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, Weaving 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.

-Don Macdonald

Catalog No. 9227 Dedicated to all those that have lost a loved one and to my father, Alasdair Macdonald

> After the Last for TTBB Chorus unaccompanied



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