

1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the  
 2. From ten - der child - hood's help - less - ness, From hu - man  
 3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for You Still holds the  
 4. O Mas - ter, from the moun - tain - side Make haste to  
 5. Till all the world shall learn Your love, And fol - low

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cries of race and clan, A - bove the noise of  
 grief and bur - dened toil, From fam - ished souls, from  
 fresh - ness of Your grace; Yet long these mul - ti -  
 heal these hearts of pain; A - mong these rest - less  
 where Your feet have trod; Till glo - rious from Your

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self - ish strife, We hear Your voice, O Son of Man.  
 sor - row's stress, Your heart has nev - er known re - coil.  
 tudes to view The strong com - pas - sion in Your face.  
 throngs a - bide; O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain.  
 heav'n a - bove, Shall come the cit - y of our God.