

THE LAMB SKIN

Author unknown

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 that 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 Mason's tonight."

And some winter nights she said: "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, my dear.

Forty years I have seen the same things, it is true.
And although they are old, they always seem new,
For the hands that I clasp, and the friends that I greet,
Seem a little bit closer each time that we meet."

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

That the 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 fade' neath the compass and square,
That wealth and position are thrust aside,
As there on the level men meet and abide.

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

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