

## Opening Ode

(to the tune of "O Christmas Tree")

Sing ye his praises loud and long,  
And let the unenlightened know,  
In every 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**

(to the tune of "My Country 'Tis of Thee")

Now our evening's work is done,  
Then let us every one,  
Join in 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