

O Ye Mountains High

Hymn p.34 Simplified

H.S. Thompson *Majestically* ♩ = 76-92

Charles W. Penrose

1. O ye moun - tains high, where the clear blue sky Arch - es
2. Tho the great and the wise all thy beau - ties de - spise, To the
3. In thy moun - tain re - treat, God will strength - en thy feet; With - out
4. Here our voic - es we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise, Sa - cred

o - ver the vales of the free, Where the pure breez - es blow amd the
hum - ble and pure thou art dear; Tho the haugh - ty may smile and the
fear of thy foes thou shalt tread; And their sil - ver and gold, as the
home of the proph - ets of God. Thy de - liv - 'rance is nigh; they op -

clear stream-lets flow, How I've longed to your bo - som to flee!
wick - ed re - vile, Yet we love thy glad tid - ings to hear.
proph - ets have told, Shall be brought to a - dorn thy fair head.
pres - sors shall die; And thy land shall be free - dom's a bode.

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O Zi-on! Dear Zi-on! land of the free, Now my
 O Zi-on! Dear Zi-on! home of the free, Tho thou
 O Zi-on! Dear Zi-on! home of the free, Soon thy
 O Zi-on! Dear Zi-on! land of the free, In thy

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own moun - tain home, unto thee I have come; All my
 wert forced to fly to thy cham - bers on high Yet we'll
 tow - ers shall shine with a splen - dor di - vine, And e -
 tem - ples we'll bend; all thy rights we'll de - fend; And our

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fond hopes are cen - tered in thee.
 share joy and sor - row with thee.
 ter - nal thy glo - - - ry shall be.
 home shall be ev - - - er with thee.