

Last Word

an elegy for two female voices and piano

poem by *Emily Brontë*

♩ = 69-72

Tamás Beischer-Matyó

I

II

Piano

p

pp

7

p

f

p

f

p

pp

12

Where were ye

And where wert thou

all? I saw an eye

that shone like thine ah But dark curls waved,

But dark curls waved, dark curls

17

waved a - round his brow And his stern glance was strange,

waved a - round his brow And his stern glance was strange, strange,

21

his stern glance was strange to mine, strange to mine, to mine

his stern glance was strange to mine, strange to mine, to mine

25

p His voice though nev-er

p His voice though nev-er

28

heard be-fore Still spoke to me, still spoke to me of

heard be-fore Still spoke to me, still spoke to me of

32

years gone by It seemed a vi-sion to re -

years gone by It seemed a vi-sion to re -

36

- store That brought the hot tears to my eye, to my eye,

- store That brought the hot tears to my eye, to my eye,

40

my eye_____

my eye_____

45

mp And yet_____ a dream-like com - fort came In - to

p ...dream - like com - fort came

pp

48

pp my heart and anx - ious eye to hear his name_____

pp my anx - ious eye_____ And trem-bling yet to hear his name I