

How Lovely on the Mountain

Fanny Crosby, 1901.

Ira Sankey.

How lovely on the mountain,
The feet of those who bring
Glad tidings of salvation,
Thro' Zion's glorious King;
Behold, of God anointed,
He comes with pow'r and might,
O regions veiled in darkness,
To pour celestial light.

Lift up thy head, O captive,
And let thy mournings cease;
The hand of mercy waveth
The olive branch of peace.
Lift up thy head, O captive,
For thou, in Christ, shalt find,
A healing balm of comfort,
The broken heart to bind.

O every one that thirsteth
The crystal water see;
To all who will receive it,
The fount of life is free.
Let every one who heareth
Obey the gracious call;
Come, without price, or money,
The Lord has paid for all.