

# 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