

# Nine English Songs

## On hearing "The Last Rose of Summer"

Ch. Wolfe

Slow, with Melancholy (♩ = 50 - 60)

*p* *mf*

That strain a - gain? It seems to

*p*

4 tell Of some - thing like a joy de - part - ed; I love its mourn - ing ac - cents well,

*p*

7 Like voice of one, ah! bro - ken - heart - ed. That

10

note \_\_\_\_\_ that pen - sive dies a - way, And can each an - swer - ing thrill a - wak - en,

13

*mp*  
It sad - ly, wild - ly, seems to say, Thy meek - heart mourns its truth \_\_\_\_\_ for -

*mf*

16

sak - en. Or \_\_\_\_\_ there was one who nev - er more Shall

*mp* *cresc.*

*p* *cresc.* *mf*

19

meet thee with the looks of glad - ness, When all \_\_\_\_\_ of hap - pier life was

*cresc.* *f*

22 *dim.* *mf* *p*

o'er, When first be - gan thy night — of sad - ness. Sweet

26

mourn - er, cease that melt - ing strain, Too well it suits the grave's cold slum - bers;

29 *p* *mp*

too — well - the heart — that loved in vain

33 *p* *pp*

Breathes, lives, and — weeps in those wild num - bers.