

The last rose of summer

Thomas Moore (1779 - 1852)

p

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a-
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
3. So soon may I fol - low When friend - ships de-

p

- 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

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

cresc. *p*

kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-
 scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy
 with - er'd, And fond ones are flown; Oh!

- flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
 mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
 who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?