

## 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