

Closing Ode.

The home of the Grand Master of all the world,
Where the banner of love is ever unfurled,
Where the years are as countless as insects that fly,
As the birds of the air, as the fish of the sea.

Those numberless years in yon Blue Lodge above,
Where anthems are rolling mid oceans of love ;
The summer's eternal, decay is unknown
The Master invites us to sit by His Throne.

He asks us to join in a chorus of praise.
Composed by Himself, the Great Ancient of Days ;
Oh ! there let us hasten, He bids us prepare.
He bids us be clothed, He bids us be there.

