On The Hill by Casting Crowns

It was the fire of the young ones

Fill in the gaps

Did you hear of the city on a hill?	It was the wisdom of the old
Said one old man to the other	It was the story of the poor man
It once shined bright and it would be shining still	That (6) be told
But they all started turning on each other	It is the rhythm of the dancers
You see the poets thought the dancers were shallow	That gives the poets life
And the soldiers thought the poets (1) weak	It is the (7) of the poets
And the elders saw the young ones as foolish	That gives the (8) strength to fight
And the rich man never heard the poor man speak	It is the fire of the young ones
And one by one (2) ran away	It is the wisdom of the old
With their made up minds to leave it all behind	It is the story of the poor man
And the light (3) to fade	That's needing to be told
In the city on a hill	One by one, will we run away?
The city on a hill	With our made up (9) to leave it all behind
Each one (4) that they knew better	As the light begins to fade
But there were different by design	In the city on a hill?
Instead of standing strong together	One by one, will we run away?
They let (5) differences divide	With our made up minds to leave it all behind
And one by one they ran away	As the (10) begins to fade
With their made up minds to leave it all behind	In the city on a hill?
And the light began to fade	The city on a hill
In the city on a hill	Come home
The city on a hill	And the Father's calling still
And the world is searchin' still	Come home
But it was the rhythm of the dancers	To the city on the hill
That gave the poets life	Come home
It was the spirit of the poets	
That gave the soldiers strength to fight	



- 1. were
- 2. they
- 3. began
- 4. thought
- 5. their
- 6. needed
- 7. spirit
- 8. soldiers
- 9. minds
- 10. light

Fill in the gaps