

## Frederick Delius - Young Venevil

Young Venevil ran with her heart on fire to her lover so dear

She sang till she made all the church-bells ring:

'Good day, good day!'

And all the little song-birds made answer to her song:

'Mid-summers day's for laughter and play

Take care, little Venevil, your garland's going astray.'

She wove him a garland of flowers blue:

'As my eyes so blue, my love, for you.'

He took it, and tossed it o'er the hill:

'Farewell, my sweet, my sweet, farewell.'

He laugh'd and ran like lightning you hear his laughter still:

'Mid-summer day's for laughter and play

Take care, little Venevil, your garland's gone astray.'