THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)
OLD MELODY (17th century)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Slowly, with expression

VOICE

1. 'Tis the
2. I'll not
3. So

PIANO

last rose of summer,
leave thee, thou lone one,
soon may I follow,

Left blooming a
To pine on the
When friendships de

lone; All her lovely companions
stem; Since the lovely are sleeping,
cay; And from love's shining circle,

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faded and gone; No flowy of her
sleep thou with them. Thus kindly I
gems drop away! When true hearts lie

kindred, No rose bud is nigh, To re-
scatter, Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy
withered, And fond ones are flown, Oh,

a tempo

flect back her blush-es, Or sigh for
mates of the garden, Lie scent less and
who would inhabit This bleak world a-

sigh dead lone.

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