

The Old Master's 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 and 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, jubilo, and jubalum.

He said 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 work, the sign, the token,
The sweet Masonic prayer.
The vow that you have taken
You have 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 50 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 on 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 my Masonic brothers
The only secret is to care
May you live upon the level
And depart upon the square.

