

'Tis The Last Rose Of Summer

by Thomas Moore

'Tis the last rose of summer.
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred.
No rosebud, is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown.
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?