

- 1 How good, Lord, to be here!  
your glory fills the night;  
your face and garments, like the sun,  
shine with unborrowed light.
- 2 How good, Lord, to be here,  
your beauty to behold,  
where Moses and Elijah stand,  
your messengers of old.
- 3 Fulfiller of the past,  
promise of things to be:  
we hail your body glorified,  
and our redemption see.
- 4 Before we taste of death,  
we see your Kingdom come;  
we still would hold the vision bright,  
and make this hill our home.
- 5 How good, Lord, to be here!  
yet we may not remain;  
but since you bid us leave the mount  
come with us to the plain.

Joseph Armitage Robinson 1858-1933 *alt.*