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
selfish strife, we hear your voice, O Son of man.
lures of greed, we catch the vision of your tears.
sorrow's stress, your heart has never known recoil.
tudes to view the sweet compassion of your face.
throughs abide; O tread the city's streets again.
heaven above, shall come the city of our God!

2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, on shadowed
thresholds dark with fears, from paths where hide the
lures of greed, we catch the vision of your tears.
sorrow's stress, your heart has never known recoil.
tudes to view the sweet compassion of your face.
throughs abide; O tread the city's streets again.
heaven above, shall come the city of our God!

3. From tender childhood's helplessness, from woman's
freshness of your grace; yet long these multitudes
heal these hearts of pain; among these restless
where your feet have trod, till, glorious from your

4. The cup of water given for you still holds the
grief, man's burdened toil, from famished souls, from
sorrow's stress, your heart has never known recoil.
tudes to view the sweet compassion of your face.
throughs abide; O tread the city's streets again.
heaven above, shall come the city of our God!

5. O Master, from the mountainside make haste to
O hear the vision of your tears.
sorrow's stress, your heart has never known recoil.
tudes to view the sweet compassion of your face.
throughs abide; O tread the city's streets again.
heaven above, shall come the city of our God!

6. Till all the world shall learn your love and follow
these hearts of pain; among these restless
where your feet have trod, till, glorious from your
O hear the vision of your tears.