

*Exposition Ode,
for Opening of
South Carolina Inter State & West Indian
Exposition, Dec. 1st 1901.*

O Lord, our God, whose all-embracing Love
Binds us below to Thy bright Throne above,
To Thee we sing on this our festal day;
Hear Thou and answer as we praise and pray.

On Thy great might we build, in Thee we trust,
Before whose feet the nations are as dust;
And, gathered here beneath Thine arching skies,
We ask Thy blessing on our high emprise.

From the wide plains of our dear Southern Land,
From Georgia's hills, from far Alaska's strand,
From those bright Isles whose shores the broad Gulf laves,
From Alleghany's peaks and Balsam's Caves,

Behold we come, in joy to celebrate
The arts of Peace, the deeds that make men great;
And working out our Father's wondrous plan,
To show to men the Brotherhood of Man.

Then let Thy blessing on our heads descend,
Be Thou our Guide, our Helper and our Friend;
And still to Thy high Throne the song shall rise,
And Thy great Glory fill the echoing skies.

*Words by
Herbert Lass*

*Musie by
Theo. Saul.*

Sass, Herbert

O Lord, our God in