

LESSON LXXXIV

HEAVEN, OR THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?
Not there, not there, my child!

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there, not there, my child!

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there, not there, my child!

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep song of joy;