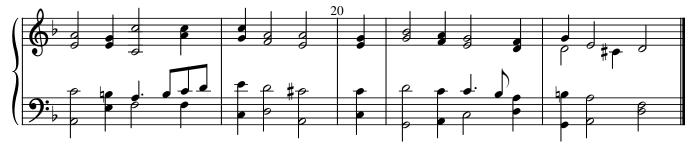
O Master, it is good to be









O Master, it is good to be High on the mountain here with Thee, Where stand revealed to mortal gaze Those glorious saints of other days, Who once received on Horeb's height Th'eternal laws of truth and right, Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

O Master, it is good to be With Thee, and with Thy faithful three; Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock Is nerved against temptation's shock; Here, where the Son of Thunder learns The thought that breathes, and word that burns; Here, where on eagle wings we move With him whose last best creed is love. O Master, it is good to be Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee; And watch Thy glistening raiment glow Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow; The human lineaments that shine Irradiant with a light divine; Till we too change from grace to grace, Gazing on that transfigured face.

O Master, it is good to be Here on the holy mount with Thee; When darkling in the depths of night, When dazzled with excess of light, We bow before the heavenly voice That bids bewildered souls rejoice, Though love wax cold, and faith be dim, 'This is my Son! O hear ye him.'

Arthur Stanley

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