

Piano

The Last Rose of Summer

Anonymous,
Old Irish Air

Slow

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a-lone. All her
2. I'll not leave thee thou, lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the

5 love-ly com-pan-ions Are-fa-ded and gone. No
love-ly are sleep-ing. Go sleep thou with them. Thus

9 flow-er of her kin-dred, No rose-bud is nigh To re-
kind-ly I'll scat-ter Thy leaves on the bed, Where thy

13 flect back her blush-es. Or give sigh for sigh! 3. So
mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.

17 soon may I fol-low When friend-ships de-cay, And from

21 love's shin-ing cir-cle The gems drop a-way. When

25 true hearts lie with-ered And fond oncs are flown, Oh!

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