

The last rose of summer

Sir John Andrew Stevenson (1761-1833)

♩=60 *D/A* *A7* *D* *D* *G* *D* *D* *A7*

'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a-
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
 So soon may I fol - low When friend-ships de-

D *D* *G* *D* *hm* *D/A* *A7* *D*

- lone, All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone. No
 stem; Since the love - ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; 'Thus
 - cay, And from love's shi - ning cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When

D *G* *D* *hm* *F#7* *G*

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose bud is nigh, To re-
 kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy
 true hearts lie withe - red And fond ones are flown Oh!

D *G* *D* *hm* *D/A* *A7* *D*

- flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.
 mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
 who would in - ha - bit This bleak world a - lone?