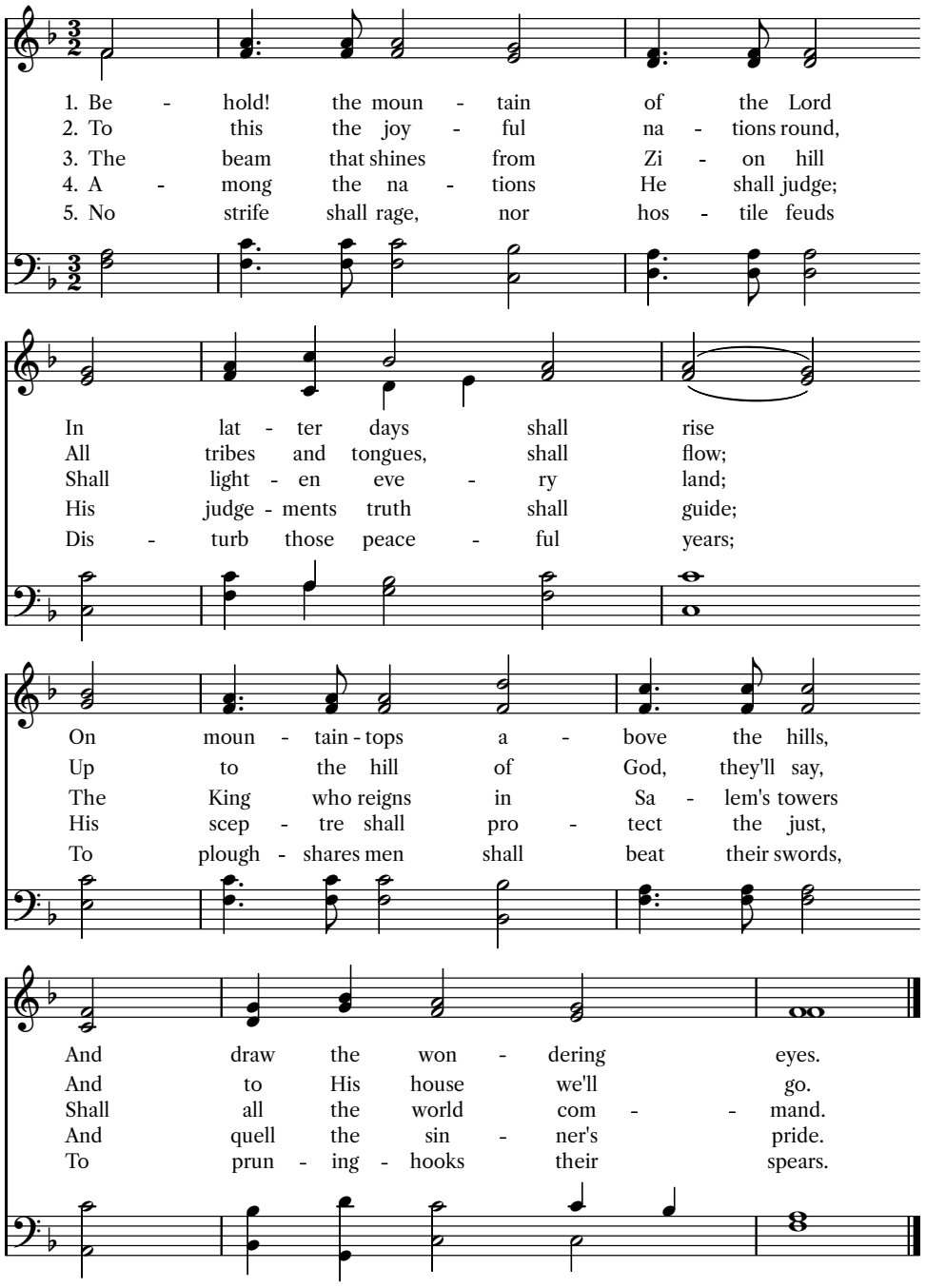Behold! the Mountain of the Lord



6. No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Scottish Paraphrases, 1781

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

ARLINGTON C.M.
Thomas Augustine Arne, 1762