

A small collection of Tyler's Toasts

From various sources

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To all poor and distressed brethren,  
Wheresoever they may be,  
On the land, the sea or in the air.  
A speedy relief from their suffering,  
And a safe return to their native land, If they so desire.  
(Response)  
To all poor and distressed Masons.

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To all poor and distressed freemasons,
Wherever they may be,
On the land, on the sea or in the air.
A speedy relief from their afflictions,
And a safe return to their native land,
If they so desire.
(Response)
To all poor and distressed Masons.

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Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,  
Wherever, 'owever they roam.  
'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require  
A speedy return to their 'ome.

(Rudyard Kipling)

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Parting Song

'Are your glasses all charged in the West and the South?' the Worshipful Master
cried!

'All charged in the West'
'All charged in the South'

Came the Wardens' prompt reply.

Then to our final toast tonight, our glasses freely drain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

The mason's social brotherhood around the festive board,
Reveals a truth more precious far, than any miser's hoard.
We freely share the bounteous gifts, that generous hearts contain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

We meet as masons free and true, and when our work is done,
The merry song and social glass is not unduly won.
And only at our farewell pledge is pleasure mixed with pain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

Amidst our mirth we drink to all poor masons o'er the Earth,

On every shore our flag of love is gloriously unfurled.
We prize each Brother, fair or dark, who bears no moral stain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

We Masons prize that noble truth, the Scottish peasant told,
That rank is but a guinea stamp: The man himself the gold.
We meet the rich and poor alike, the equal rights maintain,
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

Dear brethren of the mystic tie, the night is waning fast,
Our work is done, our feast is o'er, this toast must be the last.
Good night to all, once more good night,
again that farewell strain,
(Response)
Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

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Pocket, heart, hand  
*(Repeat 3 times with gestures)*  
Here's to the sons of the widow  
Whenever, wherever they roam  
A speedy relief to their afflictions  
And if they desire,  
a speedy return to their home.

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To all poor and distressed Masons, wherever dispersed over the face of Earth and
Water, wishing them a speedy relief from all their sufferings, and a safe return to
their native country; should they so desire it.

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