

# Benjamin Britten, Sanctus

Soprano and Chorus:

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus

Dominus Deus Sabaoth.

Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua,

Hosanna in excelsis.

Sanctus.

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.

Hosanna in excelsis.

Sanctus.

Baritone:

After the blast of lightning from the East,

The flourish of loud clouds, the Chariot Throne;

After the drums of time have rolled and ceased,

And by the bronze west long retreat is blown,

Shall life renew these bodies? Of a truth

All death will He annul, all tears assuage? -

Fill the void veins of Life again with youth,

And wash, with an immortal water, Age?

When I do ask white Age he saith not so:

"My head hangs weighed with snow."

And when I hearken to the Earth, she saith:

"My fiery heart shrinks, aching. It is death.

Mine ancient scars shall not be glorified,

Nor my titanic tears, the sea, be dried."