

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.

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 -

mf

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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! _

mf *mf*

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who_ would in - hab - it This ___ bleak ___ world a-lone?

mf *f*