

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](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Moore).*