Come, pure hearts, in joyful measure



Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measure, Sing of those who spread the treasure In the holy Gospels shrined; Blessèd 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. 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.

12th Century Latin