

## Behold, the Mountain of the Lord

Majestically

1. Behold, the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountaintops, above the hills,  
And draw the wond'ring eyes.  
To this shall joyful nations come;  
All tribes and tongues shall flow.  
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,  
"And to his house we'll go."
2. The rays that shine from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten ev'ry land;  
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'r  
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.
3. No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds  
Disturb those peaceful years;  
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning hooks their spears.  
No longer host encount'ring host  
Shall crowds of slain deplore;  
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall  
And study war no more.
4. Come, then, O house of Jacob, come,  
To worship at His shrine,  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.  
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To worship at His shrine,  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

*Text:* Michael Bruce, 1746–1767, adapted

[Isaiah 2:2–5](#)

[Micah 4:1–7](#)