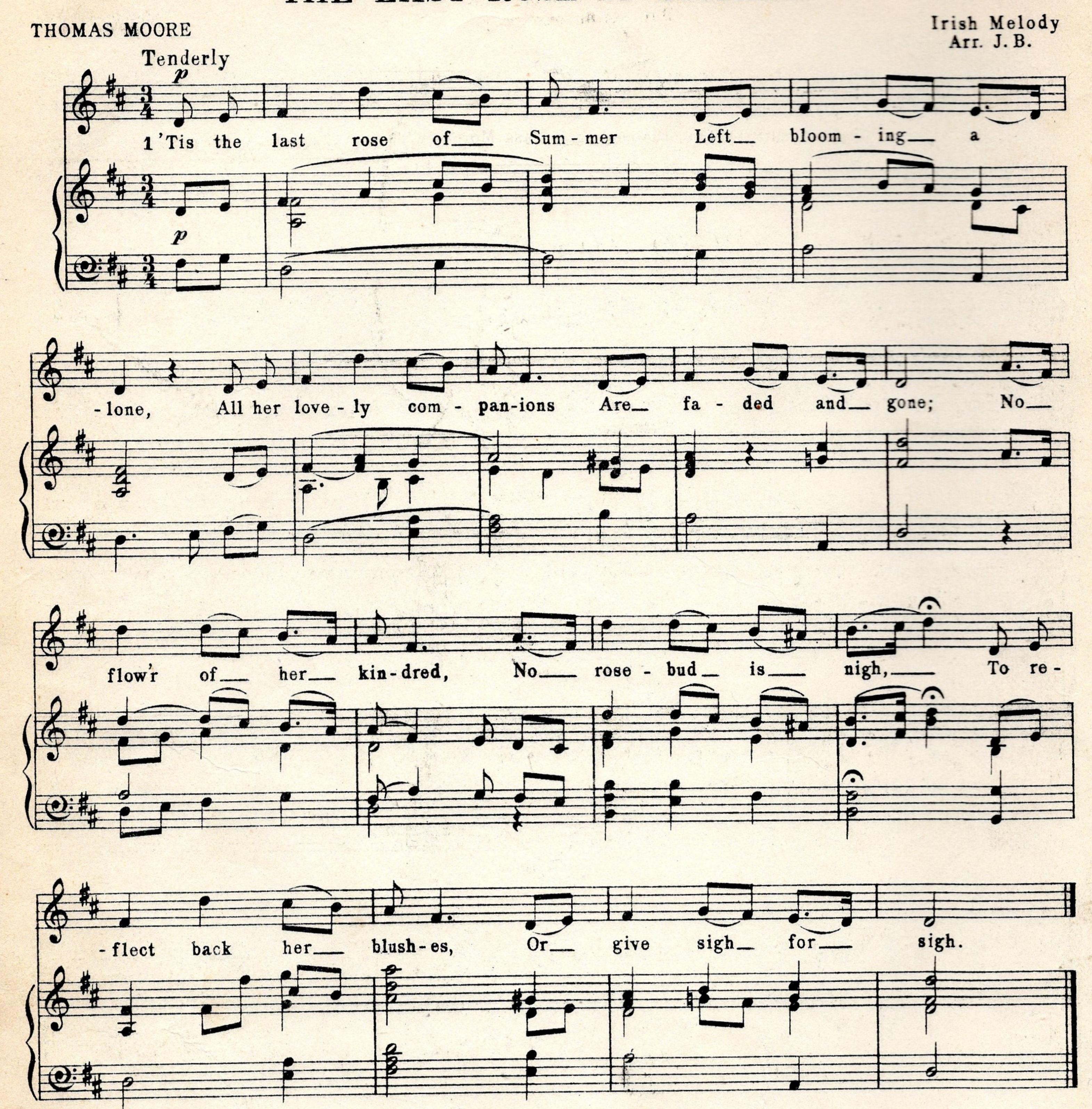
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER



2. 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 over the bed

When thy mates of the garden

Lie scentless and dead.

3. 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?