A thousand joys and griefs in dreamy forms appear...

Song cycle based on the poetry of John Critchley Prince (1808-1866).

for

Voice and Piano

by

Justin Henry Rubin
This cycle of songs for voice and piano does not intend to tell a story or portray an event. Instead it contains a series of reflections on life, nature, and some of the many conditions that Man endures. Only excerpts of the remarkably heartfelt poems by John Critchley Prince are set, dependent on the particular song or to concentrate the character.

**Songs**

I: To Sylvan
II: The Captive's Dream
III: May
IV: The Voice of the Primrose
V: A Winter's Evening
VI: The Voice of Spring
VII: To Lilla, Weeping
VIII: The Child of Song
IX: Written in Affliction
1. Bard of the woods, thy tributary lay, Though brief and
simple, Thus may our souls commune,
fourth with Nature, whose sweet way is love

2. Through the rude song of many a future day. Thou walkest
Thus our souls may commune, whose sweet way is love

I: To Sylvan

music: Justin Henry Rubin (2016)
text: John Critchley Prince (1808-1866)
Thy harp is strung to Liberty—

Whose voice all hearts instinctively obey.

The Muse hath mov'd thee with a gentle sway,
And plucked the flowers fancy here and there, here and
there...

1. Long may she sooth thee in the time of care,
2. May all of good which thou hast wished for me,

When things less pure might lead thy soul ambly,
Fall back with sevenfold bounty upon...
Andantino, un poco adagio, con poco rubato

Deep in a loath-some dungeon's twi-light, a dungeon's gloom,

Which scarcely received a dubious gleam of day,

As the rich...
hues of sunset waned away. Through the barred lattice

Rit. a tempo

came the evening ray...

Poco rit. a tempo

Sent from the happier region of the sphere,
And stirred the slumbering fountains of his tears...
when I wandered free...
And, lapped in

brief forgetfulness,

he slept...

a tempo
(poco meno mosso)

Molto rit.
Zeffiroso, andante

III: May

quasi-sec. (a tempo)

mf

legato

Poco rit. mf a tempo

1. Bride of the Summer! gentle.
2. Warmed by thy breath, Stirred by thy

gen-i-al May! En-rap-tured child-hood rush-es

voice with a child's de-light,

Glad earth drinks deep of thine e-

Rit.

out to play...

the-re-al ray...

let resonate
3. And streams go forth rejoicing on

4. In thee Love reigns with Beauty, whose
the poet's soul.
Poco rit.  

The voice of the Primrose

Semplice, comodo

The sun's last glances through the air

trembled, and died in blushes on the changeful stream,

The Primrose
all the features of the scene resembled The

dim remembrance of some blessed dream.

a tempo

Molto rit.
Ponderoso, supplicando

High over the woody crest of yonder hill, The clear, cold moon through clouds ser-

Poco rit. —— a tempo (poco più mosso)

renewly sails, And glances down...
cember's gales, Locked in secret caves, lie hushed and still; the soft evening, beautiful but chill, shadowy solitary... Molto rit.
a tempo primo subito

mp (subito)

[loco]

A blessed influence this scene I

find, Which, like, which, like a dove, which like a

Rit.

dove, broods o'er my heart and mind.
VI: The Voice of Spring

1. Come, captive, come, let us joyfully roam
   O'er the green...

2. But Summer's near and I may not stay,
   Come away,
"The lark sings loud

in the silver cloud, And the thrush in the em’rald bow-

ers..."

The rainbow ex-

pands o’er smiling lands, And glows through the twinkling
shower... And the stream runs

bright, like a path of light, Through the maze of the

following vale...

Rit. a tempo primo

(subito)
But Summer is near, and I may not stay.

Come a-way O man of grief...

ad lib.
Angoscioso; lentamente

Thou hast cause to weep, lone maiden! Those dark and drooping lids are laden with sorrow's bitter tears;

Thine eye hath lost its won- ted bright- ness...
Poco rit.  

No smile thine aspect cheers. I, too, have wept o'er

...a tempo...  

...mp...  

dim.  

...f...  

Rit. p  

Many a token Of hope, and love, and friendship broken,

Molto rit.  

...a tempo...  

...pp...  

Which wrung me to the core... Come, let us

Rit.  

...mp...  

...cresc...  

leave the world behind us, And where its malice may not find us,
There shall my own untired devotion

Calm down each memory stirred emotion That lingers in thy breast.
Gioviale, venusto

VIII: The Child of Song

Child of Song! Which steals like music o'er my glad'den heart,

Oh! Child of Song, the voice of memory brings Strange recol-
verse, a - round, a - bove,

above...

Beauty is e - ver pre -

*Note: accent the pitch that doubles the voice for these three measures

sent to his eye...
IX: Written in Affliction

Misurato, camminando

Poco rit.

Tornando a tempo

Poco rit.  a tempo

Softly career ing on the wintry breeze,

Comes the faint music of distant bells, of distant bells...

As sad I sit beneath these trees, Whose mournful sob bings

Poco rit.

A tempo
sound like Joy's farewells, Touched by their melody, my full heart swells...

round me comes, With vain regret on days that could not last.

molto dim. -----

Poco rit. a tempo ----p
No breeze of hope, no port of shelter

near, But time shall speed me over the

dangerous wave... There is no peaceful

Adagio

haven but the grave!