

# The Last rose Of Summer

Sir John Stevenson

Thomas Moore

**Andante** *mf*

Soprano

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

4

S. lone. All her love - ly com - pan - ions are fad - ed and  
stem. Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with  
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a -

*mf* *f*

8

S. gone. No flow - er of her kin - dred No rose - bud is  
them. Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the  
way! When true hearts lie wither - ed And fond ones are

12

S. nigh To re - flect back her blush - es. Or  
bed. Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie  
flown Oh! who would in - hab - it This

*mf* 3.

15

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

19

S. hab - it This bleak world a - lone?