City On The Hill by Casting Crowns

It was the fire of the young ones

Fill in the gaps

It was the wisdom of the old
It was the (5) 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 (6) to (7) 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 (8) still
Come home
To the city on the hill
Come home



- 1. poets
- 2. rich
- 3. different
- 4. made
- 5. story
- 6. minds
- 7. leave
- 8. calling

Fill in the gaps