

# THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Melody  
Arr. J. B.

*Tenderly*  
*p*

1 'Tis the last rose of Sum - mer Left bloom - ing a - lone,  
All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fa - ded and gone; No  
flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re -  
flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go sleep thou with them.  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves over the bed  
When thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

3. So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?