

# 3. The last Rose of Summer

English Folksong

Wytze Oostenbrug (\*1943)

Andantino ♩=100

Soprano *mf*  
'Tis the last rose of sum-mer left bloo-ming a - lone; All her

Alto *mf*  
'Tis the last rose of sum-mer left bloo-ming a - lone; All her

Tenor *mf*  
'Tis the last rose of sum-mer left bloo-ming a - lone; All her

Bass *mf*  
'Tis the last rose of sum-mer left bloo-ming a - lone; All her

6 *p*  
love-ly com-pag-nions are fa-ded and gone. No flow'r of her kin-dred, no

*p*  
love-ly com-pag-nions are fa-ded and gone. No flo-wer of her kin-dred, no

*p*  
love-ly com - pag-nioins are fa-ded and gone. No flow'r of her kin-dred, no

*p*  
love-ly com - pag-nions are fa-ded and gone. No flow'r of her kin-dred, no

12 *mf* *rit.* *pp*

rose-bud is nigh to re - flect back her blu-shes, or give sigh for sigh.

rose-bud is nigh to re - flect back her blu-shes, or give sigh for sigh.

rose-bud is nigh to re - flect back her blu-shes, or give sigh for sigh.

rose-bud is nigh to re - flect back her blu-shes, or give sigh for sigh.

18 *Lento*  $\text{♩} = 76$  *p*

I'll leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem; since the

I'll leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem; since the

I'll leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem; since the

I'll leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem; since the

23 *pp*

love - ly are slee-ping, go sleep thou with them. Thus kind-ly I

love - ly are slee-ping, go sleep thou with them. Thus kind-ly I

love-ly are slee-ping, go sleep thou with them. Thus kind-ly I

love-ly are slee-ping, go sleep thou with them. Thus kind-ly I

rit. . . . .

28

scat-ter thy leaves o'er the bed, where the mates of the gar - den lie

scat-ter thy leaves o'er the bed, where the mates of the gar-den lie

scat-ter thy leaves o'er the bed, where the mates of the gar - den lie

scat-ter thy leaves o'er the bed, where the mates of the gar - den lie

Tempo primo

33

scent - less and dead. *ppp* So \_\_\_\_\_ soon may I fol-low when *mf*

scent - less and dead. *ppp* So \_\_\_\_\_ soon may I fol-low when *mf*

scent - less and dead. *ppp* So \_\_\_\_\_ soon may I fol-low when *mf*

scent - less and dead. *ppp* So \_\_\_\_\_ soon may I fol-low when *mf*

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fried - ships de - cay, and from Love's shi - ning cir - cle the gems drop a -

friend-ships de - cay, and from Love's shi - ning cir - cle the gems drop a -

friend-ships de - cay, and from Love's shi-ning cir - cle the gems drop a -

fried - ships de - cay, and from love's shi-ning cir - cle the gems drop a -

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way. When true hearts lie wi-thered and fond ones are

way. When true hearts lie wi-thered and fond ones are

way. When true hearts lie wi-thered and fond ones are

way. When true hearts lie wi-thered and fond ones are

47 *rit.*

flown, Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

*f* flown, Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

flown, Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

flown, Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

Delft, april 2024

Irish Traditional — Lyrics: Thomas Moore (1805)

'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, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll 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 the 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?