

Arr. by William Walker

1. High o'er the hills the moun-tains rise, Their sum-mits tow - er t'ward the skies; But far a - bove them I must dwell, Or sink be - neath the flames of hell.

2. Oh, God! for - bid that I should fall And lose my ev - er - last - ing all; But may I rise on wings of love, And soar to the blest world a - bove.

3. Al - tho I walk the moun-tains high, Ere long my bo - dy low must lie, And in some lone - some place must rot, And by the liv - ing be for - got.

4. There it must lie till that great day, When Ga - briel's aw - ful trump shall say, A - rise, the judg - ment day is come, When all must hear their fi - nal doom.

5. Then will I sing God's prais - es there, Who brought me through my trou - bles here I'll sing, and be for - ev - er blest, Find sweet and ev - er - last - ing rest.