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
thresholds dark with fears, from paths where hide the
lures of greed, we catch the vision of your tears.

3. The cup of water given for you still holds the
freshness of your grace; yet long thesemuliti-
tudes to see the true compassion of your face.

4. O Master, from the mountainside make haste to
heal these hearts of pain; among these restless
thongs a bide, and tread the city's streets again—

5. Till all the world shall learn your love and follow
where your feet have trod, till glorious from your
heaven above shall come the city of our God.