Penelope Ellis
Eaches Shea
(Beatrice)
3

FOURTH EDITION.

THE BETTER LAND,

The Words by

MRS HEMANS,

The Music by

MISS ELIZA DAVIS.

Ent.d at Sta.rs Hall. Price 2/-

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THE BETTER LAND.

WORDS BY MRS HEMANS. MUSIC BY MISS E. DAVIS.

Andante con Espressione.

Cres: f *pp*

I hear thee speak of the bet-ter land, Thou call'st its children a hap-py band,

Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore, Shall we not seek it and weep no more? Is it

ad lib:

where the flow'r of the Orange blows And the fireflies dance in the Myrtle boughs? Not

f

Cres: — f Dim: p

there, not there my Child, Not there, not there my Child!

Cres: f pp

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise, And the date grows ripe under

sun--ny skies? Or midst the green islands of glit-ter-ing seas, Where

fra grant forests per--fume the breeze, And strange bright birds on their

ad lib:

star_ry wings Bear the rich hues of all glo__rious things? Not

Cres: f Dim: p

there, not there my Child! Not there, not there my Child!

Cres: f pp

Is it far a_way in some re_gion old, Where the ri_vers wan_der o'er

sands of gold, And the burn__ing rays of the ru___by shine, And the

p

diamond lights up the se_cret mine, And the pearl gleams forth from the

f

ad lib:

co___ral strand? Is it there sweet Mo_ther that bet__ter land? Not

Cres: *f* *p*

there, not there my Child, Not there, not there my Child?

Cres: *f* *pp*

Eye hath not seen it my gen_tle boy, Ear hath not heard its deep

f

songs of joy! Dreams can_not pic_ture a world so fair!

p

Sor_row and Death may not en_ter there, Time may not breathe on its

ad lib:

fault_less bloom For be__yond the clouds and be_yond the tomb It is

Cres:

there, it is there my Child! It is there, it is there my Child!

Cres:

f

pp