



John Glee
September 12, 1842 – October 16, 1861

Brother, there is peace in Heaven, meet me there.
 When the olive branch is given, bow & drop a tear.
 Fear ye not the tear will sully manhood's brow.
 Angels who far off behold it, shed them now.
 Gentle heart, Masonic brother, forms the generous tie,
 which cements our craft together, makes them one on high, short
 our passage to the grand lodge ruled by the All-seeing eye.
 Brother, death is just before us, let us lay our malice by
 Else we can never meet together, Brother tell me why.
 Here we must subdue our passions, Brother let us try.
 He who calms the raging billows by His awful nod,
 Can subdue our stormy passions, Brother, Trust in God.