

# The Last Rose of Summer

Words by  
Thomas Moore

Irish Air: "The Groves of Blarney"  
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

*Andante con espress.*

*p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

*mp*

The vocal line is written on a single staff in a soprano or alto clef. It begins with a repeat sign and contains the first two lines of the lyrics.

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

*mp*

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics is shown on two staves. It continues the melodic and harmonic themes established in the introduction.

*dim.*

The vocal line continues with the next two lines of lyrics, marked with a decrescendo (*dim.*) dynamic.

love - ly \_\_\_ com - pan - ions Are \_\_\_ fad - ed and gone; \_\_\_ No \_\_\_  
love - ly \_\_\_ are \_\_\_ sleep - ing, Go, \_\_\_ sleep \_\_\_ thou with them. \_\_\_ Thus \_

*dim.*

The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with the final two lines of lyrics, also marked with a decrescendo (*dim.*) dynamic.

*cresc. e rit.*

flow'r \_\_\_\_\_ of her kin - dred, No \_\_\_\_\_ rose - bud is  
 kind - ly I'll scat - ter Thy \_\_\_\_\_ leaves \_\_\_\_\_ o'er the

*a tempo*

nigh \_\_\_\_\_ To re - flect back \_\_\_\_\_ her \_\_\_\_\_ blush - es, Or \_\_\_\_\_  
 bed, \_\_\_\_\_ Where thy mates of \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ gar - den Lie \_\_\_\_\_

*a tempo*

*rit.*

give \_\_\_\_\_ sigh for sigh.  
 scent - less and dead.

*delicato*

*rit.* *a tempo* *mp*

3. So \_\_\_\_\_ soon may \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ fol - low When \_\_\_\_\_ friend - ships de -

*mf*

*con Pedale*

cay; \_\_\_\_\_ And from love's shin - ing \_\_\_\_\_ cir - cle The \_\_\_\_\_

gems \_\_\_\_\_ drop a - way! \_\_\_\_\_ When \_\_\_\_\_ true hearts lie \_\_\_\_\_

*rit. poco a poco*

with - er'd, And \_\_\_\_\_ fond \_\_\_\_\_ ones are flown, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh! \_\_\_\_\_ who would \_\_\_\_\_ in -

*dim. e rit.*

hab - it This \_\_\_\_\_ bleak \_\_\_\_\_ world a - lone?

*dim. e rit.*

*p*