

Frederick Delius - A Song of the Setting Sun!

**A song of the setting sun!
The sky in the west is red
And the day is all but done:
While yonder up overhead
All too soon
There rises, so cold, the cynic moon**

**A song of a winter day!
The wind of the north doth blow
From a sky that's chill and gray
On fields where no crops now grow
Fields long shorn
Of bearded barley and golden corn**

**A song of a faded flower!
'Twas plucked in the tender bud
And fair and fresh for an hour
In a lady's hair it stood
Now, ah! now
Faded it lies in the dust and low**