



Province of East Lancashire

The Closing Poem

For a Craft Lodge



The Closing of a Lodge

With the closing of the Volume and the opening of a door,
Think not this Lodge has ended, think what has gone before.
Remember all those worthy men who as apprentice came,
And who developed love and skill and worked in friendship's name.

When you take up the Working Tools too gently put aside,
Think not their work has ended, think how they were applied.
Remember well the lessons taught, to craftsmen tried and true,
Of Masons worthy of the name and aprons white and blue.

When your Tracing Boards are covered and the Columns laid at rest,
Think not their teaching ended, think more a message blessed.
Remember the special meaning to Master Masons all,
Of birth and life and learning and waiting for the call.

With the sounding of the gavel and as the lights at last go out
Think not your Lodge has ended, dispel all lingering doubt,
Master, Wardens, Brethren, remember as you depart,
That _____ Lodge will live forever, in every Masons' heart.

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