



The Worshipful Master's Song

We may toast in the Craft one another,
And challenge our Friends, South and West,
But the toast above all is our Brother,
Who rules and presides o'er the rest.
The blood in our veins flows the faster,
As the toast is proposed loud and free,
Of our excellent Worshipful Master,
For a jolly good Mason is he.

CHORUS

*Here's a health to our Worshipful Master,
Whose actions are all on the square,
May the Great Architect,
Guide, Rule and Protect,
And prosper the Craft everywhere.*

Though we greet him with hearty ovation,
As monarch o'er all he surveys,
We must help him on ev'ry occasion,
His banner Masonic to raise,
Our love and obedience require him,
Our zeal in the cause give him bliss,
And our harmonies ever delight him,
With a chorus as friendly as this

Here's a health, etc.

At the sound of his voice or his gavel,
Let smiling attention prevail,
None dreaming to carp or to cavil,
But cheerfully utter "all hail!"
May his year be a season of gladness,
His cup and his cupboard be full,
And our way to ward off care and sadness
Is with him together to pull.

Here's a health, etc.