

The Three Mountains
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."