TEXT
Here at the last,
My love.
Soon to that vast
Unknown.
So close to the summit
But slowing.
Whispers urge your going.
Give up the fight, My love.
The night can be friend Not foe.
Some battles are won by leaving
Or letting go.
Roots will come greet us,
Weaving a blanket
Midst rock and loam.
And forests will feed us,
Serving a banquet
Of seed and cone.
Never alone.
And when it's my last
My love
I will hold fast
To love
And dreams of embrace,
A gathering place
Where roots will come greet us,
Weaying a blanket
Midst rock and loam.
And forests will feed us,
Serving a banquet
Of seed and cone.
Never alone, never.
Never, never, alone.
After the last,
My love.

Dedicated to all those that have lost a loved one and to my father, Alasdair Macdonald

## After the Last

for TTBB Chorus unaccompanied
Poetry and music by
$d=105$
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