

Never fading - never dying
Are the Eden blossoms there;
And no sound of grief or sighing
Floats upon the balmy air.

Holy music, upward stealing,
Lends an influence to the scene;
Like some sacred heart-revealing,
Of the spirit's innermost dream;
And the sweet bird Fancy singeth
All the day long amid the leaves -
Beautiful the song she bringeth -
Beautiful the web she weaves.

Sunny land of spirit-dreaming,
Blessed heaven! Realm of light!
In thy radiant glory beaming,
Loftly on my upturned sight,
Wilt thou linger thus forever,
Fixed picture as thou art?
Leave, oh leave the sad earth never,

While it claims one throbbing heart!