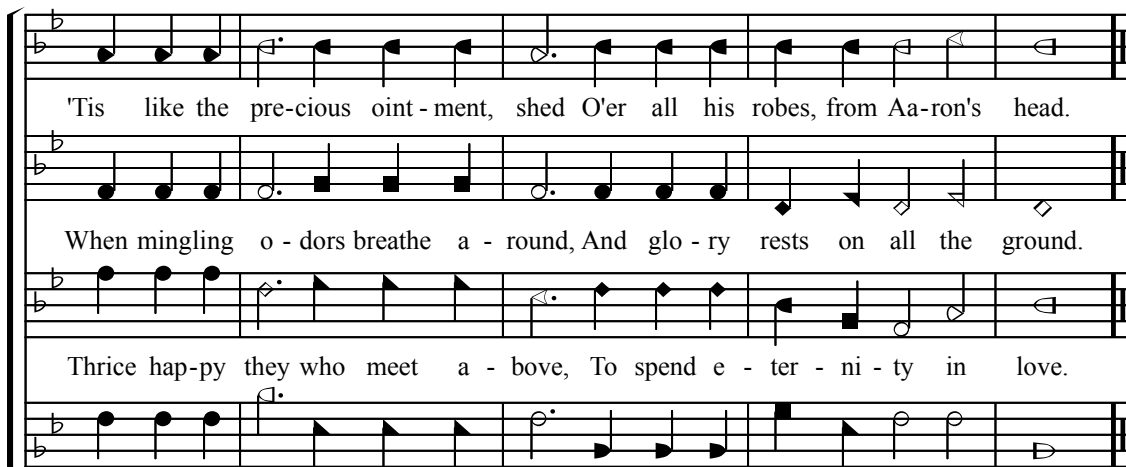


1. How beau-ti-ful the sight, Of breth-ren who a-gree, In friend-ship to u-nite And bonds of char-i-ty;

2. 'Tis like the dews that fill The cups of Her-mon's flow'rs, Or Zi-on's fruit-ful hill, Bright with the drops of showers,

3. For there the Lord com-mands, Bless-ings, a bound-less store, From his un-spar-ing hands, Yea, life for-ev-er-more;



'Tis like the pre-cious oint-ment, shed O'er all his robes, from Aa-ron's head.

When mingling o-dors breathe a-round, And glo-ry rests on all the ground.

Thrice hap-py they who meet a-bove, To spend e-ter-ni-ty in love.