How Blest The Righteous

ZEPHYR

1. How blest the righteous when he dies,—When sinks a weary soul to rest!
2. So faded the summer cloud away;—So sinks the gale when storms are o’er;
3. A holy quiet reigns around,—A calm which life nor death destroys;
4. Life’s labor done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spirit flies;

How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves the expiring breast!
So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore.
And naught disturbs that peace profound, Which his unfermented soul enjoys.
While heav’n and earth combine to say,—“How blest the righteous when he dies!”

Words by Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld
Music by William B. Bradbury