

Penelope Stans
Lucas Street
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 3

FOURTH EDITION.

THE BETTER LAND,
The Words by

MRS HEMANS,

The Music by

MISS ELIZA DAVIS.

Sold at Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

London Published by WILLIS & C^o Royal Musical Library, 75, Lower Grosvenor Street,
 and 2, Westmoreland St, Dublin.

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THE BETTER LAND.

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WORDS BY M^{RS} HEMANS.

MUSIC BY MISS E. DAVIS.

Andante con Espressione.

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The music is marked *Andante con Espressione*. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *Cres: f* and *pp*.

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

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

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

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

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

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line. Dynamics include *f* and *ad lib:*.

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

Gro: *f* *Dim:* *p*

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

Gro: *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

(1)

diamond lights up the se - cret mine, And the pearl gleams forth from the

f

co - ral strand? Is it there sweet Mo - ther that bet - ter land? Not

ad lib.

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

Gres: *f* *p*

Gres: *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*

