

## **Upon the holy mount they stood**

Upon the holy mount they stood  
that wondrous, awful night;  
they saw, and knew that it was good  
to see that vision bright.

No Man of Sorrows stands there now;  
but, keen as lightning flame,  
the streams of heavenly radiance flow  
from that transfigured frame.

Beneath that mount another scene  
they saw, when morning smiled;  
a father, torn with anguish keen,  
sought mercy for his child.

No more the blaze of glistening light  
enwraps the form divine,  
but tender love and healing might  
around him softly shine.

He came from hours of rapture high  
to care for human woe;  
so angels from God's presence fly  
to succor men below.

O Jesus, be our life like thine;  
blest labor, doubly blest  
by communings with things divine  
upon the mountain crest.

Lord, we would pass from hours of prayer,  
that lift our souls above,  
to go where want and sorrow are  
with lowly deeds of love.

Let no self-will within us lurk,  
no faithless sloth be there;  
but prayer give life to all our work,  
and work crown all our prayer.