

Hugh Blumenfeld

"This Mountain"

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This is not an age of faith
This is not an age of miracles
We don't believe anything they say
We don't believe anything at all
But when December grabs you by the throat
Better look for something burning deep inside your
coat
>From the top of this mountain
I can see Canaan
The blue of the vineyard
And gold of the grain
Right across that river
Candles flicker
If I didn't know better
I'd call it a dream
The walls of Jericho
And the walls of Jerusalem
Came tumbling down long ago
And they never got built again
Will you stand in the rubble where the rocks and bullets
whine
Will you stand in the garden, reach your hand across
the line
>From the top of this mountain

I can see Canaan
The blue of the vineyard
And gold of the grain
Right across that river
Candles flicker
If I didn't know better
I'd call it a dream
In the eyeless streets of Gaza,
In the shadow of the Golan Heights
In the fortress of Masada,
Through centuries of night
One light was always burning
Even when the fuel was gone
One light was always burning
--and the lights burn on...
>From the top of this mountain
I can see Canaan

The blue of the vineyard
And gold of the grain
Right across that river
Candles flicker
If I didn't know better
I'd call it a dream
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Music

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