

Sir John Stevenson
(chords by PCD for RMP)

The Last rose Of Summer

Thomas Moore

Andante D G D A7

Soprano

mf
'Tis the last rose of summer,
Leave thee thou lone one,
soon may I follow, When
bloom - ing a -
pine on friend - ships de -

4 D G D A7

S.
lone. All her love - ly com - pan - ions are fad - ed and
stem. Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a -

8 D G D Bm f

S.
mf
gone. No flow - er of her kin - dred No rose - bud is
them. Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
way! When true hearts lie wither - ed And fond ones are

12 G D A7

S.
nigh. To re - flect back her blush - es. Or give sigh for
bed. Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and
flown Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a -

16 3. D G D A7

S.
sigh. I'll not lone? Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a -
dead. So *mf* lone? Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

