

## Frederick Delius - Cynara

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine  
There fell thy shadow. Cynara! thy breath was shed  
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;  
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion  
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat  
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;  
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion  
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion  
I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind  
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng  
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion  
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine  
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire  
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;  
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion  
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire;  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion