

The Least of These

The other day a man stood, downcast, on the street,
And, somehow, God arranged it that our eyes should meet.

His desperate gaze revealed his solitude and pain,

As the world passed with cruel disdain.

And so, I asked the man if we might talk a while;

He graciously accepted with a fragile smile.

And, as I thought if I should help him in some way,

I could almost hear Jesus say,

Chorus:

“What you do for the least of these, so you do for Me.

What you do for the least of these, so you do for Me.

Do not fear and do not judge and do not turn away;

My command to you is clear, and not in shades of gray.

What you do for the least of these, so you do for Me.”

Then, as we shared a conversation and a meal,
He spoke about the love and hope he longed to feel;
He said mine were the first kind words he'd heard in days,
And I could almost hear Jesus say,

Chorus:

“What you do for the least of these, so you do for Me.
What you do for the least of these, so you do for Me.
Do not fear and do not judge and do not turn away;
My command to you is clear, and not in shades of gray.
What you do for the least of these, so you do for Me.”

Bridge:

“I lived a life that testified to showing love and grace.
And, when you serve the least of these,
They'll see Me in Your face.”

Repeat Chorus