

# THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

( Pour chœur d'hommes )

Musique irlandaise

Harmonisation : Gilles ARS  
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The musical score consists of three staves of music for a male choir, arranged in three systems. The top system (measures 1-7) features soprano, alto, and bass parts. The middle system (measures 8-14) features soprano, alto, and bass parts. The bottom system (measures 15-21) features soprano, alto, and bass parts. The music is in common time (indicated by '3') and includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below each staff, corresponding to the numbered measures.

**Top System (Measures 1-7):**

- Measure 1: This the last  
I'll not leave  
So soon
- Measure 2: rose of  
thee, thou  
may I
- Measure 3: sum-  
lone  
fol-
- Measure 4: mer,  
one,  
low
- Measure 5: Left  
To  
When
- Measure 6: bloo-  
pine  
friend-
- Measure 7: ming a-  
on the  
ships de-

**Middle System (Measures 8-14):**

- Measure 8: lone.  
stern,  
cay
- Measure 9: All  
Since  
And
- Measure 10: her  
the  
from
- Measure 11: lo-  
lo-  
love's
- Measure 12: vely  
vely  
shi-
- Measure 13: com-  
are  
ning
- Measure 14: pa-  
nions  
slee-  
ping,

**Bottom System (Measures 15-21):**

- Measure 15: and  
with  
a-
- Measure 16: gone.  
them.  
way
- Measure 17: No  
Thus  
When
- Measure 18: flow'r  
kind-  
true
- Measure 19: of  
ly  
hearts
- Measure 20: her  
I'll  
lie
- Measure 21: kin-  
dred,  
scat-  
ter'd

22 23 24. 25 26 27

8 rose-leaves fond bud o'er ones is the are nigh bed, flow'n To re-Where Oh ! flect thy who back her mates of the would in-

8 rose-leaves fond bud o'er ones is the are nigh bed, flow'n To re-Where Oh ! flect thy who back her mates of the would in-

28 29 30 31 32 33

8 blu-gar-ha shes den bit Or Lie This give scen-bleak sigh less world for and a- sigh. dead. lone ?

8 blu-gar-ha shes den bit Or Lie This give scen-bleak sigh less world for and a- sigh. dead. lone ?

*Voici la dernière rose de l'été, la seule encore en fleurs. Toutes ses charmantes compagnes ont fané et ont disparu. Pas une fleur de son espèce, aucun proche bourgeon qui pourrait refléter son incarnat et faire écho à ses soupirs.*

*Non, je ne te laisserai pas, toi l'isolée, à soupirer, abandonnée. Les autres beautés se sont endormies. Alors, va, toi aussi, dormir avec elles.*

*Ainsi avec douceur je t'effleurerai sur le parterre où tes amies du jardin reposent, inodores, inertes.*

*De même, puissé-je ne pas survivre quand se déferont les amitiés et que du cercle lumineux de l'amour s'échapperont les pierres précieuses, quand se flétriront les coeurs fidèles et quand auront disparu ceux que l'on aime.*

*Oh! Qui voudrait habiter seul ce monde désolé ?*