

# 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.