The Last Rose of Summer
(Martha)
Voice and Piano

J. Stevenson (1761-1833)

Andante

\(mf\)

\[\text{\'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a lone; All her leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the soon may I follow When friendships decay, And from love - ly companions Are fad ed and gone. No love - ly are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; \'Thus love's shining circle The gems drop away! When love - ly kind - ly I scatter Thy leaves o'er the true hearts lie withered And fond ones are}\]

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nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie flown Oh! who would inhabit This

give sigh for I'll not scent less and dead. So lone? Oh! who would in

habit This bleak world alone?