

Heaven

Oh, talk to me of heaven's love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell
In light and joy ineffable.

Oh! tell me how they shine and sing:
While every harp rings echoing;
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams like the bright sun, gloriously.
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that Celestial calm:
Each face in glory wearth.

Oh, happy, happy Country! where
There entereth not a sin;
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in
No grief can change their day to night
The darkness of that land is light
Sorrow and sighing God hath send
For thence to endless banishment
And never more may one dark tear
Bedim their burning eyes.
For every one they shed while here,
In fearful agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadems.

Oh, lovely, blooming Country! there
Flourishes all that we deem fair,
And though no fields nor forests^{-green}
Nor bowery Gardens there ~~are~~ seen
Nor perfumes lead the breeze,
Nor hears the ear material sound,
Yet joys at God's right hand are found
The archetypes of these!
There is the home, the Land of birth
Of all we highest prize on earth;
The storm that rack this world beneath
Must there for ever cease -
The only air the blessed breathe
Is purity and peace.

Oh, happy, happy land! in thee
Shines the unveiled Divinity.
Shedding through each adoring breast
A holy calm, a halcyon rest.
And those blest souls ^{-did never-} whose death
Have met to mingle joys for ever
Oh! soon may heaven unclose to me
Oh! may I soon that glory see!
And my faint, weary spirit, stand
Within that happy, happy land!
Bowles

Mrs Rosetta Fowler

Manchester

Oct 1849