

The Last Rose Of Summer

Sir John Stevenson

Thomas Moore

Andante
mf

Voice

'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -
leave thee thou lone one, To pine on the
soon may I fol - low When friend - ships de -

Piano

Vo.

lone. All her love - ly com - pan - ions are
stem. Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The

Pno.

7

Vo. fad - ed and gone. No flow - er of her
 sleep thou with them. Thus kind - ly I
 gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie

Pno.

10

Vo. kin - dred No rose - bud is nigh. To re -
 scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed. Where thy
 wither - ed And fond ones are flown Oh!

Pno.

13

Vo. flect back her blush - es. Or give sigh for
 mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and
 who would in - hab - it This bleak world a

Pno.

16 *mf* *mf*

Vo. sigh. I'll not
 dead. So lone? Oh! who would in - hab - it This

Pno.

20

Vo. bleak world a - lone?

Pno.