

# Ode to Hope

Sung to *Ode to Joy* from the Ninth Symphony by Ludwig van Beethoven

A Tribute to Osvald Bjelland, Founder and Chairman, Origination AS

By L. M. Levie

Hear the cries of doubters weeping,  
Tears like falling rain they shed,  
Grieving, all their dreams retreating,  
Sensing only storms ahead.

“Danger lurks in all directions,”  
So they say in silent plea,  
“We must seek and find protection,  
What will be our destiny?”

Lift your eyes up from the sorrows  
To the future drawing near,  
See the hope of bright tomorrows,  
All around us, strong and clear:

Science brings us fruits of wonder,  
Cures once hidden, now in sight,  
Great Pandemics cast asunder,  
Guiding us with wisdom’s might.

Solar power drives our nations,  
Windmills turn on verdant hills,  
Geothermal generation,  
Clean air flows as nature wills.

Harvests rise, our hopes affirming,  
Crops withstand what drought once brought,  
Children fill the school rooms learning  
Knowledge widely shared and sought.

Rise up now, the future’s calling,  
Bright horizons stretch ahead,  
Hands united, darkness falling,  
Hope will guide the path we tread.

From the caves to planets distant,  
Witness our ascent so high,  
With love, courage, faith persistent,  
Hope shall light our endless sky.