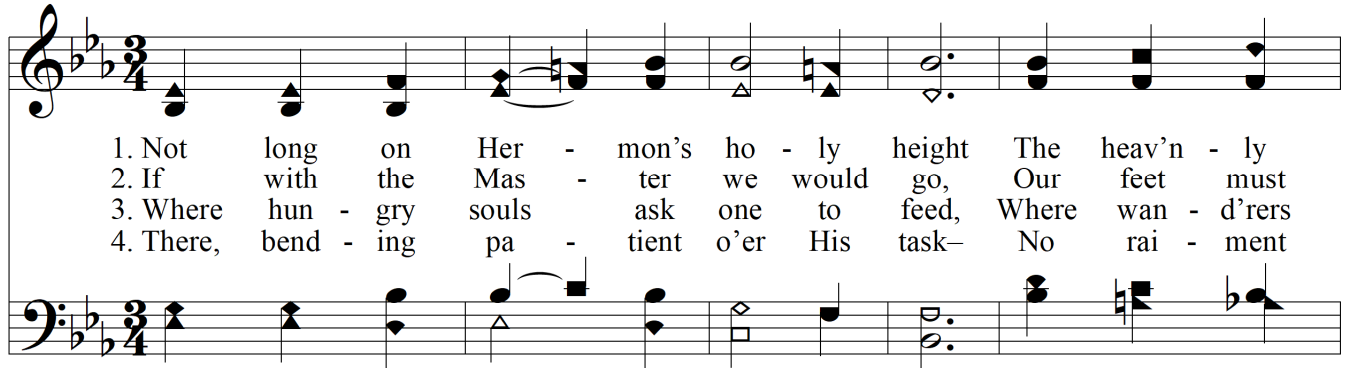


Not Long On Hermon's Holy Height

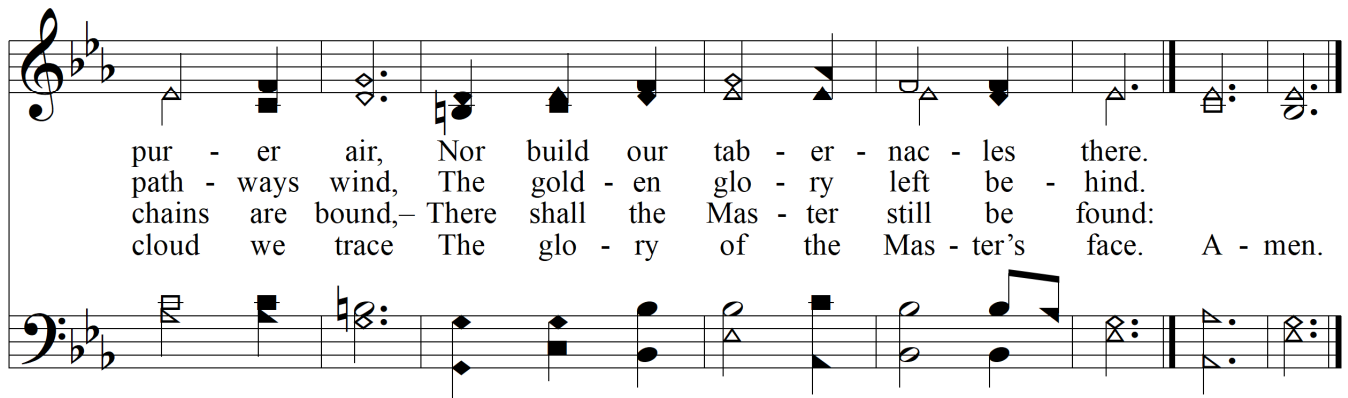
ANGELUS L. M.



1. Not long on Her - mon's ho - ly height The heav'n - ly
2. If with the Mas - ter we would go, Our feet must
3. Where hun - gry souls ask one to feed, Where wan - d'ers
4. There, bend - ing pa - tient o'er His task - No rai - ment



vi - sion fills our sight; We may not breathe that
thread the vale be - low, Where dark the lone - ly
cry for one to lead, Where help - less hearts in
white our eyes shall ask, Con - tent, while thru each



pur - er air, Nor build our tab - er - nac - les there.
path - ways wind, The gold - en glo - ry left be - hind.
chains are bound, - There shall the Mas - ter still be found:
cloud we trace The glo - ry of the Mas - ter's face. A - men.