

Behold, The Mountain of the Lord

Text by Michael Bruce

Exultantly ♩ = 60-70

Music by Richard F. Harper

1. Be - hold, the mount - ain of the Lord in lat - ter days shall rise On
2. The rays that shine from Zi - on's hill Shall light - en ev - 'ry land; The
3. No strife shall rage, nor hos - tile feuds Dis - turb those peace - ful years; To
4. Come, then, O house of Jac - ob, come To wor - ship at His shrine And

mount - ain - tops, a - bove the hills, And draw the wond - ring eyes. To
King who reigns in Sa - lem's towr Shall all the world com - mand. A -
plow - shares men shall beat their swords, To prun - ing hooks their spears. No
walk - ing in the light of God, With ho - ly beau - ties shine. Come,

this shall joy - full nat - ions come All tribes and tounes shall flow "Up
mong the na - tions he shall judge His judg - ments trust shall guide His
lon - ger host en - count - 'ring host Shall crowds of slain de - plore They'll
then, O house of Ja - cob come To wor - ship at His shrine, And

to the house of God," they'll say, "And to his house we'll go."
scep - ter shall pro - tect the just And quell the sin - ner's pride.
hang the trum - pet in the hall And stud - y war no more.
walk - ing in the light of God, With ho - ly beau - ties shine.

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