

# The Last Rose Of Summer

**Hayley Westenra**

'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.  
I'll 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 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?

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