

A wonderful piece from the Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Minnesota.
He wrote this in 1979

The Old Masters Wages'

by Neil Neddermeyer

I meet a dear old man today
Who wore a Masonic pin,
It was old and faded like the man
Its edges were worn quite thin

I approached the park bench where he sat
To give the old brother his do
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 shouted, don't laugh at the work my boy
It's good and it's sweet and it's true
And if you've traveled as you said
You should give these things a due.

The word, the sign, the token,
The sweet Masonic prayer,
The vow that all have taken
Who 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