

Save The People

Stephen Schwartz

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh God of mercy when?
The people, Lord, the people
Not thrones and crowns,
But men
Flowers of thy heart
O God are they
Let them not pass like weeds away
Their heritage, a sunless day
O God save the people
Shall crime bring crime forever
Strength aiding still as strong?
Is it thy will, O Father
That men shall toil
For wrong?
Oh, no, say thy mountains
No, say thy skies
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise
And songs be heard, instead of sighs
God save the people!
When wilt thou save the people?
Oh God of mercy when?
The people, Lord! The people!
Not thrones and crowns,
But men!
God save the people
For thine they are
Thy children as thy angels fair
God save the people
From despair
God save the people!
Oh God save the people!
God save the people!
Oh God save the people!
When wilt thou save the people!?
Oh God of mercy when!?
The people, Lord! The people!!
Not thrones and crowns,
But Men!
God save the people!
Oh God save the people!
God save the people!
God save the people