O where shall peace be found

The mountain long to see the Lord's day shall rise above all slaughter, all lands be holy ground, all peoples free from vision, but God who hears us pray demands our clear de-

murder? Where weapons are unmade the prophet's word comes brothers: our grey machines of death are turned to nobler

tue and none shall be afraid when God makes all things voice; to yield no more to fear, to make your path our

new, loose choice.