Past Matrons* Night, and we dream of the past,
When ours was the hand at the wheel;
In fancy we see our mates at the mast,
Loyal, steadfast and staunch as the keel.

How well we remember the vows that we spoke,
And with hope rising high in our breast,
We embarked on a voyage, "The Star as our hope,"
With a trust in God, that we each do our best.

As our Marshal escorted us each to our place,
And with a smile passed on to the next,
What a strength of character shone in each face,
Every Star Point to give us a good Golden Text.

We know that our voyage will be not all clear sailing,
That storms may overtake us along the way;
As we toil on with the hope of never failing
To guide our chapter to a better day.

If our sisters could know what a comfort it gives us
When they clasp our hand, and know they will lend
The support we need in time of trial, and thus
To know in them we have found a friend.

As our ship goes on with our guiding hand,
Each day bringing us closer the goal,
We are grateful for such a loyal band,
And thankful if we’ve helped a soul.

When the privilege comes to greet a new member,
How gladly we welcome them into our fold,
With the hope that their lives be a shining ember,
And their hearts be as pure as gold.

As our journey comes nearer the end of the road,
There is much we had planned left to do;
We appreciate you’re helping us carry the load,
If success we have won, we give credit to you.

Full well we’re aware that, try as we may,
We have failed to do always as you thought we should;
But won’t you believe us when we say,
At all times we’ve tried the best we could.

As our ship comes to port at the close of the day,
And we welcome the crew next to start,
We bid you fare well, with the hope that you’ll say,
God bless you and keep you close to His heart.