

Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measure

Gerald F. Cobb, 1838-1904

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**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.**

**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.**

**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.**

Robert Campbell