Conductress:

Worthy Matron, at your installation,
And amid all the wishes galore,
Your officers now would salute you
From the stations they hold on the floor.

We know that it's most elemental
That you are just full of good fun;
You're not in the least sentimental,
And any such show you would shun.

And yet when we look at your flower,
A forget-me-not pretty and sweet,
We think of years gone with nostalgia,
And sentiment just won't delete.

And forget-me-nots also mean verses,
Like the ones in old autograph books;
They're suggestive of scenes of green pastures,
Of rivers and rills and wee brooks.

(Conductress, with autograph book, and Associate Conductress with pen approach Associate "matron and ask her to write in the book. (Each officer rises as approached, recites his verse, makes what is obviously a pretense of writing in the book, and is seated)

Associate "matron:

Down by the river,
Carved in rock,
Are these three words,
"Forget-me-not"!

Conductress:

Don't be worried about the future,
For the present is all that thou hast,
For the future will soon be present,
And the present will soon be past.

Associate Conductress:

When the golden sun is setting,
When your thoughts from care are free,
When of others you are thinking,
Won't you sometimes think of me?

Associate Patron:

Don't let chances like sunbeams slip by,
For you'll never miss water 'til the well goes dry.
Warder:
Not like the flower may our friendship wither,
But like the evergreen last forever.

Sentinel:
I sit outside the Chapter door
Until the meeting ends:
But yet my heart is ever warm,
For we're the best of friends!

Organist:
The flowers seem more fragrant,
The skies seem more blue,
The world is full of music,
Since I have known you.

Treasurer:
We cannot change yesterday, that is clear,
Nor begin on tomorrow until it is here,
So all that is left for you and me,
Is to make today as grand as it can be!

Chaplain:
When your life upon this earth is ended,
And its paths no more you trod,
May your name in gold be written
in the autograph of God.

Electa:
Love is a golden tie
That binds true hearts together,
And if you never break this tie,
You and I will be friends forever.

Martha:
Live for those who love you,
For those who love you true,
For the heaven that shines above you,
And the good that you may do.

Esther:
When the leaves of this album are yellow with age,
And the words that I write are dim on the page,
Remember me always and never forget,
That wherever you are, I'll remember you yet.
Ruth:

When months and years have glided by,
And on this page you cast your eye,
Just think you have a friend sincere,
Who left this sweet remembrance here.

Adah:

As sure as the sky above is blue,
I will be your friend so true.

Marshal:

There is room for my name in your album,
There is room for my name in your heart,
There is room for us both in heaven,
Where true friends never part.

Secretary:

I write not this for fortune,
I write not this for fame,
I write to be remembered,
So here I sign my name.

Worthy Patron:

Remember that these lines are written by a friend,
Who wishes you a happy life, and then a happy end.

(Conductress and A.C. take book to A.M., then, return to their stations. A.M. advances toward East, and as she reaches Electa's station, all officers rise)

Associate Matron:

Worthy Matron, we give you this symbol
That speaks of our friendship for you,
It may wax a bit sentimental——
But autograph books always do!

Solo Tune, "Let the Rest of the World Go By".

With someone like you,
Our Matron so true,
Our Chapter will progress
And members will profess
That you're so nice
We'd say it twice,
No single word would 'er suffice.

We'll work for you and serve
With love that will not swerve,
On us you always can rely.
And with our hearts so sincere,
We wish a perfect year
For Edna dear and for our Alki!

(A.M. returns to seat, all officers sitting at the same time. Marshal cue.)
Suggestions for beginning of book:

Edna Scott, her book

If this book should ever chance to roam,
Box its ears and send it home.

Suggestions for end:

I make this book of bonny blue,
To show my own true love for you.

And this book I made for you ---
Is filled with love the whole way through!

Suggestion for retiring W.M., who can follow W.P.

When I get my year all completed
And your year is well on its way,
My halo I'll hang on a moonbeam,
And send all my worries astray.


O.E.S. GRAND CHAPTER LIBRARY