



- 2. When streams of love from Christ the spring Descend to every soul, And heavenly 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 distil.