How Blest the Righteous Are

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ST. BRIDE

| l, - | m, - l, - d - t, - | l, - - - - - d - |
How blest the righteous are When

| s, - d - m - r - | d - - - - - m - |
they resign their breath! No

| r - d - t, - l, - | s, - f, - m, - m - |
wonder Balaam wished to share In

| l, - r - d - t, - | l, - - - - - |
such a happy death.

The other verses

2 "Oh! let me die, said he,
The death the righteous do;
When life is ended let me be
Found with the faithful few."

3 The force of truth how great!
When enemies confess,
None but the righteous whom they hate,
A solid hope possess.

4 But Balaam's wish was vain,
His heart was insincere;
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
And sought a portion here.

5 He seemed the Lord to know,
And to offend him loth;
But Mammon proved his overthrow,
For none can serve them both.

6 May you, my friends, and I,
Warning from hence receive;
If like the righteous we would die,
To choose the life they live.

Tune ST. BRIDE by Samuel Howard (died undefined); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.