

The Last Rose of Summer

(Martha)

Sir John Stevenson (1761-1833)

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1833)

Voice and Piano

Andante
mf

'Tis the last rose_ of_ sum-mer, Left bloom_ ing a - lone; All her
leave thee,_ thou_ lone one, To_ pine_ on the stem; Since the
soon may_ I_ fol - low When_ friend - ships de - cay, And from

Andante
mf

love - ly com - pan - ions Are_ fad_ ed and gone. No_ flow - er of her
love - ly_ are sleep - ing, Go_ sleep_ thou with them; 'Thus kind - ly_ I_
love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems_ drop a - way! When true_ hearts lie

cresc.

cresc.

3 3 3

10

kin - dred, No — rose — bud is nigh, — To re - flect back — her —
 scat - ter Thy — leaves — o'er the bed — Where thy mates of — the —
 wither - ed And fond — ones are flown — Oh! — who — would in -

14

blush - es, Or — give — sigh for sigh. I'll not
 gard - en Lie — scent - less and dead. So —
 hab - it This — bleak world a - lone? Oh! —

18

who — would in - hab - it This — bleak — world a-lone?