



# The last rose of summer

La dernière rose de l'été - Chanson

Paroles de Thomas Moore (1779-1852) sur l'air traditionnel "The Groves of Blarney".

Words by Thomas Moore (1779-1852) to a traditional tune "The Groves of Blarney".

CD : Pages 1 (version normale) et 22 (version lente)

*Handwritten: 1 2 3 1 2 3 et 1 2 3 4 1 2 3*

'Tis the last rose o - f Sum - mer left blo - om - ing

MG	C	c	c	F	f	f	C	c	c	C	c	c	C	c	c
P	3'	5	4'				6	4'			3'	5	4'	5'	4'
T				8		6'	7								

*Handwritten: 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 et 1 2 3 4 1 2 3*

all a - lone All her love ly com - pa -

MG	G	g	c	C	c	c	C	c	c	C	c	c	F	f	f	
P			3'	3'				3'	5	4'						
T	3'												8		6'	7

*Handwritten: 1 2 3*

nions are fa - ded and gone No

MG	C	c	c	C	c	c	C	c	c	G	g	c	C	c	c
P	6	4'			3'	5	4'	5'	4'			3'	3'		
T										3'					

*Handwritten: 1 2 3 et 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 et*

flow - er of her kin - dred no rose

MG	C	c	c	A	a	a	F	f	f	C	c	c	C	c	c
P			5'	4'				6	6	4'				5'	4'
T					8		6'	7							

Suite >>>>

1 2 3 1 et 2 3 1 2 3 1 2

	bud		is nigh to		re		flect back her	
<b>MG</b>	A	a a	F	f f	F	f f	F	C c c
<b>P</b>			6				3' 5	4'
<b>T</b>	8	6'	7	7	6'	8		

	blu-shes and		gi - ve		sigh for		sigh.	
<b>MG</b>	A	a a	C	c c	C	c c	C	G g c
<b>P</b>			6	4'		3' 5	4' 5'	4' 3'
<b>T</b>	8	6' 7						3'

<b>MG</b>	C	c c	C	c
<b>P</b>	3'			
<b>T</b>				

'Tis the last rose of Summer left blooming all alone  
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone  
 No flower of her kindred no rose  
 Bud is nigh to reflect back her blushes and give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one ! to pine on the stem  
 Since the loveley are sleeping, go sleep thou with them  
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed  
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay  
 And from love's shining circle the gems drop away  
 When true hearts lie wither'd and fond ones are flown  
 Oh ! who would inhabit this bleak world alone !

