1. How blest the righteous when he dies,— When sinks a weary soul to rest!
2. So fades a 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 unfettered soul enjoys.
While heav'n and earth combine to say,— "How blest the righteous when he dies!"