

Joseph

Mansfield

How blest is our bro - ther be - ref, Of all that could bur - den his mind, How ea - sy the soul that has
This lan - guish - ing head is at rest, Its think - ing and ach - ing are o'er, This qui - et, im - mov - a - ble
The lids he so sel - dom could close, By sor - row for - bid - den to sleep, Now sealed in their mor - tal re -

left, This wear - i - some bo - dy be - hind. This wear - i - some bo - dy be - hind.
breast, Is heaved by af - flic - tion no more. Is heaved by af - flic - tion no more.
- pose, Have strange - ly for - got - ten to weep. Have strange - ly for - got - ten to weep.