

1 Be - hold, how pleas - ant and how good That we, one Lord con - fess - ing,

To - geth - er dwell in broth - er - hood, Our u - ni - ty ex - press - ing;

'Tis like the oil on Aar - on's head, The seal of or - di - na - tion,

That o'er his robes the sweet-ness shed Of per - fect con - se - cra - tion.

2 Behold, how pleasant and how good
 That we, one Lord confessing,
 Together dwell in brotherhood,
 Our unity expressing;
 'Tis like the dew from Hermon fair
 On Zion's hill descending;
 The Lord commands His blessing there
 In life that is unending.