

## Andre Rieu "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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