

## FAITH ON THE MOUNTAIN

I- I Am Traveling To The Mountain,

Back To The place I loved so well.

The years have passed, since my leaving,

My mind could see while in my cell,

My freedom was lost while in my roaming,

No real joy in This world I found.

My need is to go back To The faith of my Mother  
So Today, To The Mountain, I Am bound.

Cho. I Am Thirsting, for real joy,

That was mine so long ago.

The joy that was lost in my straying,

I pray now that I may know.

II- I Found The cabin on The Mountain,

It seemed so dark and all alone.

No voice of praise from my Mother,

No words to help me atone.

I longed to see my dear father,

Working again out on the hill,

But only the silence and the sadness,

No words of joy my heart to thrill.

Cho

III. Then I remembered, Tomorrow is Sunday,  
And The folk will meet As They have for years.  
I found my way Across The Mountain,  
The sound of music was sweet to my ears.  
I walked in As The church was singing,  
Just As I Am without one plea,  
As I bowed and called on Jesus,  
The Gift of His Grace, I did receive.

Cho-

IV. It was not The beauty of That great Mountain,  
That brought The peace to my heart.  
Nor The memories of That old Cabin,  
Even Tho, These helped me start.  
It was not seeing The old Church House,  
Or The singing of beautiful songs,  
But The receiving of The Lord Jesus,  
He forgave and cleanse my wrongs.

Cho- I Am thirsting for real joy,  
That was mine so long ago.  
The joy that was lost in my straying,  
I Am Thankful now I know -

Written by: *Steve Pinnick* - Sun, July 11, 2004