

A Masonic Christmas Poem

'Twas the night before Christmas at Freemason's Hall
Where the Lodge was busy and the orders were tall;
Reams from Grand Lodge, a notice of motion,
A ballot or two and a pause for devotion
To brethren departed of the months gone before,
Plus a candidate who would soon walk the floor.

Our own Junior Warden, when facing the crunch
Said "Let's call off and all go for lunch".
The Master replied, as Masters all do,
Intoned in a voice reserved for the few
"Before we partake of fellowship there,
Is a summons to read and a ballot to clear –
Not to mention the candidate quaking with dread
At the stories of whether the goat has been fed".

The Master, exhorting the brethren to work,
With a firm grip on the gavel, turned with a jerk
To the Secretary, putting shine to each lens,
Polishing both to a lustre, and reached for his pens.

"It's half past the hour", the Master then winced
At the stuff left to do, and remained unconvinced
That the evening would go as smoothly as hoped
Since he'd gone to the trouble of "feeding the goat"
"Though the ballot's behind us and notice is gone,
Grand Lodge is finished, but the work still goes on."

The Inner guard knew, as the Tyler did too,
That knock, knock, knock was the right thing to do.
Sidebenchers slept soundly and were only stirred
When a crack of the candidate's knuckles were heard.
The slight groan that penetrated lips pursed
Appeared to the Deacon as just a light curse.

Onward they travel, the guide and the man,
Seeking truth and enlightenment wherever they can.
The secrets were given, the grip and the token
Obligations were offered, the words then were spoken.
Though never, not once, was one heard to gloat
As the Entered Apprentice never did meet the goat.

The evening now ended, the candidate clear,
Junior Warden entreats from the south us to hear.
The oath we looked forward to right from the start
"Happy to meet, and sorry to part".

Christmas had come to the members that night
As men came together under the light
Giving freely of time as a labour of love
As they bent to the task of the Most High above.

To Stewards, to Deacons, the Tyler and Guard,
The Wardens, the Master, who all work so hard,
To Past Masters steady, sidebenchers too
To Treasurer, Chaplain, the D of C who
Help carry the Lodge, year in and year out
To your family extended, a warm Christmas time
Thank the G.A.O.T.U, we've run out of rhyme !