When the rose is faded

When the rose is faded, memory

may still dwell on her beauty

and the sweet smell is

gone.

That

vanishing loveliness,

that burdening breath

no bond of life

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When the rose is faded

hath then nor bond of life nor grief of death. ...of...

dead...____

Tis the immortal thought whose passion still

makes of the unchanging the unchangeable.
When the rose is faded

Oh, thus thy beauty, love - li - est on earth to me,

dark with no sorrow, shines, shines and

burns with Thee. ...shines

and burns with Thee.