

All Who Love And Serve Your City

All who love and serve your city,
All who bear its daily stress,
All who cry for peace and justice,
All who curse and all who bless.

In your day of loss of sorrow,
In your day of helpless strife,
Honor, peace, and love retreating,
Seek the Lord, who is your life.

In your day of wealth and plenty,
Wasted work and wasted play,
Call to mind the word of Jesus,
"Work ye yet while it is day"

For all days are days of judgment,
And the Lord is waiting still,
Drawing near to all who spurn Him,
Offering peace from Calvary's hill.

Risen Lord shall yet the city
Be the city of despair?
Come today, our Judge, our Glory,
Be its name, "The Lord is there!"

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Erik Reginald Routley

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