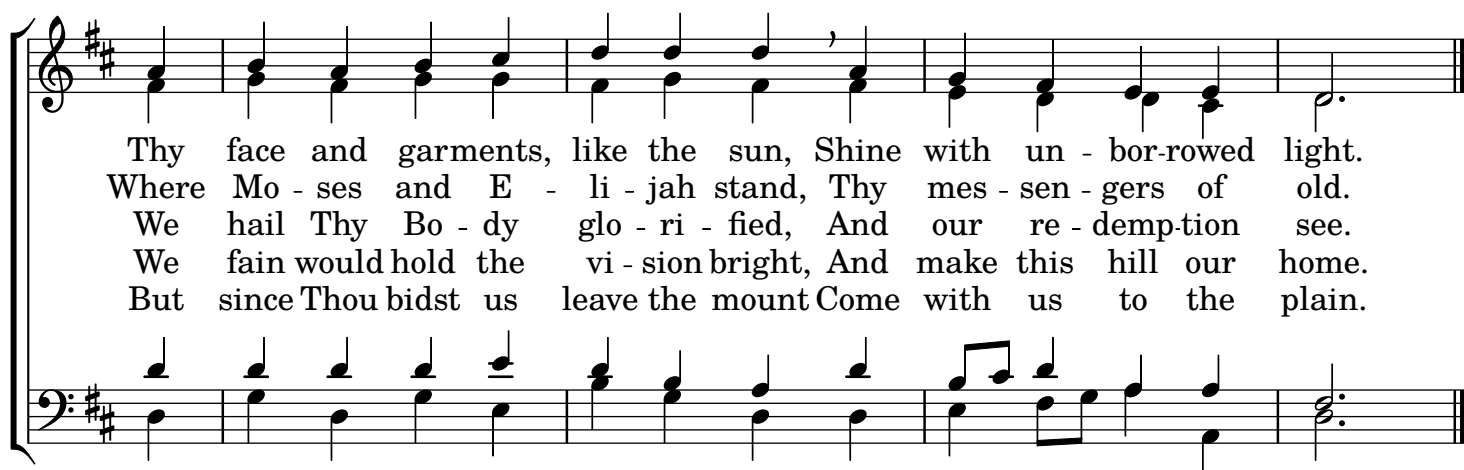




1. 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Thy glo - ry fills the night;
2. 'Tis good, Lord, to be here, Thy beau - ty to be - hold,
3. Ful - fil - ler of the past! Pro - mise of things to be!
4. Be - fore we taste of death, We see Thy king-dom come;
5. 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Yet we may not re - main;



Thy face and garments, like the sun, Shine with un - bor-rowed light.
Where Mo - ses and E - li - jah stand, Thy mes - sen - gers of old.
We hail Thy Bo - dy glo - ri - fied, And our re - demp-tion see.
We fain would hold the vi - sion bright, And make this hill our home.
But since Thou bidst us leave the mount Come with us to the plain.