

O Blessed are the Patient Meek

By: Hannah Hurnard

O blessed are the patient meek
Who quietly suffer wrong;
How glorious are the foolish weak
By God made greatly strong;
So strong they take the conqueror's crown,
And turn the whole world upside down.

O dreaded meek! None can resist
The weapon which they wield,
Force melts before them like a mist,
Earths' "strong ones" faint and yield.
Yea—slay them, lay them in the dust,
But bow before them, earth's might must.

Immortal meek! Who take the earth
By flinging all away!
Who die—and death is but their birth,
Who lose—and win the day.

Hewn down and stripped and scorned and slain,

O Christ-like meek! By heaven blessed,

Before whom hell must quake,

By foolish, blinded men oppressed,

Who yet the earth do shake.

O "seed" of him who won through loss,

And conquered death while on a cross.