

Aesma Daeva, Sanctus

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))