Traditional Irish Music
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The Last Rose Of Summer

Thomas Moore

C       Am    F    C    F    C    G7    C
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer, left blooming alone;
F    G7    C    Am    Dm    C    Am    F    C    G7    C
All her lovely companions, are faded and gone;
Bm    G    A7    D    Bm    C#tm    Bm    F#    Bm
No flower of her kindred, no rose bud is nigh

Fm    C    Dm    C    F    C    Dm7    G7    C
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

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 flow'n,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone.