The Last Rose of Summer
(from "Martha")

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To

F

1. blooming alone; All her lovely companions, Are faded and gone;
2. looking on the stem. Since the lovely are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; No

C7  F  

pines on the stem. Since the lovely are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; No

C7  F  

Thus

Bb  F  A7

kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the

Cmi.

F

nigh, To reflect back her

F7

bed; Where thy mates of the

blushes, or give sigh for sigh.
garden, lie scentless and dead.