

Frederick Delius - Exile

**By the sad waters of separation
Where we have wandered by divers ways
I have but the shadow and imitation
Of the old, memorial days**

**In music I have no consolation
No roses are pale enough for me;
The sound of the waters of separation
Surpasseth roses and melody**

**By the sad waters of separation
Dimly I hear from an hidden place
The sigh of mine ancient adoration:
Hardly can I remember your face**

**If you be dead, no proclamation
Sprang to me over the waste, gray sea:
Living, the waters of separation
Sever for ever your soul from me**

**No man knoweth our desolation;
Memory pales of the old delight;
While the sad waters of separation
Bear us on to the ultimate night**