

150 God, Who Stretched the Spangled Heavens

1. God, who stretched the span-gled heav-ens, in-fi-nite in
 2. Proud-ly rise our mod-ern cit-ies, state-ly build-ings,
 3. We have ven-tured worlds un-dreamed of since the child-hood
 4. As each far ho-ri-zon beck-ons, may it chal-lenge

time and place, flung the suns in burn-ing ra-diance
 row on row; yet their win-dows, blank, un-feel-ing,
 of our race; known the ec-sta-sy of wing-ing
 us a-new, chil-dren of cre-a-tive pur-pose,

through the si-lent fields of space, we your chil-dren,
 stare on can-yoned streets be-low, where the lone-ly
 through un-trav-eled realms of space; probed the se-crets
 serv-ing oth-ers, hon-oring you. May our dreams prove

in your like-ness, share in-ven-tive powers with you.
 drift un-noticed in the cit-y's ebb and flow,
 of the at-om, yield-ing un-i-mag-ined power,
 rich with prom-ise, each en-deav-or well be-gun.

Great Cre-a-tor, still cre-at-ing, show us what we yet may do.
 lost to pur-pose and to mean-ing, scarce-ly car-ing where they go.
 fac-ing us with life's de-struc-tion or our most tri-um-phant hour.
 Great Cre-a-tor, give us guid-ance till our goals and yours are one.