

The Last Rose of Summer

(Martha)

J. Stevenson (1761-1833)

Voice and Piano

Thomas Moore (1779-1833)

Andante

mf

'Tis the last rose of summer, 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 friendships de - cay, And from

5

love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone. No
love - ly are sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them; 'Thus
love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When

9

cresc.

flow - er of her kin - dred, No rose bud is
kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
true hearts lie wither - ed And fond ones are

cresc.

12 *mf*

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

mf

mf

15 *mf* *mf*

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

mf *mf*

19

hab - it This bleak world a-lone?

f