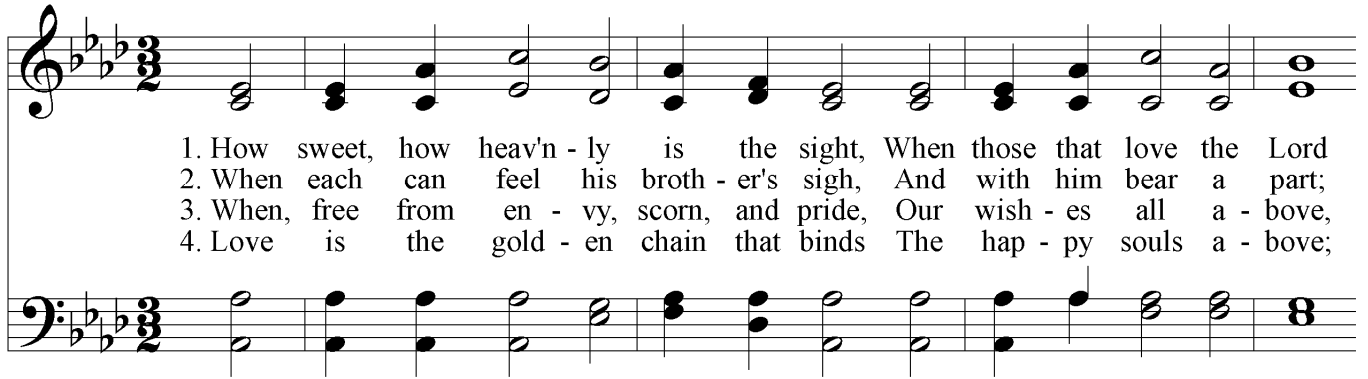


# Evan C. M.



1. How sweet, how heav'n - ly is the sight, When those that love the Lord  
2. When each can feel his broth - er's sigh, And with him bear a part;  
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,  
4. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;



In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil His word!  
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart!  
Each can his broth - er's fail - ings hide, And show a broth - er's love!  
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bos - om glow with love. A - men.