

George Morgan, Petal From A Faded Rose

Here is a rose from the garden where the flower of romance grows
And I'll keep on apart near my aching heart just a petal from a faded rose

Love'd be sweet in the evening when the breeze of summer blows
But will fade and die when the winter's nigh like a petal from a faded rose
(guitar)
Now our love is a mem'ry where it's gone not only knows
But I'll hold so dear as a souvenir just a petal from a faded rose
Just a petal from a faded rose