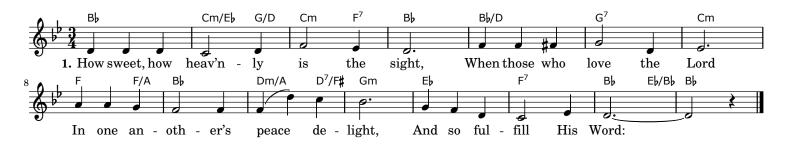
How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight

The Church — Her Fellowship

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- 2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
- 3. When, free from envy, scorn and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love;
- 4. When love, in one delightful stream, Through every bosom flows; When union sweet, and dear esteem, In every action glows.
- 5. Love is the golden chain that binds; The saints Thy grace thus prove. And he is glory's heir that finds His bosom glow with love.