

The Rose

Peter Murphy

The sweet notes
Of the memory calling you
Made his excuses first
His pleading notes
His lover's thirst
And through the crowd and silence spread as he
Descanted on love's scope and mystery

But not at you, she has faded in a day
But not at you, she has faded in a day

The secrets of all love are known to me
Throughout the darkest night
My song resounds
When love speaks in my soul
My voice replies
The plaintive wailing:

But not at you, she has faded in a day

My love is for the rose
I bow to her, I bow to her
The rose has faded, has faded
The rose, the rose, has faded,
Faded
But not at you, she has faded in a day
Has faded, faded
But not at you, she has faded in a day