

Daily, Daily, Sing the Praises
Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.
Henri Hemy, 1865.

Daily, daily, sing the praises
Of the city God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation stones are laid.

Refrain

O that I had wings of angels,
Here to spread and heavenward fly!
I would seek the gates of Zion,
Far beyond the starry sky.

All the walls of that dear city
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.

Refrain

In the midst of that dear city
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.

Refrain

From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the city
Like a sudden beam of light.

Refrain

There the forests ever blossom,
Like our orchards here in May;
There the gardens never wither,
But eternally are gay.

Refrain

There the meadows green and dewy
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;
Thousand, thousand, are the colors
Of the waving flowers there.

Refrain

There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs, and the elders,
And the great redeemed throng.

Refrain

O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden would attain!

Refrain