

The Last Rose

for soprano and cello

JESSICA MEYER

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5'

"The Last Rose" is a setting of Thomas Moore's poem "The Last Rose of Summer" that serves as a commentary on how certain uses of social media, the internet, and texting can make humans feel even lonelier than before this technology was invented.

Many thanks to amazing soprano/cellist Sarah Brailey for making this happen, and to the Lorelei Ensemble for programming it.

TEXT:

*'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 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 the bed,
Where thy 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?*

The Last Rose

for cellist/soprano Sarah Brailey

JESSICA MEYER

Plaintive ♩ = 60

p *cresc...* *mf*

8 *mp* *Dirge-like* *p*

13 *mf*

18 *mf* *f*

23 *mf* *f*

'Tis the last rose of sum mer left bloom- ing a lone

all her love ly com - pan ions are fa- ded and gone. No flo- wer of her

kin dred, no rose bud is nigh to re- flect back her blu shes,

or give sigh for sigh. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!

29 *mp*

to pine on the stem. Since the love-ly are slee ping, Go, sleep now with

mp

34 *p* *pp* *mp*

them. Thus kind - ly I sca-tter, Thy leaves o'er the bed,

mp *mf*

38 *p*

Where thy mates of the gar-den lie scent-less and dead.

p

42 *molto*

So soon may I fol-low, when friend-ships de-cay, and from

pp *molto*

gradually sul pont.
sul pont.
& tremolo

49 *f* *p*

Love's shin-ing cir-cle the gems drop a way

ord.

f

pizz. dramatically & violently...do not move in between

poco a poco less vib......

54

snap pizz.

reg. pizz. molto vib.

fff *ff* *f* *mf*

♩ = 50

60 *p*

When true hearts lie withered and fond ones are

no vib...dampen

p *pp* *p*

poco a poco rit

65 *pp*

flown, Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world a lone

gently, let ring

pp

August 29, 2016
Somewhere over the deep blue sea