

District Night Prayer

Q and Not U

Bless my city with twelve songs
One for do-rights, two for wrongs
Three for youth, elders make four
Five for belov'd ancestors
Six for wealthy, seven poor
Eight for sinners, nine for pure
Ten for great, eleven small
And this twelfth song sung by all
With twelve songs our city's blessed
Twelve songs sung, we long for rest
When we rise up in the morn, twelve new songs be born