

"The Last Rose of Summer"

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming all alone

All her lovely companions are  
Faded and gone.  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose-bud 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!



Thomas Moore (1779-1852) wrote this song and set it to the air "The Young Man's Dream".  
Illustrations and calligraphy by John O'Reilly of The Bens Music Shop in Clifden, Co. Galway. John is an artist and musician,  
and The Bens was the original venue for the Clifden Dusty Banjos sessions.