

On hearing "The Last Rose of Summer"

Charles Wolfe
(1791 - 1823)

Paul Hindemith
(1942)

Slow, with Melancholy (♩ = 50-60) *p* *mf*

Voice

Slow, with Melancholy (♩ = 50-60) *p* *mf*

Piano

That strain a - gain? It seems to

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

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

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

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

mf

mp *cresc.*
sak - en. Or — there was one who nev-er more Shall

p *cresc.* *mf*

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

cresc. *f*

dim. *mf* *p*

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

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

p

p

Too_ well the heart_ that loved in vain

p *du*

p

Breathes, lives, and_ weeps in those wild num-bers.

p *pp*