



Closing Ode

Now the evening shadows closing.
Warn from toil to peaceful rest;
Mystic arts and rights reposing
Sacred in each faithful breast.

God of Light, whose love unceasing
Doth to all Thy works extend,
Crown our Order with Thy blessing,
Build,-sustain us to the end.

Humbly now we bow before Thee,
Grateful for Thy aid divine;
Everlasting power and glory,
Mighty Architect! be Thine.

So mote it be