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 bloom ing a lone; All her
leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the
soon may I fol low When friend ships de cay, And from

love ly com pan ions Are fad ed and gone. No flow er of her
love ly are sleep ing, Go sleep thou with them; 'Thus kind ly I_
love’s shin ing cir cle The gems drop a way! When true hearts lie

kin dred, No rose bud is nigh. To re fle ct 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 inhabit This bleak world alone?