

The Last Rose of Summer

Eleanor McEvoy

'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
To 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
All the gems drop away
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone