

Improved Order of Red Men

ODES

ADOPTED BY THE

Great Council of the United States

Kindling Council Fire

Come, brothers, let us one and all
In peace and friendship sing,
That every Red Man's path may be
Free as the eagle's wing.

Supported by our Warriors now,
Our Sachem ready stands
To hear what may be said, and do
What e'er the Tribe commands.

Then let each brother stand prepared
His efforts now to aid,
And when the council fire is lit
Let none the Tribe degrade.

Quenching Council Fire

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Adoption

Brother, welcome, hear our greeting,
You are made a Red Man now,
Hand to hand with Brothers meeting
Welcome here while time is fleeting,
At the wigwam' shrine to bow.

From the Red Man's heart is flowing
Virtue, Harmony and Peace;
Is your mind with friendship glowing,
Freedom in your pathway showing?
Brother's love shall never cease.

Warriors' Ode

Come Red Men all, of this Degree,
And let your voices hail,
This brother who, with courage bold,
Has crossed the Warriors' trail.

May Charity and Friendship joined,
His efforts ever bless;
And when life's o'er may he be
crowned
With endless happiness.

Raising Ode

Brothers, join in joyful chorus,
Rise and hail our mighty Chiefs,
Sing the song of installation,
And congratulate our nation,
Long may live our noble Chiefs.

Brothers know the Red Men's motto,
Freedom, Friendship, Charity,
These must govern in our Order,
From the centre to the border,
Then we all shall happy be.

Song of Exaltation

AIR—*Marching Along*

The Chief is exalted, in triumph has won,
On the pathway of Freedom (may it still guide him on)
The spell-word of Friendship, in which we unite,
For deeds of true Charity, Justice and Right,
Then hail to the Chieftain; exalted be he;
Be his heart ever noble, e'er generous and free,
Responsive to woe, when in pity it pleads,
And in mercy extending the solace it needs.

Visitation

AIR—*Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing*

Welcome! welcome! to our Wigwam,
Honored, brave and noble Chiefs!
Welcome! welcome! to our Wigwam,
Spread with deer skins and with leaves.
Smoke the Pipe of Peace and Friendship,
Let it pass to all around;
Let true Freedom in our Council
In the hearts of all be found.

Welcome! thrice we hail you welcome!
In the home where Red Men meet;
Here no foes can mar our union,
Here dwells Freedom—Friendship sweet,
Here the fire of love is kindled,
Here's the home of Charity;
Honor'd Chiefs, we join in concert.
And sing the song of Harmony.