

PSALM 133

A song of ascents. Of David.

Geneva, 1551



1. How good it is when bro-thers are u-nit-ed,
 with one an-oth-er's com-pa-ny de-light-ed,
 and live in pleas-ant har-mo-ny.
 It's like the pre-cious oil on Aa-ron's head
 when down his beard and priest-ly robe it spread,
 that he might God's a-noint-ed be.

2. It's like the *dew of Hermon*, so refreshing,
 which *to the hills of Zion* is a blessing
 when it in *cooling* drops descends.
 For *there, in Zion, in His dwelling* place,
 the *LORD* bestows *amazing gifts of grace*
 and grants the *life that never ends*.