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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 blessed 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 heav'nly dew, distils.