

All soft commingling in one song of such sweet harmony,  
My soul, transported by these airs, in raptures melts away.  
And all of sin, and care, and grief have faded from my mind.  
Of their dark furrows not a trace, or mark is left behind.

Slowly my sight comes back, and lo, on every side I see  
Bright fountains scattering wide their drops o'er beds of flowers fair,  
Whose subtle perfumes steal around, till, in the grove, each tree  
Seems pregnant with their richness, as it floats upon the air.  
While birds of plumage bright, trill their silver-fluted lays,  
Their themes of joy and gladness, give to man lessons of praise.

And beings fair, with faces glad, and steps all light and free,  
Are tripping here and there at will, or wandering aimlessly  
Through fragrant groves all filled with flowers; while some again there be,  
Are lying on green mossy banks, beneath a shady tree.