







Quite through the streets with silver sound The flood of life doth flow, Upon whose banks on every side The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit, And evermore do spring; There evermore the angels be, And evermore do sing.

There David stands with harp in hand As master of the choir: Ten thousand times that man were blessed That might this music hear.

Our Lady sings Magnificat With tune surpassing sweet, And all the virgins bear their part, Sitting at her feet. Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing, Saint Austin doth the like; Old Simeon and Zachary Have not their songs to seek.

There Magdalen hath left her moan, And cheerfully doth sing With blessèd saints, whose harmony In every street doth ring.

Jerusalem, my happy home, Would God I were in thee! Would God my woes were at an end Thy joys that I might see!

St. Augustine