The Last Rose of Summer

for SATB Chorus (divisi) unaccompanied

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)
D. M., alt.

Trad. Irish melody
David Mooney, arr.

Gently \( \text{mp} \)

Soprano 1

\[ \text{‘Tis the last rose of summer Left blooming alone; All her} \]

Soprano 2

\[ \text{‘Tis the last rose of summer Left blooming alone; her} \]

Alto

\[ \text{‘Tis the last rose of summer Left blooming alone; her} \]

Tenor

\[ \text{Left blooming alone; her} \]

Bass

\[ \text{Left blooming alone; her} \]

Keyboard (for rehearsal only)

\[ \text{Left blooming alone; her} \]

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lovely companions Are faded and gone; No flower of her kindred, No

lovely companions Are faded and gone; of her kindred, No

lovely companions Are faded and gone; of her kindred, No

lovely companions Are faded and gone; kindred, No

rose-bud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, To give sigh for sigh.

rose-bud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, To give sigh for sigh.

rose-bud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, To give sigh for sigh.

rose-bud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, To give sigh for sigh.
Ah, leave thee, thou lone one! To
Ah, ah, ah, leave thee, thou lone one! To
Ah, ah, ah, I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one! To

for sigh.

pine on the stem; lovely are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with
pine on the stem; lovely are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with
pine on the stem; Since the lovely are sleeping, Go,

lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the lovely are sleeping, Go,
Sleep well, my love, sleep thou with
them. Thus kindly I scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed, mates of the sleep thou with them. I scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the

Thy leaves o'er the bed,

So soon may I follow, When

Ah, ah, ah, ah,

Ah, ah, ah, ah,

Ah, ah, ah, ah,

Ah, ah, ah, ah,

Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm,
friendships decay, And from Love's shining circle The gems drop away. When

ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

mf

ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, When

hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm,

true hearts lie withered And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in

rit.

mf

hearts lie withered And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in-

mf

hearts lie withered And fond ones are flown, who would in-

mf

hearts lie withered And fond ones are flown, who would in-

mf

true hearts lie withered And fond ones are flown,

ah,
habit This bleak world alone? last rose.

habit This bleak world alone? last rose, last rose.

habit This bleak world alone, bleak world alone?

(T 1) habit This bleak world alone, bleak world alone?

The last rose, last rose.

2006
2’20”