O'er Mountain Tops, the Mount of God

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
O'er mountain tops, the mount of God,

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
In latter days, shall rise Above the

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
summits of the hills, And draw the

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
wondering eyes.

The other verses

2 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall the whole world command.

3 Nor war shall rage, nor hostile strife
Disturb those happy years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

4 No longer host, encountering host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more.

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