

GARDINER.

L.M.

WILLIAM GARDINER'S *Sacred Melodies*, 1815.

1 Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the  
cries of race and clan, A - bove the noise of self - ish  
strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man, A - men.

- 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 Thy tears.
- 3 From tender childhood's helplessness,  
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,  
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,  
Thy heart hath never known recoil.
- 4 The cup of water given for Thee  
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;  
Yet long these multitudes to see  
The sweet compassion of Thy face.
- 5 O Master, from the mountain side,  
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;  
Among these restless throngs abide,  
O tread the city's streets again;
- 6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,  
And follow where Thy feet have trod;  
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,  
Shall come the City of our God. Amen.