To hope

John Keats

Stéphane Magnenat

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And the bare heath of life present no bloom Sweet hearth
And frown, to drive fair Cheer-ful-ness a-way Peep with
Pre-par-ing on his spell-bound prey to dart: Chase him

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e-the-real balm upon me shed And wave thy sil-ver pi-nion o'er my head
the moon beams through the lea-fy roof, And keep that fiend Des-pon-dence far a-look!
a-way, sweet Hope, with vis-age bright, And fright him as the morn-ing fright-ens night!

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