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2. When streams of love from Christ the spring Descend to every soul, And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,

Shades and bedews the whole;

- 3. Tis like the oil, divinely sweet, On Aaron's reverend head The trickling drops perfumed his feet, And o'er his garments spread.
- 4. Tis pleasant as the morning dews That fall on Zion's hill, Where God his mildest glory shows, And makes his grace distill.