THE UNKNOWN DAYS
OF
FREDERICK DELIUS
By
Le ROY V. BRANT
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Written about 1930. Since which time I
journeyed to Bradford, Yorkshire, the birthplace of
him with his niece.
Certain episodes in the life of Frederick Delius have never been placed on the printed page. Some of his childhood adventures have not yet been told, certain of his experiences in our own country remain to be chronicled, and the somber story of his late life ending in a midnight burial in a lonely Limpsfield churchyard still remains unrevealed to most of the multitude of musicians who reverence the name of Delius.

I propose to tell in this article some of those stories, interwoven occasionally with the important basic facts from the text of his life. I have travelled over 18,000 miles and spent more than 20 years assembling them. I have written hundreds of letters and enjoyed scores of personal interviews to assemble them. I have photographed the scenes from the life of Delius in color and on ordinary film. And every mile, every day, every letter, every interview, every picture has been a high adventure.
It was in 1929 that I sat at dusk one evening on a hill high above San Francisco Bay, overlooking the fairyland that the lights of San Francisco create every night, and listened to Sir Hamilton Harty tell of the marvellous music written by a man named Frederick Delius and later that week heard the celestial strains of the "Walk to the Paradise Garden." Since those days my interest in this composer's music has never flagged, and my research in it has never ceased. The three-part story to follow is yours because of that research and that interest.

The information presented to you is from sources which guarantees without qualification its authenticity. First of all there are letters from Delius and from Jelka his widow, after he had passed away. There are letters from Margaret Vessey, niece of Delius, daughter of Clare Delius Black, Delius’ favorite sister. There are certain writings of Clare Delius herself. There are interviews with the late Sir Hamilton Harty and with Sir Thomas Beecham, greatest living authority on the music of Delius, talks with Ralph Vaughan Williams and with Warrick Braithwaite, Conductor at Covent Garden.

But more than to the great personages just listed credit should go to those persons not known to the whole world, but whose love of the music of Delius has caused them to spend years of seeking for odd and interesting bits of information about his life in America, and his midnight burial in England. Such people are Mrs. Henry L. Richmond, of Jacksonville, Florida, who now owns the cabin in which Delius lived in
America; Mr. Gerard Tetley, of the Danville, Virginia, Register, who has sought out the Delius history in that city and state; and to The Rev. Charles Steer, Vicar of Limpsfield, whose remarkable memory enabled him to draw such vivid pictures of the incidents surrounding the strange burial of Delius.

I  BOYHOOD — YORESHIRE

Delius himself stated that he could not remember when he first began to play the piano, but that one of his early recollections was of being brought down from the nursery, attired in a velvet suit, to play for guests after the dinner hour. His mother would ask him to "make up something," and then he would improvise. Thus began in his tenderest years that career in music, albeit no one at that time was wise enough, apparently, to foresee the golden road stretching dimly before the feet of the tiny lad. Delius remembers beginning violin lessons when he was six or seven years of age, and he continued these lessons until he became so proficient that he was asked to make a third on one occasion, when Joachim and Piatti were to present certain string trios. At that time these men were respectively the greatest living violinist, and the world's foremost cellist, and both were emphatic in their praise of the skill of the stripling. (Sadly, after he was 30 years of age Delius never touched the instrument, although he wrote three sonatas for violin with piano.)

Late in life Delius declared himself to be an agnostic, if not an atheist, but as a lad he set considerable store, so his sister Clare states, on the church seasons, and he was indeed once confirmed in the church of England. Clare recalls how on December 24th there would be
great planning for the singing of carols on Christmas morning; how this went on for as many years as Frederick was at home; how at half after five on Christmas morning the three boys would rouse the other nine children from bed; how that Frederick played the violin, Ernest the 'cello, while the rest formed the choir, and all would assemble at the door of the parents' bedroom singing

"Christians, awake! Salute the happy morn
Wheron the Savior of mankind was born."

"I don't know what it really sounded like," muses Clare, "but we all put our hearts and souls into it, and papa and mama declared it was lovely."

(Note: Eric Fenby, meeting Delius late in the latter's life, declared him to be an atheist, a term often applied to non-conformists by rigid religionists. All letters I have, all conversations with persons of information regarding the matter, concluding with the Vicar of Limpfield who buried Delius, suggest that although Delius was definitely unorthodox in his religious beliefs in his manhood and old age he was nevertheless truly religious. One has only to read the texts he chose to set to music to realize this.)

Delius was a normal lad, aside from his extraordinary gift for improvising at the piano and playing the violin. He was athletic, was awarded a medal for his skill as a cricketer, was an excellent horseman, loved the long walks that seem to be a part of the Englishman and which in his early manhood took him all the way through the Scandinavian countries; and his taste in literature was a thing which the average parent or teacher would have deplored with tears. For the man who eagerly devoured Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and set portions
of it to music, in his later years, as a child with equal ardor devoured "Dick Turpin" and "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street." Delius recalls how in this latter classic (so-called by no less an authority than Quiller-Couch), the barber used quietly to slit his customer's throat, slide him through a trapdoor at the foot of the chair, into a chute whence he was conveyed to the kitchen where he was ground up for pork pies! One of Clare Delius' gleeful memories is of her mother discovering her son reading these iniquitous samples of literature for the young, and of her confiscating them only to be discovered later by young Frederick, flushed, eyes distended, reading them herself.

Reading such tales of adventure evidently inflamed the imagination of young Frederick and his brother, for they decided to seek adventures of their own (Frederick then having reached the mature age of eight years) and accordingly ran away, commissary stocked with sweets, only to be found hungry, tired, and disillusioned some 14 miles from home and returned thereto and to suitable punishment.

As a lad there was no fixity of aim in young Frederick's mind, no whisper in his mental ear that music was for him. He went through all the life preoccupations that come to the average boy, including that of becoming a cowboy, a circus performer, a sailor, and the usual other things, at the proper respective periods in his life. Yet, there were indications, noted by his sister Clare, such things as the fact that when out walking Delius would stop suddenly, remain perfectly still, until a bird's song was finished --- that on one occasion when his dog was barking he seized and muzzled the animal with his hand, remaining for
awhile to hear the sound of a brook babbling through the meadow —— that he would stop as he passed a tree through the branches of which the wind was sighing —— suggestions of the intense love of nature which was to grow into "On Hearing the First Cuckoo In Spring" or "In A Summer Garden."

The Elder Delius, however, had never a doubt as to his son's career, and music had no place in his scheme of things. Frederick was to go into the lucrative wool business which his father had built up, he was to have a career in commerce. His son was never to engage in music professionally, such a career did not befit a gentleman. Clare Delius pens a simple and poignant sentence ——

"My brother was just 18 when he was engulfed in the family business."

Delius' business history is too well known to require repetition here, but the opinions of one of his associates gives lie to the prevalent impression that he was lazy and dilatory in his countinghouse activities. Delius' sister quotes a Mr. Sucksmith, young Frederick's immediate superior in the wool business, as saying:

"He was the handsomest lad I ever saw in my life. —— He stuck to the business manfully. He never shirked the job, and he was noted for his astonishing punctuality."

Clare says, however, that although Delius did his duty he hated it frankly, and that upon returning home from work he would rush to the piano and improvise until the dinner was served. ———
INTERLUDE

For the sake of continuity mention is here made of the difference of opinion between Julius Delius, the father, and his son Frederick, which led to the purchase of an orange grove on the St. John River in Florida by Delius pere, the grove to be managed in person by young Frederick. After living a few weeks on the Florida property young Delius went some 30 miles north, probably by river steamer, to Jacksonville to secure a piano. As he was trying instruments in the music store (long since razed by fire) Thomas F. Ward, former organist of the church of Sts. Peter and Paul in Brooklyn, in Florida for his health, chanced to be passing by and to hear the marvellously beautiful improvisations wherewith the young musician was trying out the pianos. Ward entered the store, introduced himself, became the friend and tutor of Delius, and "taught me more than anybody else ever did" — according to Delius.
The old cabin in Florida where Delius lived on the St. John's River still stands. The academy where he taught in Danville, Virginia, is now used as a hotel. The daughter of Professor Phifer, who befriended Delius, who saw him day after day in her father's house when she was a miss of 10, still lives near Danville, on the family plantation just over the North Carolina line. And a boyhood sweetheart of Delius, one who once wore his ring but disclaims an intent to marry him, resides today in the city of South Boston, Virginia, and reminisces of the days of the early '80s when Delius wrote a piece of music which he dedicated to her and gave her his autographed photograph.

Love for the music of Delius, and the fascination of delving into his history in America, jointly begat certain letters written to the Jacksonville, Florida, Chamber of Commerce, near which had been the Delius orange plantation. It was learned that a Mrs. Henry L. Richmond of that city had purchased a few acres of the old grove, those on which were the living quarters occupied by Delius in the '80s, and was preserving the old cabin for posterity, and because of her love of the music of Delius. Parenthetically, it may be stated that it was Mrs. Richmond, and not any band of English music lovers, who paid the money necessary to place the grave of Frederick Delius and his devoted wife Jelina in perpetual care.

Correspondence with Mrs. Richmond finally resulted in a
pilgrimage to her lovely colonial home in Jacksonville, and an afternoon spent with her. She was one of the most gracious and interesting hostesses met in a fairly long lifetime spent with music, and without fear of controversy the statement may be made that Mrs. Richmond is the most complete authority on the life of Delius in America living today. Any reader desiring data not to be found in this article may secure it from Mrs. Richmond, if it is to be had.

It was a bright and sunny morning when we set out on the 30-mile drive from Jacksonville to the old Delius home. To the boundaries of the old Solano Grove (as it was formerly called) the roads are excellent. Entering the gates the road is very bad, one needs to think of such matters as mud, culvert bridges, chuckholes. It is rather far to walk unless one has abundant time. One passes through numerous gates, for the old property has been widely subdivided, in part it appears to be used for grazing land for cattle and hogs, in part as a game preserve. Passing the final gate one comes soon in sight of the old house, beaten by time, punished by the elements, but none-the-less an holy place. No Florida hurricane has battered down the old cabin, just as some of us believe no hurricanes of time will shake the certain future of the music of the man who lived in that cabin.

Many of the trees which bore fruit for Delius are still living and flourishing. Mrs. Richmond told me the fruit from them is delicious in flavor and texture. The cabin is in disrepair, and has been used from time to time by squatters. Yet a little money, only a few hundred dollars perhaps, would do wonders toward restoring
this shrine. I questioned Mrs. Richmond about her plans for the future of this cabin, she was a bit reluctant to speak of them. I feel that she is perhaps not entirely settled in her own mind about the matter, but one receives the impression that she is seeking the proper person, or society, or foundation, to which she might will this slowly crumbling temple of music, so that it might come into the glory which is the rightful lot of the walls which sheltered the greatest of the romanticists.

The front of the house is crossed by a veranda overlooking the St. John’s River. It was here that Delius must have sat many a night, listening to the songs of the negro as they fished with torches on the broad bosom of the mighty stream. It was that music which he wove into “Appalachia” and into many of his magical other scores, after he returned to his English home. Delius’ father had sent him to America to rid him of any atmosphere of music, only to discover that he had placed his son under the influence of two of the greatest teachers of all times: Thomas F. Ward, the organist who taught Delius counterpoint, and the still greater teacher, the songs of the negroes with all the nostalgic beauty they possess.

In front of the house stands one of the most magnificent oak trees it has ever been my pleasure to see. From its branches, as from the branches of all other trees in Florida, hang long festoons of Spanish moss. The tree has been there for hundreds of years, under it Delius must often have sat and looking out to the broad waters thought the deep thoughts of a young man, and of music. He could have seen, in his time, as we saw, on the wharf the darkies fishing, broad brimmed
straw hate flopping in the breeze, laughter and melody floating over the shining waters.

In the story and a half structure are several fireplaces, a short stairway leading to servant's sleeping quarters on the second level. It appears that termites have mercifully spared the basic framework. Most of the glass has long since been broken, and the windows are boarded up. Poking beneath the open work of the verandah I was startled at a loud "whoosh" ---- I had flushed out an old sow with her litter of little pigs.

And all the while I heard the trees, the river, the very grass singing: "After night has gone comes the day ----" and an answer from the far woods "O, Honey, I am going down the river in the morning." those two magical passages from "Appalachia" which were unquestionably born in this old cabin, sheltered beneath the mighty oak and on the banks of the mighty river.

(Note: Gerard Tetley states that this melody is still sung today in the tobacco factories in Danville.)

Delius left the cabin and the oak and the river to build a life for himself in Danville, Virginia. Should the reader be in Danville, and interest himself in Delius, he should see there Mr. Gerard Tetley, an editor of that city, born in Yorkshire, and profoundly interested in all the things connected with Delius. To him I am deeply indebted for the opportunity to acquire such knowledge of Delius in Virginia as came to me, and for several of the photographs which illustrate this article.

The story of Delius in Danville shall be told in the words of a man who knew Delius well and intimately.
Mrs. Willa Phifer Giles, one of three persons still living in Virginia who remember Delius. Mrs. Giles was the daughter of Professor Phifer, in Delius’ time the leading musician in that portion of the state, the man who did more than any other for Delius in those days.

But let Mrs. Giles speak, as she and my wife Ruth and I sat about the breakfast table, the while Mrs. Giles enjoyed that Southern breakfast delicacy, fresh raw tomatoes, as she chatted of those times of her golden past:

"When Mr. Delius landed in Danville my father held open house for him. Delius had no money when he arrived, but in Virginia in those days perhaps money was not so important, and since my father was the leader here in all matters musical everybody followed him, and soon Delius had plenty of pupils. He played the violin and he taught counterpoint, and my father helped him get a position teaching in the Roanoke Baptist Young Ladies’ Seminary, the building still stands in Danville."

(Note: Our conversation took place in the Giles ancestral plantation just over the North Carolina line from Danville. All the while we talked, on the verandah we could see and hear Mrs. Giles’ little grandchild rocking for dear life in a huge chair, and singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Later in the morning I played the song for him on the piano Delius used to play, so we were told, as a young man, and the little lad sang it well, with a few struggles for words when he reached the advanced stanzas but with a mighty compensation each time he struck the chorus.)

"Delius was a most personable young man, tall and handsome."
dark brown hair and eyes, I think most of the young women fell in love with him. I know that at my advanced age of ten years then I did. My mother liked him, too, and all her life she remembered and took a deep interest in him. She died a short time ago at the age of 94. After he left here we used to hear from him three or four times a year."

(Note: Gerard Tetley is of the opinion that many of Delius' letters, written to the Phifers in Virginia after his return to Europe, are to be found among the late Professor Phifer's papers which, Tetley says, have never been classified since Phifer's death. Of this I spoke to Mrs. Giles, in whose keeping the old secretary now is, and she permitted us to see a few of the papers, some of which had to do with the Delius days, but time did not permit the detailed search, which must wait on Mrs. Giles' convenience and a person with more leisure than this writer had. There are, however, literally hundreds of newspaper clippings, letters, programs, and photographs within the small confines of the beautiful oldfashioned secretary.)

"Delius was daily about our home, he would take meals or snacks with us, smiling, telling jokes, and above all, always scribbling music. There was no doubt that he was more interested in writing than in teaching, in nature, in pretty girls -- even in those early days his passion for creation of music swayed his whole life. We couldn't foresee what was to come, I don't believe even father, who was one of the finest musicians I ever knew, thought of the wonderful career Delius was to have -- but I can remember he was always jotting down snatches of music. We were permitted to go into
the parlor where he and father made music, sometimes, and sometimes he
would play some of things he had written, I thought they were pretty,
in the sense that a 10-year-old girl would think that."

"I remember a kinsman of ours, now Mrs. Hunt, said that Delius
dedicated one of his pieces to her, but I don't know what it was. She
doesn't remember for sure, either, and she hasn't a copy of it."

"After he left Danville Delius returned to us once from Europe.
He was on a concert tour some two years after he left us, playing the
violin and a Russian woman singing and a German chap at the piano. I
cannot recall their names, but I do remember the Russian had a magni-
ificent voice and very large feet. The three of them spent an evening
at our house, I remember, and a most wonderful evening of music it was.
I think the woman was singing some of Delius' songs —— It seems to me
she was a contralto, but after so many years it is all a little vague."

(Note: These notes were taken the summer of 1949, more
than 60 years after the happenings recited.)

Having drawn vivid word pictures of young Frederick Delius
for us Mrs. Giles cordially invited us to return, and we left for
South Boston, a little town near Danville where still dwells a former
sweetheart of Delius, Mrs. Glenn Hunt. Now in her 80s, as a girl of
15 Mrs. Hunt was a pupil of Delius at the Seminary, and at one time
wore his ring, although she disclaims any engagement to him. In her
own words, as she talked to Ruth and me, and as she wrote to Mr.
Tetley, here is her story:
"Mr. Delius was a lovely young man, and a good teacher of music. His violin playing was a dream. — I was only 15 at the time, and hardly knew my own mind, liking two other boys at the same time. whom I went with besides Mr. Delius, but was never really engaged to any of the three, although Delius asked me to wear his ring anyway, which I consented to do without being engaged to him. — I think perhaps the piece of music he composed and dedicated to me was *Songs of Sunset.* — I gave him back his ring at Commencement. — I kept and prized the music he dedicated to me for a good many years — but when we moved — all my music got lost. — Delius left Danville in 1886. —"

Mrs. Hunt still smiles at the memory of the great man who was once in her life, albeit only fleetingly and so many years ago, her memory is still reasonably keen, and she is still the gracious person, replete with charm in her sunset years, to whom Delius dedicated his music, possibly *Songs at Sunset.*

Tetley has been unable to find any trace of the history of Delius in New York, nor have I been more successful. Each of us has tried through all the presently available sources; perhaps the history can be discovered by someone who will make a complete search of all records of churches existing in 1886 to 1890. Some time during those years he is supposed to have played at some large New York organ. His sister, Clare Delius Black, knows no more than does Tetley, in fact, her information concerning this time in the life of her genius brother, comes almost entirely from Tetley. Another of Tetley's projects appears
fated to better success; it seems that he may be successful in inducing
the musical powers that be to include in the annual Southern Virginia
Music Festival a composition of Delius each year, perhaps to give over
a whole night to the music of this world famous composer who spent a
golden portion of his golden years in that region.

Adelais lived so quietly that the sound of sorrow could be
noted upon his face. Quietly so that the sense of sorrow could be
felt. He knew she had found certain of great beauty, contentment,
resolved upon his own quietness so that the sense of sorrow could be

Below lived in England for over 30 years prior to his death.
But lived in relative quiet for a year later related to England, to
continue the above.
Clare Delius tells of how her father at last relented with respect to Frederick's musical studies, employed detectives to find Frederick in America, sent him to the best schools in Leipzig — where Frederick says he learned nothing — and finally at the instance of Edward Grieg who had heard certain of young Delius' compositions settled upon his son an annuity so that the career of composer could be followed. Delius married Jelka Rosen, a Norwegian painter, who was his devoted companion until he died. From Delius' sister and his niece, Margaret Vessey, I have the answer to a question which has vexed certain Deliusites, that of Delius' sources of income. This sister and niece tabulate them as follows:

1. Royalties from his compositions, considerable after the first years.

2. An allowance from his father until the latter's death when Frederick was 39 years of age.

3. A legacy from an uncle, Theodore Delius.

4. A small legacy from his father.

5. Income from his wife's property.

Delius lived in France for over 30 years prior to his death, was buried in French soil, and a year later removed to England, to conclude the strangest chapter of a strange life.
III BURIAL - LIMPSFIELD

After a mystic midnight burial the body of Frederick Delius lies quietly in a little churchyard in Limpsfield, Surrey, the lovely southland of England. By his side lies his devoted wife, Jelka, who died the night on which the final services were held for him. One of the high dramas of all music was brought to a peaceful conclusion when the Rev. Charles Steer, vicar of Limpsfield, read the final lines from the commitment service of the Church of England over Delius, and then two days later for his widow.

The story of the eerie commitment of Delius to his last restingplace had begun more than half a century before his death when young Delius, not yet realizing the creative powers which had been given him at birth, and being possessed of a roving foot, had traveled through Norway, through Southern Europe, through the American Atlantic Seaboard, and had felt the while the nostalgia which comes to those who travel far from home in strange regions. All through his life Delius was to remain away from the home of his birth, and all through his life he was to talk bitterly, yet lovingly, of England. He was to die in France, where he had lived through the great productive period of his life, but his last restingplace was to be English soil.

Under dateline of London, May 25, 1935, a press dispatch reads: "Flickering oil lamps affixed to crosses and tombs lit an eerie scene tonight for the midnight burial of Frederick Delius, noted composer. His body was brought home from France to be laid in the grave his widow chose in a tiny rustic churchyard in Limpsfield, in Surrey."
A thin light shone from the windows of the 14th century church and the wind rustled through the branches of a 1000-year-old yew tree overhead during the strange burial service.

The only mourner was Eric Fenby, secretary to Delius. A verger held a hurricane lantern by the light of which the vicar read the words of the service.

"The grave will be re-opened tomorrow for a second service, attended by Sir Thomas Beecham, conductor of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, who will play the dead composer's music."

THE VISIT TO LIMPSFIELD

The vicar of Limpsfield received us graciously, and learning the reason of our visit to him, and to the churchyard at Limpfield, he told this story which I give to you in his own words, as nearly as memory and shorthand permit:

"I think Delius' heart was always in England, although he had lived away from her almost all his life, and he was a trifle bitter toward her, thinking she did not appreciate his music. Yes, Sir Thomas Beecham understood his music, and used to go over to France often to talk to him about it, and mostly to praise it. But the truth is Delius had for a long time little recognition except what Sir Thomas gave to him."

Delius had another friend here, however, a Beatrice Harrison. She was a 'cellist, and played his music sometimes on the BBC programs."
She comes into the story a little later, as you shall see.

"It was in the late 20s, I believe, that Sir Thomas conceived the idea of a Delius festival. There were to be four days, I think, as I remember two days of great chorale and orchestral music, and two of chamber music. At his own expense Sir Thomas had Delius brought over from France to attend these festivals, and those who saw him there, a shadow of a man, sitting in a wheelchair, a shawl about his shoulders, paralyzed, blind, but with the full faculty of hearing still left, those who saw him, I say, tell that it was one of the most impressive and pitiful sights ever to greet the human eye. But Delius was there, and his being there is the reason that he now sleeps in my churchyard across the way. ——"

The vicar paused, his glance fell on the great yew tree which shadows Delius' grave, and which is visible from the vicarage windows. ---

"On his way home Delius said to his wife Jelka (she told Beatrice Harrison of this later) 'It seems that England is appreciating my music after all, and when my time comes to go I should like to be buried in England.'

"A few years later Delius passed away, I can't remember the exact date."

(Note: Delius died in Grez-sur-Loing, France, June 10, 1934.)

"I believe he was buried at the foot of his garden near the river where he had spent so much time and composed so much music. But Madame Delius remembered his wish to lie in England, and also remembering the friendship of Beatrice Harrison she wrote to Miss Harrison to learn
if an English grave for Delius could be arranged. At that time Miss Harrison still lived in Limpsefield, and she came to me with the suggestion that Delius should be buried in our churchyard.

"I had to take the matter up with my vestry, for you know it is very expensive to keep up a churchyard, but the vestry consented and arrangements were made that his grave should be next to the plot of the Harrison family, Beatrice Harrison's people. It was also arranged that Sir Thomas Beecham should come down from London with his players to make music for the funeral, and should deliver an eulogy at the graveside.

"Eric Fenby, Delius' secretary, and Madame Delius were to accompany the body, which was to have arrived here Friday afternoon, May 25th. The channel crossing was very rough, even the departure from France was delayed, Madame Delius became violently ill, and finally Fenby telephoned Miss Harrison who in turn called me to say that Delius' casket would be late, and would I conduct the services Sunday. This I could not do, as it was against the practice of the church to have funerals on Sunday, and I asked what time the casket would arrive. They said it would probably be a little before midnight on Saturday, and I told them if they came before midnight I would say the first part of the service, and Sunday afternoon Beecham and the other musicians could come, and I would finish the reading of the commitment service.

"The hearse arrived at 11 p.m. Saturday night, and I met it at the gate with a lantern."
(Note: The gate to the Limpsfield churchyard is a classic example of the old Norman art, as is the tower.)

"The verger and Fenby and myself were all that attended poor old Delius, and I read the opening psalms of the burial service. The casket was lowered and covered, and we went home. The next day all the musicians in England were here, it seemed, automobiles were queued along our roads and lanes for almost a mile, I should think, and Beecham and his musicians were here, and a BBC sound truck. Delius' music was played in the church, and then we went out to the grave, and I consigned the body of Delius in full form. You know, 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes ---' Fenby didn't like it at all. Fenby is a devout Roman Catholic, and Delius claimed to be an unbeliever. Fenby said it wasn't right for Delius to be laid in consecrated ground, but Beatrice Harrison told me that Fenby had practically no sense of humor, and that Delius found this out and liked to plague him, and used to say the most outrageous things just to make Fenby squirm. Anyway, when Fenby spoke to me about it I told him that unbeliever or no unbeliever, I thought Delius would be glad to find himself in the company of good Christians when he woke for the Last Day.

"At the graveside Beecham delivered his eulogy, and as I stood there I thought that Delius would have been happy to know how high he had risen in the regard of British musicians. And I read my last lines.

"The service, you must know, was recorded by the BBC sound truck. Madame Delius was too ill to attend, in fact, she was dying. After the services Sir Thomas and Beatrice Harrison were given the recorded service, and they rushed with it to Madame Jelka's bedside. She roused long enough to listen, and then sank into her final stupor, and died. And we
buried her, too, in our churchyard, by the side of her husband."

Beneath the simplest granite headstone, unornamented and unadorned, lie the bodies of the great composer and his devoted wife. Sometimes passersby who have loved the music of this great Englishman lay upon the grave a tribute of bright flowers, and pause to read

FREDERICK ALBERT THEODORE DELIUS
Born 29th January, 1862
Died 10th June, 1934

JELKA DELIUS
Born 20th December, 1872
Died 28th May, 1935

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Brant, L. V.
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