of the edifice and the government of the workmen.

According to the most consistent systems and the general course of the traditions, there were three Grand Masters at the building of the Temple, of whom Hiram Abif was one, and hence in our Lodges he always receives the title of a Grand Master. We may, however, reconcile the assertion of Anderson, that he was sometimes a Deputy Grand Master, and sometimes a Senior Grand Warden, by supposing that the

three Grand Masters were, among the Craft, possessed of equal authority, and held in equal reverence, while among themselves there was an acknowledged subordination of station and power. But in no way can the assertion be explained that he was at any time a Senior Grand Warden, which would be wholly irreconcilable with the symbolism of the Temple. In the mythical Master's Lodge, supposed to have been held in the Temple, and the only one ever held before its completion, at which the three Grand Masters alone were present, the office of Junior Warden is assigned to Hiram Abif.

According to Masonic tradition, which is in part supported by scriptural authority, Hiram was charged with all the architectural decorations and interior embellishments of the building. He cast the various vessels and implements that were to be used in the religious service of the Temple, as well as the pillars that adorned the porch, selecting as the most convenient and appropriate place for the scene of his operations, the clay grounds which extend between Succoth and Zaredatha.

In allusion to these labors of taste and skill displayed by the widow's son, it is said, that while the *wisdom* of Solomon contrived the

fabric, and the *strength* of King Hiram's wealth and power supported the undertaking, it was adorned by the *beauty* of Hiram Abif's curious and cunning workmanship.

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