

O Master, It Is Good to Be

Arthur Stanley, 1870.

From Beethoven.

O Master, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
Th'eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

O Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three;
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word that burns;
Here, where on eagle wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrap, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine;
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is My Son, O hear ye Him."