

Come, Pure Hearts

12th Century Latin.

Gerard Cobb(1838-1904)

Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measure,  
Sing of those who spread the treasure  
In the holy Gospels shrined;  
Blessed tidings of salvation,  
Peace on earth their proclamation,  
Love from God to lost mankind.

See the rivers four that gladden,  
With their streams, the better Eden  
Planted by our Lord most dear;  
Christ the Fountain, these the waters;  
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,  
Drink, and find salvation here.

Here our souls, by Jesus sated,  
More and more shall be translated  
Earth's temptations far above;  
Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,  
Soaring on an angel pinion,  
They shall reach the source of love.

Then shall thanks and praise ascending  
For Thy mercies without ending  
Rise to Thee, O Savior blest,  
With Thy gracious aid defend us,  
Let Thy guiding light attend us,  
Bring us to Thy place of rest.

O that we, thy truth confessing,  
And Thy holy Word possessing,  
Jesus, may Thy love adore;  
Unto Thee our voices raising,  
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,  
Ever and forevermore.