









- 2. At early dawn, when the first rays of light play like a rose-wreath on the peaks of snow; and late, when half the valley seems in night, yet still around each pale majestic height the sun's last smile has left a crimson glow, –
- 6. And once on Tabor was a vision given sublime as that which Israel feared to view, when the transfigured Lord of earth and heaven, mortality's dim curtain lifted, riven, revealed his glory to his chosen few.
- 3. then the heart longs, it calls for wings to fly, above all lower scenes of earth to soar, where yonder golden clouds arrested lie, where granite cliffs and glaciers gleam on high as with reflected light from Heaven's own door.
- 7. On mountain heights of Galilee he prayed while others slept, and all beneath was still; from Olivet's recess of awful shade thrice was that agonized petition made, "Oh that this cup might pass, if such thy will!" ...
- 4. Whence this strange spell, by thoughtful souls confessed ever in shadow of the mountains found?

 'Tis the deep voice within our human breast, which bids us seek a refuge and a rest above, beyond what meets us here around!
 - 8. And on Mount Zion, in the better land, past every danger of the pilgrim way, at our Redeemer's feet we hope to stand, and learn the meanings of his guiding hand through all the changes of our earthly day.
- 5. Ever to men of God the hills were dear, since on the slopes of Ararat the dove plucked the wet olive-pledge of hope and cheer; or Israel stood entranced in silent fear, while God on Sinai thundered from above. ...
- 9. Then hail, calm sentinels of heaven, again! Proclaim your message, as in ages past! Tell us that pilgrims shall not toil in vain, that Zion's mount we surely shall attain, where all home longings find a home at last!

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