

# O Ye Mountains High

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; On the  
4. Here our voi - ces we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise, Sa - cred

3

o - ver the vales of the free, Where the pure breez - es blow and the  
hum - ble and pure thou art dear; Tho' the haugh - ty may smile and the  
necks 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, thy op -

6

clear stream - lets flow, How I've longed to your bos - om to flee!  
wick - ed re - vile, Yet we love thy glad ti - dings to hear.  
Proph - ets fore - told, Shall be brought to a - dorn thy fair head.  
press - ors shall die, And the Gen - tiles shall bow 'neath thy rod.

9

O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! land of the free, Now my own moun - tain  
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! home of the free, Tho' thou wert forced to  
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! home of the free, Soon thy tow - ers shall  
O Zi - on! dear Zi - on! land of the free, In thy tem - ples we'll

home, un - to thee I have come— All my fond hopes are cen - tered in thee.  
 fly to thy cham - bers on high, Yet we'll share joy and sor - row with thee.  
 shine with a splen - dor di - vine, And e - ter - nal thy glo - ry shall be.  
 bend, all thy 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

*Source:* *Relief Society Song Book*, 1919—no. 17