Not always on the mount may we





Not always on the mount may we Rapt in the heav'nly vision be: The shores of thought and feeling know The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

"Lord it is good abiding here," We cry, the heav'nly presence near: The vision vanishes, our eyes Are lifted into vacant skies.

Yet hath one such exalted hour Upon the soul redeeming power, And its strength, through after days, We travel our appointed ways, Till all the lowly vale grows bright, Transfigured in remembered light, And in untiring souls we bear The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision: but below The paths of daily duty go, And nobler life therein shall own The pattern on the mountain shown.

Frederick L. Hosmer

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