



Though the Streets of Heaven

Music by Louis Parker

Words by Wilfred Knox, 1921

Though the streets of Heaven
Mary, thou dost tread,
Roses in thy bosom,
Stars about thy head;
Though before thy presence
Angels bow the knee,
Hear the supplication
Sinners make to thee.

*Mater creatoris,
Domus aurea,
Mater salvatoris,
Caeli janua:
Meet it is thy praises
Every tongue should sound
Mary over all things
To all ages crowned.*

In the heart of heaven
Perfect is thy rest;
Yet thou once didst wander,
Jesus on thy breast;
Poor, and scorned and helpless
Thou thy Son didst tend,
All who toil and suffer,
Mary Maid, befriend.

*Mater creatoris,
Domus aurea,
Mater salvatoris,
Caeli janua:
Meet it is thy praises
Every tongue should sound
Mary over all things
To all ages crowned.*

Though with Christ thou dwellest
Evermore at one,
Yet thou once did seek him,
Sorrowing, thy Son;
Anxious hearts that tremble,
Heavy eyes that wake,
Into thy protection,
Mary, Mother, take.

*Mater creatoris,
Domus aurea,
Mater salvatoris,
Caeli janua:
Meet it is thy praises
Every tongue should sound
Mary over all things
To all ages crowned.*

Midst the heavenly treasures
Happy though thou be,
Call to mind thy vigil
By the bitter Tree;
Mothers sorrow laden,
Widowed brides that weep,
By thy intercession,
Mary, Mother, keep.

*Mater creatoris,
Domus aurea,
Mater salvatoris,
Caeli janua:
Meet it is thy praises
Every tongue should sound
Mary over all things
To all ages crowned.*

When upon our death-beds
Earthly comforts fade,
Mary, let thy presence
Keep us unafraid;
When the books are opened,
And the judgement set,
Mary, be our succour,
Pleading for us yet.

*Mater creatoris,
Domus aurea,
Mater salvatoris,
Caeli janua:
Meet it is thy praises
Every tongue should sound
Mary over all things
To all ages crowned.*