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 within them, And sang the songs of yore,
Till, one by one, they fell asleep, To work and sleep nor more.

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 Such citizens to be,
That children's children here may sing The songs of liberty.

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;
Send forth Thy light to banish The shadows and the shame,
Till all the civic virtues shine Around our city's name.

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

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