

# The Last Rose of Summer

## (Martha)

Sir John Stevenson (1761-1833)

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1833)

Voice and Piano

*Andante*  
*mf*

'Tis the last rose\_ of\_ sum-mer, 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

*Andante*  
*mf*

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

*cresc.*

kin - dred, No\_ rose\_ bud is nigh, To re - flect back\_ her\_  
scat - ter Thy\_ leaves\_ o'er the bed\_ Where thy mates of\_ the\_  
wither - ed And fond\_ ones are flown\_ Oh!\_ who\_ would in -

*mf*

*mf*

14

blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh. I'll not  
 gard - en Lie scent - less and dead. So -  
 hab - it This bleak world a - lone? Oh! -

*mf* *mf*

18

who\_ would in - hab - it This bleak world a-lone?

*mf* *f*