

# The Last Rose Of Summer

Charlotte Church

Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone.  
No flow'r of her kindred  
No rosebud is nigh  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stern,  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them

Thus kindly I'll 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 wither'd  
And fond ones are flow'n  
Oh! Who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?