

My Old Red Fez

*My old red fez has faded a bit,
Yet every time I look at it
I view the past thru memory's door
Scenes that will come again no more.
Voices and faces of yester-year
Thru the magic of the old red fez appear.
To remind me of joys that once were mine
And happy days with the Mystic Shrine.*

*My old red fez has faded a bit,
But that hasn't dimmed my love for it
For into that bit of old head gear
Is woven the friendship of many a year!
It knows the touch of a friendly hand,
And Symbolizes ... you understand
The things that are so good and fine
In the beloved Mystic Shrine.*

*My old red fez has faded a bit.
But still **I'm** mighty proud of it,
Proud of the things for which it stands,
The loyal hearts and willing hands,
Ready always to do their best
To meet with courage every test;
Proud of the memories that are mine
Of the Noble men of the Mystic Shrine.*

*My old red fez has faded a bit,
And some day **I'll** take leave of it
But not without a friendly smile,
For it's been mine a long, long while :
And if allowed in some future state
On earth's affairs to meditate,
Happiness will indeed be mine
As oft I think of the Mystic Shrine.*

*Here's to the red fez and the men who wore it!
May love and loyalty ever adorn it;
May the sun of good fellowship eternally shine
In the hearts of the men of the Mystic Shrine.*