Welder of iron he; its firm, resisting mass
He moulds in varying forms; makes it to pass
Thru heat of fiery forge, 'neath hammer's blows,
Till, by the force of human will, it grows,
Refined, embellished, a fit instrument
Of human comfort, need, or betterment.

Welder of human hearts is he, as well;
A fabric softer to the touch, but, truth to tell,
Resisting, more than steel, the workman's hand.
A stubborn heart he oft can make expand
Beneath the gentle glow of kindly word,
He knows wherewith its deepest chords are stirred,
When best to use Persuasion's subtle arts,
Logic's relentless blows, or satire's darts.
And thus, in many a local Lodge, he leads
The way in helpful works and kindly deeds.

His influence in public life is known:
Protectingly his arm, of late, is thrown
About the city's poor; in him they find
A champion courageous, honest, kind.
So lives he, that it may be said, at last,
"Things better are, because he this way passed."