

“The Lamb Skin”

It is not ornamental, the cost is not great,
There are other things far more useful, yet truly I state,
Tho’ of all my possessions, there’s none can compare,
With the white leather apron, which all Masons wear.

As a young lad, I wondered just what it all meant,
When dad hustled around, and so much time was spent,
On shaving and dressing and looking just right,
Until mother would say: “It’s the Masons tonight”.

And some winters nights she’d say: “What makes you go,
Way up there tonight, thru’ the sleet and the snow?
You see the same things every month of the year.”
Then dad would reply: “Yes, I know it my dear”.

“Forty years I have seen the same thing, it is true,
And though they are old, they always seem new,
For the hands that I clasp, and the friends that I greet,
Seem a little bit close each time we meet.”

Years later, I stood at that very same door,
With good men and true, who had entered before.
I knelt at the alter, and there I was taught,
That virtue and honour can never be bought.

That spotless white lambskin all Masons revere,
If worthily worn, grows more precious each year,
That service to others, brings blessings untold,
That man may be poor, tho’ surrounded by gold.

I learned that true brotherhood flourishes there,
That enmities fad ‘neath the compass and square,
That wealth and position are all thrust aside,
As, there on the level, men meet and abide.

So honour the lambskin, may it always remain,
Forever unblemished, and free from all stain,
And when we are all called, to the Great Father’s love,
May we all take our place, in that Lodge up above.