



WHEN WE WEAR THE GLOVES

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 forevermore
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.