

Frederick Delius - In Spring

See how the trees and the osiers lithe
Are green bedecked and the woods are blithe
The meadows have donned their cape of flowers
The air is soft with the sweet May showers
And the birds make melody:
But the spring of the soul, the spring of the soul
Cometh no more for you or for me

The lazy hum of the busy bees
Murmureth through the almond trees;
The jonquil flaunteth a gay, blonde head
The primrose peeps from a mossy bed
And the violets scent the lanċ
But the flowers of the soul, the flowers of the soul
For you and for me bloom never again