

Goran Bregovic

"Green Thought"

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Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find,
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;

Yet it creates, transcending these,
To a green thought in a green shade.
Annihilating all that's made.
Green shade
All that's made
All that's made

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver wings;
There like a bird it sits and sings,

To a green thought in a green shade.
Annihilating all that's made
Green shade
All that's made
All that's made

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