The Three Mountains
Words and Music: Philip Bliss, 1874

Between me and my Savior
Three mighty mountains rose,
That all my way and ever
My coming did oppose;
And darkness gathered round me,
The light was growing dim,
Until my Savior found me,
And now I rest in Him.

I waited for a feeling,
Some new mysterious power,
A heavenly light revealing
My heart as ne'er before;
The mountain dark and gloomy
Concealed a loving Lord,
Until His voice came to me-
"My child, believe My Word."

I waited for a fitness,
To pray would be a sin!
My past life bore the witness
How vile my heart had been:
This mountain crushed my spirit,
Till God deliverance gave-
"'Twas sinners without merit
That Jesus came to save."

And then my fear of failing
Of hopes indulged in vain,
Of efforts unavailing
Eternal life to gain:
This mountain rose before me,
I called for help divine;
Said Jesus, "Dost thou love Me?
Then rest thy life in Mine."