

Absent Brethren

When you're seated at the table,
With your Brothers, fit and able;
And after Lodge you meet to wine and dine;
Comes that hour that means the most,
When you drink that **special** toast, —
Do you think of them, just once a month at nine?

If you're always hale and hearty,
Life and soul of every party;
There's a little something you can surely do.
Would, perhaps, it not be kind to
Make a call, if you've a mind to,
On a Brother who's less fortunate than you?

Even if you scarcely know him,
This small kindness you can show him,
Though, to you, he may be only "What's his name".
Nonetheless he is your Brother,
Just the same as any other,
We're **all** players in that Fraternal Game.

If you could find the time to ring him,
Out of solitude you'll bring him,
As you greet him in the true Masonic way.
If depressed and sad you find him,
Help him put it all behind him,
And bring a little sunshine to his day.

So, let's toast our Absent Brothers,
Not forgetting all the others,
Assembled in that Great Grand Lodge above.
Let's not forget our Masons' creed,
Not just in thought, — but also deed,
Here's to Truth, Relief **and** Fraternal Love.

... **ABSENT BRETHREN** ...