

How pleasant 'tis to see

Isaac Watts, Psalms of David

1. How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friend agree;
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2. 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3. Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.