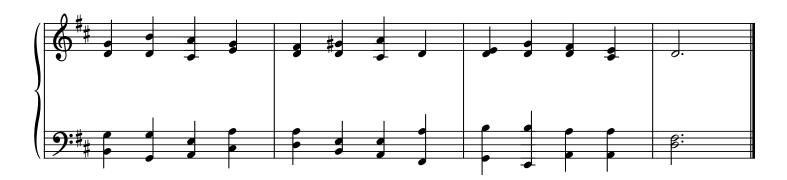
How good, Lord, to be here!

J.S. Bach, 1685-1750

Postdam S.M.





How good, Lord, to be here! your glory fills the night; your face and garments, like the sun, shine with unborrowed light.

How good, Lord, to be here, your beauty to behold, where Moses and Elijah stand, your messengers of old.

Fulfiller of the past, promise of things to be: we hail your body glorified, and our redemption see. Before we taste of death, we see your Kingdom come; we still would hold the vision bright, and make this hill our home.

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

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