

Social Hymns

“The Religion of the New Moral World consists in the unceasing practice of promoting the happiness of every man, woman, and child, to the greatest extent in our power. without regard to their class, sect, party, country, or colour.”

54.

*Come, let us join and sing,
Each in a joyful mood,
And make this temple ring
In songs to all that’s good;
And let our tongues true love proclaim,
And chant the honours of its fame.*

*Here in this spacious house
Our joyful hearts have met;
Here paid our willing vows,
And felt our union sweet.
For this our tongues true love proclaim,
And chant the honours of its fame.*

*The truth, like ointment shed,
Hath breathed a choice perfume;
The light and darkness spread,
Our minds doth all illumine;*

*For this our tongues true love proclaim,
And chant the honours of its fame.*

*Now may we dwell in peace,
The pilgrim’s sure defence;
And may our love increase,
Till death shall call us hence;
And e’en in death we’ll love proclaim,
And chant the honours of its fame.*

56

*“How sweet the breath of evening mild
Distils with fragrant dew!”
How sweetly through the chequer’d cloud
The moonlight breaks to view!*

*Sweet as the dew from heaven descends,
May virtue pure instil,
Her precepts chaste upon my soul –
Free me from human ill.*

*Then, bright as yonder silver moon,
My thought no gloom shall know,
But, freed from guilt, my conscious soul,
Will warm delight shall glow.*

*May I be taught by such a creed
To seek the good of all;
And, as its letters all can read,
May each obey the call.*

*Then, brethren, let us timely haste,
To quit this scene of fear,
And on some spot amid the waste
Our social mansion rear.*

*That wheresoe'er the moonlight shines,
A brother may be found;
Where'er the dew on earth descends,
Be consecrated ground.*

*So shall the millions in distress
A beacon lighted see,
Will guide their steps to happiness
And sweet community.*

74.

*Come, brethren, let us timely haste,
And leave this wretched state,
Where millions their existence waste
In discord, strife and hate.*

*Here poverty and toil review
With wealth contrasted wide;
Here crimes and woes of darkest hue
Abound on ev'ry side.*

*Here charity – each social tie,
Is frozen into stone;
Man looks on man with iron eye,
And feels for self alone.*