

TYLERS TOAST

**Are your glasses charged in the West and the South,
The Worshipful Master cried,
All charged in the West, all charged in the South,
are the Wardens prompt replies.
Here's to our parting toast tonight, your glasses fairly drain,**

Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

**The Mason knows the noble truth, the Scottish peasant told,
That rank is but the guinea stamp, the man himself the gold.
Herein the rich and poor unite, and equal rights maintain,**

Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

**Dear Brethren of the mystic East, the night is waning fast
Our labours done, our feasting o'er, this toast must be our last,
Goodnight, goodnight, once more repeat that farewell strain,**

Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again.

**To all poor and distressed Brethren, wheresoever they may be,
Whether on land or the sea or in the air, a speedy relief to their
several necessities and a safe return to their native land and love
ones, if they so desire.**

To all poor and distressed Freemasons.