

# THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left  
bloom - ing a - lone; All her love-ly com -  
panions are fa - - - ded and gone. No  
flow'r - of her kindred, no - rose - bud is  
nigh, - - - To re - flect 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 on 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 wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?