The Last Rose of Summer
(Martha)
Voice and Piano

J. Stevenson (1761-1833)

Thomas Moore (1779-1833)

Andante

'Tis the last rose_of_summer, Left_blooming_alone; All her
leave thee,_thou_lone one, To_pine_on thestem; Since the
soon may_I_follow When_friendships_de_cay, And from

love_ly_com_panions Are_faded_and_gone. No_
love_ly_are_sleeping, Go_sleep_thou_with_them; Thus
love's_shining_circle The_gems_drop_away! When

flow_ever_of_her_kindred, No_rose_bud_is
kind_ly_I_scatter Thy_leaves_o'er_the
true_hearts_lie_withered And_fond_ones_are

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nigh, To re-reflect back her blush-es, Or
bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie
flown Oh! who would in-hab-it This

give sigh for sigh. I'll not
scent less and dead. So
bleak world a-lone?

hab-it This bleak world a-lone?