

Archive of 11 O'Clock Toasts

Eleven O'Clock Toast

You have heard the tolling of 11 strokes.
This is to remind you 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 tolls 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, an Elk
is never forgotten, never forsaken.
Morning and noon may pass him 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 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"

The Eleventh Hour

Mrs. H.A. Morton

Santa Monica, 10/31/13

Dedicated to Santa Monica

Lodge No. 906L

**Eleven has struck on the Eastern coast,
The Elks have given their standing toast,
"To our absent Brothers," where'er they be.
Whether on land or on the sea.
"To our absent Brothers," from East to West.**

**Good wishes we send our very BPO best.
The Lodge in the mountains and on the plain.
At eleven takes up this glad refrain:
"To our absent Brothers," the toast peals forth
From the sunny South, to the frozen North.
Though many in foreign lands may roam.
They know at that hour they are thought of at home
The toast even reaches the other shore.
Where they live who meet with us no more.
Like an echo, it comes back loud and clear
"To our absent Brothers," 'till we meet here
So with loving thought, and helping hand,
The work goes on o'er all our land.
And only the Ruler Supreme can know
The good Elks do wherever they go.
Eleven strikes on the Western coast.
The Elks are giving their standing toast.
"To our absent Brothers," from West to East.
Including the greatest unto the least,
For at this Elks' hour we all agree,
"To our absent Brothers"**

" B. P. O. E. From The Pacific Coast Elk ---

**Elkdom's house is darkened, the Eleventh Hour
is here. The chimes are calling softly to our
Brothers far and near. Wherever his footsteps
take him, to near or distant shore, the Heart
of Elkdom beats for him and for those who
come no more. If you see a Brother falter,
reach out a helping hand ...His virtues live in memory,
his faults drift with the sand.
"To our absent Brothers"**

The 11 O'Clock Toast

**Created and Delivered by Dr.
C.H. Harvey of Erie, PA, Lodge
No. 67 at a Lodge banquet
9/8/1896.**

**Here! stop that song, look at the clock,
Although it's to our liking; The joke must
wait, ease up the talk, Eleven o'clock is striking;
Fill glasses for that old-time toast, We hold
above all others, The one we love to honor
most,
"Here's to our absent Brothers."**

**Good fellows all, where are you now?
Who came with cheery greeting, In other days,
and wondered how, Men thought that life was
fleeting; There's Charlie, brightest of them all,
His face shines in the claret, He wore a smile
to conquer all, As none but he could wear it.
Dear boy! his shadow in the glass, Shines
bright and fair and cheery; I almost hear the
old jest pass, "Let's drink and all be merry,"
And Jack who died a year ago, When life was in
its summer; I see him in the shadows now,
A new and loving comer. Dear boys!
I know not where you are, Nor do I care
to ponder, Upon your home in that far land,
Across the fairy yonder; But yet I know
where'er you are, You'd hurry out of heaven,
To drink this toast with those you love,
When the clock points to eleven.
So we who gather 'round the board,
Remember all the others;
Drink deep the toast, without a word,
"Here's to our absent Brothers."**

A Toast to Our Absent Brothers

My Brothers and Friends:

The hour of eleven has tolled again;
We pause, in our human endeavor
To renew our faith in the friendship of those
Whose virtues stay with us forever.
With hearts full of hope and voices of cheer
For an Elk is never forsaken,
We think kindly thoughts and speak tender words
Of those whose place we have taken.
The hours speed by and the days turn to months.
We cherish this brief retrospection;
The pages of time tell of memories dear
In the book of fond recollection.
Whatever the task, be it large or small
To lighten the burden of others;
Together we'll work and together we'll give
A toast — "To our absent Brothers."

Eleventh Hour Toast

You have listened to the tolling of the eleventh chime,
A reminder our pleasures should cease for a time
In order that those who have finished their score,
May all be brought to mind once more, Wherever
our brothers may wander or roam, On land or sea
or their celestial home. Whatever their lot and
life may be, It is meet with 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 brothers 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 those,
who will come no more. Regardless of the paths
their lives may 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 above
all others, God grant you peace.
"TO OUR ABSENT BROTHERS:

A Toast to our Absent Brothers

by Tracy E. Kareha, 1977

Tis' the hour of eleven, throughout Elksdom
does it chime. As we remember our absent
brothers, And their virtues at this time.
One by one they've left us, To carry on each day.
Even though they've gone now, They'll help show
us the way. While they were here with us, They
served their country well. They will never be
forgotten, As it makes our heart throb and swell.
At the mystic hour of eleven, We remember
the brothers we once knew. And on their journey
through eternity, Always thinking of them as we do.
So when we hear the tolling, We very quietly stand.
And remember our absent brothers.
Whom we've walked with hand in hand.
"TO OUR ABSENT BROTHERS: