

Transfigured Christ, none comprehends

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your majesty, whose splendor stuns
all waking souls; whose light transcends
the brightness of a thousand suns!

You stand with Moses on the hill,
you speak of your new exodus.
The way through death you will fulfill
by dying helpless on the cross.

You stand here with Elijah too,
by whom the still small voice was heard;
and you, yourself, will prove God true,
made mute in death, incarnate Word.

If we could bear your brightness here
and stay forever in your light,
then we would conquer grief and fear,
and scorn the terrors of the night.

But, from the heights, you bring us down
to share earth's agonies with you,
where piercing thorns are made your crown
and death, accepted, proves love true.

Majestic Christ, God's well-loved Son,
if we must share your grief and loss,
transfigure us, when all is done,
with glory shining from your cross.