

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 judgements truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet 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.