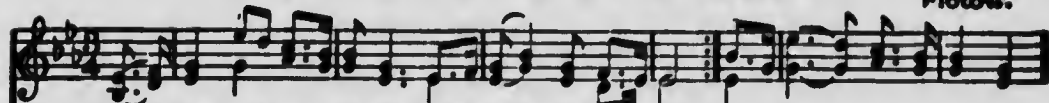


THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

17

Flotow.



1. { 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; } No flow-er of her kin-dred,
All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone;
2. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; } Thus kind-ly I scat-ter
Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them;
3. { So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de-cay, } When true hearts lie with-ered,
And from love's shining cir-cle The gems drop a-way;



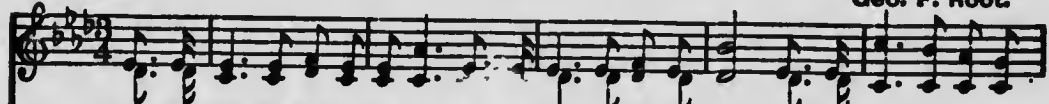
No rose-bud is nigh, To re-lect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.
And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-hab-it This bleak world a-lone!



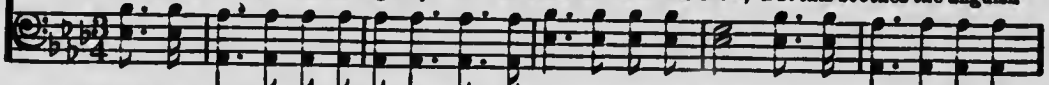
THE VACANT CHAIR.

N. S. W.

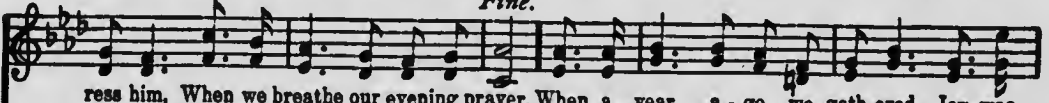
Geo. F. Root.



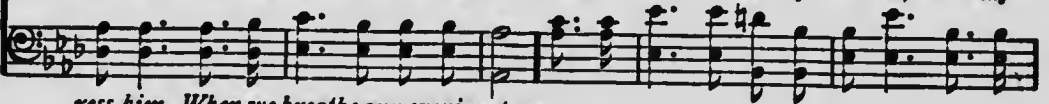
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-
2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bos-om swell At remembrance of the
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this soothes the anguish



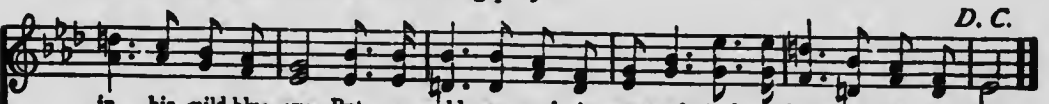
D. C.—We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to ca-
Fine.



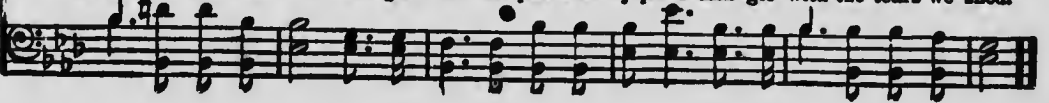
ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer. When a year a-go we gath-ered, Joy was
sto-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our ban-ner Thro' the
on-ly Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-day, O ear-ly fall-en, In thy



ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer.



in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en cord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.
thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our country's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's might.
green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges from the pine and cy-presar Min-gle with the tears we shed.



D. C.