

The Last Rose Of Summer

Thomas Moore, the great Irish lyric poet, did for Irish folk songs what Burns did for those of his native land. "The Last Rose of Summer" is among his most famous songs, having achieved great popularity through its interpolation into the ever popular and beautiful opera "Martha" by Flotow, to whom the authorship of the song is sometimes erroneously attributed. The air is an ancient one, called the "Groves of Blarney," which in turn was taken from a more ancient Celtic melody.

THOMAS MOORE

IRISH AIR

1. { 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a - lone; } No flower of her kindred
 { All her love-ly companions Are fad - ed and gone; }

2. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; } Thus kindly I scatter
 { Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; }

3. { So soon may I fol - low, When friend-ships de - cay, } When true hearts lie withered
 { And from love's shining cir - cle The gems drop a - way; }

rit.

No rose-bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
 Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent - less and dead.
 And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.