

211R Not Long on Hermon's Holy Height

1. Not long on Her-mon's ho-ly height, the heaven-ly
2. If with the Teach-er we would go, our feet must
3. Where hung-ry souls ask to be fed, where wand-er-
4. There, bend-ing pa-tient o'er a task, no rai-ment

vi-sion fills our sight, we may not breathe that
thread the vale be-low, where dim the lone-ly
-ers cry to be led, where help-less hearts in
white our eyes shall ask, con-tent while through each

pur-er air, nor build our tab-er-nac-les there.
path-ways wind, the gold-en glo-ry left be-hind.
chains are bound, the One Be-loved is ev-er found.
cloud we trace, the glo-ry of the Rab-bi's face.

Words: Theodore Claudius Pease (1891), rev. REH (2007)
Music: ANGELUS (L.M.), Georg Josph (1657)

