

Behold the Mountain of the Lord

Glasgow
C.M.

F C F C7 F Gmin

F C F C F7 Bb F Edim F

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Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King Who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His scepter shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign
Or mar the peaceful years;
To plowshares soon they beat their swords
To pruning hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpets in the hall
And study war no more.

Come then, O house of Jacob, come
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Michael Bruce