

1. How blest is our brother bereft, Of all that can bur-den his mind; }  
 How eas-y the soul that has left This wea-ri-some bo-dy be - hind; }

2. This earth is af-fect-ed no more With sick-ness or sha-ken with pain, }  
 The war in the member is o'er, And nev-er shall vex him a - gain; }

3. This lan-guish-ing head is at rest; Its think-ing and ach-ing are o'er, }  
 This qui-et immova-ble breast, Is heav-ed by af-flic-tion no more; }

Of e - vil in - ca - pa - ble thou, Whose rel-ics with en-vy I see, No long-er in mis-er - y now, No long-er a sin-ner like me.

No an-ger hence-for-ward or shame, Shall red-den his in-no-cent clay; Ex - tinct is the an - i - mal flame, And pas-sion is van-ish-ed a - way.

This heart is no long-er the seat Of trou-ble and tor-tur-ing pain; It ceas-es to flat-ter and beat,— It nev-er shall flut-ter a - gain.