

WHAT MAKES A MAN A MASON?

- By George M. Free

What makes a man a Mason, O brother of mine?

It isn't the due guard, nor is it the sign,
It isn't the jewel which hangs on your breast,
It isn't the apron in which you are dressed,
It isn't the step, nor the token, nor the grip,
Nor lectures that fluently flow from the lip,
Nor yet the possession of that mystic word,
On five points of fellowship duly conferred,
Though these are essential, desirable, fine,
They don't make a Mason, O brother of mine.

That you to your sworn obligation are true,
'Tis that, brother mine, makes a Mason of you.
Secure in your heart you must safeguard and trust,
With lodge and with brother be honest and just,
Assist the deserving who cry in their need,
Be chaste in your thought, in your word and your deed.
Support he who falters, with hope banish fear,
And whisper advice in an erring one's ear.
Then will the Great Lights on your path brightly shine,
And you'll be a Mason, O brother of mine.

Your use of life's hours by the gauge you must try,
The gavel of vices with courage apply;
Your walk must be upright, as shown by the plumb,
On the level, to bourn whence no travelers come,

The Book of your faith be the rule and the guide,
The compass your passions shut safely inside;
The stone which the Architect placed in your care
Must pass the strict test of His unerring square.
And then you will meet with approval divine,
And you'll be a Mason, O brother of mine.