The Last Rose of Summer

Words by Thomas Moore (1779-1833)

Sir John Stevenson (1761-1833)
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Adagio piangevole

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone.

No flower of her kindred, No rose bud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

Her
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem;

Since the love ly are sleep ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus

stem; Since they are sleep ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus

love ly are sleep ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus

Since they are sleep ing, Go sleep with them; Thus
kindly I scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy
mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead.

Where the mates lie scentless and dead.
Oh soon may I follow When friendships decay, And from love's shining circle The gems drop away! When true hearts lie withered And fond ones are flown Oh who could inhabit This bleak world alone? Oh who could inhabit This bleak world alone?