Anonymous Songs

for

voice and piano

by

Justin Henry Rubin

Harvey Music Editions
The time when first I fell in love

Mournful

Anon. 1593

Music by Justin Henry Rubin

The time when first I fell in love,

Which now I must lament; The year wherein I lost such
time To com-pass my con-tent, my con-tent.

The day where-in I saw too late The fol-lies of a lo-

er. The hour where-in I found such loss As care can-not, as care can-not re-

co-ver. And last, the min-ute of mis-hap,
Which makes me thus to plain

The doleful fruits of lover’s

suits,

Which labour lose in vain, lose in vain:

Doth make me solemnly protest,

As I with pain do prove,

There is no time, year, day, nor hour,

Nor minute, good to
love, good to love.

allow to resonate
Sighs

With motion

Anon. 1640

Music by Justin Henry Rubin

All night I muse,

all day I cry,

Rit. poco

Ay me!
Yet still I wish, though still deny.

Rit. poco

Ay me!

I sigh, I

mourn, and say that still I only live my
joys to kill, Ay me!

Rit. molto

Ay me! I feed the pain

that on me feeds,

Rit. poco

Ay me!
My wound I stop not, though it bleeds,

Ay, me! Heart, be content, it must be so, For springs were made to
over-flow, Ay me!

Rit. molto

C p a tempo

Ay me!

Then sigh and weep,

and mourn thy fill,

Rit. poco

Ay me!

Then sigh and weep,
Seek no redress, but languish still,

Ay me! Their griefs more willing they endure That know when they are
past re-cure, Ay me!

Rit. molto

Ay me! Ay me!

allow to resonate
Moving slowly, almost dragging

When Aurelia first I courted

Anon. 1671

Music by Justin Henry Rubin

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including photocopying or any information storage and retrieval system without permission in writing from the publisher.
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Con-quer-ing time doth now de-

ceive her, Which her glo-ries did up-

hold, did up-

hold,

All her arts can ne'er re-

trieve her, Poor Au-

re-

lia's grow-

ing old,

grow-

ing

old.
The airy spirits which invited, Are retir'd, and move no more,

And those eyes are now be nighted,

Which were comets here-to-fore.

Want of these a-bate her merits, Yet I have passion for her name,
On - ly kind and am' - rous spi - rits Kin - dle and main -

tain a flame.