

A Masons Tale

We turn up at the lodge
in dlibs and drabs,
all dressed up
like Doner Kebabs.

We can't get in
past the man on the door,
"Tha needs a password
to get onto the floor.

I search my mind for
what he's looking for,
and he gracefully turns
to open the door.

Having entered the lodge,
which was a great feat!
I look all around
to find myself a seat.

I am looking forward
to the night ahead,
as the 3rd degree
is about to be said.

We are honoured to have reps,
from the Lodge so Grand,
adding a buzz to the room
like a lively Brass Band.

The Master Waves his Gavel
and proudly brings it down,
then silence is Golden
as peace moves around.

The Lodge is open
with grand acclaim,
we all salute the Master
in accordance with his fame.

The minutes are read
from the previous meet,
decisions are made
that work just a treat.

The ceremony starts
It's all quite dramatic,
and no one in the room
is allowed to be static.

We are all up and down
until it comes to an end,
a new Mason emerges
to become a new friend.

The lodge is closed
with great aplomb,
the festive board starts
for us all to carry on.

The guests are thanked
And we are all stuffed,
Full of food and friendship
and for that we are chuffed

So, thanks to the Masons
for all that you do,
fulfilling good deeds
and
allowing me, to come to you.

Bro Arthur Cassidy