A
MASON TAKES A WIFE

A Mock Wedding for
Eastern Star Entertainment

by
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O. E. S. GRAND
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NOTE: This comedy offers opportunity for make-up and costume. The wedding party: bride, groom, preacher, etc., will be made up for comedy effect. In addition, the "special guests" may be costumed and introduced as popular movie stars. The escorting of these costumed guests to their seats makes for a hilarious opening, but it is not essential. If it is desired to work with a small cast and to shorten the entertainment, all reference to the "special guests" may be omitted.
The Master or Mistress of Ceremonies goes to the East and gavels for attention:

M.C.: Sisters and Brothers of the Star, We're gathered in this room To see a wedding rite performed— To see a Bride and Groom. The Groom is brave and handsome, A MASON to the core. No fear that HE will run away; He can't get out the door! The blissful Bride is happy, too, Her Mother wept and cried! And for a happy man—Behold!! The FATHER of the Bride! This is, indeed, a perfect match— A pair beyond compare! The bride-to-be is beautiful, And glamorous and fair. And she can cook—most anything— That comes inside a can. The Bride has everything desired! And the Bridegroom—is—a man! Now to witness this historic And romantical event, Here come the special guests to whom The invitations went!

After "guests" are all introduced and seated the M.C. will gavel for attention and say:

M.C.: (sternly) I'd like a little dignity, While the nuptial knot is tied. Don't you dare to scare the bridegroom! And don't whistle at the bride! And now, without ado or fuss, Or any more delay I'll call upon the Organist To get this under way. The Organist starts the wedding march – the Preacher steps forward, the Groom and the best man take positions, the soloist sings and the bride and her escort march down the aisle.

WEDDING MARCH

SOLOIST: Here comes the Bride! Bursting with pride. She's grabbed a MASON, And Lord, how she tried!
Pining is past!
Got him at last!
And she will soon have him,
Tied hard and fast!

Maiden victorious! You've got him now!
Maid bright and glorious, — now take a bow!

The Soloist continues, but now dolefully:

SOLOIST: There stands the Groom—
Head bowed in gloom.
All hope departed—
He's trapped in the room.

Pity the Groom,
Pale as the tomb.
Dressed in his black suit,
Awaiting his doom!

When all are in position the Preacher will say:

PREACHER: (pompously)
I am the Preacher,
I am he
Who takes two people,
Happy, free—
And ties them fast,
On this very spot.
Yea—tie them—
With a nuptial knot.
By my words a miracle is done!
They enter—two—
They leave here—one!!

BRIDESMAID: Which one?
BEST MAN: Yes, which one? (belligerently)
BRIDE: (to groom—simperingly)
You shall be my King, dear love!
GROOM: (adoringly) I'll worship at your feet, sweet dove!
PREACHER: Cease, cease. Such sweet words meaneth naught.
Wait till some battles you have fought!
BRIDE: But—
GROOM: But—but—
PREACHER: Stop "butting" fools, forbear.
You'll "But" enough within a year, I swear.
Now to business—
Who gives away this blooming treasure?

FATHER: I do! And brother, giving is a pleasure! What relief—when she becomes a wife! I thought that I was stuck for life.

PREACHER: (to father) I know what you mean—
(to groom) Hearken fool—

Wilt swear to live by wedded rule?

GROOM: I wilt.

PREACHER: Wilt shave each day, and wash the dishes? Wilt mind her every whim and wishes?

GROOM: I wilt.

PREACHER: Wilt agree that a husband has no rights? Wilt sit with the baby on Eastern Star nights?

GROOM: I wilt.

PREACHER: (mockingly) You wilt! You wilt! How right you are! (emphatically) For husbands with wives in the Eastern Star, Are bound to be wilted—and droopy—and sad.

GROOM: You mean?—It's hopeless?

PREACHER: BROTHER—IT'S BAD! (shakes head)
You don't realize what you're getting into.

GROOM: (heroically) I am a MASON—I'll see this thing through!!

PREACHER: (sadly) Don't say but I warned you, when all this is done. Remember (whispers) you now have your last chance to run!

GROOM: (firmly) I'll stay!! And my answer is still as before.

PREACHER: (confidentially) Give me one reason why—

GROOM: (whispers) HER BROTHER WITH SHOT GUN IS OUTSIDE THE DOOR!!

PREACHER: (to Bride) And you? Do you still take this helpless man?

BRIDE: Well he isn't so much, but the best that I can. You see, all the others, just ran—and ran—

PREACHER: (looks at bride and nods his head)
That—I can understand. 
Well, (shrugs) let's get on with this thing. 
Has anybody got the ring? 
Of course (with renewed hope) if you forgot to bring 
The ring—we might postpone—

BEST MAN: (loudly) It's here! It's here!!

PREACHER: (reprovingly) You don't have to cheer. 
When Freedom is dying we should shed a tear! 
Well—I can't stall more—and the groom won't run. 
So now (raises hands in benediction) 
Your vows have made you one, 
Lord help you both for what you've done!

(to groom) Well, good luck to you—will you have a cigar?

(to bride) Since he's a Mason, and married you are, 
Here's a petition to join the Eastern Star!!

RECESSIONAL MARCH

Tune—When Johnny Comes Marching Home

SHE'S WED TO A MASTER MASON NOW, 
SHE ARE! SHE ARE!!
AND NOW SHE CAN JOIN THE EASTERN STAR, 
HURRAH! HURRAH!!
THE MATRON CHEERS—THE SISTERS SHOUT— 
WE'LL GET A NEW PETITION OUT, 
AND WE'LL SIGN HER UP, 'CAUSE, 
SHE'S MARRIED A MASON NOW!!