

Eleven O'Clock Toast

*You have heard the tolling of 11 strokes.
This is to remind us that with Elks,
the hour of 11 has a tender significance.*

*Wherever Elks may roam,
whatever their lot in life may be,
when this hour falls upon the dial of night,
the great heart of Elkdom swells and throbs.*

*It is the golden hour of recollection,
the homecoming of those who wander,
the mystic roll call of those who will come no more.*

*Living or dead, Elks are never forgotten,
never forsaken.*

*Morning and noon may pass them by,
the light of day sink heedlessly in the West,
but ere the shadows of midnight shall fall,
the chimes of memory will be pealing forth
the friendly message,*

"To our absent members."

The Original Jolly Corks Toast

Now is the hour when Elkdome'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

Eleventh Hour Toast

(revised by Matt Meinke, 2021)

We have heard the tolling of the eleventh chime,
A reminder our pleasures must cease for a time
In order that those who have finished their score,
May all be brought to mind once more

Wherever our siblings may wander or roam,
On land or sea or celestial home.
Whatever their lot in life may be,
It is fitting for us the surviving to see.

That the hour of eleven on the dial of night,
Shall never pass beyond our sight,
Without our hearts to throb and swell
In wishing our absent siblings well.

Our golden hour of mutual recollection,
A time devoted to silent reflection
Of the home bound brothers on a distant shore,
And the roll call of sisters who will come no more.

Regardless of the paths their lives have taken,
They are never forgotten, never forsaken.
Morning and noon may pass them by,
The light of day fade from the sky,

But ere the shadow of midnight shall fall,
The chimes of memory shall summon us all.
To speed them a message beyond all measure,
God grant you peace,

TO OUR ABSENT MEMBERS