



OPENING ODE



Sing ye his praises loud and long,
And let the unenlightened know,
In ev'ry echo of your song,
The great deeds done, tho' long ago,
By Columbus of the valiant soul,
Who first old Neptune has controlled,
Despite of envy, intrigue, gold,
In the dim past of long ago.

With vessels three o'er stormy sea,
He thrilled the world of long ago,
While wisdom linked with destiny,
In justice scales its weight did throw.
We are his heirs; we wear his name;
We boast his deeds; we spread his fame;
Our Order is the shining flame,
That lights the gloom of long ago.

CLOSING ODE

Air: "America"

Now our evening's work is done,
Then let us ev'ry one,
Join in a song,
Long may our Order stand
Foremost in this free land,
Ready with heart and hand
To right each wrong.

We have a mission great,
True to our Church and State,
Onward we move.
We dry the mourner's tear,
The tired heart we cheer,
Faith in our works appear,
Upheld by Love.