

Sanctus

aesma daeva

How astonishing is the chance
Of leaving this world impress a sense
Of natural beauties on us; hallelujah! I think of green fields; I muse
With the greatest affection on every flower
I have known from my infancy; hallelujah! Their shapes and colours are as new to me
As if I had just created them
With a superhuman fancy; hallelujah! It is because they are connected
With the most thoughtless and the happiest
Moments of life. How astonishing is the chance
Of leaving this world impress a sense
Of natural beauties on us! The simple flowers of our Spring
Are what I want to see again; hallelujah! [Lyrics by John Keats (1795-1821)]

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