The Last Rose of Summer
(Martha)

Sir John Stevenson (1761-1833)  

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1833)

Voice and Piano

\[\text{Andante}\]

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; All her leaves thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the soon may I follow When friendship decay, And from

love-ly companions 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 circle The gems drop a-way! When true hearts lie

kin-dred, No rose bud is nigh, To re-flect back her__
scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the__
withered And fond ones are flown Oh! who would in -

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Oh!

blushes, Or give sigh for sigh. I'll not

garden Lie scent less and dead. So_

habit This bleak world alone? Oh!

who would inhabit This bleak world alone?

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