

Frederick Delius - O Mors!

**Exceeding sorrow
Consumeth my sad heart!
Because to-morrow
We must depart
Now is exceeding sorrow
All my part!**

**Give over playing
Cast thy viol away:
Merely laying
Thine head my way:
Prithee, give over playing
Grave or gay**

**Be no word spoken;
Weep nothing: let a pale
Silence, unbroken
Silence prevail!
Prithee, be no word spoken
Lest I fail!**

**Forget tomorrow!
Weep nothing: only lay
In silent sorrow
Thine head my way!
Let us forget to-morrow
This one day!**