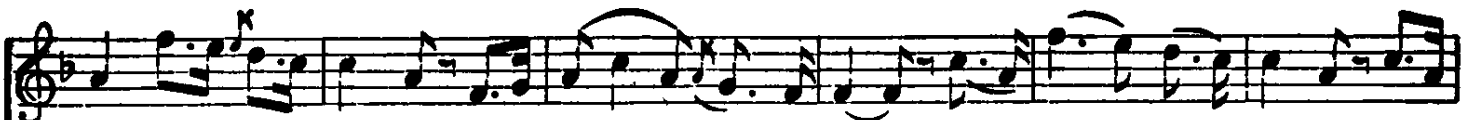


The Last Rose of Summer

English Air



1. 'Tis the last Rose of Sum - mer left bloom - ing a - lone, All her
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem; Since the
 3. So soon may I fol - low, when friend - ships de - say, And from



love - ly com - pan - ions are fa - ded and gone. No flow'r of her kin - dred, no
 love - ly are sleep - ing, go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter thy
 love's shin - ing cir - cle, the gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, and



ad lib.



rose - bud is nigh . . . To re - flect back her blush - es, or give . . . sigh for sigh.
 leaves o'er the bed, . . . Where thy mates of the gar - den lie scent - less and dead.
 fond ones are flown, . . . O! who would in - hab - it this bleak world a - lone?

