

HOW beautiful the sight!
Believers who agree
In friendship to unite,
With bonds of charity.
'Tis like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling fragrances abound,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From His unsparing hands,
With life for evermore;
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854