

No. 75

O Ye Mountains High

CHARLES W. PENROSE

Brightly

1. O ye moun-tains high, where the clear blue sky Arch-es
 2. Though the great and the wise all thy beau-ties de-spise, To the

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

clear stream-lets flow, How I've longed to your bo-som to flee!
 wick-ed re-vile, Yet we love thy glad ti-dings to hear.

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, Though thou wert forced to

home, un-to thee I have come All my fond hopes are centered in thee.
 fly to thy cham-bers on high, Yet we'll share joy and sor-row with thee.