

# TYLER'S TOAST

*Adapted from the Elks by VW Bro Jack Lewis in November 1992<sup>1</sup>*

Now is the hour,  
When our Masonic Tower is dark with the shroud of night,  
And Father Time, on his silvery chime,  
Tolls off the moment's flight.

In our cloistered halls,  
Each member recalls his Brothers, where 'ere they may be,  
And traces their faces to well-known places,  
In the annals of memory.

And whether they stand,  
On foreign land, or lie in their earthen bed,  
Or whether they be on the boundless sea,  
With breakers of death ahead.

Whatever their plight in the eerie night,  
Whatever their fate may be,  
Where e'er they are, be it near or far,  
They are thinking of you and of me.

So drink from the font of Fellowship,  
To the Brothers who have clasped your hand,  
And carved your worth on the rocks of the earth,  
And wrote your faults in the sand.

And so my Brethren,  
As we have done in Ages past, time and time again,<sup>2</sup>  
In the custom of our Ancient Craft,  
Let's use the old refrain.

HAPPY TO MEET,  
SORRY TO PART,  
HAPPY TO MEET AGAIN.

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1. A barber who joined Quesnel Lodge No. 69 in 1964, VW Bro John Llewellyn Lewis (died 8 April 2008) also served as master of Cariboo Lodge No. 4.

2. Another version in the records of Cariboo Lodge omits "time and time again" and formats the text as rhyming couplets with less capitalization.