

That to the stranger lone and sad,  
For shelter open wide the door:

Blessed are they that o'er the couch,  
Of suffering sorrow bend,  
Whose hearts go forth in sympathy,  
To those in prisons bound.

Blessed are they who stoop to raise  
The crushed ones from the mire of sin,  
Christ-like who lead the lost sheep back,  
The fold of God to dwell within.

Blessed are they—the voice of Christ,  
Shall on the judgment morn declare,  
Who work his work with single eye,  
And charity's pure spirit bear.

Blessed are they who yearn o'er souls,  
Lost in the gloom of nature's night,  
Who lead the wanderers back to Him,  
Who sheds o'er them celestial light.

Blessed are they—for as the brightness  
That spreads the glorious firmament o'er,  
As the jewels glittering on night's fair brow,  
They'll shine for ever, evermore.