

The Last Rose Of Summer

The Kelly Family

Its 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 or give sigh by sigh.

I'll not leave thee, though lone one to pine on the steam
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleeping though with them.
Thus kindly I scatter they leaves over the bed
Where my mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow my 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.