

WP

MIDNIGHT RIDE OF A WORTHY MATRON

*This is my only one So be sure to return it*

*Soon  
Bella*

Listen, dear people, and you shall hear,  
A story that might surprise you, I fear;  
But perhaps, on the other hand, I may be wrong,  
For all of you ~~travellers~~ have wives who belong.

ESCORTS

My wife joined an Order, it's known near and far,  
It's one of those chapters of the Eastern Star;  
At the start she was only a member at least,  
But as time marched along, she marched to the East.

A gent named Revere, you know, Paul, was his name,  
Climbed up on his horse and rode into fame;  
But the ride that my wife takes will never be known;  
The speedometer busted on the car that we own.

She leaves for her Chapter long before eight,  
I question her thus: "Will you be early or late?"  
She only replies: "Leave a light on the gate,  
You better retire, you better not wait.

It'll be one if by land, perhaps, two if by sea,  
I may have to take some friends home, don't you see?  
There's Tessie and Jessie and then there's Miss Jones,  
And she lives way out on the old farrallones."

I buy all the gas and I buy all the oil,  
I even buy tires as soon as they spoil;  
But there's one consolation, you can believe me,  
The air and the water, thank heavens, they are free.

She then leaves the house and she's on her way,  
I suppose I will see her, perhaps, the next day;  
And when I got home the following night,  
I come in so cheery and feeling real bright.

I hang up my hat, I guess I'm a chump,  
My wife is all dressed and she's on the jump;  
She leads with her left and then with her right,  
And then I find out there's an Official Visit tonight.

So into my bathrobe and slippers as well,  
The rest of the story I shouldn't tell;  
I wash all the dishes and clean up the sink,  
Then I lie down and start to think.

I stare at the ceiling, then at the wall,  
The T.V. is going but that's about all;  
The Chapter is meeting, the old man stays home,  
Not a chance in the world for him to roam.

A Conductress she was, a Matron she be,  
And when the year's over she'll come back to me;  
It's then that I am thinking, when she finally retires,  
She'll come home to stay, by the old family fires.

Masonic World

Editor's note: (Wrong again, Brother, that is only the beginning.  
Next comes Past Matrons. Still there's more to follow.)