

“KNOWING THE WORDS BUT NOT THE MUSIC”

Brethren, we gather not merely to rehearse the familiar syllables of our Craft, but to listen for the harmony that lies beneath them. The Lodge is more than a chamber of echoes; it is a living instrument tuned by the Great Architect Himself. Each word of our ritual is a note in that sacred composition — precise, ancient, and resonant. Yet how often do we recite the words without hearing the music? How often do we speak the language of Light without feeling its rhythm in the heart?

“The ritual is not a performance but a prayer.” To “know the words but not the music” is to stand at the threshold of wisdom and never cross. It is to hold the key but never turn it. The true Mason must learn not only to pronounce the ritual but to *inhabit* it — to let its melody shape his conduct, his conscience, and his compassion.

The Harmony of the Heart

The ritual is our grammar of the soul. Each phrase, each gesture, each symbol is a chord struck in the unseen symphony of Truth. When we utter the words without understanding, the Lodge becomes silent — though voices fill the air. But when the heart joins the tongue, the Work becomes music, and the Temple itself vibrates with meaning.

“The Apprentice learns the notes; the Master hears the harmony.” The Apprentice learns the notes; the Master hears the harmony. The Apprentice memorizes; the Master meditates. The Apprentice repeats; the Master reveals.

To know the music is to perceive the unity behind the diversity — the rhythm of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth that binds us across generations. It is to sense that every obligation is a verse in the song of service, every symbol a refrain of Light. The ritual, then, is not performance but prayer; not theatre but transformation.

Let us, therefore, seek the music in our Work — the quiet resonance that turns duty into devotion, and precision into praise. Let us listen for the still, small tone that speaks through the silence between words. For in that silence, the Great Architect conducts His masterpiece.

The Requiem of Light

Brethren, may the melody of understanding linger in our hearts. May we go forth not as reciters of words, but as singers of Truth. May the ritual we guard become the song we live — harmonious, humble, and whole.

“So mote it be.” May the Great Architect grant us ears attuned to wisdom, tongues tempered by kindness, and hearts that beat in rhythm with the eternal Music of the Craft.

And when we next open the Lodge, may our words rise not as mere sound, but as praise — a hymn of Light offered in unity and love.

Footnote

1. *Book of Constitutions*, Grand Lodge of Canada in the Province of Ontario.
2. *Communiqué of the Grand Master*, Most Worshipful Brother Donald A. Campbell.
3. *Handbook of Freemasonry*, introductory reflections on ritual and meaning.