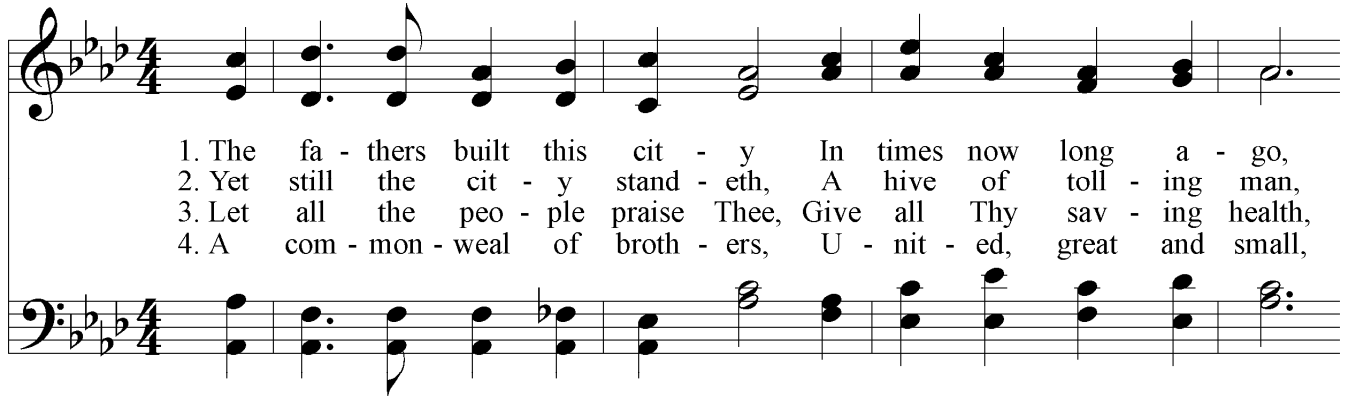
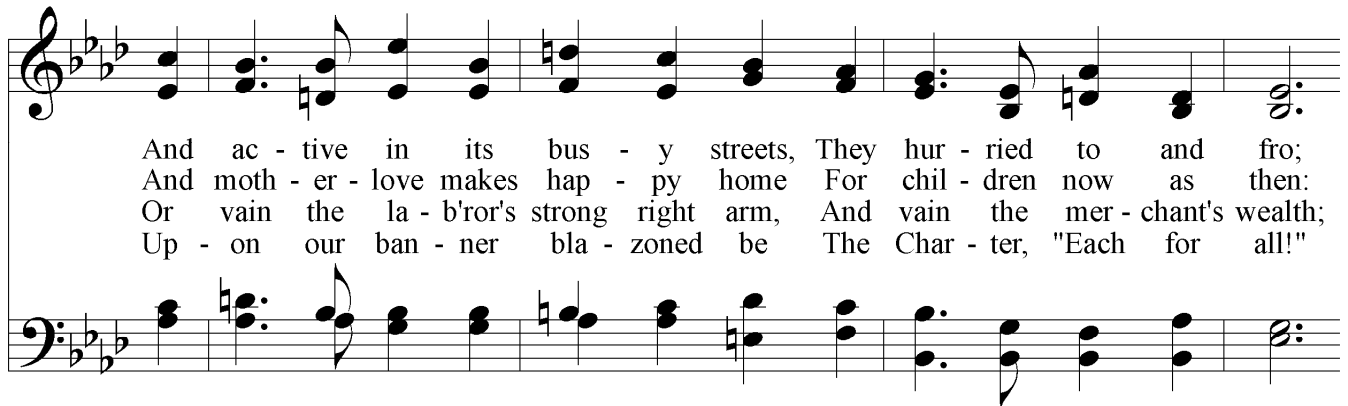


# The Fathers Built This City


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



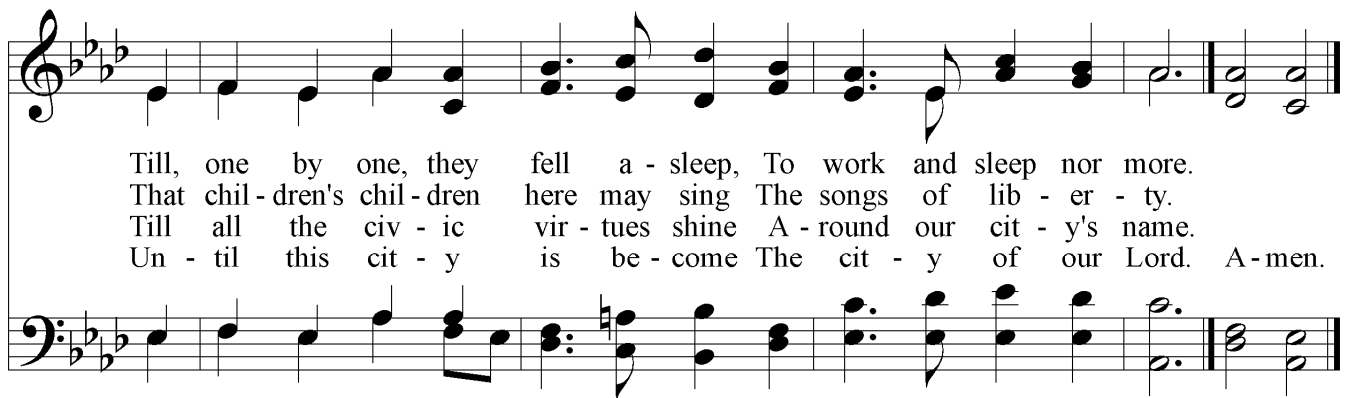
1. The fa - thers built this cit - y In times now long a - go,  
2. Yet still the cit - y stand - eth, A hive of toll - ing man,  
3. Let all the peo - ple praise Thee, Give all Thy sav - ing health,  
4. A com - mon - weal of broth - ers, U - nit - ed, great and small,



And ac - tive in its bus - y streets, They hur - ried to and fro;  
And moth - er - love makes hap - py home For chil - dren now as then;  
Or vain the la - b'ror's strong right arm, And vain the mer - chant's wealth;  
Up - on our ban - ner bla - zoned be The Char - ter, "Each for all!"



The chil - dren played with - in them, And sang the songs of yore,  
O God of ag - es, help us Such cit - i - zens to be,  
Send forth Thy light to ban - ish The shad - ows and the shame,  
Nor let us cease from bat - tle, Nor wea - ry sheathe the sword,



Till, one by one, they fell a - sleep, To work and sleep nor more.  
That chil - dren's chil - dren here may sing The songs of lib - er - ty.  
Till all the civ - ic vir - tues shine A - round our cit - y's name.  
Un - til this cit - y is be - come The cit - y of our Lord. A - men.