

## **John Mcdermott**

### **"The Last Rose Of Summer"**

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'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  
Or 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 wither'd  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh, who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

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