The Last Rose of Summer
Is the Sweetest Song of All.

Words by ARTHUR GILLESPIE.
Writer of "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Music by HARRY SIDNEY.

Andante Moderato.

There's a rose that's crushed and withered, still I wear it near my heart, As an
When the twilight shades were falling and the star gleamed from above, It was

emblem of my love of by-gone days; Tho' its
then her voice in melody would ring, And I

fragrance now is wasted, still from it I never part, For it
wonder if that rose was not a token of her love, To re-

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brings a vision sweet before my gaze.

Tis the mind me of the song she used to sing.

But, a

image of a sweetheart that I knew in days of yore, And the last 'tis but a memory growing brighter day by day, And I

song she used to sing I now recall; Tho' its melody is olden, I can vainly strive to check a falling tear; For they say that now she's sleeping, In the

hear it o'er and o'er, For to me it was the sweetest song of churchyard far away, And I'm lonely when that melody I hear.
Refrain.

"Tis a song that haunts me, ever, with its tender sweet refrain, And it speaks of love's young dreaming, I may never know again; For her voice seemed like an angel's, as my heart she would enthrall, For "The Last Rose of Summer" is the sweetest song of all."
The Last Rose of Summer is the Sweetest Song of All.

Chorus for Male Voices.

1st Tenor.

'Tis a song that haunts me ev'ry with its
tender sweet refrain, And it speaks of love's young dreaming, I may

2nd Tenor.

never know again; For her voice seemed like an angel, as my

Baritone.

never know again; For her voice seemed like an angel, as my

Bass.

heart she would en-thrall, For 'The Last Rose of Summer' is the sweetest song of all.