

## How Beautiful the Sight

From Psalm 133

1. <sup>1</sup>How beau - ti - ful the sight Of breth - ren who a - gree  
 2. <sup>3</sup>'Tis like the dews that fill The cups of Her - mon's flow'rs;  
 3. For there the LORD com - mands Bless - ings, a bound - less store,

In friend-ship to u - nite, And bonds of char - i - ty;  
 Or Zi - on's fruit - ful hill, Bright with the drops of show'rs,  
 From His un - spar - ing hands, Yea, life for - ev - er - more;

<sup>2</sup>'Tis like the pre-cious oint-ment, shed O'er all his robes, from Aa-ron's head.  
 When min-gling 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!

Music: John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)

Text: James Montgomery (1771–1854)

ST. GODRIC

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