

# Television, 1880 Or So

(Verlaine)

O rose of my heart, can't you see  
I don't belong to misery  
Though she speaks fine with subtle art  
Such misery clothes the rose of my heart.

Now what I see in the long twilight  
A star falls down on a hill so white  
On a hill so white.

A face that glows in a golden hue  
No-one in this world knows what they do  
I take my oath and I make my vow  
For the tender things are upon me now.

In the fragrance sweet of the evening air  
I could leave this world quite without a care.

O rose of my heart, the vision dims  
the time is brief, now the shadow swims,  
A powerful a real fine hat  
Cause that's for you and that's where that's at.

Now what I see in the long twilight  
A star falls down on a hill so white.

O rose of my heart  
O rose of my heart  
O rose of my heart.