

Back to the Promised Land

By the Poet "Low Rate."

Let me live where the birds sing gaily,
 Where the fishes play in the stream,
 Where the hours speed by to the laughing sky
 And life's a rippling dream.
 Be it e'en by the open tundra
 Or where Champak odours fail,
 Or out where the lofty mountains
 Caress the nest'ling vale.

Let me banish for aye the city,
 The dark and the smoky skies.
 Yea; banish all these for the whistling breeze,
 The bees and the butterflies.
 Away to the green-clad gardens
 Where the rainbow colors the sky—
 Where the little stars start flirting
 As the big moon wanders by.

Out as a child of nature,
 No worry—no strife—no pain,
 Come live with me on the nectary
 To the tune of a lute again.
 Out where the grass-nymphs wander
 Each even' to serenade;
 Out to the glowing garden
 The angels of God have made.

Out where the blessed manna
 Falls from the blue above,
 There will we find with the leaping hinde
 Venus—the Goddess of Love.
 Where we can live on ambrosia,
 Where Nature has made decree,
 That each is his brother's equal
 And each is forever free.

Away from the binding fetters
 With which we are tightly bound,
 From the traders in slaves who're filling the graves
 With the bodies of those they've ground.
 Away from the filthy flesh-pots—
 The Vice—Toil—Sweat and Pain;
 Away on the wings of a whitened dove
 To the promised land again.

Back to the milk and honey,
 Watching it ebb and flow,
 With a voice to sing of the verdant spring
 Or the Autumn's sunset glow.