

In MASON'S lodge with darkened eyes,  
And cable-tow about me,  
I swore to hail all mysteries,  
That Masons keep and Mason's Prize;  
All brothers' secrets whispered low,  
All words they speak and things they do,  
In mystic manner taught me.

On yonder book, that oath I took,  
And I will break it never;  
I'll stand by this, and this, and this,  
Forever and forever.  
I swore to answer and obey  
All summons made me duly,  
By brother hand or lodge array;

I swore that I would never stray  
From ancient laws and rules that bound  
Freemasons, in the day renowned,  
But would observe them truly.  
I'll stand by this, and this, and this,  
Forever and forever.

I swore in charity to care,  
For all in sorrow hidden;  
My brother on the darkened square,  
His widow with dishevelled hair,  
His sorrowing orphan, doomed to stray  
Upon a long and desolate way  
While tears gush forth unbidden,  
I'll stand by this, and this, and this,  
Forever and Forever.

I swore to deal in honesty,  
With each true heart around me;  
That honor bright, should always be  
Unbroken bond 'twixt him and me;  
Nor guile, nor wrong, nor cruel fraud,  
Should break, or loose that holy cord  
With which my vows have bound me.  
I'll stand by this, and this, and this,  
Forever and forever.

# Vows

I swore the chastity to shield  
Of women true and tender;  
Of Mason's widow, wife and child,  
His mother, sister undefiled;  
Those pure and innocent, whose love  
Makes Masons' homes like heaven above,  
I am the sworn defender.  
I'll stand by this, and this, and this,  
Forever and forever.

I swore to guard the portals close  
To the Masonic Temple;  
To purge the quarries of their dross,  
To build the mystic walls of those  
In body perfect, honest heart,  
And mind mature in moral art,  
By precept and example.  
I'll stand by this, and this, and this,  
Forever and forever.

These were our vows; be these our care,  
And may such light be given,  
In answer to our earnest prayer,  
That we may always do and dare  
All that God's gracious laws enjoin:  
And so, as life's last shades decline  
We may be found in HEAVEN.

On yonder book those vows we took,  
And let us break them never;  
Let's stand by this, and this, and this,  
Forever and forever.

\* —Anon

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*(While this poem is often attributed to Bro. Rob Morris, the librarian of the Library of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts has been unable to find it in any of his collected writings).*

*Copied from "Some Masonic Poems for use of Iowa Masons," published by the Iowa Masonic Library, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1961, pp. 90-91.*