

The last rose of summer

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone
No flower of her kindred
Is now left is nigh
To reflect on her sad blushing
As you sigh for sigh

Will not leave thee thou lone one
To pine on the stem
While the lovely are sleeping
Go sleep thou with them
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves over the bed
Where the maids of the garden
Lie scentless and dead

No soon may I follow
When friendships decay
And from loves shining circle
The gems drop away
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown
Oh who would inhabit
This bleak world alone

My heart is like a half-bled shad
Tied of affection, full
And all my spirit seems as dead
In flaming cotton wool

O dear I feel as if as though
I wish I wasn't here
I can't I know I can't live so
No not another year

Thou not a tear

Wilt not a tear on your friends early bier
When I am gone When I am gone
While if the slow falling, tell you should hear
When I am gone I am gone
Keep not for me when you stand round my grave
Think who has died his beloved to save
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have
When I am gone I am gone

Plant ye a tree which may wave over me
When I am gone I am gone
Sing me a song if my grave you should see
When I am gone I am gone
Come at the close of a bright summers day
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away
When I am gone I am gone

Funeral hymn
Sister thou wast mild and lovely
Gentle as the summer breeze
Pure as the air of evening
When it flows among the trees

Peaceful be thy silent slumber
Peaceful in the grave so low
Thou no more wilt join our number
Thou no more such songs shalt know

Dearest sister thou hast left us
Thine loss we deeply feel
But is God who hath blessed us
He can all our sorrows heal

Yet again we hope to meet thee
When the day of life is fled
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee
Where no farewell tears are shed