

Thomas Moore,
'T is the Last Rose of Summer

kun ok-liniaj strofoj

'T is 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,
To 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 wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
his bleak world alone?

*Verkinto de tiu ĉi Angla poemo estas THOMAS MOORE (*1779-05-28 – †1852-02-25).*

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Mi, Manfred Retzlaff, kopiis tiun poemon el la retejo <http://www.franks.org/fr01066.htm>. Pri la verkinto, la irlanda poeto Thomas Moore, vidu la vikipedian retejon http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Moore.