

Bruce Cockburn

"He Came From The Mountain"

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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

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