

1. Bless'd are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de-signs to serve and please, Through all their ac-tions run.

2. Bless'd is the pi-ous house, Where zeal and friend-ship meet, Their songs of praise, their ming-led vows, Make their com-mu-nion sweet.

3. Thus when on Aa-ron's head They poured the rich per-fume, The oil through all his rai-ment spread, And pleas-ure filled the room.

4. Thus on the heav'n-ly hills The saints are bless'd a-bove, Where joy like morn-ing dew dis-tills, And all the air is love.