

How Blest the Righteous When He Dies

Anna Barbauld, 1809.

Anonymous, before 1873.

How blest the righteous when he dies!

When sinks a weary soul to rest,

How mildly beam the closing eyes,

How gently heaves th'expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;

So sinks a gale when storms are o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day;

So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,

A calm which life nor death destroys;

And naught disturbs that peace profound

Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,

Where lights and shades alternate dwell;

How bright th'unchanging morn appears!

Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,

Light from its load the spirit flies,

While Heav'n and earth combine to say,

"How blest the righteous when he dies!"