

Celtic Woman, Last rose of summer

Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone
All her lovely companions are faded and gone
No flower left to sweeten her
No flower left to cheer her
No flower left to crown her
No flower left to court her
No flower left to love her
No flower left to woo her
No flower left to kiss her
No flower left to hold her
No flower left to cherish
No flower left to cherish
No flower left to cherish