

The Yellow Rose Of Texas

Countdown Kids

Hayley Westenra
Celtic Treasure
The Last Rose of Summer
Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming all alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rose bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
And give sigh for sigh. Ill not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem.
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep now with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves oer the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead. So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from loves shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown
Oh! Who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

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