

# The Heavenly City

By Stevie Smith

I sigh for the heavenly country,  
Where the heavenly people pass,  
And the sea is as quiet as a mirror  
Of beautiful beautiful glass.

I walk in the heavenly field,  
With lilies and poppies bright,  
I am dressed in a heavenly coat  
Of polished white.

When I walk in the heavenly parkland  
My feet on the pasture are bare,  
Tall waves the grass, but no harmful  
Creature is there.

At night I fly over the housetops,  
And stand on the bright moony beams;  
Gold are all heaven's rivers,  
And silver her streams.

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