



"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.*