

Stephen Schwartz, 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!
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they.
Let them not pass, like weeds, away.
Their heritage a sunless day,
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That men shall toil for wrong?
'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!

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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,
Oh, save the people from despair!

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