The Last Rose of Summer
(Martha)

Sir John Stevenson (1761-1833)  

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1833)

Voice and Piano

Andante

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; All her leaves thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the soon may follow When ships decay, And from love's companions Are fades and gone. No flower of her love are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kindly I love's shining circle The gems drop away! When true hearts lie

Andante

mf

Andante

mf

Andante

mf

Cresc.

mf

Cresc.

Cresc.

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kin-dred, No__ rose__ bud is nigh.__ To re-flect back__ her__
scatter Thy__ leaves__ o' er the bed__ Where thy mates of__ the__
withered And fond__ ones are flown__ Oh!__ who__ would in__

blushes, Or__ give__ sigh for sigh. I'll not
garden Lie__ scent__ less and dead. So__
habit This__ bleak world a__ lone? Oh!

who__ would in-habit This__ bleak__ world a-lone?