

The Original Jolly Corks Toast

Now is the hour when Elkdom's tower
is darkened by the shroud of night,

And father time on his silver chime
Tolls off each moment's flight.

In Cloistered halls each Elk recalls
His Brothers where'er they be,

And traces their faces to well-known places
In the annals of memory.

Whether they stand on a foreign land
Or lie in an earthen bed,

Whether they be on the boundless sea
With the breakers of death ahead.

Whate'er their plight on this eerie night
Whate'er their fate may be

Where ever they are be it near or far
They are thinking of you and me.

So drink from the fountain of fellowship
To the Brother who clasped your hand

And wrote your worth in the rock of earth
And your faults upon the sand.

TO OUR ABSENT BROTHERS