

Frederick Delius - A Late Lark

**A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west
Where the sun, his day's work ended
Lingers as in content
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene
A shining peace**

**The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun
Closing his benediction
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night --
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep**

**So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing
Let me be gathered to the quiet west
The sundown splendid and serene
Death**