

By Brother Dr. Carver A. Portlock

When we wear the gloves

A brother has gone from our midst And sailed to golden shores.

When we wear the gloves

A friend has passed the final test And walks through purple doors.

The circle has an empty place A voice will raise no more
The song of fellowship and love Uplift
forever more When we wear the gloves.

When we wear the gloves

A light goes from this earthly life The visor closed again
Yet all the heavens open wide To let a new star in.

When we wear the gloves

A brother leaves the chapter roles And moves to other worlds
For when we say our last
Goodbye He walks on streets of pearls.

When we wear the gloves.

