

Chantal Andere

"The Last Rose"

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'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 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 loves' shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown
Oh! Who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

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