City On The Hill by Casting Crowns

Fill in the gaps

Did you hear of the city on a hill?
Said one old man to the other
It once shined (1) and it would be shining still
But they all started turning on each other
You see the poets thought the dancers were shallow
And the soldiers thought the (2) were weak
And the elders saw the young (3) as foolish
And the rich man never heard the poor man speak
And one by one they ran away
With their made up minds to leave it all behind
And the light (4) to fade
In the city on a hill
The city on a hill
Each one thought that they knew better
But (5) (6) (7)
by design
by design Instead of standing (8) together
, ,
Instead of standing (8) together
Instead of standing (8) together They let their differences divide
Instead of standing (8) together They let their differences divide And one by one they ran away
Instead of standing (8) together They let their differences divide And one by one they ran away With their made up minds to leave it all behind
Instead of standing (8) together They let their differences divide And one by one they ran away With their made up minds to leave it all behind And the (9) began to fade In the city on a hill The city on a hill
Instead of standing (8) together They let their differences divide And one by one they ran away With their made up minds to leave it all behind And the (9) began to fade In the city on a hill
Instead of standing (8)
Instead of standing (8) together They let their differences divide And one by one they ran away With their made up minds to leave it all behind And the (9) began to fade In the city on a hill The city on a hill And the (10) is searchin' still
Instead of standing (8)

It was the fire of the young ones

It was the wisdom of the old It was the story of the poor man That needed be told... It is the rhythm of the dancers That gives the poets life It is the spirit of the poets That gives the soldiers strength to fight It is the fire of the young ones It is the wisdom of the old It is the story of the poor man That's needing to be told... One by one, will we run away? With our made up minds to leave it all behind As the light begins to fade In the city on a hill? One by one, will we run away? With our made up minds to leave it all behind As the light begins to fade In the city on a hill? The city on a hill Come home And the Father's calling still Come home

To the city on the hill

Come home



- 1. bright
- 2. poets
- 3. ones
- 4. began
- 5. there
- 6. were
- 7. different
- 8. strong
- 9. light
- 10. world

Fill in the gaps