

The Land of Milk and Honey —by Robert Morris



“A good land and a large... a land flowing with milk and honey”
(Deut. Vi.3, xi. 9, etc.)

O land of wondrous story, old Canaan bright and fair.
Though type of home celestial, where the saints and angels are!
In earth felt admiration we address thy hills divine,
And gather consolation on the files of Palestine.

In all our lamentations, in the hour of deepest ill,
When sorrow wraps the spirit as the storm-clouds wrap the hill,
Some name comes up before us from thy bright immortal band,
As the shadow of a great rock falls upon a weary land.

The dew of *Hermon* falling yet, revives the golden days;
Sweet Sharon lends her roses still, to win the poet's lays;
In every vale the lily bends, while o'er them wing the birds
Whose cheerful notes so marvelously recall the Saviour's words.

From *Bethlehem* awake the songs of Rachel and of Ruth,
From Mizpah's mountain-fastness mournful notes of filial truth;
Magdala gives narration of the Penitent thrice-blest,
And Bethany of sister-hosts who loved the gentle Guest.

Would we retrace the pilgrimage of Jesus Christ our Lord,
Behold his footsteps everywhere, on rocky knoll and sward;
From Bethlehem to Golgotha, his cradle and his tomb,
He sanctified old Canaan and accepted it his home.

He prayed upon the mountain-side, he rested in thy grove,
He walked upon thy Galilee, when winds with billows strove:
Thy land was full of happy homes, that loving hearts did own,
E'en oxen and the birds of air — but Jesus Christ had none.

Thou land of milk and honey, land of corn and oil and wine,
How long my hungry spirit to enjoy thy food divine!
I hunger and I thirst afar, the Jordan rolls between,
I faintly see thy paradise all clothed in living green.

My day of life declineth, and my sun is sinking low;
I near the banks of Jordan, through whose waters I must go:
Oh, let me wake beyond the stream, in land celestial blest,
To be forever with the Lord in Canaan's promised land.