

**Music When Soft Voices Die [1921]**

**Edward Joseph Collins, music**

**Percy Bysshe Shelley, words**

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.