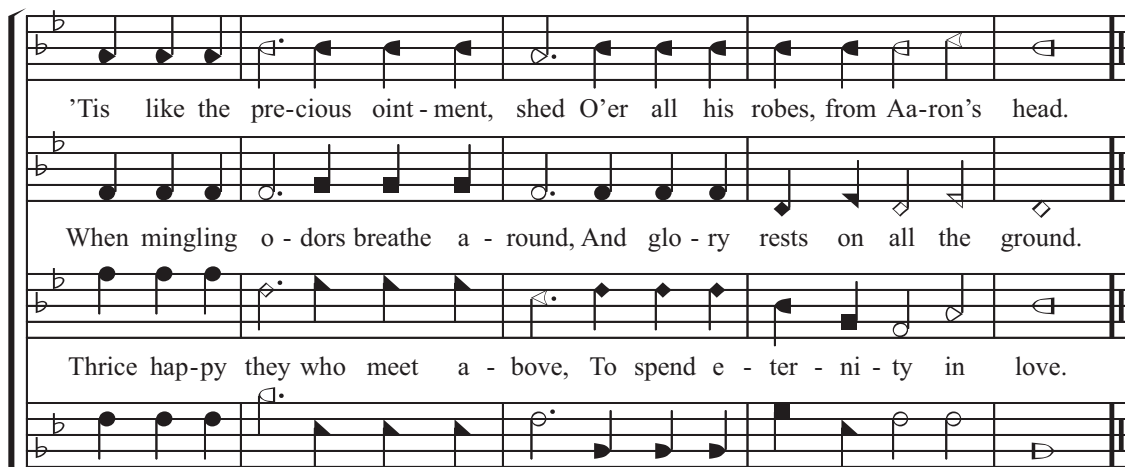


1. How beau - ti - ful the sight, Of breth - ren who a - gree, In friend - ship to u - nite And bonds of char - i - ty;

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.

Isaac Watts

1. To God I lift mine eyes,
From him is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.
2. My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep, when dangers rise.