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.
tudes to see the true compassion of your face.
thronggs abide, and tread the city's streets again—
heaven above shall come the city of our God.

2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, on shadowed thres-
sholds dark with fears, from paths where hide the
lures of greed, we catch the vision of our tears.
tudes to see the true compassion of our God.
thronggs abide, and tread the city's streets again—
heaven above shall come the city of our God.

3. The cup of water given for you still holds the
freshness of your grace; yet long these multitudes to see the true compassion of our God.
thronggs abide, and tread the city's streets again—
heaven above shall come the city of our God.

4. O Master, from the mountainside make haste to
heal these hearts of pain; among these restless
where your feet have trod, till glorious from your

5. Till all the world shall learn your love and follow
these restless
where your feet have trod, till glorious from your

Hymnary.org