The Fathers Built This City

ALFORD, 7, 6, 8, 6, D.

1. The fathers built this city
   In times now long ago,
   And active in its busy streets,
   They hurried to and fro;
   The children played with them,
   And sang the songs of yore,
   Till, one by one, they fell asleep.

2. Yet still the city standeth,
   A hive of toiling man,
   And mother love makes happy home
   For children now as then:
   O God of ages, help us
   Send forth Thy light to banish
   That children’s children here may sing.

3. Let all the people praise Thee,
   Give all Thy saving health,
   Or vain the labor’s strong right arm,
   And vain the merchant’s wealth;
   Nor let us cease from battle,
   Nor weary sheathe the sword,
   Till all the civic virtues shine.

4. A common weal of brothers,
   United, great and small,
   Upon our banner blazoned be
   The Character, "Each for all!"
   Nor let us cease from battle,
   Nor weary sheathe the sword,
   Until this city is become.

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