

The Masonic Ring

A poem

Those men who help my dad each day,
They wear those Mason rings.
A Square and Compass set in gold,
The praise of which I sing.

My dad, he hurt his back you know,
One cold and wintery day.
He slipped and fell upon the ice,
The insurance would not pay.

And since that time those rings I see,
On hands that help us much.
With mowing lawns and hauling trash,
Each day my heart they touch.

They even built a house for me,
Amid our backyard tree.
Where all the neighbor kids,
Would play with laughter full of glee.

My Mom she cried from happiness,
The time the Masons came.
To aid our family in distress,
Without a thought of gain.

And when I'm big, just like my dad,
Of this it must be told.
I want to wear a ring like his,
A Square and Compass gold.

Long years have passed since when
My dad was in that plaster cast.
And since I swore that Solemn Oath,
Which unites us to the last.

But more than that I'm proud to say,
I wear his Mason ring.
The one dad wore for many years,
Until his death this spring.

And one last time his comrades came,
To aid my weeping mother.
They praised and bid a fond farewell,
To our fallen Brother.

And after which MY son did ask,
About their Aprons white.
And of the rings upon their hands.
Of gold so shiny bright.

With tearful eyes I said with pride,
They're men of spirit pure.
Those men who wear those Mason rings,
Of that you can be sure.

And before he went to bed that night,
The family he foretold.
Someday I'll wear a ring like dad's,
A Square and Compass gold.

[Author Unknown](#)