BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN



2. Again it spoke – "Come unto me thou, with distress and labour worn, rest and refreshment are for thee:

Blessed are they that mourn."

3. I heard a voice in truth's pure word, a saint, who sorrow's yoke had borne, "Blessed is the man thou chastenest, Lord!" "Blessed are they that mourn."

4. I heard an angel voice proclaim, yon victors bright, whom crowns adorn, "Through tribulation great they came!""Blessed are they that mourn."

5. Why should I then for sufferings grieve, since sorrow leads to joy's bright bourne? Let me indeed the words believe, "Blessed are they that mourn."

Words: Charlotte Elliott. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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