Celtic Woman Compilation "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 and 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 withered and fond ones are flown Oh who would inhabit this bleak world alone? This bleak world alone

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