

Poor In Paradise

Margaret Becker

As the day is closing, dimming slowly
I'm recounting all Your faithfulness
And I know that all these gifts around me
Are sent from You on heaven's breath

And my eyes are filled to overflowing
As I'm watching all Your love unfold
'Cause I can't contain the precious bounty
You've poured out on this tattered soul

For no greater treasure could there be
Under any lock and key
Than to be a beggar fully freed

Poor in paradise with Thee
Poor in paradise with Thee

As the years come to me ever swiftly
I pray I'll please You in their midst
And when I'm too weak to show You glory
Come gather me in Your tenderness

For no greater treasure could there be
Under any lock and key
Than to be a beggar fully freed
Poor in paradise with Thee
Poor in paradise with Thee