

WHEN BADGE GROWS OLD

*We've slipped the bandage from your eyes,
We've drawn aside the veil
That hides our sacred mysteries
From men beyond our pale;
And now upon your glad young breast
We place a pin of gold—
You can not know how richly blest
Till this new badge grows old.*

*How brightly in this mystic gloom
Its letters shine for you,
While now within our chapter room
Each eager dream comes true;
Full many a dream shall drop to dust
And many a hope lie cold;
But you shall find no hint of rust
When this new badge grows old.*

*This badge proclaims the newest part
Of all our endless line,
As hand to hand and heart to heart
We form the eternal sign;
Grip tight the links of this dear chain,
God grant they long may hold;
You can not make such friends again
When this new badge grows old.*

*This little hour of happiness
Shall light your future way
Through years whose course we can
But guess, from promise of today.
Unreckoned now some happy boy
May watch your name enrolled
And wear his father's pin with joy,
When this new badge grows old.*

*Then close together, hand to hand
And heart to heart—for, Oh!
Tonight you can not understand—
But some day you shall know.
So now upon your glad young breast
We place this pin of gold;
God give you only of his best
When this new badge grows old.*

—Charles Field Kellog.