

Behold! The Mountain of the Lord
Michael Bruce, ca. 1766.
Psalm Singer's Pocket Companion, 1756.

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.

Alt version

In latter days, the Mount of God,
His sacred house shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And strike the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All Tribes and Tongues shall flow;
Up to the house of God they'll say,
To Jacob's God, we'll go.

To us He'll point the ways of truth:
The sacred Path we'll tread
From Salem and from Zion-Hill
His law shall then proceed.

Among the nations and the isles,
As Judge supreme, He'll sit:
And, vested with unbounded power
Will punish or acquit.

No strife shall rage, nor angry feuds,

Disturb these peaceful years;
To plowshares then they'll beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

Then nation shan't 'gainst nation rise,
And slaughtered house deplore:
They'll lay the useless trumpet by,
And study war no more.

O come ye, then, of Jacob's house,
Our hearts now let us join:
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.