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.

2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, on shadowed grief, man's burdened toil, from famished souls, from lures of greed, we catch the vision of your tears.

3. From tender childhood's helplessness, from woman's freshness of your grace; yet long these mul - ti - where your feet have trod, till, glorious from your sorrows's stress, your heart has never known re - coil.

4. The cup of water given for you still holds the heal these hearts of pain; among these restless tudes to view the sweet compassion of your face.

5. O Master, from the mountain-side make haste to throns abide; O tread the city's streets again.

6. Till all the world shall learn your love and follow heaven above, shall come the city of our God!

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