

Fair City in the bright beyond,
With starry sky and magic wand,
Thy streets enlarged, thy sails outspread,
And we asleep beside the dead,
What multitudes will crowd these shores:
Who'll run the Shops? Who'll run the Stores?

What monster buildings crowd the Don,
With gleaming spires and turrets on?
What master hand on time engrave,
The march of thought among the brave?
Ah! who'll direct the wheels that whize?
And who'll control the marts of Biz?

Dream not of silence when we're gone.
A population tenfold strong
Will crowd these shores and vigils keep,
While present populations sleep,
Mightier pens, a grander press,
Shall fight the battles, seas caress.

Fair city of to-day, we hail
Thy Sabbaths, and embalm the gale
Of Christian thought, so grand, complete,
In which the Christian forces meet;
Thy mighty scholars, orb'd intense,
Whose monuments we here commence.