How Good, Lord, to Be Here!

1 How good, Lord, to be here! Your glory fills the night;
2 How good, Lord, to be here, your beauty to behold;
3 Fulfiller of the past and hope of things to be,
4 Before we taste of death, we see your kingdom come;
5 How good, Lord, to be here! Yet we may not remain;

your face and garments, like the sun, shine with unborrowed light.
where Moses and Elijah stand, your messengers of old.
we hail your body glorified and our redemption see.
we long to hold the vision bright and make this hill our home.
but since you bid us leave the mount, come with us to the plain.

Text: Joseph A. Robinson, 1858–1933, alt.
Music: POTSDAM, W. Mercer, The Church Psalter and Hymn Book, 1854