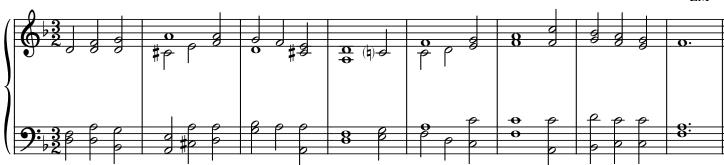
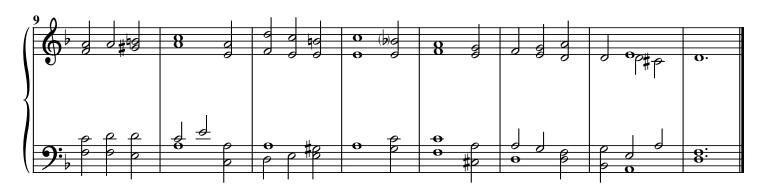
Blest are the humble souls that see

F.L. Wiseman, 1858-1944

Abney
LM





Blest are the humble souls that see Their emptiness and poverty; Treasures of grace to them are giv'n, And crowns of joy laid up in Heav'n.

Blest are the men of broken heart, Who mourn for sin with inward smart; The blood of Christ divinely flows, A healing balm for all their woes.

Blest are the souls that long for grace Hunger and long for righteousness; They shall be well supplied, and fed With living streams and living bread. Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean From the defiling powers of sin; With endless pleasure they shall see A God of spotless purity.

Blest are the suff'rers who partake Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake; Their souls shall triumph in the Lord; Glory and joy are their reward.

Isaac Watts

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