

For the Least of These

Words & music by Steve Givens and Jim Russell

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There's an old man on the street, a heavy burden on his back,
And his clothes all torn and tattered, and his face well-worn and tracked.
And I cast my eyes away, wishing he was warm and fed,
But I can't touch his trembling hand or hold his weary head.

*What we do, Lord, for the least of these, that's what we do for you.
What we do, for the least of these, that's what we do for you.*

There's a child a world away who goes hungry every night,
And the woman on the corner may not see the morning light.
And yet I go to sleep safe within the walls I've made,
My helplessness confines me as their hope begins to fade.

Let me see you on the street in the souls of tattered men,
In the hopes of hungry children let me find you once again.
Let me somehow have the strength just to look you in the eye,
And when I see you looking back I will not pass you by.