

# 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