'Tis the last rose of summer, Leaving a lone, all her lovely companions are faded and gone. No flow'r of her kindred, no rose-bud is.
night... To reflect back her blushing. Or... give... sigh for

sigh!

With Expression.

piu mosso

I'll not leave thee, thou... lone one. To... pine... on the stream. Since the

love... ly are... sleeping. Go... sleep... thou with them: Thus...
kindly I scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed
mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead

soon may I follow When friendships decay

And from
Love's shining circle, The gem drop away! When true hearts lie withered And fond ones are flown Oh! who would inhabit This bleak world alone!

With Expression.