

O Ye Mountains High

Majestically ♩ = 76-92

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

Arch - es o - ver the vales of the free, Where the
 To the hum - ble and pure thou art dear; Tho the
 With - out fear of thy foes thou shalt tread; And their
 Sa - cred home of the proph - ets of God. Thy de -

pure breez - es blow and the clear stream - lets flow, How I've
 haugh - ty may smile and the wick - ed re - vile, Yet we
 sil - ver and gold, as the proph - ets have told, Shall be
 liv - 'rance is nigh; thy op - pres - sors shall die; And thy

longed to your bo - som to flee! O Zi - on! dear Zi-on!
 love thy glad tid - ings to hear. O Zi - on! dear Zi-on!
 brought to a - dorn thy fair head. O Zi - on! dear Zi-on!
 land shall be free - dom's a - bode. O Zi - on! dear Zi-on!

land of the free, Now my own moun - tain home, un - to
 home of the free, Tho thou wert forced to fly to thy
 home of the free, Soon thy tow - ers shall shine with a
 land of the free, In thy tem - ples we'll bend; all thy

thee I have come; All my fond hopes are cen - tered in thee.
 cham - bers on high, Yet we'll share joy and sor - row with thee.
 splen - dor di - vine, And e - ter - nal thy glo - ry shall be.
 rights we'll de - fend; And our home shall be ev - er with thee.

Text: Charles W. Penrose, 1832–1925
Music: H. S. Thompson, ca. 1852

Isaiah 2:2–3
 Doctrine and Covenants 64:41–43