

# The Last Rose of Summer

# No 19

Thomas Moore

D G D A<sup>7</sup> D

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer 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 friendships de - cay, And from

5 G D A<sup>7</sup> D

love - ly com - pan-ions are fad - ed and gone. No  
 love - ly are sleep-ing, go sleep thou with them; Thus  
 love's shin - ing cir - cle the gems drop a - way! When

9 G D Bm

flow - er 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 wither-ed and fond ones are flown. Oh,

13 D G D Gm D A<sup>7</sup> D 1.2. 3. D

*rit. . . . .*

flect back her blushes and give sigh for sigh. 2. I'll not  
 mates of the gar-den lie scent - less and dead. 3. So\_\_\_  
 who would in - hab-it this bleak world a - - lone?

Intro => G D Gm D A<sup>7</sup> D

*rit. . . . .*

Oh, who would in - hab - it this bleak world a - lone?