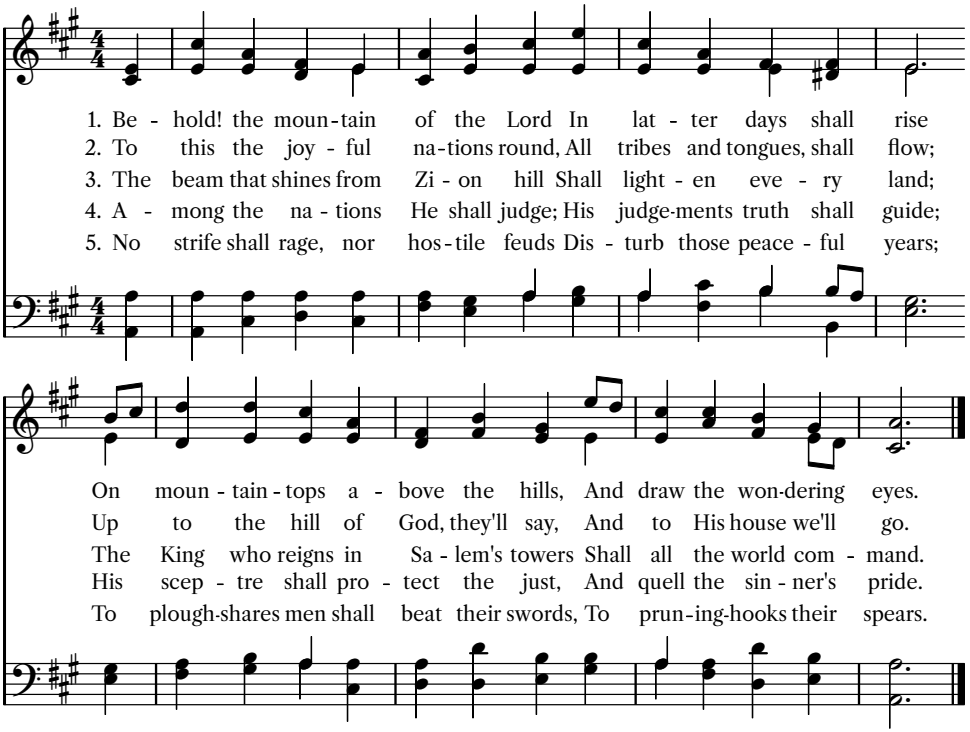
Behold! the Mountain of the Lord



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

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

Scottish Paraphrases, 1781

LEA C.M.
James Lea Summers, 1908