

"The Old Masters Wages"

I met a dear old man today,
Who wore a Masonic pin.
It was old and faded like the man,
It's edges were worn quite thin.

I approached the park bench where he sat,
To give the old brother his due.
I said, "I see you've traveled east".
He said, "I have, have you."

I said, "I have, and in my day
Before the all seeing sun,
I played in the rubble, with Jubala
Jubalo and Jubalum."

He shouted, "don't laugh at the work my son,
It's good and sweet and true,
And if you've traveled as you said,
You should give these things their due."

The word, the sign the token,
The sweet Masonic prayer,
The vow that all have taken,
Who've climbed the inner stair.

The wages of a Mason,
are never paid in gold,
but the gain comes from contentment,
when you're weak and growing old.

You see, I've carried my obligations,
For almost fifty years.
It has helped me through the hardships
and the failures full of tears.

Now I'm losing my mind and body,
Death is near but I don't despair.
I've lived my life upon the level,
And I'm dying upon the square.

Sometimes the greatest lessons
Are those that are learned anew,
And the old man in the park today
has changed my point of view.

To all Masonic brothers,
The only secret is to care.
May you live your life upon the level,
May you part upon the square.