

The Last Rose

for soprano and viola

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

originally for cellist/soprano Sarah Brailey

JESSICA MEYER

Plaintive ♩ = 60

p *cresc...* *mf*

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

14 *mf*

19 *mp*

23 *f* *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

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

mp

34

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

p *rit...* *pp* *a tempo* *mp* *mf*

38

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

p

42

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

gradually sul pont *sul pont. & tremolo* *molto* *pp* *molto*

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

no vib...dampen

p *pp* *p*

poco a poco rit

64 *pp*

fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in - habit this bleak world a lone

gently, let ring

pp

August 29, 2016
Somewhere over the deep blue sea