

# *When the Lord is Lifted High*

The mountains of the earth shall crumble  
But not by man's great might  
The proud will be made low and humble  
When the Lord is lifted high.

Shouts of grace and acclamation  
Fill the void of space.  
Gathering the strength of nations  
To humbly seek his face.

His mighty hand descends within  
The songs of glorious praise.  
And raises his standard and  
Dispelling sorrow's haze.

The word he spoke  
Remains so true  
Don't lose your hope  
Or be made blue

"Through Me you shall conquer  
The mountains' strength and might  
And you will praise me after  
As you win impossible fights."

"You cannot do this by yourself,  
So why do you even try?  
Ask for and receive my help,  
Then let my spirit guide."

"For you, I have a purpose,  
For you, I have a plan.  
As you walk the path of love,  
I will take your hand."

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