

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.

Frank Mason North 1850-1935 TIS 608 A E x6
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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.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
from woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
from famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
your heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for you
still holds the freshness of your grace;
yet long these multitudes to view
the sweet compassion of your face.

O Master, from the mountain side,
make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
among these restless throngs abide,
oh tread the city's streets again;

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.