

# The Last Rose Of Summer

Nina Simone

'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  
Or give sigh for sigh

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