

*Leaping the mountains, bounding the hills,
see how our God has come to meet us.
His voice is lifted; His face is joy.
Now is the season to sing our song on high.*

Come, then, O Lord of glory, show us Your face.
Speak for we know Your words are life.

He pastures His flock among the wild flow'rs
and leads them to the mountain of His love.

All through the day, all through the night,
seek for Lord and sing His love.