1. We stood below the rolling mountain.
2. The prophets cried the consequence of sin.
3. We forged a cross, a sword thrust in the earth. And with that cross killed him who yearned our birth;

smoke And trembled to be there, for there you spoke: That we would not be whole, as we had been.

Ah, thunder, thunder, Oh, the voice of God.
Ah, scatter, scatter At the voice of God.
Then cursing, curst, we Feared the wrath of God.

But you said, "Israel, you are my own:
But we, who crept below an alien sky,
But see the cross: it lifts our Lord on high;

I've chosen you; I promise you a home.
Heard "Comfort!" in another prophet's cry:
And to that cross he draws us, glorified.

Then we—we roared before your mountain throne
"The Lord shall send his servant from on high
Who, 'round that cross, with one voice magnify

The wonder, wonder: "Glory to our God!"
To gather, gather As a shepherd should.
The mercy, mercy, Oh, the grace of God!