

## **Frederick Delius - Our days here are as one day**

**Our days here are as one day;  
For all our days are rounded in a sleep;  
They die and ne'er come back again**

**Why then dissemble we with a tale of falsehoods?  
We are e'en as a day, that's young at morning  
And old at eventide, and departs  
And never more returns**

**We are e'en as a day  
That's young at morning and old at eventide  
And comes again no more**

**At this regard the weaklings waxed sorðu afraid  
And drugged themselvðus with dreams and golden visions  
And built themselves a house of lies to live in**

**Then rose a storm with mighty winds and laid it low**

**And out of the storm the voice of truth resounded  
In trumpet tones:  
"Man, thou art mortal and needs must thou die."**

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For all our days are rounded in a sleep;  
They die and ne'er come back again**