

Adrian and Hall 208 89
June
1838

THE LAST MAN,

A SONG,

AS SUNG BY MR. PHILLIPS;

THE POETRY BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO

GEORGE MACILWAIN, ESQ.

BY

WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.



Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

London :

PRINTED AND SOLD (FOR THE AUTHOR) BY C. LONSDALE, 26, OLD BOND STREET;

WHERE MAY BE HAD, BY THE SAME COMPOSER,

	<i>s. d.</i>
Go, soul, the body's guest (The Soul's Errand)	2 0
Farewell, sad Field (Waterloo)	3 0
Good-morrow to the day so fair (Mad Maid's Song)	2 0
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W.H.C.

THE LAST MAN

A ROMANCE

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE POETRY BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

NOTE

THE POETRY BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE LAST MAN.

The Poetry by T. Campbell Esq. The Music by William Hutchins Callcott.

VOICE. *VERY SLOWLY.*

PIANO-FORTE.

tremando. *pp*

Ped. *

pp

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom, The Sun himself must

pp

or

Dol: Im - mor -

die, Be-fore this mortal shall assume Its Im-mor-ta-li-ty!

Cres: *fz* *pp* *p*

fz

The last Man.

I saw a vi-sion in my sleep, That gave my spi-rit

strength to sweep A - down the gulph of Time! I

saw the last of hu-man mould, That shall Cre-a-tion's death be-hold, As

A - - dam saw her prime! The Sun's eye had a sick - ly

Cres: **RECIT:**

glare, *tremando.* The Earth with age was

pp

Ped.

wan, The ske-le-tons of na-tions were A-round that

Cres.

AGITATED.

lone-ly man!

f ** p* *Cres.*

MODERATELY FAST.

RECIT:

Yet, pro-phet-like, that lone one stood, Saying, This

ff fz pp

The last Man.

SLOWLY.

spirit shall re - turn to Him That gave its heav'nly spark; Yet

think not, Sun, it shall . . . be dim When thou thy -

self . . . art dark! When thou when thou

. . . when thou thy - self art dark! No! it shall live a -

- gain, and shine, In bliss un-known to beams of

fz *fz* *p e stacc:*

thine, By Him recall'd to breath, Who cap-tive led cap-

ff
Cres: *f p*

ti-vi ty, Who robb'd the grave of Vic-to-ry, - And took. . . the

fz p *f*

sting from Death!

ff *ff* *fz* *fz* *fz*

RECIT: ad lib:

Go, Sun, while Mer - cy holds me up On Nature's aw - ful

RECIT:

waste To drink this last and bit - ter cup Of grief that man shall taste -

Go, tell the night that hides thy face, Thou saw'st the last of A - dan's

SLOWLY.

race, On Earth's se - pul - chral clod, The dark' - - - - ning

or
 - verse de -
 ff
 u - - ni - verse de - fy . . . To quench . . . his

Cres. *f* *ff*

Im - - - mor - ta - - li - ty, Or shake . . . his

trust . . . in God! Or shake . . .

ff *Dim.* *p*

his trust in God!

Cres. *fz* *ff* *fz*

IN THREE NUMBERS

TO THE EDITOR

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