

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

Text by *Thomas Moore* (1779-1852) [Irish]

Set by (*Edward*) *Benjamin Britten* (1913-1976) [Br], *The Last Rose of Summer*; *Friedrich von Flotow* (1812-1883) [Gr], *'Tis the Last Rose of Summer*, aria from the opera *Martha*; *Adolph Martin Foerster* (1854-1927) [Am], from *Garland of Songs*, Heft 1, op. 64, #5; *John Andrew Stevenson* (1761-1833) [Br]

'Tis the last rose of summer,
[tɪz ðə læst rɔ:ʊz əv 'sʌm.ə]
 ^(RP) [last]

Left blooming alone.
[left 'blum.ɪŋ ə.'lo:ʊŋ]

All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or 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 thy (the) bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless (senseless) and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

