

The Fathers Built This City
William Tarrant, 1895.
Alfred Caldicott.

The fathers built this city
In ages long ago,
And busy in the busy streets,
They hurried to and fro;
The children played around them,
And sang the songs of yore,
Till one by one they fell asleep,
To work and play no more.

Yet still the city standeth,
A hive of toiling men,
And mother's 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.

Let all the people praise Thee,
Give all Thy saving health,
Or vain the laborer's strong right arm
And vain the merchant's wealth;
Send out Thy light to banish
The shadows of the shame,
Till all the civic virtues shine
Around our city's name.

A commonweal of brothers,
United, great and small,
Upon 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 the Lord.