

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

OLD MELODY (17th century)
Arr. by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Slowly, with expression

VOICE

PIANO

mf *p* *mf* *p*

1. 'Tis the
2. I'll not
3. So—

last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -
leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de

lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are
stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle, The

fad - ed and gone; No flow'r of her
sleep thou with them. Thus kind - ly I
gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie

kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re -
scat - ter, Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy
with - ered, And fond ones are flown, Oh,

flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for
mates of the gar - den, Lie scent - less and
who would in - hab - it This bleak world a -

sigh. dead. lone.

D.S. §

D.S.