

City On The Hill by Casting Crowns

It was the fire of the young ones

Said one old man to the otherIt was the story of the poor manIt (1) shined bright and it would be shining stillThat needed be toldBut they all started turning on each otherIt is the rhythm of the dancersYou see the (2) thought the dancers wereThat gives the poets lifeshallowIt is the spirit of the poetsAnd the soldiers though the poets were weakThat (6) the soldiers strength to fightAnd the elders saw the young ones as foolishIt is the fire of the young onesAnd the elders name rev (3) the poor man speakIt is the wisdom of the oldAnd one by one they ran awayIt is the story of the (7) manWith their made up minds to leave it all behindThat's needing to be toldAnd the light (4) to fadeOne by one, will we run away?In the city on a hillAs the (8) begins to fadeBut there were different by designOne by one, will we run away?Instead of standing strong togetherWith our made up (9) to leave it all behindThe city on a hillCome homeIn the city on a hillAs the light begins to fadeAnd ne by one they ran awayIn the city on a hill?With their made up minds to leave it all behindThe city on a hill?In the city on a hillCome homeIn the city on a hillCome homeIn the city on a hillCome homeIn the city on a hill?Come homeIn the city on a hillCome homeAnd the light began to fadeCome homeIn the city on a hillCome home<	Did you hear of the city on a hill?	It was the wisdom of the old
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	But it was the (5) of the dancers	Come home
It was the spirit of the poets	That gave the poets life	
	It was the spirit of the poets	
That gave the soldiers strength to fight	That gave the soldiers strength to fight	



- 1. once
- 2. poets
- 3. heard
- 4. began
- 5. rhythm
- 6. gives
- 7. poor
- 8. light
- 9. minds
- 10. city

Fill in the gaps