

The Last Rose of Summer

Celtic Woman

'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
And 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
This bleak world alone

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