

Nina Simone, 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
Or give sigh for sigh

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