

Women

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

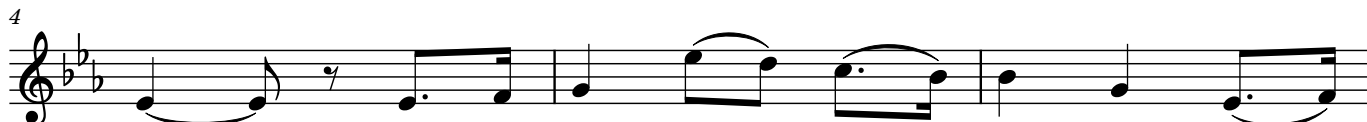
(The Last Rose of Summer)

Thomas Moore

Traditional



1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, left bloom - ing a -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
3. So 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'll
gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie



kin - dred, No rose bud is
scat - ter thy leaves o'er the
with - er'd, And fond ones are



nigh To re - flect back her
bed, Where thy mates of the
flow'n, Oh! who would in -



blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.
gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
- hab - it This bleak world a - lone.