

The Faded Violet [1919]
also titled **To a Faded Violet** [1919] and **Elegy** [1938]

Edward Joseph Collins, music

**Percy Bysshe Shelley, words (the poem *On a Faded Violet*)
adapted by Collins**

The colour from the flower is gone
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me;
The odour from the flower is flown
Which breathed of thee and only thee!

A withered, lifeless, vacant thing,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart that yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not!
I sigh,—it breaths no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.