CITY CHILD

By Lorella Rouster

Lone little city child, Who hears your sigh? No one will talk to you As people rush by.

No one will sing to you, Nor cradle you tight; No one will tuck you in Gently tonight.

No one will read to you From God's holy Word; No one will tell you, child— You've never heard.

Alone in your little world, In some filthy room, Or under a box or stairs, You live your doom.

Time has no meaning, child, As night turns to day; Each cruel moment Brings more pain your way.

Nothing to strive for, child Nothing to do. No reason to get up; Nothing is new.

Amidst all the searing pains That your heart feels, One above all the rest Retches and reels.

Always alone! Is there No one who cares— No one who loves you Midst the rushing stares? Jesus cares, city child He feels your pain. He knows your heartache And loves you the same.

Today He is calling In hills and towns, "Who'll tell the city child? Don't let him down!"

Jesus is pricking Some heart faraway To show His love to you This very day.

Lone little city child, Who hears your sigh Jesus does, precious child, He hears your cry.

