

'Twas nigh afore Christmas at the Freemason's Hall,
(Civil Services' regular), the order was tall;
Reams from Grand Lodge, a notice of motion,
A ballot or two and a pause for devotion
To brethren departed of the year '94,
Plus a candidate who would soon walk the floor.

Our own Junior Warden, when faced with the crunch
Said, "Let's all call off and go upstairs for lunch."
The Master replied, as Masters all do,
Intoned in a voice reserved for the few,
"Before we partake of the fellowship there
Is the summons to read and a ballot to clear.
Not to mention the candidate, he's quaking with
dread,
At the stories of whether the goat has been fed."

The Master, exhorting the brethren to work,
Firm grip on the gavel, he turned with a jerk
To the Secretary, putting a shine to each lens,
Polished both to a lustre and reached for his pens.

"It's half past the hour", the Master then winced
At the things left to do and remained unconvinced
That the evening would go as smooth as he'd hoped,
(Since he'd gone to the trouble of feeding the goat.)
"Though the ballot's behind us, the notice is gone,
Grand Lodge is finished, the work still goes on."

The Inner Guard knew as the Tyler did too,
That knock, knock and knock was the right thing to
do.
Side-benchers slept soundly and only were stirred,
When the crack of the candidate's knuckles was
heard.
The slight groan that penetrated lips that were
pursed,
Appeared to the Deacon as just a light curse.

Onward they travel, the guide and the man,
Seeking truth and enlightenment wherever they can.
The secrets were given, the grip and the token,
Obligation was offered, the words then were spoken.
Though never, not once, was one heard to gloat,
As the Entered Apprentice never did meet the goat.

The evening now ended, the candidate clear,
Junior Warden entreats from the South us to hear
The oath we look forward to right from the start -
"Happy to meet and sorry to part."

'Twas the Night Before (A Masonic) Christmas



Christmas had come to Civil Service that night,
As men came together under the light.
Giving freely of time as a labour of love,
As we bent to the task of the Most High above.

To Stewards, to Deacons, the Tyler, the 'Guard
The Wardens, the Master, who all work so hard,
To Past Masters steady, Side-benchers too
To Treasurer, Chaplain, the D. of C. who
Help carry the Lodge, year in and year out
Season's greeting to you and without a doubt,
To your family extended, a warm Christmas
time.
Thank the G.A.O.T.U. we've run out of rhyme!

With Apologies to Clement C. Moore