



The Tyler's Toast

"Are your glasses charged in the West and South", the Worshipful Master cries.
"They're charged in the West!" "They're charged in the South!" are the Wardens' prompt replies.
Then to our final Toast tonight, your glasses fairly drain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

The Mason's social Brotherhood around the festive board,
Reveals a wealth more precious far, than the miser's hoard.
They freely share the priceless stores, that generous hearts contain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

We work like Masons free and true, and when our task is done,
A merry song, a cheering glass is not unduly won.
And only at our farewell pledge is pleasure touched with pain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

Amidst our mirth we drink to all poor Masons o'er the World,
On every shore our flag of love is gloriously unfurled.
We prize each Brother, fair or dark, who bears no moral stain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

We Masons prize that noble truth, the Scottish peasant told,
That rank is but a guinea stamp: The man himself the gold.
With us the rich and poor unite, and equal rights maintain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

Dear brethren of the mystic tie, the night is waning fast
Our duty's done, the feast is o'er, this toast must be our last.
Good night, Good night, once more once more, repeat the farewell strain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.