

# TRANSFIGURATION OF THE LORD SUNDAY

February 27, 2022 ♦ 9:30 a.m.

\* HYMN 190

*Swiftly Pass the Clouds of Glory*

GENEVA



1 Swift - ly pass the clouds of glo - ry, heav - en's voice, the  
2 Glimpsed and gone the rev - e - la - tion, they shall gain and  
3 Lord, trans-fig - ure our per - cep - tion with the pur - est



daz - zling light; Mo - ses and E - li - jah van - ish;  
keep its truth, not by build - ing on the moun - tain  
light that shines, and re - cast our life's in - ten - tions



Christ a - lone com - mands the height! Pe - ter, James, and  
an - y shrine or sa - cred booth, but by fol - low -  
to the shape of your de - signs, till we seek no



John fall si - lent, turn - ing from the sum - mit's rise down - ward  
ing the Sav - ior through the val - ley to the cross and by  
oth - er glo - ry than what lies past Cal - vary's hill and our



toward the shad - owed val - ley where their Lord has fixed his eyes.  
test - ing faith's re - sil - ience through be - tray - al, pain, and loss.  
liv - ing and our dy - ing and our ris - ing by your will.

1 Je - sus, take us to the moun - tain, where, with Pe - ter,  
 2 What do you want us to see there, that your close com -  
 3 What do you want us to hear there, that your dear dis -  
 4 Take us to that oth - er moun - tain where we see you  
 5 We who have be - held your glo - ry, ris - en and as -

James, and John, we are daz - zled by your glo - ry,  
 pan - ions saw? Your di - vin - i - ty re - vealed there  
 ci - ples heard? Once a - gain the voice from heav - en  
 glo - ri - fied, where you shout - ed "It is fin - ished!"  
 cend - ed Lord, can - not help but tell the sto - ry,

light as blind - ing as the sun. There pre - pare us  
 fills us with the self - same awe. Clothed in flesh like  
 says of the In - car - nate Word, "Lis - ten, lis - ten,  
 where for all the world you died. Hear the stunned cen -  
 all that we have seen and heard; say with Pe - ter,

for the night by the vi - sion of that sight.  
 ours you go, matched to meet our dead - liest foe.  
 ev - ery - one: this is my be - lov - ed Son."  
 tur - i - on: "Tru - ly this was God's own Son!"  
 James, and John: "You are God's be - lov - ed Son!"