

Psalm 133

"O how happy a thing it is"

Text by William Whittingham

Harmonised by
David Peebles

1. O how hap - py a thing it is, and joy - ful for to see, Breth -
2. It wet not Aa - ron's head a - lone, but drenched his beard through-out And

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ren to - geth - er fast to hold the band of am - i - ty, It call'th to
fi - nal - ly it did run down his rich at - tire a - bout. And as the
3. Ev'n so the

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mind that sweet per - fume, and that cost - ly oint - ment, Which on the
low - er ground doth drink the dew of Her - mon hill, And Zi - on
Lord doth pour on them, his bles - sings man - i - fold, Whose hearts and

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sac - ri - fi - cer's head, by God's pre - cept was spent.
with his sil - ver drops the fields with fruit doth fill:
minds with - out all guile, this knot do keep and hold.