



To the Last.

Words by T. C. IRWIN.

Music by HAMILTON CLARKE, Mus.B., Oxon.

PIANO. *Moderato. mf*

p

Once, the west for each mor-row, Pre-pared a wreath red, As the ro-ses un-dull'd, In the

mf

gardens I cull'd, For my brow and my bed: Ah me! how es-tranged Is youth's summer—how

cres. cen. do. f. dim. p

changed Are the paths that once led To the dance, to the bow'r, When my heart was in flow'r! Now the

white snows of sor - row Have win - ter'd my head; With life's sweet morn - ing

hour All its beau - ty has fled, All its beau - ty has fled, has

pp

mf *pp*

fled !..... Let those sighs of de -

mf *p* *p*

- jec - tion Be - long to the past,..... Tho' the rose-leaves o'erblown On the dim winds have

flown, And the bow'r be o'er - cast,..... All that's pre - cious and pure.....

p *piu allegro. cres* *piu allegro.* *p* *cres*

cen *do.*

Will ex - ist and en - dure,..... In the spi - rit thou hast.....

f *f*

..... Like the stars, true af - fec - tion Reigns high o'er the blast.....

All that's tru - ly di - vine,..... In thy life and in mine, To the

dim. *ritard.* *Andant.*

will shall re - shine..... In our souls to the last,..... In our souls to the

ritard. *Andante.*

dim. *p*

pp

last, to the last !.....

pp *ppp*

Ped. *