

Blest Are the Poor
Susan Peterson, 1998.
Maori melody.

Blest are the poor, whose spirits know their need;
God's heav'nly kingdom will be theirs indeed.
Blest, those who mourn; God's comfort will be known.
Blest are the meek; the world will be their own.

Blest, those who seek God's righteousness each day;
They will be filled and never turned away.
Blest are the kind, for mercy will be giv'n.
Blest are the pure in heart; they'll see God in Heav'n.

Blest, men of peace; they will God's sons be named.
Blest, those who suffer slander and much shame.
Blest, faithful ones, enduring for your Lord.
Rejoice, be glad, for great is your reward.

I see my need and humbly seek Your face.
Show me Your mercy; all my cares erase.
Keep my heart pure; I long for righteousness.
I know that as Your child I'm fully blest.