

Lord Jesus, on the Holy Mount  
John Anketell, 1895.

Lord Jesus, on the holy mount  
We would abide with Thee,  
Still drinking from the blessed fount  
Of grace, so rich and free.

There prophets praise Thy glorious name,  
And deeds which Thou hast done;  
And there the Father's words proclaim  
His own beloved Son.

The rays of Thy transfigured face  
Beam with such golden light  
That we would never leave the place,  
Nor lose the heavenly sight.

But there is work on earth to do,  
The suffering soul to heal;  
The harvest great, the laborers few  
Thy kingdom to reveal.

We may not linger on the mount,  
Where bright Thy glories shine;  
We may not taste the sacred fount  
Of blessedness divine.

But let some beams of heavenly light  
Make bright our earthly way;  
Then grant the beatific sight  
Of heaven and endless day.