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.

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