

Petal From A Faded Rose

Hank Snow

Here's a rose from my garden where the bloom of romance grows
But I'll keep on a part near my aching heart just a petal from
a faded rose
Love'd be sweet in the morning when the breeze of summer blows
But will fade and die when the wind is nigh like a petal from a
faded rose
Now our love is a memory where it's gone nobody knows
But I'll hold so dear as a souvenir just a petal from a faded r
ose
(I will live with the roses where the sea of mem'ry flows)
And each time I dream then a tear will gleam on this petal from
a faded rose