

MY INITIATION

I heard three knocks at the Temple door
And then it was opened wide.
I felt the grip of a Mason's hand
As I slowly passed inside.

I was lowered on bended knees,
As a prayer was said for me,
And then I was helped to pass around
For the Brethren all to see.

All to me was like black of night,
As my leader took me round,
And my racing heart I heard more clear
Than the organs solemn sound.

My faltering footstep here and there
Were halted on my way,
As several questions were put to me
As I struggled not to sway.

Then moving on I took three steps
And again I had to kneel
Whilst my left hand pressed a compass point
For my naked breast to feel.

With my right resting on The Law
I took my obligation
And I swore I'd be a Mason true
At my initiation.

Some word were said which I could not hear
Though wishing that I could see,
Then after a knock that echoed wide
My sight was restored to me.

I shall not tell more of what I saw
Or much of what was spoken
But I saw the sign and heard the word
And felt the Masons token.

Ill tell you this that I heard a charge
(Which later I learned by heart)
As it told me all that a man should do
As a Mason, from the start.

It matters not if You Pass the Chair
Or reach the highest station,
The best event in a Mason's life
Is his initiation.