

The last rose of summer

Text von Thomas Moore

Musik von Irish folk song
Arrangiert von Joseph M. Martin

Solo

'Tis the last rose of sum-mer left bloom-ing a -

9

lone All her love-ly com-pan-ions are fad-ed and gone. No flow-er of her

15

kin - dred, no rose bud is nigh³ to re-flect back her

20

blush-es - or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou

I'll not leave thee, thou

I'll not leave thee, thou

I'll not leave thee, thou

27

lone one to pine on the stem Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, go,—

lone one to pine on the stem Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, go,—

lone one to pine on the stem Since the love-ly are sleep-ing— go

lone one to pine on the stem Since the love-ly are sleep-ing— go

32

sleep thou with them Thus kind-ly I scat-ter thy leaves o'er the bed where thy

sleep thou with them. Thus kind-ly I scat-ter thy leaves o'er the bed where thy

sleep thou with them Thus kind-ly I scat-ter thy leaves o'er the bed where thy

sleep thou with them. thy leaves o'er the bed were thy

38

mates of _ the gar-den _ lie scent - less and dead.

mates of the gar-den _ lie scent - less and dead.

mates of the gar-den _ lie scent-less and dead.

mates of the gar-den _ lie scent-less and dead.

46

So soon may I ___ fol-low when friend-ships de - cay; and from love's shin-ing _

So soon may I fol-low when friend-ships de - cay; and from love's shin-ing

So soon may I ___ fol-low when friend-ships de - cay; and from love's shin - ing _

So soon may I fol-low when friend-ships de - cay; and from love's shin-ing

52

cir-cle the gems drop a - way When true hearts lie with-er'd and fond ones are
 cir-cle the gems drop a - way. When true hearts lie with-er'd and fond ones are
 cir-cle the gems drop a - way. When true hearts lie with-er'd and fond ones are
 cir-cle the gems drop a - way When true hearts lie with-er'd and fond ones are

58

'Tis the
 flown, oh who would in - hab-it this bleak world a - lone?
 flown, oh who would in - hab-it this bleak world a - lone?
 flown oh who would in - hab-it this bleak world a - lone?
 flown, oh, who would in - hab-it this bleak world a - lone?

64

last rose of sum - mer, left bloom - ing all a - lone

70

rit.
Bloom - ing all a - lone.

Bllom - ing all a - lone.

Bloom - ing all a - lone.

Bloom - ing all a - lone.