

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 dew's 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.