Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

1 Where cross the crowded ways of life, where sound the cries of race and clan, above the noise of thresholds fraught with fears, from paths where hide the freshness of your grace; yet long these multitudes of pain; among these restless where your feet have trod: till glorious from your

2 In haunts of wretched ness and need, on shadowed heaps of grief and toil, from paths where hide the freshness of your grace; yet long these multitudes of pain; among these restless where your feet have trod: till glorious from your

3 The cup of wretched ness given for you still holds the heal these hearts of pain; among these restless where your feet have trod: till glorious from your

4 O Master, from the mountain side, make haste to where your feet have trod: till glorious from your

5 Till all the world shall learn your love and follow where your feet have trod: till glorious from your

Text: Frank Mason North (1850-1935)
Tune: William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815

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