

# The Last Rose Of Summer

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**Andante** ♩ = 96

Voices

*mf* 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a-lone. All her love-ly com-  
leave thee thou lone one, To pine on stem. Since the love-ly are  
soon may I fol-low When friend-ships de-cay, And from love's shin-ing

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*mf* pan-ions are fad-ed and gone. No flow-er of her kin-dred No rose-bud is  
sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them. Thus kind-ly I scat-ter Thy leaves o'er the  
cir-cle The gems drop a-way! When true hearts lie with-er-ed And fond ones are

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nigh. To re-flect back her blush-es. Or give sigh for sigh. I'll not  
bed. Where thymates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead. So -  
flown Oh! who would in-hab-it This bleak world a

3.  
*mf*

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