

Pittsburgh

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Two rivers joining, westward bound
Cut deep into the rocky ground,
A fortress in the forest grows,
And now a graceful lady throws
Her bridges over train-set towns.
Old Pittsburgh has her ups and downs.

With bones of iron, veins of coal,
A miner's heart, a smelter's soul,
The granite mansions still can feel
The grandeur of the ghosts of steel.
The blasting furnace still makes sounds,
Old Pittsburgh has her ups and downs.

From 'cross an ocean cultures pass
To rising towers of steel and glass,
And through the open doors of schools,
Where Pittsburgh still is building tools,
That ever-gracious queen of towns,
Old Pittsburgh has her ups and downs.