

He Came From The Mountain

Bruce Cockburn

He came from the mountain
To walk among the wounded
They couldn't see him
But the snow did melt whenever he passed by

He came behind winter
His face was like the sun
They wouldn't see it
But he sang on the bank and made the waters run

In his world we wait
In his hands our fate
Keep on climbing
We shall see his gate
In good time

He came to the lowlands
He said we must have faces
So we could see like him
Before our wings would ever come to fly

In his world we wait
In his hands our fate
Keep on climbing
We shall see his gate
In good time