

Florence

THE LURE OF THE HEAVENS.

So the much loved, a while concealed
From sight—the brave, the pure—
To faith's intenser light revealed,
Draw us with patient lure,
Homeland of fadeless flower and field
It holds our treasures sure.

We catch the music of its choirs,
The murmur of its streams;
And from its distant mountain spires
A softened radiance beams,
Higher than loftiest desires,
Sweeter than sweetest dreams.