David Mooney
Irish Choral Series

The Last Rose of Summer

for SATB Chorus (divisi) unaccompanied
The Last Rose of Summer

for SATB Chorus (divisi) unaccompanied

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)
D. M., alt.

Trad. Irish melody
David Mooney, arr.

© Copyright 2011 by E. C. Schirmer Music Company, Inc.
a division of ECS Publishing, Boston, Massachusetts.
www.ecspublishing.com   All rights reserved.
S 1

love-ly_com-pa-nions Are_fad-ed and gone; No_flower_of_her_kin-dred, No_

A

love-ly_com-pa-nions Are_fad-ed and gone; of_her_kin-dred, No

T

love-ly_com-pa-nions Are_fad-ed and gone; of_her_kin-dred, No

B

love-ly_com-pa-nions Are_fad-ed and gone; of_her_kin-dred, No

S 1

rose-bud_is_nigh, To_reflect_back_her_blush-es, To_give_sigh_for_sigh.

S 2

rose-bud_is_nigh, To_reflect_back_her_blush-es, To_give_sigh_for_sigh.

A

rose-bud_is_nigh, To_reflect_back_her_blush-es, To_give_sigh_for_sigh.

T

rose-bud_is_nigh, To_reflect_back_her_blush-es, To_give_sigh_for_sigh.

B

rose-bud_is_nigh, To_reflect_back_her_blush-es, To_give_sigh_for_sigh,
Ah, leave thee, thou lone one!
To

Ah, ah, ah, I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To

Ah, ah, ah, I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To

Ah, ah, ah, I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To

for sigh.

pine on the stem; love-ly are sleep-ing, Go, sleep thou with

pine on the stem; love-ly are sleep-ing, Go, sleep thou with

pine on the stem; love-ly are sleep-ing, Go, sleep thou with

Sleep well, my love, sleep thou with
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,

Yard - den Lie scent-less and dead. So soon may I fol-low, When
yard - den Lie scent-less and dead. Ah, ah, ah, ah,
yard - den Lie scent-less and dead. Ah, ah, ah, ah,
yard - den Lie scent-less and dead. 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, ah, ah, When
true hearts lie withered And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in
hearts lie withered And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in-
hearthts lie withered And fond ones are flown, who would in-
true hearts lie withered And fond ones are flown,
The Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely 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 withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

—Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

David Mooney (b. 1964)

For biographical information about the arranger, please visit this Web site.
<http://www.ecspublishing.com/compBiosM.html#mooney>